

APOCRYPHA NOW

Being a Collection of *Heretical* and *Suppressed* Writings
for



by Diverse Hands



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Introduction:

Fire and Earth

Bruno Mellrich, the mightiest warrior in The Empire, steadied his lance, kicked his heels into the flanks of his great black stallion Clarion, and leapt into the charge. His men, surprised and scattered by the goblin ambush, rallied to his war-cry and began to re-group, but Bruno was well ahead of them, the foul green-skinned enemy parting before and sometimes under Clarion's hooves. Two foolish goblins screamed their lives out on the end of his weapon, flailing like speared fish.

A second war-cry caught his attention and he wheeled his mount, to face an army of Skaven breaking cover from the nearby woods. With cries of terror his men dropped their weapons and fled, leaving him alone to face the horde of Chaos-creatures that poured across the field towards them. And at the head of the army... Bruno raised his visor and shaded his eyes. Yes, that was the ugly, filthy, scarred form of Magste Kimt, standing a full head above the rest of the rodentine forces, and brandishing a double-edged axe that Bruno knew well. For a second the cavalier's vision was filled with images of his ruined village, the burnt-out shell of his home, the corpses of his family, and the eternal vengeance he had sworn on that day against Kimt and all Skaven.

Bruno had waited years for this day. He closed his visor with one mailed gauntlet, while the other drew his five-foot blade NightBiter from the scabbard strapped to his back. 'You dirty rat,' he muttered through clenched teeth. 'You killed my brothers.'

He spurred Clarion, and his faithful mount sped towards the Skaven horde like an arrow from an Elven bow, or a harvester towards a field of ripe corn. 'Prepare to die, Kimt!' he yelled in pure bloodlust.

A shadow blotted out the sun. 'Herr Mellrich!' it said.

Bruno blinked and looked up in sudden panic, the little clay models on his desk forgotten. Magister Klimdt was standing over him, the old man's thin frame interrupting the few dusty sunbeams that filtered down from the classroom's high windows. There was a moment of uncomfortable silence. Then the schoolmaster bent down and carefully picked up one of the models, holding it close to his bleached, rheumy eyes for a long instant.

'Is this meant to be a Skaven, Herr Mellrich?' he asked at last.

Bruno swallowed and nodded. Then, remembering his master's failed eyesight, said, 'Yes, sir.'

Magister Klimdt seemed to consider for a moment. 'Well. Since you have such an interest in base things, perhaps you can tell us what the five elements are? The ones that the rest of us have been studying this afternoon?'

Bruno looked down at his desk, at the diagrams and words carved there by generations of schoolboys before him, all of them taught by Magister Klimdt. How old was Klimdt, anyway? 'Air,' he said. 'Water. Chaos.' Five elements? The other two were in his mind but, skittish as bad dogs, they would not come to him.

'Fire and earth, Herr Mellrich. Fire and earth.' The master's hand closed on the tiny clay Skaven and a trickle of dust fell from between the bony fingers, glistening in a beam of sunlight. 'The fire from which the world was born and to which it will return, and the earth from which we were born and to which we will return. Remember fire and earth, Herr Mellrich, although I believe you are more likely to remember the Skaven. Boys like you always do.' He was about to say more, but the scrape of the door at the back of the room interrupted him.

Bruno turned to see who the newcomer was. A tall figure stood against the bright light of the street behind him, wearing a riding cloak and a fine hat. Magister Klimdt raised his head, gazing in the direction of the doorway with near-blind eyes.

'Are you the book-seller from Nuln?' he said.

The stranger took a step into the room. 'No,' he said in a voice devoid of accent. 'I am Karl Schwindler, and I bring a message from Tomas Diener in Marienburg.'

Klimdt seemed to sway for a moment, then grasped for support, and his claw-like hands fastened onto Bruno's shoulder, the nails digging unpleasantly through the cloth of the boy's jerkin.

'School is over for today,' he said. 'I have important business to conduct. You are all dismissed. The gods go with you.' And then he turned towards the side door and called in a strange high voice, 'Octavius! Octavius! Come here! I have need of your eyes!'

As Bruno scrambled to gather up his books and clay figures, moving fast amidst the hubbub of classmates eager to get out of the dusty schoolroom, he paused for a second to wonder how, if Magister Klimdt was as blind as he professed, he could always tell from half-way across the room when boys were playing with toys or passing notes instead of paying attention. Then the question slipped away. It was a fine Sommerzeit afternoon with several hours before supper, and there were more important things to think about.

Three figures sat like statues in the Magister's book-lined office. Magister Klimdt was seated behind the desk, hands clasped in front of him, as his young acolyte Octavius read out loud from the sheaf of papers beside him, his Altdorf accent clear and filled with the purity of youth amidst the old furniture and older books. In the corner sat the newcomer, his hat and cloak on the floor beside him. Evening had fallen and the diamond-paned windows were dark. In the candlelight, the lines of late middle age were visible on the visitor's face, and for someone who had just ridden from Marienburg, his clothes were unusually clean and well pressed.

Finally Octavius placed the last sheet of parchment on the others, and was silent. Klimdt put his head on one side as if in thought, then made a gesture to Octavius, and the fresh-faced priest disappeared through the door. A moment later there was a faint scraping from the far side, as if someone had just turned a key in the lock.

The stranger drew his chair into the centre of the room. 'Well,' he said, 'what do you think?'

Klimdt did not move. 'I think many things. What in particular?'

'Are these the pages you asked Tomas to find for you in the Unseen Library in Marienburg?'

The old schoolmaster was silent for a moment more. Then: 'They are fascinating, are they not? The workmanship, the dedication involved in creating them. Exquisite. Masterful. But you ask if they are the missing chapter of the Lexikon of Eber Keiler of Salzenmund? The subject is correct, the phrasing is undoubtedly in her style. They could almost be the lost pages, but they are not. You and I both know that this is a forgery. The parchment has never been near Marienburg, much less Salzenmund. It was made here in Altdorf, in the last month. I can feel the moisture in it, and smell the fresh ink.'

The messenger looked aghast. 'A forgery?'

'Please, Herr Schwindler—which is not your real name—credit me with the intelligence my age deserves. This is a fake, and one produced with a great deal of effort as well: too much for a mere swindler. You wanted to gain my trust, not my money. But I am not so easily fooled. I know the only truth you have told me so far is that Tomas is dead. Tell me truthfully now: are you a member of the Reiksguard, or merely an agent for them?'

The former Herr Schwindler smiled the self-conscious smile of a man whose secret has been uncovered. 'I am Lieutenant Gottfried Braubach, of the Reiksguard. And, since you have forced my hand, I am here to place you under arrest for conspiring against the Empire, consorting with agents of Chaos, summoning demons, trafficking in forbidden knowledge, and perverting the minds of the children you pretend to educate. This building is surrounded by my men. You cannot escape. You and your followers will be taken from here to a place of secrecy, tried with the utmost speed and burned before dawn, along with your

books. Your ashes will be buried deep in the plague pits outside the city, and forgotten.'

Klimdt leaned back in his chair, stroking his wrinkled chin, as if he had not heard the list of accusations and threats. 'Fire and earth again; always fire and earth. You are Braubach? You are the one who has pursued me these last eight years?'

'Nine. And you have led me a merry dance across the Empire.'

'I? I have not. Friends and agents have led you a merry dance, while I stayed here, teaching. I was never in Talabheim, nor in Kislev, and the warehouse you burned to the ground in Nuln contained only mildewed sacks. I am too old to gallivant around like a young fox with the Empire's bounds at my heels. No, at my age I prefer to stay here, finding old books and making sure that their learning is not lost. My printing press has produced twelve fine volumes...'

'Twelve volumes of deceit, lies and heresy! Treasonous writings without wit or learning, the ramblings of centuries-dead blasphemers, fit only for the bonfire. I have read your books, Magister, and there is nothing but filth and falsehood in them!'

'You do not have to believe them, Lieutenant Braubach. I do not ask you to accept them as the only truth, merely as an alternative to the official truths peddled by the likes of you. There is truth in them; truths that shall outlast your precious Empire if they are told and if men are allowed to open their eyes to see it. Do you know how old I am?'

The lieutenant made to interrupt, but Klimdt was in full flow: 'I am one hundred and ten years old. Does that surprise you? A hundred and ten years, without making a pact with any of your devils or forces of Chaos, or kissing a vampire, or resorting to infusions of Elven blood. And every man could live as long if they had the knowledge I have saved from your purges.'

Braubach spat on the floor. 'I'd rather die bravely at forty than live to a hundred as a blind, gutless heretic,' he said contemptuously.

Klimdt stood up, his hands gripping the edge of his desk. 'Regardless of your threats and your men outside, Herr Braubach, you are still a guest in my house, Lieutenant, and you will keep a civil tongue in your head while you are here. I am bound by the laws of hospitality, and so I will not kill you...'

Braubach jumped to his feet. A dagger flashed from a hidden sheath and held steady, its point against the old master's dewlapped throat. 'Never threaten a member of the Reiksguard, old man. Your trial is a luxury and I am prepared to do without it if need be.'

'I said I would not kill you, dolt.' Klimdt sounded irritated, but nothing more. 'This charade has gone on long enough. Octavius and the others should have escaped by now, taking the last of the scrolls with them. Did you remember to post guards in the sewers? No, I can tell

from the scent of your sudden sweat that you did not. Well, then, they are away. Now only my own escape remains. I have no doubt, Lieutenant, that we will meet again in a few years: the room's door may be locked but it is not strong, and the fire that Octavius will have started in the kitchen should take at least five minutes to reach here. Or there is always the window, so long as your men do not have crossbows and itchy fingers.'

'You're going nowhere, old fool, except with me.' The point of the dagger dug further into Klimdt's throat. The old man smiled and turned his head, and candle-light shone in the milky pupils of his eyes. Unnoticed, the fingers of his left hand finished tracing the lines of an intricate pattern carved into the polished surface of his desk.

'Tell me, Lieutenant,' he said in the high voice of a boy of nine, 'when you were at school, did you dream of fighting monsters?'

His right hand shot out, tossing a handful of dust into the soldier's eyes, and for an instant there was a Skaven in the room—bigger than the biggest Skaven Braubach had ever faced, and swinging a rusted double-headed axe at him. He ducked left, bringing his dagger up to gut the Chaos-creature before it could finish its blow. His blade struck nothing. There was no Skaven, only a little drifting powder in the musty air. Nor, as he glanced around, was there a wizened old schoolteacher with the chalk-white pupils of one who has spent his life in study. Only a book lying on top of the pile of forged pages. It had not been there a moment ago.

Braubach bent and picked it up, turning it over in his hands before flipping to the title page.

The New Apocrypha

Being a Collection of Heretical and Suppressed
Writings by Diverse Hands

Volume Thirteen: *Fire and Earth*

Dedicated Most Humbly to Gottfried Braubach,
Officer of the Emperor's Reiksguard,
whose Unswerving Zeal for Truth
hath Sustained mine Own

The faint roar of flames far off in the building caught his ears. Braubach tucked the book inside his jacket, picked up a chair and, with a faint smile on his lips, began to pound it methodically against the thick diamond panes of the window.

Section One:

Rules Revisited

In this section, you will find invaluable advice on implementing various aspects of the Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay rules. Some existing rules have been clarified or revised for ease of use, while others have been expanded to add further depth and atmosphere to your campaigns.

How might a PC go about getting training in a new career? How do Fate Points work? What happens if a PC is elevated to the senior heights of the nobility? What if...? Herein we offer the answers to these questions, and to many more. You will also find expanded combat rules, plus an array of new firearms and a whole range of magic items.

Remember: all of the suggestions in this section are just that—suggestions. We hope that you will find something that appeals to you here, but these rules are not set in stone. It is for you to decide how many, or how few, you wish to build into your own Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay campaign.

Chapter 1

Skills and Careers

All characters start their adventuring lives by following a basic career. This 'pre-adventuring' career provides characters with their initial skills and a first, 'free' advance. This is the career which the character was following immediately prior to taking up the life of an adventurer, and so all the skills listed under the career are assumed to have been learnt before play starts.

An exception to this are those skills marked as being gained on a percentage chance. For example, a newly generated Boatman automatically gains *Fish*, *Orientation*, *River Lore* and *Row*. The character also has a 50% chance of being *Very Strong*, a 25% chance of having *Consume Alcohol*, and a 25% chance of *Boat-building*. Some Boatmen will be lucky and have picked up these three skills before commencing play, others will not have done so. Note, however, that most of these skills may still be acquired at a cost of 100 Experience Points each—i.e. they can be picked up in exactly the same way as skills of later careers. In this case, it is assumed that the character already has some rudimentary knowledge of these skills, and only needs a bit of practice (reflected by the gaining and spending of Experience Points) before becoming fully skilled in them. The exception is *Very Strong*—an innate skill, which the characters either acquire in their first career, or not at all. A complete list of innate skills may be found below.

Of course, some players may decide that they would rather spend their hard-earned Experience Points on fulfilling their advance scheme, or moving to a new career.

CHANGING CAREER

Although changing careers in game terms is relatively simple, attempts to rationalize what is actually happening in a role-playing game may prove somewhat more difficult. Our Boatman, according to the rules, may adopt any of the following career exits—Outlaw, Seaman, or Smuggler; alternatively, they may opt for a random roll on one of the Academics', Warriors', or Rogues' career charts (see *WFRP*, p17), or they can actually choose another Basic Ranger career. In other words, the rules make just about every career open to every character. In an abstract game, of course, this poses no problems—the GM simply applies the rules, the character expends the requisite number of Experience Points, and the game continues. However, there will inevitably be those who want to know the answers to questions such as: how does the character actually begin a new career? Does he or she need specialist training? If so, where does one find a teacher? Are there any openings into this career, and does it fit in with the overall development of the campaign?

Depending on your style of play, some of these questions will be less important than others. Changing careers—when role-played—can provide a great deal of fun. It gives characters a whole series of motivations and goals other than those normally associated with adventuring. Characters have to keep their eyes open for a teacher or employer to give them a start in a new career. They can't simply become a Wizard's Apprentice, for example, just because it's one of the listed career exits and they have 100 EPs to spare. The character must first find a Wizard who is looking for an apprentice and then convince the NPC that he or she is a suitable (or rich enough) candidate for training. After that, a period of study and practice is required to allow for basic assimilation of the skills and to learn one or two spells. Only at the end of this period will the character be in a position to exchange EPs for skills and advances.

Similarly, becoming a mercenary, soldier, or gunner is just not possible without first entering military service. Simply declaring oneself to be a gunner allows you to acquire neither the skills nor the associated advance scheme. These things have to be taught to you first, and then you need a short period to practise them.

Finding teachers can involve characters in interesting side-adventures as they try to locate a teacher or employer for a career that they are particularly keen to take up. It's no good declaring oneself to be a Roadwarden if the Roadwardens won't accept you, and impersonating an officer of the law can get a character into big trouble! However, once found, a prospective employer or tutor is not necessarily going to accept someone just because the character wishes to follow a new career. Often the teacher or employer will have their own reasons for taking on a new pupil or employee—maybe they have lots of menial work for an apprentice, or perhaps they want to hire some muscle for military service.

A campaign will also benefit if some careers remain closed to characters until certain points in the plot or adventure have been reached. You may decide that your adventures are going to be set in a number of towns in which your characters spend their time as normal citizens rooting out Chaos cults that have wormed their way into positions of influence. Adventures of this sort work best with small numbers of characters, who also have links with a town's organizations—guilds, trade associations, and so on. A Mercenary Captain leading a force of 20 battle-hardened veterans is not really suited to such adventures.

Later, however, the campaign may involve the characters in the defence of a barony against rampaging mutants and Beastmen, and here characters with military experience and training would undoubtedly come into their own. A Physician's Student, on the other hand, is likely either to meet a horrible death, or to get bored very quickly. As GM, you could introduce the player characters to such an adventure by having them see notices proclaiming 'Recruits—Officers, NCOs, and Regulars—wanted for Baron Otto's Company of Foot', or by having an agent of the Baron's approach a PC Mercenary Captain. By not making every single career option available to the PCs at all times, it is possible to gear changes to developments within the campaign itself.

In *The Enemy Within Campaign*, we have provided details of prospective employers and teachers for careers appropriate to the stage reached by the campaign. These are meant to be fully detailed NPCs with personalities, and believable motives for training or employing the player characters. In this way, we have tried to create a campaign where the action and the characters develop in parallel.



Inevitably, however, some characters will want to follow a career that is not made available in the campaign. For some careers, this should not be too difficult to cope with. It is a simple matter to become a Bodyguard, for example—all that is needed are the required trappings and somebody (even another PC) to guard. This change is made available to Werner 'Pick-Axe' Murmann in *The Enemy Within Campaign*, simply because one of the other PCs is being hunted by a person or persons unknown whose intentions are definitely violent! Similarly, it is fairly easy to become a Protagonist, providing you can find someone to employ you in your new role or some cause people will pay for you to 'defend'. In both cases, no specialist knowledge is required, and there is nothing to study—it's just a case of going out there and doing it.

Becoming a Coachman, however, requires that characters should actually sign up with a coaching company, or at least have the means to buy a coach and horses to set themselves up in business. Being a coachman without a coach is obviously ludicrous.

Characters may also decide to seek out employers within the context of the campaign. Having decided to become a Physician, for example, a character may either approach the local Physician's Guild, or a practising Physician. In this case, the character should have to make a successful Fellowship test to get on friendly terms with the guild or the NPC Physician, and then make an Employment test to be taken on, or perhaps the character may even have to carry out some small task first. Before the Physician accepts a student, he or she may require the prospective candidate to go and find some ingredients for the manufacture of a certain drug, or may send him or her into plague areas to test their commitment to healing others. Any number of adventures could spring out of this. Alternatively, the GM may decide that it isn't appropriate for the character to become a Physician at

this stage of the campaign, and may rule that there are no openings in the guild—'We have the required number of practitioners and students as specified by the Guild, but thank you for your interest'; or, 'I'm sorry, I already have three apprentices—I just don't have the time to train any-one else at present.' Whenever possible, it is in the interests of the game to let players follow career paths of their choice, but if this involves some effort on the part of the character, it makes gaining it even more rewarding.

As mentioned above, finding a career path can generate any number of adventures—a Wizard may require certain books or spell ingredients to be located for her; characters entering military service can be sent on missions such as taking a patrol to check on a remote village, or delivering a message to an officer some miles away. These and similar adventures could involve the players in fighting their way through hostile territory or discovering that one of their party is a spy, or assassin for the opposition.

TEACHERS AS NPCs

By making each prospective employer or trainer an NPC in their own right, you will soon build up a number of colourful and interesting characters for your players to interact with. These NPCs can then provide assistance later in the adventure and can be used to introduce new adventures along the way. As characters grow more experienced, they will have a much greater pool of friends and contacts to draw on in their adventures.

Characters could also be set up by such NPCs. By pretending to offer them training, an NPC could dupe adventurers into carrying out illegal tasks for them for nothing! 'B-but, your honour! How was I to know he was a Fence? I thought he was an honest merchant. I swear, I had no idea what was in the box...'

LEARNING NEW SKILLS

First of all, by way of clarification, you should note that characters entering a basic career which has one or more skills preceded by the phrase 'XX% chance of...' may buy any of these skills as normal, unless the skill is an innate one. The 'percentage chance' only applies to characters for whom this is the first career.

But what happens later, if a character changes careers and then decides that he or she wants to learn one or more of the skills that were previously available under a former career, but not bought at the time? Obviously, if the skills in question are listed under the new career, then they can be acquired in the normal manner. If the skills are not listed, then the character has to decide to put in some special, extra practice in order to gain them. Similarly, a character may wish to acquire a particular skill that is not part of his or her current or past career. The rules outlined here explain how this can be done.

The basic premise of this system is that when a character changes career, if he or she undergoes some training, then the character acquires a rudimentary knowledge of all the skills listed under that career. This does not mean that the character acquires the skills, but rather that he or she is taught what to do in order to develop the skills over time. This is reflected by the gaining and spending of experience points. When the character has acquired 100 EPs, he or she is deemed to be experienced enough so that the rudimentary knowledge of any one skill can be converted into full knowledge, and the player may add that skill to his or her character sheet. Those careers that don't require an initial

period of training, on the other hand, are assumed to be so well-known to all inhabitants of The Empire, that the character need only practise on their own in order to develop the skills listed under the career description.

SKILLS FROM OLD CAREERS

However, it is assumed that, having entered a new career, the character is not in a position to build on the rudimentary knowledge acquired during the old career, and thus cannot normally gain previously available skills. Having moved on from the old career, the character has forfeited the means of gaining them easily. However, if characters are able to devote a few hours each week to the practice of such skills, they may still gain the skill by expending 100 EPs as normal and then making an Intelligence test. If the test is failed, the character loses the 100 EPs and fails to learn the skill. This does not prevent the character from having another go later, but the 100 EPs are irrevocably lost. The amount of time to be spent in practicing such skills, and the period over which the practice must be conducted, will vary from skill to skill. However, as a rough guide, we have divided all the skills into the four categories as listed below:

Innate

Acute Hearing	Luck
Excellent Vision	Night Vision
Fleet Footed	Sixth Sense
Immunity to Disease	Strongman
Immunity to Poison	Very Resilient
Lightning Reflexes	Very Strong
Linguistics	



Intellectual

Animal Training <i>p</i>	Law
Arcane Language	Magical Awareness <i>m</i>
Astronomy	Magical Sense <i>m</i>
Boat-building <i>p</i>	Manufacture Drugs <i>p</i>
Brewing <i>p</i>	Manufacture Magic Items <i>m</i>
Cartography	Manufacture Potions <i>m/p</i>
Cast Spells <i>m</i>	Manufacture Scrolls <i>m/p</i>
Chemistry <i>p</i>	Meditation <i>m</i>
Cook <i>p</i>	Metallurgy <i>p</i>
Cryptography	Musicianship <i>p</i>
Cure Disease <i>p</i>	Numismatics
Demon Lore <i>m</i>	Palmistry <i>p</i>
Hypnotise <i>t/p</i>	Prepare Poisons <i>p</i>
Divining <i>p</i>	Read/Write
Dowsing <i>p</i>	River Lore
Embezzling <i>p</i>	Rune Lore <i>m</i>
Engineer <i>p</i>	Rune Mastery <i>m</i>
Evaluate	Scroll Lore <i>m</i>
Gem Cutting <i>p</i>	Secret Language <i>p</i>
Heal Wounds <i>p</i>	Secret Sign
Heraldry	Speak Additional Language
Herb Lore <i>p</i>	Super Numerate
History	Surgery <i>p</i>
Identify Magical Artefact <i>m</i>	Tailor <i>p</i>
Identify Plant	Theology
Identify Undead	

Personal

Acting <i>t/p</i>	Etiquette <i>t/p</i>
Begging <i>p</i>	Gamble <i>p</i>
Blather <i>p</i>	Haggle <i>p</i>
Bribery <i>p</i>	Jest <i>t/p</i>
Charm <i>p</i>	Public Speaking
Charm Animal <i>p</i>	Seduction <i>p</i>
Clown <i>t/p</i>	Sing <i>t/p</i>
Comedian <i>p</i>	Story Telling <i>p</i>
Disguise <i>t/p</i>	Wit <i>p</i>

Practical

Acrobatics <i>t</i>	Orientation
Ambidextrous	Palm Object
Art	Pick Lock
Carpentry <i>t</i>	Pick Pocket
Concealment Rural	Ride
Concealment Urban	Row
Consume Alcohol	Sailing <i>t</i>
Contortionist <i>t</i>	Scale Sheer Surface
Dance	Set Trap
Disarm	Shadowing
Dodge Blow	Silent Move Rural
Drive Cart	Silent Move Urban
Escapology	Smithing <i>t</i>
Fire Eating	Specialist Weapon
Fish	Spot Traps
Flee!	Stoneworking <i>t</i>
Follow Trail	Street Fighter
Frenzied Attack	Strike Mighty Blow
Game Hunting	Strike to Injure
Juggle	Strike to Stun
Lip Reading	Swim <i>t</i>
Marksmanship	Torture <i>t</i>
Mime	Trick Riding <i>t</i>
Mimic	Ventriloquism <i>t</i>
Mining <i>t</i>	Wrestling <i>t</i>



EXPLANATION OF CATEGORIES

Innate: These are skills that, by, and large, you're either born with or can only acquire by long service in a particular career. There is no other way to gain these skills—no amount of practice or study is going to allow a character to see in the dark, for example.

Intellectual: Those skills where theory and book-learning are all-important. In general, these skills cannot be self-taught. In addition, some also require a fair amount of practical work—it's all very well knowing the theory of animal training, but unless you've practised on a few beasts, you can't call yourself skilled. These skills are followed by 'p'. There are also some skills which can only be learnt by following a magical career—these will never be taught to someone who has not completed one or more of the following careers: Druid, Initiate, Wizard's Apprentice, Alchemist's Apprentice (these are followed by 'm').

Personal: Those skills where it's not so much what you do that counts, as how you do it. Many of these can be self-taught (those that require tuition are suffixed 't'), and all require practice (suffixed 'p').

Practical: These are skills in which it isn't so much the theory that counts as the practice. These skills may be acquired by hard work, self-discipline, and dedication. Those skills followed by 't' cannot be learned without tuition from an expert.

TRAINING TIMES

The amount of time which must be spent in practice/study depends on which category the skill falls into:

Intellectual skills require 2 hours' study per day, plus 2 hours per week with a tutor, for $6+2D6$ weeks, before an *Int* test may be made to gain them. Skills which call for additional practical work will require the student to spend a further 2 hours per week on this.

Personal skills are much harder to pin down in terms of the amount of practice/study required. Given a particular skill some people will be able to pick it up quickly, others can struggle in vain for ages. Basically, characters attempting to acquire any of these skills must practise for 2 hours per day for a number of days equal to 100 minus the character's *Fellowship* score. At the end of this period an *Int* test is taken to see if the character has gained the skill. If a skill is listed as requiring tuition, the character needs to be supervised for a minimum of 2 hours per week.

Practical skills require 2 hours' practice each day, for $3D6$ weeks before the character can make an *Int* test to gain them. Moreover, if a skill requires tuition, the character must be supervised for at least half the time.

TUITION FEES

These will obviously vary according to the NPC (and may well be influenced by such factors as whether you really want a certain character to acquire a certain skill or not). As a rough guide, however, you should consider that tutors of physical and personal skills will charge $1D6$ GCs per hour, while tutors of intellectual skills will charge $1D10+1$ GCs per hour.

COMPRESSING TRAINING

A character may prefer to take a crash course rather than trying to learn a skill in his or her spare time. This is perfectly acceptable, provided that:

- i) the character does not try to work for longer than 10 hours per day;
- ii) the supervising tutor (if any) is agreeable; and
- iii) the total number of hours spent equals the required number.

A SAMPLE TUTOR

Presented below is a detailed NPC for use in any *Warhammer FRP* campaign. Although designed to fit smoothly into the Altdorf section of *The Enemy Within Campaign vol 2: Death on The Reik*, Heinz von Naprump can easily be used in other locations, simply by changing obvious details. Heinz shows how interesting NPCs can be used to provide players with skills, career changes and as a source of information and future NPC contacts.

Heinz Von Naprump Human, Male, Scholar (ex-Student/Noble)

Heinz is the younger son of a wealthy Altdorf family, one of the many noble families that gather at Altdorf to be near the Imperial family. At an early age, Heinz showed a great interest in the history and the geography of The Empire, so his

parents enrolled him at the University of Altdorf where he has followed a successful academic career.

Heinz is a quiet bookish man. He is softly spoken, but has an annoying lisp, a character feature common to many nobles. Heinz dresses in expensive, though serviceable dark brown clothes which cover his bloated overweight frame. His appearance is spoilt, however, by the traces of dried food that cover the front of his waistcoat and cravat. His thick, almost opaque glasses make him look dim-witted, but there is a keen mind at work underneath his mild exterior.

He is always concerned as to the time, as if he were constantly afraid of missing an important appointment. He appears nervous, particularly with strangers, but soon warms to anyone who has academic leanings or pretensions.

Although greatly interested in The Empire, Heinz has not travelled very widely in it. He is far more interested in poring over other people's written experiences than in gaining any first-hand knowledge. Still, he is an erudite scholar, with an excellent knowledge of The Empire's geography and history.

A University man for all of his adult life, Heinz lives in rooms cluttered with charts and rubbish within the university grounds where he is looked after by his overworked housekeeper. Heinz teaches geography and history. As an established academic he is able to pass most of the boring work onto his subordinates, and concerns himself with making accurate maps of The Empire's waterways. He is currently compiling data on the Reik between Altdorf and Nuln.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	36	32	3	3	6	58	1	34	30	68	36	50	29

Age: 42

Skills

Arcane Language - Magick; Astronomy; Cartography; Charm; Etiquette; Heraldry; History; Numismatics; Read/Write; Ride; Secret Language - Classical; Speak Bretonnian Dialect.

Possessions

Dagger, writing equipment, tricorne hat, powdered white wig, thick pebble glasses, brown foodstained suit.

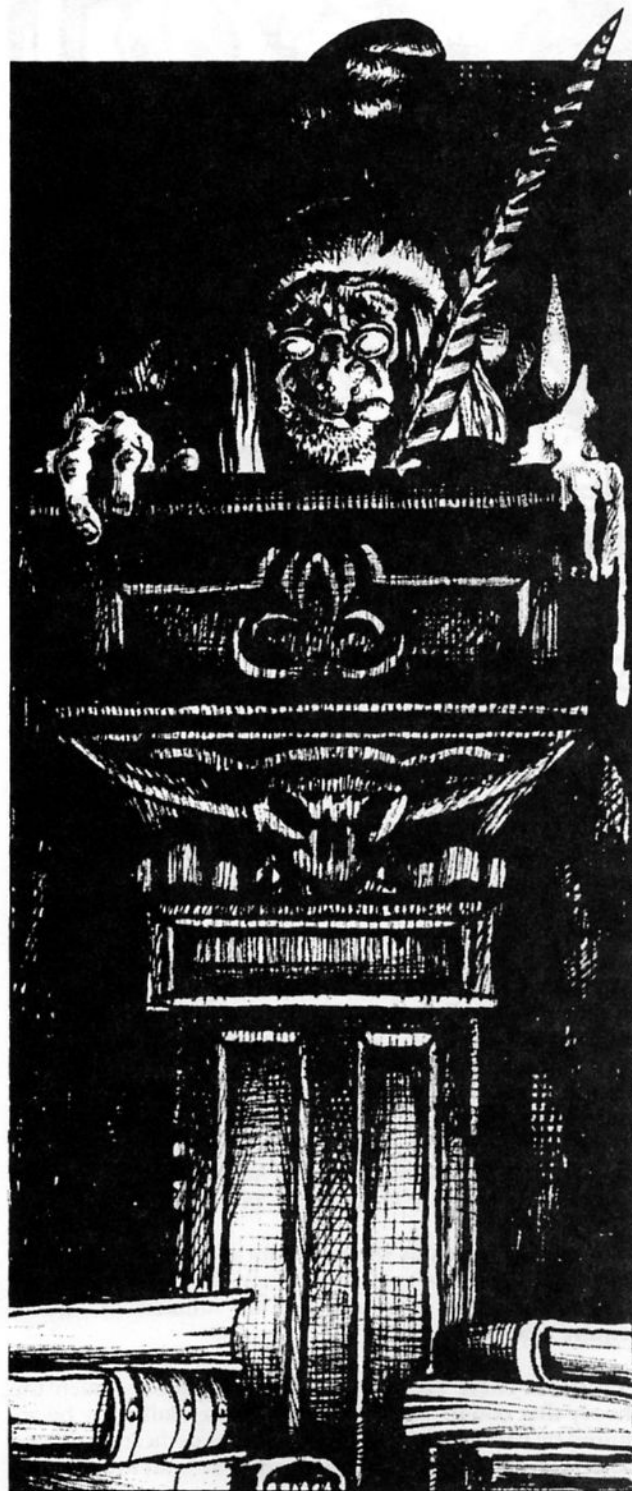
Heinz can be introduced to the adventurers in a number of ways. He could simply be encountered in a riverside inn or strolling along the docks. If he sees the adventurers, he may attempt to strike up a conversation about the River Reik, one of the great loves of his life. Or they could rescue him from muggers one dark and foggy night. Alternatively, the adventurers could hear of him from a pub landlord: 'There's this educated geezer who often comes in here, always asking questions of folk about the river, writes a lot of it down, he does, and always pays for information.' The adventurers could either seek him out or wait until he arrives. Another way to introduce him is for the adventurers to see a notice asking for 'Honest riverfolk to map the Reik, good money paid for important scientific work.'

No matter how the adventurers encounter him, Heinz is interested in finding a team of people to make maps of the Reik for him. He is willing to pay 25 GCs for accurate maps and will teach any character the Cartography skill for free. An *Int* test is required to learn it from him.

In addition to teaching cartography, Heinz can be a very useful source of information on The Empire's geography and history. Once the adventurers return with their charts, he will act as a patron to any character wishing to become a student or scholar at the University, and if asked very nicely

he can also provide letters of introduction to other academics and universities in The Empire.

Heinz is also willing to give private tuition in Numismatics and History. He refuses to teach Read/Write, however, as he considers it to be beneath his dignity. Heinz's family and university connections can come in useful as well, since he will be able to intervene on the adventurers' behalf if they get into any trouble with the authorities. How successful his intervention is depends on the extent of the adventurers' crimes, but he should be able to deal with minor transgressions easily.



Chapter 2

Nobility and Royalty

One thing The Empire is not short of is nobility. By that, we don't mean that The Empire is a fine and honourable place, filled with good souls, but that it is liberally scattered with people who by birth, favour, action or bluff have reached the stage of being regarded as 'aristocratic'.

The government of The Empire depends on the nobility. Essentially, the Emperor is one of the select central corps of nobles known as Electors. The Electors each hold sovereign sway over one of the large provinces of The Empire, and elect one of their number to serve as Emperor until death (or, occasionally, until everyone else is sick to death of him). Ignoring the clerical Electors, who derive their authority from their Temples, each lay Elector is the head of a dynasty, the most prestigious member of a powerful aristocratic family. All the authority nobles command is theirs by birthright, and is passed on through the generations. Most of the ruling Electoral families of The Empire have existed for centuries.

The privilege of being an Elector—normally entitled a Grand Duke, Grand Count, Grand Prince, or Graf—is an ancient one, and naturally, they are also the rulers of magnificent personal estates and large provinces. The origins of these titles are lost in the mists of antiquity; the important thing to remember is that there is no clear hierarchy of titles (unlike in our own history) and that only Electors are called 'Grand'.

Of course, only one member of the family gets to be Elector. So the third level of aristocracy (if the Emperor-Elector is the first, and the other Electors are the second) are their blood kin. These are the lesser lights of the Imperial Dynasties, who—but for the vagaries of the rules of succession—might have been (or might yet be!) Electors themselves. Instead, they serve as a kind of noble 'civil service'.

It is traditional (and sensible, in most cases) for the Electors to entrust members of their family with posts within the Electoral Province. They might control smaller provinces, which are part of the Electoral holding; they might have important positions within one of the numerous Orders of Knighthood (cf. *The Enemy Within Campaign, volume 1: Shadows over Bögenhafen*, p20); they might hold a governmental office, like Commander of Road Wardens or Knight-Chevalier of the Bedchamber; they might have substantial land-holdings of castles of their own, separate to the lands of their liegeland; or they might just be hangers-on, living at the Electoral or Imperial court.

Whatever they do, these aristocrats are considered high in the rankings of nobility. They carry important titles, like Duke, Count, or Baron, and take precedence over all save the Electors.

Beneath them are the lesser nobility, the knights, lords and ladies of the 'country' aristocracy. They are predominantly land-owners and the relatives of such—holding castles or country estates, lesser governmental posts away from the capital, or overseas. These are the most numerous of the nobility, and it is likely that player character nobles will be from this group.

Note: Imperial titles can be a bit confusing in their own right, and you could easily get completely tied up comparing them to the various 'ranks' of noble that follow. The Noble career class progresses through five Ranks, each more advanced than the last. Each also carries a list of likely titles. However, there is a great deal of overlap in the grading of various titles, so that it is possible for a seemingly lowly Count to have vast tracts of land and wealth, while a Duke can be almost a pauper, and own no more than a fortified manor. However, you can roughly grade the Imperial titles like this: Knight, Lord, or Lady; Baron or Margrave; Count; Duke; Elector (therefore Grand Baron, Grand Duke, etc.).

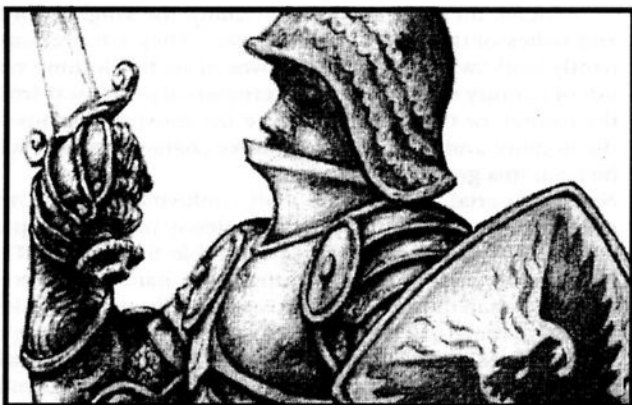
THE NOBLE BASIC CAREER

The player who rolls up Noble as a Basic career has not actually gained any major advantage over his fellows. The extra money is useful, the horse and the armour will make life less taxing and hazardous, and one can safely assume those skills that mean the character will never use the wrong fork at dinner. It does not mean that the character is rich, or that he or she has land or a castle somewhere. Much more likely, the character is some younger son or daughter of a moderately wealthy Graf or knight who has given up hope of ever inheriting the big money, and who is certainly not going to soil his or her hands with anything so demeaning as work.

So, the adventuring life is a natural one. And—apart from demanding to be called 'My Lord' or 'Your Grace' every moment by the rest of the party—the character can go through life as one of the chaps, striving against the forces of Chaos and trying to make an honest bob or two. The major difference is that the character usually finds it easier dealing with the common folk who trundle around the edges of the campaign: peasants, merchants, innkeepers and the like. Most will doff their caps, find the character a chair, offer some small free service, and serve them more quickly than the rest of the party. Of course, the GM should occasionally have an NPC who is a little less 'umble, and who treats the PC as a 'stuck-up' snob.

Generally, the attitude of the population towards the imperial aristocracy is publicly servile and privately scornful. The in-breeding of certain families, the incompetence of many individuals, and the haughty indifference of the whole class has made many enemies. But their power is considerable, based on their almost exclusive right to hold land, and most non-nobles—be they wealthy merchants or landless peasants—recognize that someone who can have you split in two for no reason is not someone to be cheeked...

Initially, however, the PC Noble has no great power or influence. He should have a simple title, like Knight, or perhaps Landgrave, and will owe no great allegiance to anyone, save perhaps an immediate liege-lord (a slightly more prestigious noble). Once the player-characters have been wading through the gore of Chaos-followers for a few years, however, they might consider that they deserve a real title, a proper reward, the sort of thing people respect. What follows are some simple rules and guidelines for handling the ennoblement of Player Characters and NPCs.



JOINING THE NOBILITY

Each of the Ranks of the Noble career (described below) has all the normal sub-headings attached to it: career entries and exits, trappings and skills. However, characters cannot just 'adopt' noble status (unless the player's first basic career is Noble—see *WFRP*, p32): each Rank is a 'specialized' career, with individual rules for entry. First and foremost, the character must have a patron, since the Imperial rules of ennoblement state that only the Elector can create new titles or redistribute old ones.

The patron figure should be used in the same manner one might use the head of a Guild or a military commander for other careers. The player characters concerned will have come to the Elector's attention through some famous deed, will have been introduced to the Elector at some time, and begun performing little services. In time, the Elector will come to look on the PC(s) as dependable, worthy of high reward, and will mention the possibility of a title of some kind, if they will just perform this one small service...

In game terms, the rules for entry into the Noble career can be summarized as follows:

1: The character concerned must have *fully completed* one or more of the careers listed under career entries. To complete a career, a character must have taken *every* advance possible under the career, obtained *all* the skills and *all* the trappings.

2: Noble characters can only be granted the title by an NPC Elector-Patron, someone who will have been making their lives a misery by a sequence of unreasonable requests in their former careers. In the most exceptional of circumstances, it might be possible to forego this by a single act of great value in the presence of the Elector or his agents—winning a major battle single-handed, or rescuing the Grand Duke's daughter when all others have failed, etc.

3: There is, of course, one simple way of helping the Elector make the right decision. Nothing smoothes the way towards a title like money. If a character can afford to buy all the Trappings listed for the particular rank, and pay the Elector a sum equivalent to 25% of that total, then there's no need to go running around risking life and limb against the hordes of Khorne... Even when the character hopes to inherit all the Trappings that go with a title, that 25% 'bonus' still ought to be paid.

The Elector will grant the PC the lowest title possible—the 'Knight' rank, which carries few rewards and several obligations. Some Advanced Careers from the rulebook do allow entry into the higher ranks of nobility, as shown under the description of each rank. Normally, if a character already holds a title, and the Elector wishes to reward him or her then a title will be bestowed from the next highest

rank. However, the GM should never ignore the possibility of a character holding two duchies, or whatever, if it isn't a good time for the character to advance further through the career.

4: If the character is to advance into the second rank of the nobility, there must be a vacancy to fill, since the higher ranks are all tied to territory. Normally this need not be a great problem, since the Elector can always shave off a piece of his or her own domain if it is that important to reward the PC. However, this rule alone is the single most important bar to characters advancing to the third rank or higher. If a Ducal title becomes vacant, for example, the Emperor will re-assign it to the greatest worthy in the land... probably himself. If a PC is so powerful that he or she simply can't be ignored any longer, that should be the only circumstance in which the title is assigned.

5: The experience cost to enter any of the noble ranks is 300 EPs. After these have been 'spent', the character should make an immediate *Fellowship* test. If this is passed, the character may enter the career immediately. If it is failed, the character's ennoblement will be delayed for D6 months (with the patron hanging onto all the 'bribe' money), until this test can be taken again at the cost of another 300 EPs. It is quite possible for characters' applications to be delayed for years.

SPECIAL RULES

Trappings

Once a character has assumed the noble title, all the benefits and duties outlined below apply. The noble career works like any other, with opportunities for characters to gain advances and new skills, and so on. However, there is a special rule for this career.

A noble's trappings are the most important sign of their status, and they cannot afford to ever be without them. These trappings will have come to them in one of two ways: either they will have been bestowed at the time the character received the title for some great service, or they will have been bought by the character as part of the process of buying the title.

If characters ever find themselves in a position where they do not have all the Trappings for the career, or if a time comes when they cannot afford to pay the annual upkeep on things like staff or land-holdings, they will start becoming an embarrassment to the nobility. At the end of each game year, the character should make a *Fellowship* test. If this is passed, things can continue for another year; if failed, the title will be stripped from the character, along with all remaining noble trappings, and the character will have to commence another career.

Training

The second rule for this career is that all the Skills for that rank (and all lower ranks) should have been purchased before any characteristic advances are taken. The rules for Training Times as given in Chapter 4 apply for these skills, but the prices for Tuition Fees should be trebled. Go on, you can afford it...

Benefits and Duties

The GM will have to judge how much a noble character is allowed to interfere with the playing of a game. Basically,

the more you want the players to be a part of the campaign world, the more attention you should pay to what follows.

There are several benefits to being a noble that you just can't regulate for. The obvious one is that the PC's social standing is such that most ordinary people will show the right kind of respect—at least to the character's face. This is reflected in the very healthy increases possible in the Leadership and Fellowship characteristics. Nevertheless, in general terms, the only NPCs with whom the character has regular dealings who might fail to show due deference are those ignorant peasant clods who don't know any better, and the genuinely boorish.

This kind of prominence in society ought to extend to two other important areas as well. Nobles are hardly likely to perform menial services themselves: 'Feed the horses well, groom, and here's some copper for your trouble', and this should extend to the menial service of transporting oneself all over The Empire after pieces of equipment and news. Any half-way decent armourer ought to come to you, tape-measure in hand, with the latest fashion in full gothic plate mail. Likewise, the information on which a campaign thrives—knowing where the action is (at least locally)—ought to come direct to the character. After all, they will be responsible for the lives of others. The GM can draw some amusement from the prospect of the PCs having too much adventuring work to cope with: 'There's a Chaos Warrior in your village? OK, I'll get to it on the way back from defeating the robber knight at the ford, after I've rescued the merchant's daughter'.

And, of course, nobles have certain rights, by law. They can't be arrested by common Watchmen, but only by specific warrant from an Imperial magistrate or the direct word of their liege lord or any Elector; they can only be tried at an Electoral court, by their peers; they cannot be pursued for civil suits. Basically, they can do what they like to the lower orders—literally getting away with murder—so long as they don't get up the noses of their fellow nobles. And the average Imperial noble nose has plenty of room. Of course, some overbearing nobles have been known to be found face down in the river—the law doesn't provide complete protection...

As GM, you also ought to allow some income from the lands, offices and 'benefits' of being a noble: 'A grant for your charitable hospice, my lord; oh, and did I mention the problem I was having with my neighbours?' The amount will have to be judged by individual needs, but should be less than the outgoing of the PC when that character is still actively adventuring.

The duties of a noble can only interfere with the playing of the game as much as the GM wants them to, but they ought at least to include a few visits to the PC's liege. Normally, this will be the Elector of the province in which the PC holds land (and a PC could hold land in more than one Province), although there may be an intervening Baron or Duke for lesser mortals. Visits to the Imperial court can be encouraged, and allow the player to feel his or her character is really getting somewhere. Don't let this become abused, if the PC is proving to be a pain.

Farm management isn't going to be everyone's cup of tea but don't miss the opportunity to have the PCs involved in the law. The historical test of noble power (a bit of medieval history here) is through watching how much of the law a noble controls. If the people he or she judges can appeal further up the ladder, then the character is not a great power. If he or she can say 'Orf with his head', and that's the end of the matter, then the character does indeed have some clout. Most medieval feudal and post-feudal conflicts over 'rights'

were to do with who had the final power to say 'this is how it is, like it or lump it'.

So don't miss the chance to have your PCs run a few trials. Apart from the obvious role-playing potential, there is much scope for starting adventures from the outcome of a trial, and of using them as the culmination of a plot too.

This not being the medieval period proper, the old ideals of military service are not applicable. However, in times of trouble, the PC who shelters behind self-interest isn't going to win friends. It might be cheaper, and it might protect what you have, but it isn't going to lead to promotion.

Career Exits

Apart from the Knight rank, none of the other the Noble ranks have any Career Exits. Once a noble, always a noble. Are you supposed to soil your hands with work?

Adventuring or soldiering or magic are just about OK, but the vast majority of nobles can only either stay put, or look to advance up the rungs of power. The idea of the Noble career is to provide a final goal for your PCs, a place to call their own, and a sense of achievement...

NEW SKILLS

The following new skills can be easily introduced into your campaign. They need not only be available to characters in the Noble career, but none of them should be granted to characters as part of the process of rolling up a Basic career.

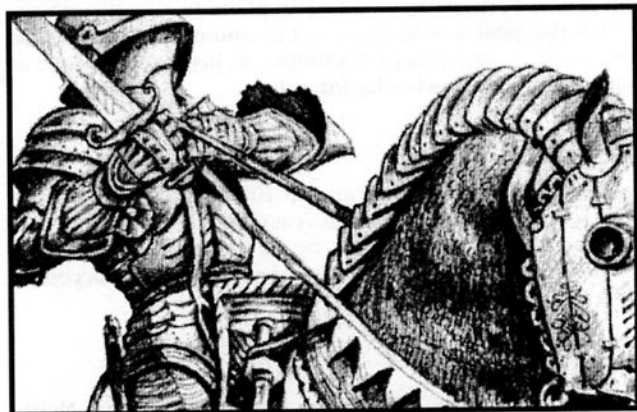
Court Intrigue

A character with this skill who makes a successful **Intelligence** test will know who is on whose side, what rumours there are about their intrigues, and will have all the necessary contacts to pursue any kind of intrigue of their own. If the character successfully makes an **Intelligence** Test with more than 20% to spare, he or she will also be privy to a secret about some faction's plans that could prove very useful.

Obviously, such a skill can only be used at a level appropriate to the character's own. A Rank 3 Noble could use this skill in connection with people and events at the Electoral court, while an Elector would operate like this at the very highest level.

Dynastic Knowledge

A character with this skill may, on completion of a successful Test against their **Intelligence**, be assumed to know the





details of another noble's family saga. This should include knowing which faction(s) the character's family supports, their famous forebears, their current standing, etc. A modifier of +10% should be applied to tests concerning NPCs of Noble rank 4 or above. If the character makes a particularly successful roll (with 30% to spare), he will also know some secret about the other character's family. If the test is failed, the character's background remains a mystery. If failed by more than 20%, then you've made a real mistake, and got the guy crossed with somebody else.

For example, Baron Wilhelm von Michelin, a PC Noble (Rank 3) is living at the Electoral Court in Nuln, looking to ingratiate himself and gain an important military command. However, a rival for the post is Duke Feuerberg, and he shows no sign of being ready to hand over the reins. Wilhelm, not wanting to be seen asking lots of questions, racks his memory to see what he knows of the Feuerberg family—his player rolls 21% against his current *Intelligence* of 49%. Because Feuerberg is a Rank 4 Noble, the 10% bonus means Michelin's player is aware of a little-known fact about the Feuerberg clan—the GM decides that he has heard of bad blood between the Feuerbergs and the Halflings of the Moot. Perhaps the Duke has plans to use the troops which the post would place at his command to settle this old grudge—or perhaps Michelin can just make people at court think this is what he intends...

Influence

A character with this skill can add 10% to his or her *Fellowship* score when making any test at Court. It represents having the right contacts, and being seen by people with authority as being the right kind of person to have access to different places.

Intimidate

A skill no noble can afford to be without. It allows a Noble character to browbeat the commoners into instant obedi-

ence, by making a *Fellowship* test. If the test is passed, the peasants will obey any command that doesn't actually put their life or property at risk. If passed by 30% or more, the fools will actually be ready to follow the noble into all sorts of risky situations. If failed, however, there will be muttering in the ranks, and the tomatoes might start flying...

Stewardship

This skill allows a character in charge of running an estate to do so without making a mess of things. It embodies certain general agricultural skills plus the knowledge of when certain jobs need doing. It also involves dealing with labourers on the estate. At critical times in the year, sewing and harvesting being the most important, the character should make a *Risk* test, with a +20% modifier if the character has the *Stewardship* skill (ignore the rule on p71 of the rules about taking damage when a *Risk* test is failed).

If the roll is successful, the character will have earned the estate an appropriate amount of money (determined by the GM). If failed, the amount should be halved. If the test is failed by 30% or more, the whole amount should be lost, and people on the estate will be threatened with starvation.

ADVANCED CAREERS

The following career profiles are for the various ranks in the Noble career. The Knight rank is exactly the same as the Basic Noble career (see *WFRP* rulebook p32), except that it may be taken as a new career by a character who satisfies the rules given above. To obtain a noble rank, the career from which the character comes must have been completed—i.e. all advances must have been taken, all skills obtained and all trappings acquired.

Noble—Rank 1 (Knight, Lord, Lady)

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

Career Entrances

By birth (Noble basic career); Engineer; Exciseman; Outrider; Roadwarden; Scribe; Soldier; Squire; Trader

Skills

Blather; Charm; Consume Alcohol; Etiquette; Gamble; Heraldry; Luck; Musicianship; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Ride; Specialist Weapon—Fencing Sword; Wit

Trappings

Horse; Expensive clothes (worth at least 250 GCs); Jewellery (worth at least 10D6 GCs); D4 Hangers-on—other PCs will do!

Career Exits

Bawd; Duelist; Freelance; Gambler; Student

Noble—Rank 2 (Baron, Margrave)

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

Chapter 2: Nobility and Royalty

Career Entrances

Judicial Champion; Lawyer

Skills

Disarm; Dodge Blow; Game Hunting; Sing; Specialist Weapons—Lance, Parrying Weapons; Stewardship; Story Telling

Trappings

3 Horses; Expensive Clothes and Jewellery (worth at least 1,000 GCs); Fortified Dwelling (cost at least 25,000 GCs to build and 2,000 GCs per annum to run); Marks of Office (costing at least 7,000 GCs); a few servants—a Chamberlain, a Herald, a Bailiff, 3 Cooks, 10 Maids, 20 General Servants and 50 Men-at-arms ought to cover it.

Noble—Rank 3 (Count)

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

Career Entrances

Explorer; Free Lance; Merchant

Skills

Evaluate; Influence; Intimidate; Law; Seduction; Specialist Weapon—Double-handed Weapons

Trappings

Elaborate Coach and 4 Horses (costing from 5,000 GCs); Expensive Clothes and Jewellery (worth at least 5,000 GCs); Small Manor (cost at least 35,000 GCs to build and 5,000 GCs per annum); at least as many servants as a Baron, as well as a Groom, a Falconer, a Master of Hounds, 3 pages, a few Ladies-in-Waiting (you are married, aren't you?) and coachmen; Falcons and Hunting Hounds—at least 4,000 GCs worth.

Noble—Rank 4 (Duke)

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

Career Entrances

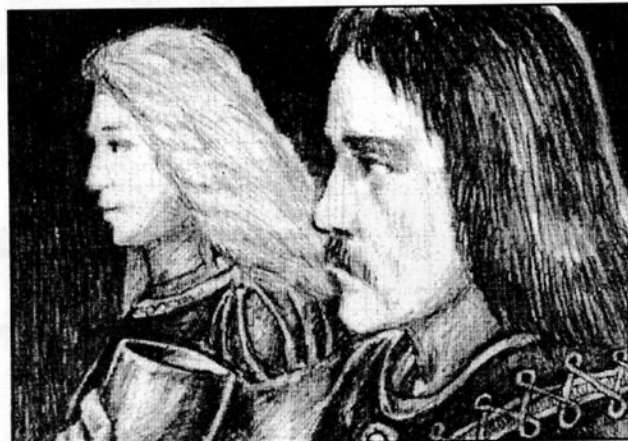
Mercenary Captain; Sea Captain; Templar; Witch Hunter

Skills

Cryptography; Dynastic Knowledge; Secret Language—Classical; Speak Additional Language

Trappings

A small piece of The Empire; Coaches, barges, boats, ships, horses...at least 15,000 GCs worth; a castle with keep, bailey and walls (cost at least 50,000 GCs to build and 7,500 GCs per annum to keep up); Expensive Clothes, Pets, Jewels, Regalia, Mistresses and sundry hobbies (worth at least 25,000 GCs at any one time, spend at least 10,000 GCs a year); Servants by the score:



add Scribes, Artisans, Bombardiers, Sappers, Engineers, Craftsmen and another D100 Men-at-Arms to the list for the Baron.

Noble—Rank 5 (Elector—Grand Duke, Grand Prince: NPCs only)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
-	+40	+10	-	-	+6	+30	+2	+10	+50	+30	+40	+20	+40

Skills

Court intrigue; Secret Sign—Noble; Theology

Trappings

A considerable piece of real estate...like a Province, maybe; life's little luxuries—all the means of transport, entertainment and general good living you can get for 30,000 GCs a year; a major castle, the sort that costs 100,000 GCs to build and 12,500 GCs a year to keep going; probably a town house and a few country retreats too; all the servants above, probably twice over, plus another 2,000 men-at-arms, 500 archers and 500 cavalry, a few Templars and good contacts amongst the mercenaries fraternity.

SCENARIO IDEAS

The following are some ideas which lend themselves to adventure plots for noble characters.

Whose side are you on?

Imperial politics are based on the division of power among the Electors, for whom the Emperor is but a figurehead. The divisions and alliances among the Electors tend to be at their most critical during the election of a new Emperor, but the process takes place all the time.

Normally, there are only a small number of Electors at any one time with the drive, energy and influence to be considered major figures in the hierarchy of The Empire. In the *The Enemy Within Campaign* these are Graf Boris Todbringer, the Elector of Middenheim; the Duchess Elise Krieglitz-Untermensch, the Elector of Talabheim; Grand Duke Gustav von Krieglitz, the Elector of Talabecland; Grand Prince Hals von Tasseninck, the Elector of Ostland; and Grand Duke Leopold Von Bildhofen, the Elector of Middenland (cf *The Enemy Within vol.1*, p16).

Behind each of these figures, a complex web of supporters spreads throughout all areas of Imperial life. Thus it is well known that Graf Boris is related by marriage to Jan Todbringer, better known as the Grand Theogonist, Yorri XV; that the banking family of the Schulidermans in Altdorf finance most of his loans; that many dependents of the Todbringers serve in the Order of the Fiery Heart, and that the Guilds connected to the mining industry owe him allegiance. Similar networks spread out from each of the others.

So, when a new PC noble appears, the character's place in the power-politics of The Empire will be mapped out for him or her, unless the adventurer is entirely brave and/or stupid. The Elector who ennobled him or her will be a member of one of the five great factions, and that will be the faction to which people expect the PC to belong. There will then follow three stages for the new noble:

First, you meet your friends. Other members of the faction make themselves known to you. Your betters invite you to come and see them so they can see what you look like, and what use you might be. Your inferiors come to offer services.

Second, your enemies make themselves known to you. You start meeting hindrances, abuse, problems. You can't book a coach ticket or a hotel room, your horse's feed is spoiled, your assets are tied up. Your friends start suggesting you use their contacts, tying you more closely into the faction. Your enemies will become increasingly open in their hostility, so that you can't move without the support of your faction.

Lastly, you become part of the power struggle. Feuds, private wars, court intrigue.

But he started it...

One of the sad truths about the noble class is that they love fighting. No harm in that, you'd have thought, given the

enemies beyond the border, but the fact is they prefer fighting each other. There is a kind of institutionalized violence in The Empire called the Private War. This is a family feud, blown up out of all proportions, involving the raising of armies, battles, sieges, etc.

It's called a Private War, because it is actually illegal to just 'join in'; you are supposed to be hired by one of the principal parties involved, related to one of them, a retainer of one of them, or just one of them. The rules of Private War are simple; you can do what you like to people on the other side, but you are supposed to avoid general mayhem around the place.

That's the idea, but it rarely works like that. When the Verspeers, a noble family from Talabecland, fell out with the enormous von Randee clan, whose most famous scion is a minor Count in south Middenheim, it started a vendetta that lasted 34 years, and saw at least three towns razed which had nothing to do with the quarrel.

The whole point of a Private War is that each act of vengeance is such a galling blow to the other side that they have to seek vengeance in turn; the whole thing is self-perpetuating.

If a PC noble hasn't got enemies from another family like this, then he or she is obviously a wimp. Just make sure your next adventure has an NPC noble among the bad guys, so that when the PC deals out the death stroke, you can start wheeling out the kith and kin...



Chapter 3

Social Standing

In the *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* game, social level is an important consideration. Everywhere, but especially in cities, peoples' reactions to your characters will depend as much upon *what* they are (or appear to be) as upon *who* they are. Many Old Worlders—no matter how much they may deny it—are snobs, and let's face it, a Beggar or a scruffy adventurer is *not* going to get into the Graf's garden party, no matter how persuasive his wit or how high his Fel score is!

The rules given in this section may be used to modify tests for PC/NPC dealings under most circumstances. In some city-based adventures where it is vital to get on the right side of the right people, social level can make all the difference between failure and success.

CLASS AND STANDING

The society of the Old World is divided into four social classes, and every character will have a certain standing (or lack of it!) within his own class. The four social classes are as follows:

A: Nobility: This is the highest class, and in most nations of the Old World it is restricted to a number of noble families and a small group of individuals who have been elevated to the nobility for outstanding service to the crown or nation.

B: Professional/Academic Class: This is the most 'respectable' class of all: the lawyers, doctors, wizards, clerics, merchants and senior military men all belong to this class. In terms of our own society, this is the upper-middle class.

C. Craftsman/Tradesman Class: Most of the skilled workers of the Old World belong to this class, as do the lower ranks of the military establishment. These are 'respectable' people by and large, but definitely not the upper crust.

D. Labouring/Criminal Class: This is the lowest class of unskilled and semi-skilled workers, beggars and criminals. While there is great variation within this class (more, arguably, than in any other), members of the other classes see it as a single undistinguished mass.

The *Career Table* given here lists the class and standing for all the careers given in the *WFRP* rulebook, as well as a few others published in other sources.

CALCULATING SOCIAL LEVEL

A character's *Social Level* is made up of two components: *Class* and *Standing*. Class is represented by a letter, and standing by a number. Thus, a character of class B with a

standing of 7 would have the code B7 entered in the *Social Level* space on their character sheet.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE

A character's social level comes into play whenever they are dealing with one or more NPCs in a non-combat situation. In the *WFRP* rulebook this kind of situation is handled entirely by Fel tests modified by relevant skills, but taking social level into account changes things somewhat.

CAREER TABLE

<i>Career</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Standing</i>
Basic Careers		
Agitator	D	5D4
Alchemist's Apprentice	C	4D4
Artisan's Apprentice...	all Cs	see sub-lists
Jeweller		4D4
Armourer, Calligrapher, Engraver, Glass Maker & Stonemason		3D4
Brewer, Builder, Cartwright, Chandler, Cobbler, Cooper, Printer, Shipwright & Tailor		2D6
Blacksmith, Carpenter, Potter & Tanner		2D4
Bawd (S)	D	4D4
Beggar	D	2D6
Boatman	C	2D4
Bodyguard (F)	D	4D4
Bounty Hunter (F)	C	3D6
Coachman	C	2D6
Druid (R)	B	2D4
Engineer (X)	C	5D4
Entertainer...	all Ds	see sub-lists
Acrobat, Animal Act, Bunko Artist, Comic, Escapologist, Fire Eater, Fortune Teller, Hypnotist, Impressionist, Jester, Juggler, Pavement Artist, Tight Rope Walker & Ventriloquist		2D6
Actor, Poet, Singer, & Troubadour—(all S)		3D6
Knife Thrower, Strongman, Wrestler		3D4
Exciseman (F)	C	4D4
Fisherman	C	2D6
Footpad	D	4D4
Gambler (S)	D	5D4
Gamekeeper	C	2D6
Grave Robber	D	3D4
Herbalist	C	4D4
Herdsmen (R)	D	2D6
Hunter	C	2D6
Hypnotist (S)	C	4D4
Initiate (C)	B	2D4
Jailer	D	2D4
Labourer	D	3D4
Marine (F)	C	3D6
Mercenary (F)	C	3D6
Militia man	C	2D6
Minstrel (S)	C	2D6



<i>Career</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Standing</i>
Muleskinner	C	2D6
Noble (N)	A	5D4
Outlaw	D	3D6
Outrider	C	3D4
Peddler (R)	C	2D4
Pharmacist	B	2D6
Physician's Student	B	2D4
Pilot	C	3D4
Pit Fighter (F)	D	5D4
Prospector (R)	C	3D4
Protagonist (F)	D	5D4
Raconteur (S)	D	3D6
Rat Catcher	D	3D6
Roadwarden (R)	C	3D6
Runner	C	3D4
Rustler	D	3D4
Scribe	C	2D4
Seaman	D	3D6
Seer (S)	D	3D6
Servant (S)	D	2D6
Smuggler	D	3D6
Soldier	C	2D6
Squire	A	2D4
Student	B	2D4
Thief...		
Embezzler	C	2D4
Burglar	D	3D6
Clipper	D	3D4
General/Pickpocket	D	2D6

<i>Career</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Standing</i>
Toll-Keeper (R)	C	2D6
Tomb Robber	D	3D6
Trader	C	2D6
Trapper (R)	C	2D6
Troll Slayer (X/F)	D	5D4
Tunnel Fighter	C	3D6
Watchman (F)	D	4D4
Wizard's Apprentice	B	2D4
Woodsman (R)	C	2D4

Advanced Careers

Alchemist (L)	B	3D6
Artillerist	B	2D6
Artisan...		
Jeweller	B	3D4
Armourer,		
Calligrapher,		
Engraver &		
Stonemason	B	2D6
Glass Maker	B	2D4
Brewer, Builder,		
Cartwright, Chandler,		
Cobbler, Printer, Ship-		
wright & Tailor	C	3D6
Blacksmith, Carpenter,		
Cooper, Potter		
& Tanner	C	3D4
Assassin (F)	C	5D4
Beastfriend (R/X)	C	4D4
Charlatan (S)	D	5D4
Cleric (L/C)	B	5D4
Counterfeiter	C	3D4
Demagogue (S)	D	5D4
Druidic Priest (R/L)	B	5D4
Duellist (F)	B	3D4
Explorer	B	3D6
Fence	C	3D4
Forger	B	2D6
Free Lance (S)	B	5D4
Giant Slayer (X/F)	C	5D4
Gunner	B	2D6
Highwayman	B	3D4
Judicial Champion (F)	C	5D4
Lawyer	B	3D6
Loremaster (X)	B	5D4
Mercenary Sergeant (F)	C	5D4
Mercenary Captain	B	4D4
Merchant	B	3D6
Navigator	B	3D6
Outlaw Chief	C	5D4
Physician	B	3D6
Racketeer (F)	D	5D4
Sapper (X)	C	3D6
Scholar	B	4D4
Scout (R)	C	4D4
Sea Captain (Mate)	C	3D4
Sea Captain	B	4D4
Slaver (F)	D	3D4
Spy	B	4D4
Targeteer (S)	C	5D4
Templar (S/C)	B	5D4
Torturer	D	2D6
Wardancer (F/X)	C	3D6
Witch-Hunter	B	5D4
Wizard (L)	B	5D4

NOTES

(C) indicates that class and standing may vary according to the character's cult. Refer to the optional section on Cult Modifiers.

(F) indicates that the profession is one which inspires fear, distrust or distaste in most people. The class rating given is an indication of this. However, the character is treated as being one class higher when dealing with other type F characters. Type F characters may be able to intimidate others.

(L) indicates that the career is one with various levels. Standing is increased by D4 per level above 1.

(N) Nobles are a special case. There is no upper limit to a noble's standing. Landed nobles have a minimum standing of 10; if the die roll total is less than 10, it is treated as 10. Nobles without land have no minimum standing.

Nobles with noble vassals add the highest standing to be found among their vassal(s) to their own standing. For example, Graf Wolfgang has a random standing of 15; among his vassals Baron Ulfrie has the highest standing at 12; Wolfgang's final standing is therefore 27 (15+12). In turn, Wolfgang's overlord could add 27 (at least) to his standing. As can be seen from this cumulative effect, noblemen near the top of the social ladder need have few worries about their position in society.

To save time when calculating standings, you can treat land magnates (such as Electors) as having a standing of 5D4+60; should you ever need to worry about it, the Emperor is assumed to have a standing of 100!

In addition, a noble's standing is reduced by D4 points when dealing with anyone of a different nationality.

(R) indicates that the character is treated as being one class lower while in an urban environment, as townsfolk tend to look down on rustic types.

(S) indicates that the character may rise to a higher class through personal achievement or by attaching himself to a prominent patron. For newly generated NPCs and PCs, you may either choose or roll a D6, a roll of 6 indicating that the character is one who automatically gains the higher class; those who move from a lower-class career do not. In other cases, the GM must judge whether a character should be placed in the upper or lower class.

(X) indicates that the character is treated as being one class higher by members of his own race.

DEALING WITH OTHER CLASSES

When dealing with a character from another class only the class itself is taken into account. A nobleman (Class A) won't make any distinction between a Cobbler and a Cooper (who are both Cs), for instance. They are both tradesmen, and probably a little vulgar to boot. It doesn't matter one jot to him what the two traders may think of their relative position on the social ladder! The reverse is also true. They just see a nobleman walking into their shops. They don't worry about his precise precedence in the scheme of things.

Leadership and Fellowship

In the *WFRP* rulebook, most tests for interpersonal dealings are made on **Fel**. This works well up to point—after all, **Fel** represents a character's persuasiveness and force of personality. However, a magistrate or Watch Captain shouldn't have to rely on his natural charm to get a jailer to do what he asks!

To reflect this, a character who is dealing with a character of a *lower* social class may always choose to use **Ld** instead of **Fel** if he wishes for relevant tests. This represents the character using the authority of his position rather than any natural charm in handling people, and the way in which the exchange is played out ought to reflect this.

The Toffs and the Bosses

When a character is dealing with a character from a lower social class, the **Fel** or **Ld** test is modified. For each class difference, the higher-placed character gains a +10 **Ld** modifier and a -10 **Fel** modifier. This reflects the fact that dealings between members of widely separated social classes tend to be more comfortable for both parties if they are conducted formally.

When a character opts to use **Ld** instead of **Fel**, all relevant skills (e.g. *Blather*, *Charm*, *Wit*) apply equally to both characteristics.

A character who finds himself one or more classes down must always use **Fel**—a Beggar isn't going to impress a Duke with his authority, so he is obliged to fall back on natural charm and a smidgen of native cunning! Even then, the **Fel** test is modified by -5 for each class difference.

For example: Graf Erich von Holgesheim (Class A) is conversing with Max Schumm the jailer (Class D), on the subject of his friend who is currently in the cells after a particularly successful night on the town.





Erich has the choice of using his Ld of 46 or his Fel of 47; in both cases his Charm and Wit skill will give him +20. Max is three classes below Erich, giving him a further modifier of +30 Ld and -30 Fel. This makes his Ld test 96 and his Fel test 37—clearly pulling rank is the right approach here!

If Max were the PC in this little exchange—say Max let an important prisoner go (or die) and is trying to avoid the worst of Graf Erich's wrath—things would go as follows. Max is forced to use his Fel score of 28, with a -15 penalty for the difference in class. Lacking in Charm and Wit (for which jailers are seldom noted), he falls back on Blather, which gives him the usual +10. This gives him a total of $28 - 15 + 10 = 23$. His excuse had better be a good one!

Equal Footing

When dealing with people inside one's own class, one's *Standing* comes into play. *Standing* represents the fine distinctions which people make among those of their own class. Note that *Standing* is defined by a dice roll—not all characters in a certain career will have the same standing. A back-alley cobbler will be lower down the ladder than the shoemaker to the Duke, for instance, even though they share the same trade.

When a character deals with another character of the same class, *standing* is a bonus modifier to all Fel tests, in addition to the effects of any relevant skills.

For example: Hans the pavement artist is trying to persuade Jurgen the Watchman not to arrest him for loitering, vagrancy and defacing council property (namely, one three yard stretch of public thoroughfare). Both are lower class (D). Hans has a Fel score of 48, which has served him well in the past, and he is one of the better-known pavement

artists in the city with a standing of 9. He has no relevant skills, so his test is 57—a better than even chance.

CHANGING CAREERS

When characters change careers, their class and standing immediately become those shown for the new career.

Socially Mobile Careers

Some careers are marked with an S on the *Careers Table*, indicating that they may be associated with a higher class than that shown under certain circumstances. Characters who move to a type S career from a higher-class career automatically retain the higher class; those who move from a lower-class career do not.

In other cases, the GM must judge whether a character should be placed in the upper or lower class.

Optional Rule: Familiarity

A NPC who has known a character before a career change in which their class altered will take this past familiarity into account in their dealings with the character. The NPC rolls a D10, and the result is used as a further modifier to the PC's Fel or Ld test—either positive or negative as the GM deems appropriate.

If a character has made a career change which affected standing but not social class, then NPCs of the same social class who knew the character before the career change roll a D6, and use the result as a modifier in the same way.

CHAIN OF COMMAND

These social level rules are not used if a character is in a formal, direct chain of command with the NPC they're dealing with—this applies to a PC Mercenary Captain dealing with an NPC Mercenary under his own command, for example. In such cases, the normal Leadership rules apply. Note, however, that the chain of command must be *direct*—a Mercenary Captain is not in a direct chain of command above another Captain's troopers!

ILLEGAL CAREERS

Some careers are overtly criminal—Thief, Fence, Footpad and Counterfeiter, for instance. In these cases, assume that the character does not publicise their career outside the criminal fraternity.

If a character's criminal career is discovered, all tests are made with an additional modifier of up to +/-30. The GM must decide the precise value of the modifier, according to the NPC's attitude to the law and crime. Thus, for example, a known thief might suffer a -30 modifier when dealing with a magistrate, -10 with a watchman, +10 with a beggar and +30 with a fellow thief.

BLUFFS AND DISGUISE

Characters may occasionally use skills such as *Acting*, *Disguise* and *Mimic* in an attempt to make themselves seem to belong to a different social class. Treat this as a *Bluff*, and determine success normally, using the normal rules. *Etiquette* skill gives a +10 bonus to the *Bluff* test, but only if

the character is trying to imitate a noble (class A) or a professional (class B).

If the *Bluff* is successful, the character uses the class and standing of the career he is imitating until he decides to let the *Bluff* drop.

At the GM's option, it might be necessary to repeat the test every day for a long-running deception, or every time the character is faced with a new NPC of the social class he is trying to imitate.

If the *Bluff* is unsuccessful, the character suffers a -20 modifier to all further dealings with the NPCs he has unsuccessfully tried to deceive, and loses any option to use *Ld* in place of *Fel*.

THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE

Standing points can be handed out at the end of an adventure in a similar way as Fate Points. At the GM's discretion, adventurers can gain D4 standing points permanently for acts of public bravery or service. Slaughtering a nest of Beastmen or exposing the cruel behaviour of the local squire, for example, are acts that will increase an adventurer's worth in the eyes of the community. Doing this sort of thing without anyone noticing gains PCs no standing at all.

CULT MODIFIERS

These modifiers are used when a character from a type C career interacts with another type C character. The use of these modifiers may be extended to include devout but non-priestly followers of a deity. Cult modifiers reflect the attitudes of the two cults to each other, and the effect this has on the characters' dealings.

The Two Great Families

The Old World pantheon consists of two divine families, and a few other deities. The first family, sometimes known as 'the town gods' or 'the southern gods', consists of Mòrr, Verena and their daughters Shallya and Myrmydia.

The second, known as 'the country gods' or 'the northern gods' consists of Taal, Rhya, their son Manann and Taal's brother Ulric. Generally speaking, followers of one of these deities are well disposed towards followers of related deities, as well as maintaining a fairly positive attitude towards the other neutral deities of the Old World.

Ranald

The cult of Ranald occupies a unique position in the Old World, in that it is on both sides of the law at the same time. Displaying the symbol of Ranald or engaging in acts of worship to him are not in themselves illegal, but they can sometimes arouse suspicion.

Most of the other Old World cults are distrustful of followers of Ranald; the town gods especially so, since towns are where his followers are most active. According to legend, Ranald was born a mortal, and gained immortality by tricking the soft-hearted Shallya; her family has never quite forgiven him for this, and followers of the town gods are more distrustful than most.

Sigmar

While Sigmar Heldenhammer is a major deity within The Empire, he is seldom worshipped outside it, and then only in enclaves of expatriate Imperial citizens. Within The Empire most Old World cults are on friendly terms with that of Sigmar; elsewhere, their attitude is more neutral.

The Old Faith

Relations between the Old Faith and the other Old World cults are friendly, if a little reserved. They do not involve themselves closely with each other, but maintain a respectful distance which is acceptable to both sides.

Khàine

The worship of Khàine, Lord of Murder, is illegal throughout the Old World, and his followers are regarded with as much distaste as the minions of Chaos. Some Imperial theologians have gone so far as to suggest that, despite indications to the contrary in the myths and legends surrounding

CULT RELATIONS TABLE

This table summarises the relationships between the various cults of the Old World

Cult:	Attitude to:						
	Country	Town	Ranald	Sigmar	Dwarfen	Elven	Halfling
Country	P	F	D	N	R	R	R
Town	F	P	D	N	R	R	R
Ranald	N	N	P	N	R	R	R
Sigmar	F	F	D	P	R	R	R
Dwarfen	R	R	D	R	P	D	N
Elven	R	R	R	R	D	P	F
Halfling	F	R	D	F	F	F	P

P Preferred	+15 to <i>Fel/Ld</i> tests when dealing with members of this cult, +20 when dealing with a member of one's own cult.
F Favourable	+10 to <i>Fel/Ld</i> tests when dealing with members of this cult.
R Reserved	+5 to <i>Fel/Ld</i> tests when dealing with members of this cult.
N Neutral	No modifier.
D Distrustful	-10 to <i>Fel/Ld</i> tests when dealing with members of this cult.



the cult of Mòrr, Khàine is no more than an aspect or avatar of foul Khorne, the Blood-God.

Dwarfen Deities

The Human cults of the Old World are on generally friendly terms with those dwarfen cults which have a presence in the Human lands. Grungni is the most common of these. As with the Old Faith, relations are reserved but basically friendly.

Elven Deities

Like the Dwarfs, those Elves who have decided to live among Humans have frequently brought their deities with them. The most widespread Elven cult in Human lands is that of Liadriel, which co-exists with its Human neighbours peacefully. The minor Elven cults are certainly less well-known, and generally treated with a little more reserve because they are unfamiliar.

Halfling Deities

The only Halfling cult which appears to be at all widespread in the Old World is that of Esmeralda. Like almost all Halflings, her priests are friendly and open, and get on reasonably well with the priesthoods of most Human deities. The racial divide is never completely bridged, but relations are generally friendly.

The Powers of Chaos

The worship of Chaos is outlawed on pain of death throughout the Old World, and the Chaos Powers and their minions are held in abiding hatred by the cults of the Old World's neutral deities.

The Powers of Law

The Powers of Law are regarded with a degree of uncomfortable mistrust by most Old Worlders, and the Old World's priesthood is no exception. While there is nothing illegal—and indeed, much to be praised—about the precepts of the various cults of Law, their extreme philosophy and disdain for others does not often sit well among the essentially neutral people of the Old World.

The only Power of Law who is at all well-known in the Old World is Solkan the Avenger, who is a popular patron for Witch-hunters. The cult of Solkan is feared by many, and none of the other cults of the Old World can be said to be cordial towards its devotees.

Inter-Cult Hatred

The proscribed cults—those of Khàine and the Chaos Powers—are regarded with bitter hatred by the priesthood of the Old World, an attitude which they return. When a character is dealing with another whom he knows to be a follower of a hated cult, tests are modified by -20. If the character is known to be a priest of a hated cult, the modifier rises to -40.

Geographical Differences

Attitudes vary slightly from place to place. Here is a summary of important variations:

Manann and **Handrich** increase in popularity by one step in the Wasteland.

Sigmar increases in popularity by one step in The Empire, except to followers of Ulric whose attitude becomes *distrustful*. Non-devout Human characters in The Empire favour the cult.

Ulric increases in popularity by one step in Middenheim, except to followers of Sigmar whose attitude becomes *distrustful*. In Estalia and Tilea, his popularity decreases by one step; in Norsca, it increases by one step and other Human cults never have less than a neutral attitude.

Myrmydia increases in popularity by one step in Tilea and Estalia, except to followers of Ulric.

INTIMIDATION

Some careers are marked with an F on the *Careers Table*, indicating that they tend to inspire unease, distrust or fear in others. Type F characters are able to intimidate others, using fear rather than persuasion to get others to do what they want.

When the player states that the character is using intimidation, all tests are made on **Ld**, and no **Fel** related skills have any effect. However, the character gains a +10 modifier to **Ld** tests reflecting their ability to intimidate others.

This rule does not apply to dealings with other type F characters. In this case **Fel** tests are made for dealings between characters in the same career with **Fel**-based modifiers as appropriate. **Fel**-based modifiers are not used between characters in different careers, although **Fel** tests are still made.

HIGH LIVING AND LOW LIFE

A character may try to gain some of the benefits of an elevated rank simply by living in an appropriate manner. If a carpenter can afford to live as well as a merchant prince, he may sometimes be taken for one, while a lawyer who lives like a rat-catcher will be looked down upon by his fellows. In any case, almost everyone has certain appearances to keep up...

The Skids

The *WFRP* rulebook states that 7/- per day is the minimum cost of an acceptable standard of living. Anyone spending less than 7/- per day on food is clearly on the decline and his 'friends' start to desert him—he loses one standing point per day. When his standing reaches zero he drops a class and starts again with D4 standing points in the new, lower class.

Anyone who ends up in class D with zero standing must immediately switch to the career of Beggar, gaining a temporarily negative experience point total if he lacks sufficient experience points for a career change. All subsequent experience points must be spent to 'pay off the debt' before the character can switch to another career (assuming that he has the experience to spend on a second career change).

In addition, any character in class A (or pretending to be Class A!) should spend 7/- per day per standing point or suffer the consequences outlined above, rather than just 7/- per day. This makes life at the top very, very expensive, but that's price of having everybody look up to you.

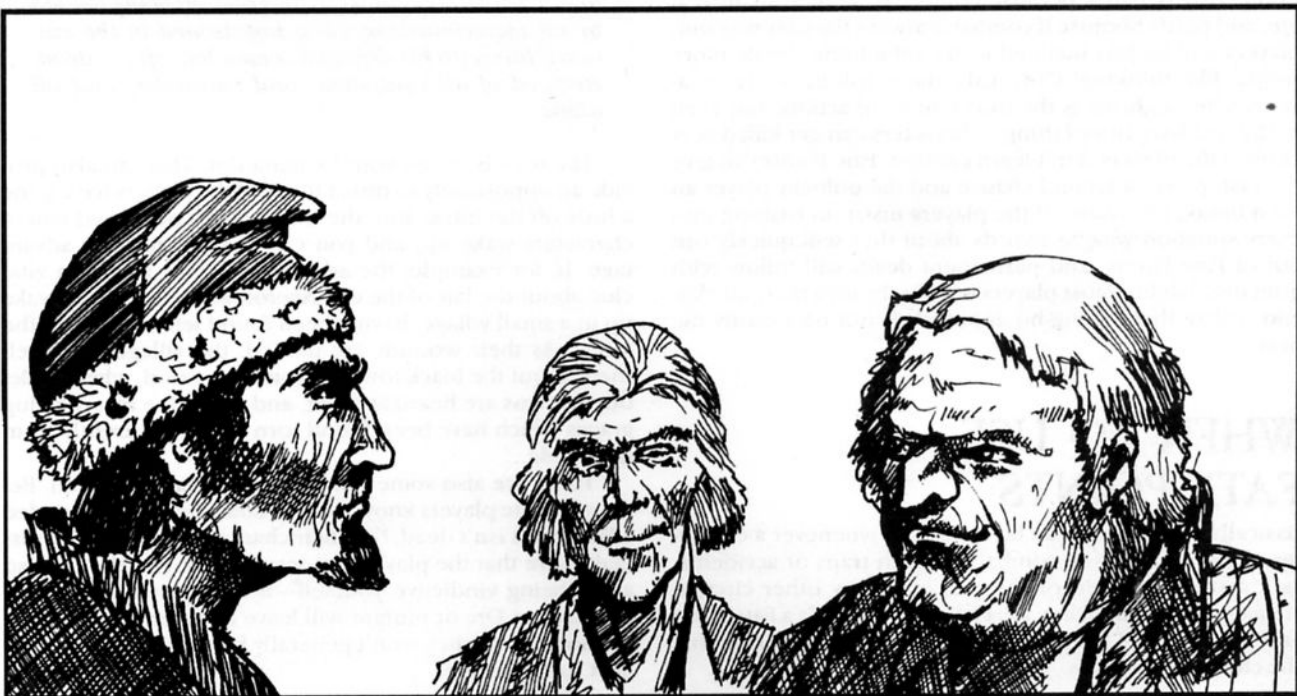
The High Life

A character who lashes out on a conspicuously lavish, riotous or simply disgustingly excessive lifestyle may increase their social position by doing so. Riotous living costs a number of Crowns (or equivalent, such as Guilders) per day equal to the character's standing. A character who spends this much on food and drink for himself in a day gains 1 standing point for a week thereafter. If his standing is increased to 20 by this means he moves up a class, starting with D4 standing points in the new class.

Note that standing points gained by high living are temporary, and wear off after a week. This means that no character can gain more than 8 standing points by high living, and that the standard of living must be maintained at further expense if the character's standing is not to sink gradually back to its original level.

There's little point in noblemen indulging in this sort of excess, but for those who wish to do so, noble characters must pay through the nose! Excessive living for the high and mighty costs a number of Crowns (or equivalent, such as Guilders) per day equal to the *square* of the character's standing.

For example, Baroness Ludmilla (standing 10) decides that she needs a little more standing to upstage the other ladies of the Middenheim court. She spends all week on conspicuous—in her case disgustingly excessive!—living. This costs her $10 \times 10 = 100$ Crowns per day, or 800 Crowns for the week. This gains her one standing point per day; during the next week her standing is temporarily raised to 18. Some people have more money than sense...



Chapter 4

Fate Points

Fate Points are an important part of the *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* rules, allowing characters to cheat death and live to fight another day. They are, however, given very little space in the rule book. The following notes are intended to clarify Fate Points and their use, and deal with any uncertainties which may arise from their previously scanty treatment.

WHAT ARE FATE POINTS?

The function of Fate Points in *WFRP* is threefold:

First, they allow Our Heroes to make miraculous escapes, as in all the best adventure stories. *WFRP* adventurers can dodge falling stone blocks by a whisker, survive slipping off a cliff by landing in convenient patch of bushes, run unscathed through a hail of arrows and so on. With hairs-breadth escapes and twists of fate, players are willing to risk their characters, making for a faster and more exciting game than would otherwise be the case.

Secondly, Fate Points reflect the idea that Our Heroes have a destiny which sets them above the rest of the world. Just as in films John Wayne can make it to the machine-gun nest with marines being cut down around him, so *WFRP* adventurers can take great risks—and get away with them.

Lastly, combat in *WFRP* is more dangerous than in other RPGs. This is partly because combat is dangerous in real life, and partly because if combat is always the easy way out, players will be less inclined to try something a little more subtle, like thinking! Obviously, there will be some occasions when fighting is the only course of action, and even in the ordinary run of things, characters can get killed very easily if the players don't learn caution. Fate Points can give the rash player a second chance and the unlucky player an even break. Of course, if the players insist on rushing into every situation waving swords about they will quickly run out of Fate Points, and permanent death will follow with grim inevitability. Most players will get the idea fairly quickly, and realize that a gung-ho approach is not necessarily the best.

WHEN TO USE FATE POINTS

Basically, a Fate Point can be expended whenever a character is about to die—in combat, through traps or accidents, as a result of poison or disease, or in any other circumstances. Instead of dying, the character expends a Fate Point and then the GM has to devise some way of ensuring that the character survives.

HOW TO GM FATE POINTS

When a character expends a Fate Point, it is up to the GM to come up with something that will prevent the character dying. No doubt the player in question will be full of helpful suggestions, but you should be careful to ensure that the character is not too much better off as a result of expending a Fate Point. The character should survive the situation, but that's it. It can sometimes be difficult to come up with a suitably tailored *deus ex machina* on the spur of the moment, so here are some ideas.

COMBAT

Here is an example of the wrong way to deal with Fate Points in combat:

Clem Shirestock is in a hard fight with a band of chaos Mutants. He has been reduced to 0 wounds, and a critical hit result indicates that he is about to have his head removed by a neatly swung axe. Clem's player spends a Fate Point. The GM ignores the critical effect, but Clem is still on 0 wounds, so the next hit Clem takes is another critical. Clem's player spends another Fate Point...

At this rate, Clem will get through his three Fate Points in as many rounds; their only effect will be that he will die three rounds later than he would have done otherwise.

Let's try that again:

Clem takes a hit which takes him below 0 wounds. It is a hit to the body, and the critical result indicates that he will be disembowelled and die immediately. Clem's player spends a Fate Point, and is told by the GM that everything goes black. While the player is wondering what has happened, the GM makes a note that Clem has been struck by the flat of the blade and flung against the wall, hitting his head and knocking himself unconscious. He may wake up several hours later (still on 0 wounds) to find himself being tended by his victorious comrades; imprisoned in the mutants' lair with his defeated comrades; left for dead, stripped of all equipment and valuables, and all alone.

The trick is to use your imagination. This can also provide an opportunity to direct things if the players have gone a little off the track. You, the GM, control when and where characters wake up, and you can use this to your advantage. If, for example, the adventurers have missed a vital clue about the lair of the evil Necromancer, they may wake up in a small village, having been found left for dead in the forest. As their wounds are tended, the villagers will tell them about the black tower beyond the wood, where hideous screams are heard at night, and about the recently dug graves which have been found torn open, apparently from the inside...

There are also some things you will have to watch. Remember, the players know that the character who expended a Fate Point isn't dead, but their characters don't. You must make sure that the players act accordingly. You should also avoid being vindictive yourself—if a character appears to be dead, an Orc or mutant will leave him/her and move on to another foe; they won't generally have another few stabs 'just to make sure'.

TRAPS AND ACCIDENTS

When a character expends a Fate Point to avoid being killed by a trap or by some other mischance, there are two possible approaches to what happens next:

The Adventure Movie Method—The spikes, spears, falling blocks or whatever, miss by a whisker, grazing the character's armour, possibly destroying a backpack or some other item of equipment, but leaving the character unscathed.

The Cartoon Method—The character is spiked, or speared, or flattened, or whatever, but he walks away. Wounds may be reduced to zero, and some or all of the character's equipment may be destroyed, but the character is still just about alive.

POISON AND DISEASE

When a character expends a Fate Point to avoid death from poison or disease, the effects of the poison or disease miraculously stop when the character is on the point of death, and normal recovery ('enhanced' as usual by medical attention) can begin immediately. For example:

Clem Shirestock is bitten in the leg by a Giant Rat in the course of an adventure and the GM rolls D100 to see if the bite carries the Black Plague. It does, and Clem must make a Disease test, rolling his Toughness x 10 or less on D100 in order to avoid the infection. Clem's Toughness is 3, and the player rolls 98—a failure. A week or so later, Clem is struck down with the Plague, and becomes progressively worse over the next few days. After five days, his Strength and Toughness reach zero, and the player expends a Fate Point to prevent Clem from dying.

Clem lapses into a coma, and for two days he hovers on the brink of death. On the third day, he opens his eyes and asks for food—he has begun to recover.

HOW CHARACTERS GAIN FATE POINTS

Fate Points are an undeniably valuable commodity in *WFRP*. The next question is, of course, how does a character get any more? There are four ways in which a character can acquire Fate Points:

Character Generation—Every PC acquires Fate Points at the generation stage. This is explained on pp15-16 of the *WFRP* rulebook.

Divine Favour 1—Clerics and Druids may gain Fate Points as a result of a particularly successful roll on the Cleric Advance Table (*WFRP*, p150) or the Druid Advance Table (*WFRP*, p152).

Divine Favour 2—At the GM's option, a deity may give a character a Fate Point instead of a blessing (see *WFRP*, pp193-4). As with all blessings (see *WFRP*, p192-4) the character in

question must be genuinely deserving, and must have done the deity a great service, such as performing some quest (not a Trial) at the deity's behest. As with the Advance tables, only one Fate Point is awarded.

Adventuring—If a character succeeds in staving off a great, world-shaking menace of divine origin (such as the machinations of a Chaos God), a Fate Point may be awarded along with the usual Experience Points. The menace must be comparable in scale to the situation in *The Enemy Within vol. 1: Shadows over Bøgenhafen*, and it must be apparent that but for the character's action an appalling disaster would have taken place. Don't let any fast-talking players convince you that wiping out a couple of dozen cultists is the same thing.

Characters may not buy Fate Points with Experience Points under any circumstances. Never, never, never. No how, no way.



HOW CHARACTERS LOSE FATE POINTS

Just as characters can gain Fate Points through divine favour so they can lose them through divine disfavour. A bad roll on the Cleric/Druid Advance Tables can have this effect, and Fate Points can also be lost as the reverse of a blessing. If a character does a deity a great disservice, the deity may strip the character of a Fate Point until suitable reparation is made.

A character who sells out to Chaos and becomes a Chaos Warrior or a Chaos Sorcerer exchanges all his/her Fate Points for *Chaos Gifts* and an easy road to power.

NPCs AND FATE POINTS

As a rule, NPCs do not have Fate Points—part of their function, as explained above, is to distinguish the PCs from the rest of the world.

However, you may allow an NPC to have Fate Points under special circumstances. Say you are developing an NPC who is going to be the bane of the characters' lives for a long time to come: a mega-baddie of the stature of Fu Manchu or Professor Moriarty. The players may think that their enemy has been defeated, but by using Fate Points the villain lives on to fight another day. After enough time to

recover, re-equip and recruit new henchmen he reappears at an opportune moment to take a devastating revenge.

Dracula, for example, must have got through a heck of a lot of Fate Points in the cycle of Hammer Films between 1958 and 1973. Despite being staked, burnt, blasted to ash by sunlight, doused in running water and beaten by who knows what else, he always found a way of coming back to unlife at the start of the next picture.

You should keep this sort of treatment for special occasions, however. It will be easy to demoralise the players if every minor villain they encounter develops the habit of coming back to get them after being 'killed' three or four times.

However, if you give a few Fate Points to the one leading baddie in your campaign, and have him or her pop up a couple of times to get one back on Our Heroes, it can keep them on their toes. Be careful not to let the players cotton onto what's happening, though, or they will take to dismembering and burning every body they can 'just to be sure', and that isn't part of *WFRP*.

Be imaginative when GMing the use of Fate Points, as it can add a lot to the tension and enjoyment of the game. Secondly, be mean in handing them out. Each Fate Point effectively gives a character an extra life, and that makes them very powerful and very precious things indeed. Spreading too many of them about will lead players to adopt a gung-ho attitude every time, which devalues both the concept of Fate Points and the game itself.



Chapter 5

Combat Rules

This section contains a selection of revised and new rules for *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*. Revised rules are designed and tested for the purpose of improving previous rules, and should be used to replace them.

These rules should be tested by GM and players during an agreed 'trial period' to see if everyone is happy with them, and if so they can then be used on a regular basis. The additional rules do improve the game, but some of them can slow play down a little. If you feel that any of these rules is more trouble than it is worth, then you should feel free to ignore it.

INITIATIVE

Surprise

No rules are given here for determining surprise, since this varies hugely with circumstances, special skills, and other factors. However, the *Effective Initiative (EI)* system described below does allow more flexibility in working out surprise. The GM may rule that, rather than losing a whole round (does anything really get surprised for a full 10 seconds?), a creature which is surprised suffers a delay before it can respond, losing EI. Again, exactly how much time is lost will depend on circumstances, but if the GM is unsure of how long this might be, EI loss can be randomly determined by 1D3x10. The section below on EI will explain this in more detail.

Initiative

In a single round of combat, characters and creatures make actions in descending order of I scores. However, the *WFRP* rulebook gives modifiers to this (for charging, winning, etc.) which can vary on a round-by-round basis, so that I scores change in terms of determining order of actions. Equally obviously, though, the basic I score for a creature does not change with these modifiers. The best way of looking at this, which enables us to tackle other problems, is to use the term *Effective Initiative (EI)* to denote the temporary level of this characteristic due to modifiers.

For example: *Helmut the Warrior with I 45, is fighting a Skaven warrior (I 40). On the first round he missed his blow while the Skaven nicked him for 1 Wound of damage. The Skaven is now considered to be winning this combat (see the WFRP rulebook). This gives the Skaven a +10 modifier to I on the second round. We can say that for the second round of combat, the Effective Initiative (EI) of the*

Skaven is 50, and Helmut's EI is 45. This makes a crucial difference, since the Skaven will now strike a blow before Helmut.

Using EI allows the GM and players to run combat much more smoothly, as we shall now see.

'Effective Initiative' Modifier

Consider two creatures in combat. Neither has any advantage for charging or having surprise; one has I 55 and one has I 54. Clearly, there will be little difference between how swift they are to act, and the optional EI modifier suggested here reflects this. Prior to each round of combat, but after players have called their planned actions, the GM determines randomly which side in the fight has a slight edge, due to the variability of reaction times. This is determined using D6 and D10. If the D6 is 1-3, the PCs have an edge, if 4-6, their enemies do. The result of the D10 roll is added to the EI score of the side which has the slight edge.

For example: *Helmut (I 45) and his friend Skallier the Elven Ranger (I 63) and Ragnerek the Human Ranger (I 39) are fighting three more Skaven (I 40). At the start of the fight, the GM rolls 1D6 = 2, showing that the PCs have an edge, and 1D10 = 7, so that each character may add +7 to EI this round. Now the EIs for the three adventurers are 52, 70, and 46 respectively, so that all three can act before the Skaven. This may make an important difference, since Ragnerek gets promoted in the striking order.*

This simple optional modifier increases the uncertainty of events so far as creatures with reasonably well-matched basic I scores go, while making sure that creatures with considerably better I scores than their opponents will keep the advantage that the larger difference should mean.

Multiple Attacks

For this purpose, the EI system is highly useful. Combats which involve creatures with varying numbers of multiple Attacks can be tricky for the GM to handle. Should a creature with I 40 and 2 Attacks strike with both before a creature with I 35 and 5 Attacks? This again seems implausible. The EI system offers a simple way out.

The formula is easy. Divide the creature's EI at the start of the round (basic I, optional modifier, any modifier for winning, etc.) by the number of Attacks which it can make. Its blows will then fall at regular intervals throughout the round.

For example: *Serafin, an Elven Assassin with I 70 is facing an Ogre with I 30. The Elf has 3 Attacks, the Ogre has 2. Using the optional I modifier, the GM determines that the Elf has an EI bonus of +2 this round, for a total EI of 72.*

The Elf's three Attacks take place at 72, 48, and 24: the two replies from the Ogre at 30 and 15. Thus the sequence of Attacks is: Elf, Elf, Ogre, Elf, Ogre.

Fractions equal to or greater than one-half are rounded up, fractions below one-half are rounded down (so with EI 70, Attacks would take place on 70, 35, and 18).

This is not too time-consuming a system to use, because multiple Attacks only apply to hand-to-hand combat and not to missile fire or magic. What's more, it's not difficult for a player to make this division of blows, since the maximum number of Attacks for PCs is 4 anyway (our Assassin is one short of this maximum).

The GM can then go through actions for PCs and their opponents, simply going through in order of descending EI as normal. The only difference is that second and third



Attacks, etc., will occur later down the list, with some monsters and PCs entering the fray more than once. The effect of this system is to 'even out' multiple blows, so that no one can inflict a huge number of *Attacks* due to high *I* before an opponent, even one with multiple *Attacks* itself, can attempt one strike.

Actions in a multiple *Attack* sequence cannot be delayed; they will simply be lost. In the example above, if for some reason the Elven Assassin had not used his *EI 72 Attack*, he would be left with only two, which would occur at the normal times—*EI 48* and *EI 24*.

Note finally that extreme differences in *I* will remain protected with this system. For example our Elven Assassin will still land all three of his blows before a Giant (*I 20*) could land any of his five. This is not unreasonable, because the difference in *I* is very large indeed, and the reaction time of the creatures is so different as to make this plausible. Of course, when the Giant gets going it doesn't half rain down a torrent of violence, but *I* (and *EI*) is essentially the ability to react quickly, not to strike many blows (that is determined by the creature's *Attack* characteristic).

A Simplified System

A faster, albeit less realistic variant on these rules for multiple *Attacks* is to use the same basic *I* and order of *Attacks* as above, but apply modifiers for winning, charging, surprise, etc. to the individual *Attacks* and not to the *I* score to create an *EI* each combat round. This way, the GM and players do not have to change the *EI* round by round. This option is, as noted, faster, but it tends to have a strongly negative effect on characters or creatures with multiple *Attacks* who have an indifferent *I* score to begin with.

Take-Up Actions

Drawing a weapon for use should definitely take time! The following rules should be used:

Two-handed weapons and bows of all sorts will take a complete round to draw. If the bow is not loaded then loading time must be added as well.

Shields and bucklers take a round to ready for use if not already strapped to an arm.

Hand weapons, if drawn, result in a loss of *EI* (see below). The penalty should vary with the size of the weapon. A knife or dagger can be drawn quickly, and results in an *EI* loss of only -10 (assuming the weapon is close to hand). Drawing a *Sword* or other larger-size *Hand Weapon* results in an *EI* loss of -20. Obviously, these penalties to *EI* only apply on the combat round on which the weapon is being drawn.

You will need to decide how long it takes to draw other weapons, reflecting the importance of how ready to hand a weapon is. For example, a whip wrapped around the waist would probably take a full round to ready for use; but if it were carried looped in a stout leather strap-holder on a belt it could be retrieved more quickly, resulting in an *EI* loss of only -20. Weapons carried in a backpack will take longest of all to retrieve for use.

Pack Items: How long it takes to get an item from a backpack depends on how much stuff is in there already! Since, by and large, the more items there are inside the pack, the higher the total *Encumbrance (ENC)* value, a reasonably simple rule can be used:

It takes 1 round to open up the pack (this includes taking it off one's back if it is there). Then, to find an item takes 1 round per 30 *ENC* units of things inside the pack, or part thereof.

An important note is that *EI* loss from take-up actions is taken into account after working out when multiple *Attacks* are completed. This may well lead to the loss of one or more *Attacks* from that multiple *Attack* sequence. See *Multiple Attacks*.

Multiple Opponents

Generally, it is possible to switch *Attacks* between opponents in hand-to-hand combat in one round, but at least one *Attack* is lost per switch, or more if the GM rules that several yards, or more, must be traveled. For example, a character with three *Attacks* fighting two Goblins could strike once at one, turn or move to fight the other (losing one *Attack*), and then get one blow at the second enemy.

Changing *Attacks* doesn't have to be declared in advance. For example, if a Warrior unexpectedly inflicts a massive critical hit on one enemy, he can then change his intended action (to strike again at the same enemy) and instead try to hit another target with any *Attacks* he has remaining. However, letting fly missiles at different aimed-at opponents in missile combat is not possible!

UNARMED COMBAT

The damage penalty for using the fist (or kicking, etc.) is increased from -2 to -3. A character possessing the *Street Fighter* skill may ignore -2 of this modifier as before, but there is still a -1 residual penalty. The 'to hit' penalty is -20 as before.

This change reflects the fact that a dagger or knife (damage penalty -2) is certainly more dangerous than a fist, and this is reflected in the increased damage penalty for fisticuffs. Fist weapons have the same damage modifier (+1) as before. Remember that all unarmed attacks are to stun (see *WFRP* rulebook), whether the attacker likes it or not.

MISSILE FIRE

The following table should be used to replace that given in the *WFRP* rulebook.

Modifiers To Hit

Firing at a small target	-10	Generally, anything under 1' high and long is a small target
Firing at a large target	+10	Generally, anything above 8' tall (Giant, Ogre, Troll, etc.)
Firing from a moving mount	-10	Such as a horse or from a wagon
Firing at a running target	-10	Moving at full running speed
Firing at evading target	-20	See below
Firing at long range	-10	Target is at long range for the weapon being used, as defined on the Missile Weapons Chart
Firing at extreme range	-20	Target is at extreme range for the weapon being used, as defined on the Missile Weapons Chart
Throwing improvised missile	-10	Such as stones, pottery, chairs, etc.
Target in soft cover	-10	Target is partially hidden by vegetation, woods, or trees
Target in hard cover	-20	Target is partially hidden by stone or brick work, walls or battlements

An *evading* target is one which is running at full speed, but which is also taking evasive action by zigzagging and dodging. This will usually only happen with creatures smart enough to do it (an INT test may be used if the GM is unsure about this), but it offers PCs the chance of making a safer retreat from bow-using enemies. An evading target only travels 75% of the distance of one at full running speed, due to the irregularity of its course (e.g. with M3, full running speed is 48 yards per round, evasion speed 36 yards per round). In all other respects (e.g. for suffering *Risk* tests, enforced slowing each round due to fatigue, etc.) evasion counts as full running speed.

Missiles in Melee Combat

The easiest rule to employ here is that missile weapons can be used in melee, but characters cannot reload them. It simply isn't possible to slip a bolt into a crossbow and draw the string taut for firing when a stinking Ogre is trying to smash your brains out all over the floor with a whacking great club. Instinctive attempts to evade such a fate make the concentration and discipline needed for reloading a missile weapon impossible to sustain.

Weapons such as a throwing knife or throwing axe may be used, but it is unlikely any character would need or wish to do this, for they could strike a friend by mistake (see below). When firing into melee combat, it is assumed here that the firer wishes to hit a specific target (or at least to avoid one!); if this is not so, use the rules for *Firing at a Group*.

Firing into a hand-to-hand combat is obviously possible, but the character may have problems hitting his intended target. The chance of such a mistake occurring is 5% per additional creature within the group fighting. The GM determines randomly which creature is hit in such cases. If the firer's BS is not very high, no extra roll should be needed to find whether an unintended target was hit. One can simply add the appropriate number to the upper end of the range.

For example: Hemut is being set upon by four Goblins, and Ragnerek the Ranger is 200 yards away across very rough terrain. Ragnerek is a good shot with his longbow; with BS 55, so even with the extreme range penalty (-20) he has a moderate chance of a hit. His player rolls 44, a miss.

Since adjusted BS is 35 and there are 4 'secondary targets' (3 other Goblins and Helmut), a roll between 36 and 55 (4x5 = 20% added above the BS of 35) indicates someone has been hit. This roll of 44 therefore means Ragnerek has hit one of them: the GM rolls a D4 to determine who is hit, and one of the other Goblins goes down with an arrow through the guts. Ragnerek nocks another arrow and hopes his luck will hold. So does Helmut.

Once it has been determined that a target has been hit, the normal procedure for hit location and damage is followed. For the purpose of these rules, a group is defined in the normal way; i.e. a separation of 4 yards constitutes another group.

Firing at a Group

The old rule, that BS is doubled when firing at a group if the firer does not specify an individual target within it, is changed here. The bonus to BS becomes +5% per additional creature in the group above one. Thus, if the group is of three creatures the firer gets a +10 bonus to BS, if of four it is +15, and so on.

For example: Ragnerek is now firing at another group of four Goblins, also 200 yards away. He doesn't nominate any particular Goblin as a target. His BS is 55, so his chance of hitting is 50% (55 minus 20 for the extreme range, plus 15 for the three additional targets). If he does hit, his victim is selected randomly by rolling a suitable die.

Note that the major difference between these two cases may either be specifying a positive target (i.e. 'I want to fire at the big Goblin with the red bandana') or a negative 'I want to fire at the group without hitting my friend in the thick of it'. It is often easier to handle the negative case by specifying an alternative target in the group!

BOMBS & INCENDIARIES

Since these weapons have an extreme range limit of 10 yards and a burst radius of 8 yards, it is clear that they are of very little use indeed as missile weapons. The misfire chance is high enough to keep these weapons dangerous, so it will not disturb game balance if we announce that due to improvements in the manufacture of these items the ranges for both these missiles are now extended to:

Short range:	5 yards
Long range:	12 yards
Extreme range:	20 yards

Use the normal D8 roll to determine the direction of misses, and where these missiles land, but the distance between the target and the place where the bomb/incendiary lands depends on the distance the missile has been thrown.

Short range (5 yards):	1D3 yards
Long range (12 yards):	1D6 yards
Extreme range (20 yards):	1D6 + 1D3 yards

A final point of note is that the reduced damage which applies at long and extreme ranges does not involve the distance the bomb or incendiary is thrown. Instead, it depends on the distance between the centre of the explosion and any targets within the 8-yard radius. Damage is reduced by -1 for any target 2-4 yards away, and by -2 for any target 5-8 yards away. Targets more than 8 yards away do not suffer damage.

Placing Bombs

While the *WFRP* rulebook is correct in saying that bombs which are placed and left to explode don't require an *Attack* roll to be made, some dice rolls still need to be made, for the following reasons.

The character placing the bomb must determine how long the fuse will take to burn. A fuse may be of any suitable length from 1 round up to (theoretically) an indefinite period (the trail of gunpowder leading up to the barrel!).

After it is lit, for the first round the fuse will burn normally. However, on each subsequent round the character must roll D100, and on a roll of 96+ the fuse splutters out and is useless (but may be relit). You may want to make a secret dice roll to allow a chance for the fuse to re-ignite (especially right at the end of the fuse, so that when the character goes up to relight it the bomb blows up in his face)—a 10% chance is reasonable.

Finally, when the fuse burns down to its end there is still the standard chance of a misfire; on a D100 roll, any natural double (11, 22, etc.) indicates a misfire (see the *WFRP* rulebook).

You are also at liberty to allow *Listen* tests for creatures near to the bomb; the noise of a burning fuse is always *soft*. Modifiers should be given for distance involved, and degree of ambient noise (e.g. shouting, drunken Goblins would have very little chance of hearing a fizzing fuse).

TARGETED BLOWS

The rule here applies both to aimed hand-to-hand blows and to sharpshooting (see the *WFRP* rulebook) with missile weapons. If the attacker specifies a body location which he is specifically attempting to hit, there is a penalty to the BS or WS roll as appropriate; this is:

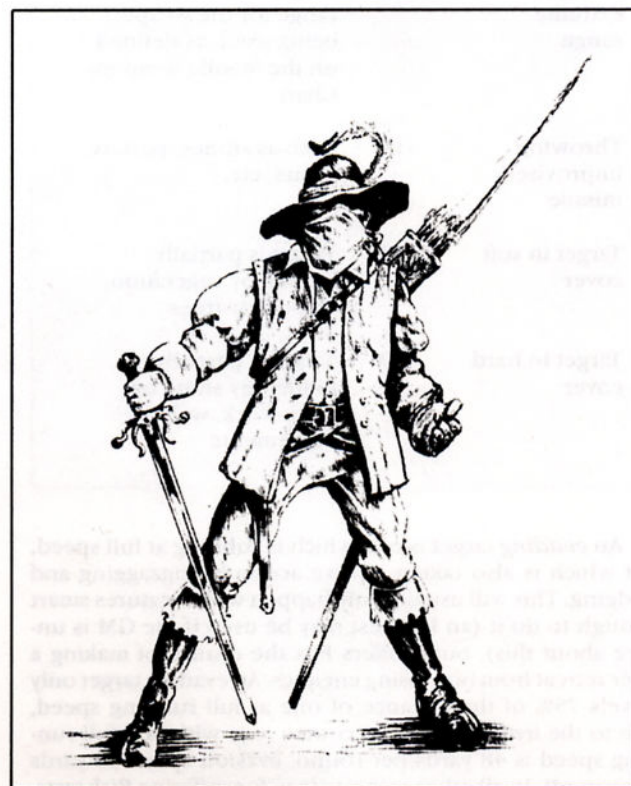
TARGETED BLOWS

Location	Modifier
Head	-20
Arm	-20
Body	-10
Legs	-10

The attacker must specify which arm he is trying to hit. It is not possible to specify arms without choosing, for the area between them is comprised of the upper body, and the arms together cannot be taken as a single area for targeting.

If the targeted blow misses, it does not strike any other body area.

The penalties noted above are negated if the attacker can take advantage of surprise, and also if the attacker is striking at a prone target (optionally, at an entangled target if striking at the entangled body location). The large penalties for arm and head hits, greater than those which usually apply for small targets, reflect the fact that creatures protect their heads and their weapon-using upper limbs by reflex and conscious actions, making them especially hard to target a blow upon.



WEAPONS

The Whip

Although there is a *Specialist Weapon—Whip* skill, the full description written for this unusual and powerful weapon is missing from the *WFRP* rulebook.

Whips have long handles, usually 1 yard in length, to which is affixed a length of hard cord. Whipcord material must be made from a very hard animal skin or gut—rope and similar fibrous material are not suitable. The best whips are imported into the Empire and are made from rhinoceros skin, although troll gut (if you can get it) is a good alternative.

Whips are rare, and cost 15 GCs plus 4 GCs per yard of whipcord. Whipcord varies between 3 and 7 yards (lengths above 7 yards are too unwieldy), and whipcord length is taken to be the striker-target maximum distance.

Someone wielding a whip uses his **BS** (like a lasso) to determine his chance of hitting. Hit location is determined normally. The effects of location hits are important, and are as detailed on the table below:

Whip Hit Location Table

Location	Effect
Head	If any damage is caused, the victim must make a successful <i>Dexterity</i> test or be blinded with pain for 1 round.
Arm	If the character is holding anything and the blow causes damage, the target must make a successful <i>Toughness</i> check or drop the item.
Body	There is a 50% chance that both arms are pinioned. If this happens, the victim can do nothing but attempt a <i>Dexterity</i> test each round in order to free himself.
Legs	If the whip-user makes a successful <i>Strength</i> test, the victim can be dragged to the ground and treated as a prone target. This is in addition to the usual entanglement chances (see below). A target cannot be dragged to the ground, however, if its <i>Strength</i> exceeds that of the whip-user by more than 1 point.

A whip has an *Effective Strength* of 1, and any hit from a whip, whether it causes damage or not (that is, if a successful **WS** roll is made), may entangle the target unless it makes a successful *Dexterity* test with a -10 penalty, which must be made each round.

Of course, only one creature may be entangled by the whip at a time. An entangled creature fights with a -10 penalty to relevant skills, which may be increased to -20 if the whip-wielder does nothing other than continue to pull hard on the whip handle.

All this makes the whip a formidable weapon indeed in the hands of a skilled specialist; you may therefore want to amend its effects in certain circumstances.

For example, a Halfling who is lashing a whip around the knees of an Ogre is very unlikely to be able to pull the creature to the ground, even if the Halfling does make a *Strength* test, and a suitable modifier may be imposed as you see fit.



CRITICAL FUMBLES

The Critical Hits system in *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* allows characters to benefit from a lucky or exceptionally well-placed blow, but there is no provision for the opposite situation—where a character gets things spectacularly wrong and something really catastrophic occurs. The tables that follow provide a critical fumble system for use in the same vein as the critical hit system.

When a character fails an attack roll by rolling higher than his or her WS and rolls a double, a fumble has occurred. Thus, for example, a character with a WS of 45 will fumble on a roll of 55, 66, 77, 88, 99 or 00. When a fumble occurs, make a note of the number rolled and consult the relevant table.

Table 1:
One and Two-Handed Weapons
(including Pole-Arms)

- | | |
|----|--|
| 11 | In a particularly impressive manoeuvre you manage to bring the business end of your weapon crashing down into your own leg (roll D6: 1-3 left, 4-6 right). Ouch! Don't forget to add your Strength to the attack. |
| 22 | Your mighty blow misses your opponent and carries on straight into the ground. Your weapon shatters with a bright, crisp crack, and your arm is only marginally better off. Lose 10 Dex and 10 I for the next five rounds and any attacks for the next round—and hope you have another weapon you can use. |
| 33 | Your weapon whistles through the air towards your opponent, but leaves your grasp and flies D6 yards in a random direction (roll D8: 1 forward, 2 forward right, 3 right, 4 back right, 5 back, 6 back left, 7 left, 8 forward left). |
| 44 | Having no sense of fair play, your opponent sidesteps a blow which would have cut him in half. You are unable to stop the blow, and stumble, falling to the ground. You take D4 rounds to get up, and while you are down your opponent has a +10 bonus to WS when attacking you. |
| 55 | You overreach yourself and almost stumble, twisting your ankle in the effort to recover. Lose 1 M and 10 I for the next 5 rounds. |
| 66 | An over-ambitious blow misses, and you find that you have stretched just that little bit too far, leaving yourself open for a counterattack. Lose 20 I for the next round; you may parry, not attack. |
| 77 | Your weapon twists in your hand; you don't quite drop it, but you lose any chances to attack or parry with it in this round. |
| 88 | Your weapon clashes with your opponent's guard, jarring your arm. Lose the next chance to attack. |
| 99 | Your blow goes wild, leaving you in an awkward position. Your opponent will attack first next round, regardless of your I score. |
| 00 | Your attack is awkward; you need to recover from it before you can strike again. Lose 10 I and 10 WS for the next round. |



Table 2:
Fist and Natural Weapons

- | | |
|----|---|
| 11 | With a loud and painful crunch, the bones of your hand/jaw/whatever break. Lose 1 W; the attack mode is incapacitated until you receive medical attention, and the pain halves all your percentage characteristics. |
| 22 | Pain flares as you tear some important muscles; the attack mode is incapacitated for D6 rounds, and even then attacks with only half the normal WS until medical attention is received. |
| 33 | Attacking with more enthusiasm than accuracy, you suddenly find yourself on the ground. You take D4 rounds to get to your feet, during which time your opponent gains a +10 bonus to WS and you may only parry. |
| 44 | Your blow misses your opponent, and the momentum takes you with it. You may not attack next round, and your opponent gains a +10 bonus to WS. |
| 55 | You overreach yourself and almost stumble, twisting your ankle in the effort to recover. Lose 1 M and 10 I for the next 5 rounds. |
| 66 | An over-enthusiastic blow misses, and you find that you have stretched just that little bit too far, leaving yourself open for a counterattack. Lose 20 I for the next round; you may parry, not attack. |
| 77 | Your blow connects painfully with something solid—you lose the use of this attack mode until the end of the next round. |
| 88 | Your blow clashes with your opponent's guard, jarring your arm/leg/whatever. Lose the next chance to attack. |
| 99 | Your blow goes wild, leaving you in an awkward position. Your opponent will attack first next round, regardless of your I score. |
| 00 | Your attack is awkward; you need to recover from it before you can strike again. Lose 10 I and 10 WS for the next round. |

Table 3: Non-Gunpowder Missile Weapons

- 11 As you are preparing to loose your missile, your hand slips and the missile neatly skewers your foot. Lose **W** points as normal. You must spend the next round recovering; if you were using a bow or crossbow, you may only move in very small circles during that time.
- 22 Your weapon cracks or tears, becoming unusable. If you are using a bow or crossbow, the tension of the string brings a piece of wood lashing back into your face; take a **S** 1 hit, modified by armour only if you are wearing a closed helmet. The weapon, of course, is useless.
- 33 A crack or tear appears in your weapon. Every time you use it, there is a 20% chance it will break, with the result described for a roll of 22, above.
- 44 Your weapon falls from your nerveless fingers; lose all attacks this round.
- 55 Your bowstring or sling breaks, and you may not fire again until you have replaced it.
- 66 Your bolt or arrow breaks, or the stone drops out of your sling. Lose this attack.
- 77-88 You fail to load properly, and the missile falls to the ground. You may load again, firing at the beginning of the next round.
- 99-00 You drop all your ammunition. Unless you waste D3 rounds picking it all up, your **I** is halved for determining when you fire, for the rest of the battle.

Table 5: Parrying Weapons and Shields

- 11 Your parry fails miserably, and you lean right into the incoming blow. Calculate damage as normal, then lose double that number of **W** points.
- 22 You parry with a flourish, but the effect is somewhat spoiled as your weapon spins away, coming to rest D6 feet away, or your shield falls off to land at your feet. You may not parry again until you have prepared another parrying weapon.
- 33 You parry your opponent's feint, and walk right into a haymaker. Take 1 **W** point of additional damage from the blow.
- 44 Sweeping past your parry, the blow knocks you off your feet. It takes D4 rounds to stand up, during which time you may only parry and your opponent gains a +10 bonus to **WS**.
- 55-66 Your feeble parry does nothing to stop the blow, which winds you. You may only parry until the end of the next round.
- 77-88 Your opponent's blow smashes through your parry, destroying your parrying weapon and cutting into your arm for a normal hit. The parrying weapon takes some of the force from the blow; treat your arm as having 1 armour point against this particular blow. You may not parry again until you prepare another parrying weapon.
- 99-00 Your opponent's blow wrenches your parrying weapon from your grasp, tearing the straps if it is a shield. You may not parry again until you prepare another parrying weapon.

Table 4: Thrown Missiles

- 11 You hurl your weapon with savage force, and something goes snap in your shoulder. Lose 1 **W**. You may do nothing but whimper until medical attention is received.
- 22-23 You pull a muscle in your upper back. Lose all actions except movement for D4 rounds. **WS**, **BS** and **Dex** with that arm are halved until medical attention is received.
- 44 Your throw goes wild. Roll D6: 1-3 left, 4-6 right. Test your **BS** again if there is any creature in danger of being hit.
- 55 You hurl your weapon and fall flat on your face in a single smooth motion. You take D3 rounds to get back to your feet, during which time anyone attacking you hand-to-hand gains a +10 bonus to **WS**.
- 66-77 You hurl your weapon and stumble, but do not quite fall over. Lose your next attack as you recover your balance.
- 88-99 You hurl your weapon, lose your balance slightly and spin round in a half-circle, ending up facing the wrong way. Halve your **I** to determine when you act next round.
- 00 Your missile twists from your grasp at a critical moment and falls at your feet.



Chapter 6

Firearms

Two personal firearms are listed in the the *WFRP* rules, the blunderbuss and the pistol. Both do the same amount of damage, although ranges and load/fire times are different. This was never intended to be more than a nod of the head towards the possibility of firearms. However, there was a surprising range of firearms available in our world when it was at the same level of technology as the *Warhammer* world, and in this chapter we cover a few new firearm types, as well as looking more closely at the firearms rules in the rulebook.

RANGE AND STRENGTH MODIFIERS

As the rules stand, a pistol causes a S3 hit at any range from point-blank to 50 yards. Realism fans can use the set of options given here to vary the strength of a firearm according to the range of the target. We also add a new range graduation, point-blank. For all firearms, point-blank range is 3 yards or closer.

In the *Revised Firearms Chart*, ranges are given just as on the *Missile Weapon Chart* on p28 of the *WFRP* rulebook. But here, each range number is followed by a second number. This is the effective strength (ES) of the weapon at that range.

COST, AVAILABILITY AND ENCUMBRANCE

All firearms are very rare, but some of these weapons may be rarer than others. Certainly, PCs will almost never see a Jezail on open sale, and then the vendor will get every penny he can for it. Although all other firearms are classed as *very rare*, some are rarer than others. Arquebuses and duelling pistols are comparatively common, being only slightly rarer than ordinary pistols and blunderbusses. Swivel guns are a little rarer still, but may be found sometimes. The others will generally have to be made to order, upping the indicated cost by D10 x 10% at your discretion.

Weapon	Cost	Enc	Availability
Arquebus	100 GCs	75	Very Rare
4-barrel Duck-foot	175 GCs*	30	Very Rare
Duelling Pistol	500 GCs	25	Very Rare
Henricus Salus	175 GCs	30	Very Rare
Jezail	—	60	Almost Unknown
Pike Gun	125 GCs	150	Very Rare
Swivel Gun	200 GCs	150	Very Rare
6-barrel Volley Gun	300 GCs*	400	Very Rare

* +25% per additional barrel

WEAPON DESCRIPTIONS

Arquebus

The arquebus is similar to a blunderbuss, but lacks the flaring barrel, and fires a single ball similar to a pistol ball but heavier. It is coming into vogue as a replacement for the crossbow in Tilea, Estalia and Bretonnia, but is still unreliable and prone to misfires, which makes it less popular with the troops than with their masters.

An arquebus is generally used with a rest—a forked stick which keeps the long barrel level, making it easier to aim and fire. A character using an arquebus with a rest must spend a round setting up the rest before firing. On the other hand, a character using an arquebus without a rest suffers a -20 'to hit' penalty. Improvised rests may be used, such as the top of a wall, a rock, a window-frame, etc.

Blunderbuss

Like the swivel gun (see below), a blunderbuss may be loaded with a variety of projectiles, from a number of pistol balls to stones, broken glass, rusty nails and anything else that comes to hand. Because of this, a shot from a blunderbuss may spread, and may be able to affect a number of creatures which are close together. The following is an optional rule, to take into account the 'spread' of shot from a blunderbuss.

If firing into a group (as defined in *WFRP*, p126), roll a D4 to determine the amount of 'spread' in the shot. The die roll indicates the number of creatures which can be hit by the shot. Roll to hit each one individually. Each creature hit takes damage as normal. When firing at a single creature who is not part of a group, determine hits and damage normally.

A blunderbuss requires only a single shot of powder per firing, but fires 4 balls at once when loaded with standard shot.

Duck-Foot

The duck-foot is basically an ordinary pistol, but it has four (sometimes five or seven) barrels, in a splayed pattern like the toes of a duck's foot. While not a sharpshooter's weapon, it is fairly intimidating, and is popular with ships' captains for dealing with mutinous crews. Certainly it is a useful weapon when firing on a group (see *WFRP* p126). Unless you, the GM, decide otherwise, only four-barrelled weapons should be available to adventurers.

Assuming a 45° fire arc, decide how many creatures may be hit (one per barrel). Roll to hit for each barrel, then randomly determine which potential target is hit.

A duck-foot requires one shot of powder per barrel per salvo.

Example

There are five targets within the fire arc. The weapon is the commonest type of duck-foot, with four barrels. Four to hit rolls are made, one for each barrel. Three hits are successful. Since there are five possible targets, a D6 is rolled, re-rolling results of 6. On the first hit, a 2 is rolled, indicating that target number 2 is hit. On the second hit, a 6 is rolled. Because there are only five targets, this is rerolled, and a result of 4 indicates that target number 4 is hit. On the third hit, a 2 is rolled—target number 2 is hit twice!



Duelling Pistol

Some of the most talented gunsmiths in the Old World have spent long hours in the pay of spoiled fops and rich duellists, refining and improving the basic design of the pistol. The result is the duelling pistol—very similar to an ordinary pistol, but more finely crafted and reliable. Characters with *Specialist Weapon—Firearms* skill gain a +10 to hit

bonus when using a duelling pistol, and all users benefit from the weapon's increased reliability. It is only half as likely to misfire as a normal pistol—check for mis-fire only when the 'to hit' roll is an even number (i.e. 22, 44, 66, 88, or 00).

Pike Gun

One problem with a firearm is the time it takes to reload. In many cases, this can mean that it is only usable once before hand-to-hand combat is joined. The pike gun is an attempt to get the best of both worlds. The gun barrel also forms the shaft of a polearm or battle-axe. In practice, it is a compromise which does neither weapon any favours. In both its uses it suffers from a -10 'to hit' modifier, and the gun adds +20 to misfire effect rolls owing to the strain involved in using its barrel as a polearm.

Henricus Salus

Named after its inventor, 'dirty' Henrico Tagliatelli of Sartosa, this fearsome weapon is best described as a large pistol or a small cannon. Firing shot as large as an arquebus, it causes fearsome damage to a target, but can be almost as dangerous to its wielder owing to its terrific recoil which is focused on the wrist of the hand holding the gun. Every time it is fired, the firer must make a *Strength* test; on a failed test, consult the following table:

S+D6 Result

- 2-3 Broken wrist—arm is incapacitated until medical attention is received.
- 4-5 Strained wrist—arm is incapacitated for D4 hours; medical attention halves this time.
- 6-7 Strained wrist—arm is incapacitated for 6D10 minutes; medical attention halves this time.
- 8-9 Strained wrist—arm is incapacitated for D10 minutes; medical attention halves this time.
- 10+ Jarred wrist—gun leaps from user's hand; user may do nothing for the next round.

The Henricus Salus requires two shots of powder per shot but it doesn't need two bullets!

REVISED FIREARMS CHART

Weapon:	RANGES					Time to Load
	Point Blank	Short	Long	Extreme		
Arquebus	3/4	30/4	60/4	300/3		2 rounds
Blunderbuss	3/5	24/3	48/3	250/2		3 rounds
Duck-foot*	3/4	8/3	16/3	50/2		2 rounds/barrel
Duelling Pistol	3/4	8/3	16/3	50/2		2 rounds
Henricus Salus	3/4	8/4	16/4	50/3		2 rounds
Jezail	3/4	36/3	72/3	400/2		3 rounds
Pike Gun	3/4	12/3	24/3	50/2		2 rounds
Pistol	3/3	12/3	24/3	50/2		2 rounds
Swivel Gun	3/6	21/4	48/3	1,00/2		4 rounds
Volley Gun*	3/4	12/3	24/3	50/3		2 rounds/barrel

Numbers under Ranges are range in yards/*Effective Strength*

*These weapons fire multiple shots—see individual weapon descriptions.

Swivel Gun

The swivel gun is a larger version of the blunderbuss, designed to be fixed to a swivel mounting on a ship's rail or the roof of a coach. Like the blunderbuss (see above), it can be loaded with improvised ammunition. Also like a blunderbuss, the shot may spread; use the following procedure to calculate the effects:

If firing into a group (as defined in the *WFRP* rulebook, p 26), roll a D6 to determine the amount of 'spread' in the shot. The die roll indicates the number of creatures which can be hit by the shot. Roll to hit each one individually. Each creature hit takes damage as normal. When firing at a single creature who is not part of a group, determine hits and damage normally.

The Swivel Gun requires 3 shots of powder per shot, and is loaded with 6 balls per firing when using standard shot.

Creatures with a *Strength* score of 5 or more may use a swivel gun hand-held, without the mounting; however, this imposes a -10 'to hit' penalty, and each time the gun is fired, the firer must make a successful *I* test or be knocked down by the recoil, spending the next round prone. A character who is knocked down must make a successful *I* test or lose 1 *W* point, regardless of armour; if the character falls below zero *W* as a result, use the *Sudden Death Critical Hit Table*.

Volley Gun

The volley gun is based on a simple piece of Dwarfen logic:

Q. What's better than a gun?

A. Lots of guns.

The weapon consists of a number of arquebus-like barrels mounted side-by-side or in a 'pepper-box' configuration. However, few Dwarfen smiths are mad enough to build such a weapon with more than ten barrels—there's always the possibility of an explosion to consider! Because of its size and weight, it is invariably mounted on a wheeled frame, and is similar in appearance to the early Nordenfel and Gatling guns of our own world. All the barrels are fired by a single trigger.

Roll once for each barrel to hit the designated target, then re-roll all the misses once. Any which hit on the second chance are targeted according to the following table:

D6	Result
1-2	Nearest creature to left of target
3-4	Nearest creature to right of target
5-6	Nearest creature behind target

When a creature behind the target is hit, it is assumed to be because the target creature has moved slightly, exposing them to the fire. You may not fire one of these guns at a wall in the hope of getting this result and hitting someone who is hiding behind the wall!

Needless to say, a volley gun requires one shot of powder and one ball per barrel per salvo.

Jezail

This long-barrelled light arquebus is the main firearm in Araby, but as yet few have found their way to the Old World, and nearly all of these are in the hands of collectors and rulers. It has a longer range than an arquebus, but has less stopping power.

Like the arquebus (see above), the jezail requires the use of a rest.

SOME THOUGHTS ON FIREARMS

Many GMs—particularly those who have come to *WFRP* from other fantasy games where gunpowder weapons are not used—may feel nervous at the thought of letting PCs loose with firearms. They may feel that they make the PCs too powerful, giving them a technological edge over most opponents and the capacity to do terrifying amounts of damage.

Many players will want their characters to get hold of gunpowder weapons for exactly the same reason.

However, if you look at the rules and game statistics, both here and in the rulebook, you'll see that firearms aren't nearly so terrifying as you might think. They are certainly nowhere near as deadly as certain magic spells and items, for example.

Even so, you may sometimes need to stop arquebus-packing PCs from acting like Billy the Kid and shooting up everything they see. This is fairly easy to do without being unreasonable.

They'll All Want One

You've probably seen that little glint of avarice lighting up the eyes of a player when his character has a chance of getting hold of a firearm. Well, there are a lot of other people who feel the same way.

Outlaws will strip their victims of firearms along with their other valuables, and watchmen might insist on firearms being left in the barracks under lock and key, only to find that they had mysteriously disappeared when the adventurers come back for them. And what might a group of Beastmen do with a few kegs of powder? It doesn't bear thinking about, really.

Characters who go around advertising the fact that they are carrying firearms will attract unwanted attention in just the same way as characters who throw money about. You can use this idea to introduce a variety of short adventures: the adventurers trying to recover their stolen weapons; the stolen weapons being used in a political or cultist murder and being left on the scene to incriminate the adventurers; the desperate race to stop Beastmen (or whatever) doing something drastic with the guns and powder they stole from the adventurers, and so on.

If there is no other solution, you can use one of these means to separate the PCs from their guns once and for all.

Offensive Weapons

Being noisy, messy, and thoroughly dangerous, guns tend to make law-abiding citizens rather nervous—most cities and large towns will probably insist on characters leaving all firearms and gunpowder locked up in the gatehouse before they enter.

Reload Times

Firearms are nerve-wrackingly slow to reload. By making sure that you enforce the reload times, you can make your players realize very quickly that Dirty Harry would have had a very tough time in the *Warhammer* world. In the end, a lot of characters won't be able to stand having to do nothing but reload for a couple of rounds while the Nasties are bearing down on them, and gunplay will end up being more or less restricted to the first round of a combat.

If you want to be really mean, you might have characters make a **Dex** test when reloading under stress (e.g. with several Orcs thundering towards him); according to the severity of failure, he might suffer one of the following problems (GM's choice):

- -10 Initiative modifier on the firing round;
- Need to spend an additional round reloading—will the Orcs get there first?
- Automatic misfire;
- Forgot the powder—gun produces a heart-warming click but nothing else;
- Forgot the shot—a loud bang, but no damage;
- Left the ramrod in the barrel—gun fires normally, doing 3x normal damage, but cannot be used again until the ramrod is recovered.

Running Out

The more shots Our Heroes fire, the quicker they will run out of powder. Now, it can be very difficult to get hold of powder when you're out in the wilds. There's not an alchemist or pharmacist for miles and miles, and the few people you meet who might actually have some gunpowder will be very reluctant to part with it, no matter what they are offered. After all, coachmen and the like carry gunpowder weapons because they need them to preserve their lives and the lives of their passengers. They don't go out looking for trouble, like some people.

Gunpowder, as you will see on p295 of the *WFRP* rulebook, is a *Rare* commodity. Some cities may even have restrictions on its sale. So it should be fairly easy to run the adventurers out of powder and then spring something on them. This will encourage them to save their guns for special occasions in future. It will also make them think twice about doing Guy Fawkes impressions with kegs of powder.

Damp

Gunpowder won't function at all if it gets damp. So the PCs have to be very careful where and how they pack it. There are all sorts of opportunities to soak Our Heroes' powder and put their firearms out of action for a while—driving

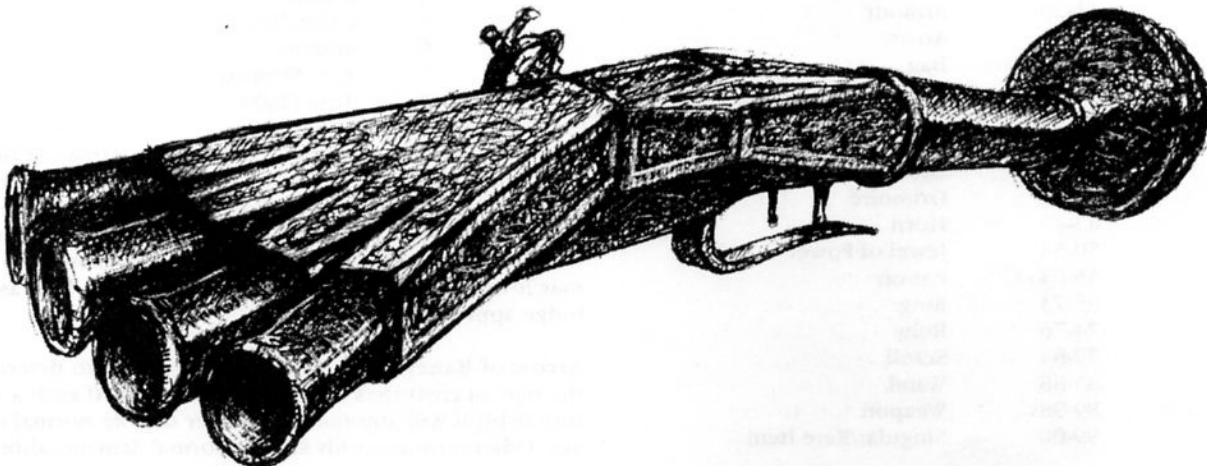
rain, swollen rivers that must be crossed, and so on. Powder which is actually in a weapon is especially prone to damp. And of course, the more securely powder is stowed, the longer it takes to unpack. On the other hand, if a character comes up with the idea of stowing the powder inside his shirt and keeping a *Protection from Rain* spell going all the time, you should let him get away with it. Such ingenuity deserves to be rewarded.

ADVANCED MISFIRES

The firearms misfires table on p29 of the *WFRP* rulebook covers three possible misfire effects; here is an expanded misfire table, covering a few more:

D100 Misfire Result

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 01-20 | Partial burn. Not all the powder catches; range and effective strength are halved (rounding fractions up) for this shot only. |
| 21-50 | Charge fails to ignite; try again next round. |
| 51-70 | Charge fails to ignite; reload and try again. |
| 71-80 | Slow burn, or 'hang fire'. The priming goes off, but nothing else seems to happen. However, the weapon will fire in the following round, with potentially dangerous consequences. Anyone who is stupid enough to look down the barrel of a gun which has hung fire takes an automatic point-blank head hit. |
| 81-90 | Flash in the pan. The powder around the touch-hole ignites in a bright flash, but the gun does not go off. The gun must be reprimed before it can be fired again; this takes one round. The firer suffers a -10 penalty to his BS on the reprimed shot due to an understandable degree of nervousness about what is to happen next... |
| 91-99 | Burn-round. The powder catches, but the shot is either insufficiently wadded or a little too small for the barrel. The net result is that the heat of the burning powder welds the shot into the barrel. The weapon is now useless, and has a 50% chance of exploding if anyone tries to use it again. |
| 00 | Weapon explodes. User takes normal hits, weapon destroyed. |



Chapter 7

Magic Items

The new magic items detailed below considerably expand the range which you may bring into game play. They have been deliberately designed not to be too powerful, so that PCs can have the pleasure of possessing a number of items without unbalancing the game. You should usually place specific magical items for the PCs to find in your adventures, but if a random determination is required, the *Random Magic Items* table can be consulted; it replaces the one given in the *WFRP* rulebook.

Spells and Spell-like Effects From Magic Items

Many of the magical items below duplicate spell effects in various ways. Some give continuous protection such as the *Robe of Fire Resistance*, and obviously there is no Magic Point cost. Others can be used to create a spell effect once per day (24 hour period). Unless otherwise stated, this requires no Magic Point cost from the user of the item, as the item itself is assumed to have enough Magic Points to allow the casting of the spell. Though these are exhausted after the spell has been cast, they are slowly recovered in the times between casting. In some cases (e.g. the *Robe of Ethereality*) special conditions may need to be met before this 'recharging' is possible. Such 'once per day' items will not, however, be permanently drained of Magic Points by such usage. Items which have Magic Point totals, and which may become drained of them by use, are specifically noted as such.

RANDOM MAGIC ITEMS

D100	Item
01	All-seeing Mirror
02-10	Amulet
11-20	Armour
21-25	Arrow
26-27	Bag
28-32	Boots
33-36	Bow
37-39	Enchanted Rope
40-43	Gloves
44-46	Grimoire
47-49	Horn
50-54	Jewel of Power
55-64	Potion
65-73	Ring
74-76	Robe
77-84	Scroll
85-88	Wand
89-98	Weapon
99-00	Singular/Rare Item

AMULET

Roll a D10 to determine the nature of the magical amulet.

D10	Amulet
1-2	Thrice-Blessed
3	Adamantine
4-5	Coal
6	Enchanted jade
7	Iron
8	Law
9	Righteous Silver
10	Watchfulness

Amulet of Law: An amulet of this type will only function for Lawful or Good aligned creatures. It gives bonuses to all Magic tests against spells or spell-like effects from Chaotic creatures, and also to any *Fear* or *Terror* tests which must be made because of such a creature. The bonuses are +25 for a Lawful character, and +10 for a Good character.

Amulet of Watchfulness: This highly prized amulet is active only while its wearer is sleeping. If any hostile creature intent on causing physical harm approaches within 12 yards, the amulet at once wakes the sleeper. It can give no warning of impending magical or missile-fire attacks from beyond this range, however, and would not (for example) alert the sleeper to the presence of a thief pilfering his belongings!

ARMOUR

Armour is covered in special detail in the next chapter.

ARROWS

Roll a D8 on the table below to determine the nature of the magical arrows found. Typically, 1D6 arrows of the same type will be found together. There is a 20% chance that they are crossbow bolts.

D8	Arrow Type
1	Banefulness
2	Bleeding
3	Division
4	Doom
5	Grappling
6	Potency
7	Sure Striking
8	True Flight

Note that all magical arrows, save for the *Arrow of Bleeding*, are destroyed when they strike a target. If a magical arrow is fired and does not strike a target, it may be possible to use it again. The base chance for this is 90%, but in certain situations (e.g. firing against a stone surface) you may lower this survival chance to 50% or even less, as you judge appropriate.

Arrow of Banefulness: Use the table below to determine the type of creature/s affected by this arrow. If such a creature is hit it will automatically suffer double normal damage. Other creatures only sustain normal damage, although the arrow still counts as a magical weapon against them.

D100 Creatures affected

- 01-05 Goblins and Snotlings
- 06-10 Hobgoblins
- 11-20 Orcs and Half-orcs
- 21-25 All Goblinoids
- 26-27 Elementals
- 28-30 Daemons
- 31-35 Undead and Ethereal Creatures
- 36-45 Creatures of Chaos
(including Warriors of Chaos, etc.)
- 46-50 Dragons, Wyverns, and Jabberwocks
- 51-55 Elves
- 56-60 Dwarves, Gnomes, and Halflings
- 61-65 Fimir
- 66-70 Monstrous Animals (Manticores,
Griffins, etc.)
- 71-75 Skaven
- 76-80 Lizardmen and Troglydites
- 81-85 Giants
- 86-90 Ogres and Trolls
- 91-95 Wercreatures
- 96-00 Vampires

Arrow of Bleeding:

This curious arrow has a small sac-like leather container positioned just behind the arrowhead. If this arrow strikes the target, no damage roll is made. Instead, the sac expands and within 1 round drains about 15% of the creature's blood (e.g. 1 pint for a Human, Orc, or Dwarf, 2 pints for an Ogre, and so on); it then detaches itself from the target. This causes damage equal to one quarter of the creature's current Wounds total (with a minimum of 2 points inflicted). The blood remains in the sac for up to 1 hour, after which the arrow returns to its normal form, and the blood disappears. Within this time limit, the blood can be decanted into a suitable container (or simply discarded) from the filled sac through the non-tipped end of the shaft. This arrow is highly prized by those seeking blood as an ingredient for magical potions.



Arrow of Division: As this arrow homes in on its target, it hums and divides into D6 separate missiles, each one of which will strike at the original target, or at random creatures in a group of targets.

Make separate hit and damage rolls for each arrow.

Arrow of Doom: Similar in effect to a *Minor Death Rune* (see the *WFRP* rulebook), this affects one creature or type of creature, determined in the same way as for an *Arrow of Banefulness*. If a successful hit is made, the target must make a Magic test or be killed outright. Even if this test is made, the target suffers double normal damage.

Arrow of Grappling: When fired, this arrow transforms into a grappling hook which can embed itself into any surface. It will support the weight of up to 100 feet of rope (usually attached to it before firing) and a normally encumbered man-sized creature. Greater weight, however, will cause the

grappling to break away, with possibly disastrous results. The arrow can be reused up to 1D6 times before becoming non-magical. If used in combat, the arrow will inflict double normal damage, but the hit roll is made with a -10 penalty and any successful strike will destroy it.

Arrow of Sure Striking: This arrow gives a bonus to BS when fired. Roll a D10 on the following table:

D10	BS Bonus
1-4	+ 10
5-7	+ 20
8-9	+ 30
10	+ 40

BAGS

Roll a D10 to determine the type of magical bag found.

D10	Bag type
1-6	<i>Bag of Lightness</i>
7-8	<i>Bag of Middenheim</i>
9-10	<i>Bag of Resource</i>

Bag of Lightness: Objects placed within the bag weigh only one-tenth of their normal weight, and thus this item is very useful in preventing a character from becoming over-encumbered.

However, each bag has a weight limit (the maximum weight that can be carried inside it), calculated as follows: $2D6 + 6 \times 100$ *Encumbrance*. In addition, no living creature, or item larger than 1 foot in its largest dimension can be contained within a *Bag of Lightness*.

Bag of Middenheim: Originally made by Middenheim wizards, the design has been copied elsewhere, and is now not uncommon in the Empire.

The *Bag of Middenheim* has all the properties of the *Bag of Lightness* (save that the weight limit within is $2D6 + 3 \times 100$ *Encumbrance*), but the bag is also wholly resistant to non-magical fire and impervious to water, although it has no protections against crushing and similar ill-treatment. It is thus very useful for protecting delicate items, particularly written material.

Bag of Resource: This small, pouch-like bag is usually made of stout leather with tight cross-stitching. Once per day, a spellcaster possessing the *Bag of Resource* may draw out of it the material ingredients needed for any one spell.

The ingredients must be used within 5 rounds, or they crumble into dust. Only one set of ingredients, sufficient to cast one spell, may be brought forth each day.

BOOTS

Roll on the table below to determine the nature of magical boots found.

D10	Type of Boot
1	Boots of Bovva
2	Boots of Command
3-4	Boots of Concealment
5-6	Boots of Leaping
7-8	Boots of Silence
9	Boots of Speed
10	Boots of Tracelessness

Boots of Silence: The wearer of these boots walks almost silently when moving at normal walking speed. Only on a roll of 95+ on a D100 is the walker audible, and only then within 8 yards. Travelling faster than walking rate reduces the chance for silent movement to 50%.

This assumes that the wearer is carrying only normal equipment, and is not performing any noisy activity.

Boots of Tracelessness: The wearer of these boots leaves no visible tracks, even on a surface of dust or sand, and cannot be tracked in the normal way (although a creature which tracked by scent could follow his trail).

BOWS

Use two separate D10 rolls on the tables below to determine the type of magical bow found.

D10 Bow Type

1-3	Short Bow
4-6	Normal Bow
7-8	Long Bow
9-10	Elf Bow

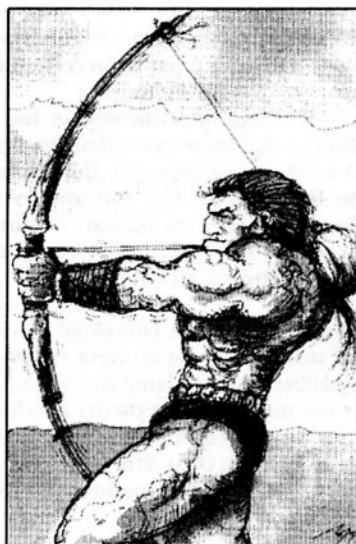
D10 Enchantment Type

1-3	Distance
4-5	Enchantment
6-7	Might
8-10	Seeking

Bow of Distance: All ranges (see the *WFRP* rulebook) are doubled for arrows fired from this magical bow.

Bow of Enchantment: This bow transfers something of its enchantment to arrows fired from it, so that while they receive no hit or damage bonuses, they count as magical weapons and can cause damage to creatures only affected by such.

Bow of Might: This bow is enchanted to have a greater effective *Strength* than others of its type. The *Strength* of the bow is determined by rolling D6 + 3 (with a minimum *Strength* of 5 for an Elf Bow).



Bow of Seeking: This bow confers an increase on the *BS* of the user. The bonus is determined by rolling on the following table.

D10	BS Bonus
1-4	+5
5-7	+10
8-9	+15
0	+25

GLOVES

Roll a D10 and consult the table below.

D10 Gloves

1-4	Gloves of Archery
5-6	Gloves of the Cobra
7-10	Gloves of Nimbleness

The gloves are of variable appearance, although *Gloves of Nimbleness* are usually very smart white or tan chamois leather.

Gloves of Archery: When worn by a creature firing any type of bow, these gloves add +10 to *BS* for the purposes of determining whether a successful hit has been made. This bonus is cumulative with any accruing from a magical bow and/or arrows.

Gloves of the Cobra: These gloves only reveal their sinister power in hand-to-hand combat. The wearer of the gloves must make a normal 'to hit' roll; a successful roll indicates that the victim has been touched by one of the gloves, whereupon venomous fangs sprout from the fingertips and inject venom into the victim's bloodstream. The target must make a *Poison* test or die in 1D3 rounds. Note that the glove-wearer cannot be holding a weapon in the hand he touches with, and that creatures with very tough hides (for example Trolls) or very thick body fat (e.g. a wild boar) will not be affected by the gloves' attack.

Gloves of Nimbleness: When worn, these gloves add +10 to the *Dexterity* of the wearer. In addition to this general bonus, they also give the wearer the skills of *Palm Object*, *Pick Lock*, and *Pick Pocket* if he does not already have them; if the wearer possesses these skills he can add +10 to any test against them.

HORNS

With the exception of the *Unicorn Horn* and the *Horn of Banishment*, the following magical horns do not look unusual to the untrained eye, seeming to be simple polished hunting horns.

Each magical horn listed below may be blown once per day to create its magical effect, although any standard magical protection the horn affords will always be present.

Roll on the table below to determine the type of horn.

D10 Horn Type

1	Horn of Banishment
2-3	Horn of Hounds
4-6	Horn of Plenty
7-9	Horn of Valour
10	Unicorn Horn

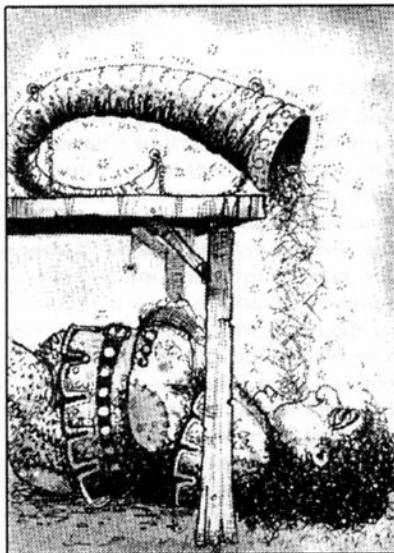
Horn of Banishment: When blown, all Undead creatures within 8 yards of the horn-user must immediately make an *Instability* test with a -2 penalty, treating results of less than 1 as 1. This applies whether or not the Undead are normally subject to instability. In addition, all forms of control over them (e.g. by Necromantic spell or a Lich) are broken and must be re-established. Daemons within 8 yards of the horn-user when the horn is blown must make an *Instability* test, also at -2, or be banished back to their own realms.

The *Horn of Banishment* is unusual in that it is carved from a human femur, and is bound with silver.

Horn of Hounds: When this horn is blown, 1D4+1 War Dogs (see the *WFRP* rulebook) will magically appear beside the summoner after a 1 round delay, and will faithfully serve him for 1 turn before departing. They will follow simple commands, including fighting enemies of the horn blower, to the best of their abilities, and make all tests (such as *Magic* tests) at the level of their summoner, unless their own is higher, in which case they will use the latter.

Horn of Plenty: This horn will disgorge enough food and water to feed up to 8 man-sized creatures or their equivalent (i.e. 12 War Dogs, 4 horses, 4 Halflings, 2 Ogres, 1 Troll) for 24 hours.

The food looks like boiled hay, but it smells and tastes delicious, and is highly nourishing. Further, the food is provided ready-cooked at whatever temperature the owner requires.



Horn of Valour: When this horn is blown, all creatures friendly to the horn blower and within 8 yards of him gain +1 to S and +5 to WS for 1 hour.

Unicorn Horn: This magical horn may only be used effectively by a character or creature of Lawful or Good alignment. Such a character gains a +10 bonus to all *Magic* tests simply by having the horn on his person, the bonus rising to +20 if the character is a Cleric of a Lawful or Good deity. Any of the following effects can be created once per day when it is blown:

1. All friendly creatures within 8 yards are healed of 2 Wounds of damage.
2. All Evil or Chaotic creatures within 8 yards automatically suffer 2 Wounds of damage, with no Magic test to avoid the effects. No magical protections may negate this effect.
3. Either Cure Disease (as the Level Two Druidic Priest spell) or Cure Poison (as per the Level One Cleric spell for Clerics of Shallya) may be cast on one Lawful or Good creature, at no Magic Points cost.

A character possessing a Unicorn Horn cannot be tricked or enchanted into betraying his alignment (e.g. by a *Change Allegiance* spell). Any spell normally causing such an effect fails, and if trickery is being employed, the character will feel a strong tingling at the back of the neck, informing him that a planned course of action (or one he is involved with) might be an unintentional violation of alignment.

ROBES

Magical robes come in many shapes and sizes, and may vary from a tatty moth-eaten relic to a plush dark velvet cloak lined with scarlet silk and clasped with silver. They will

change their dimensions to suit their wearer, from the size of a small Halfling to that of a large Human. None are flammable (although only the *Robe of Fire Resistance* confers any protection against fire attacks).

Roll on the table below to determine the type of magical robe found.

D10	Robe Type
1-2	Robe of Disguise
3-4	Robe of Ethereality
5	Robe of Fire Resistance
6-7	Robe of Mist and Smoke
8	Robe of the Shroud
9-10	Robe of Toughness

Robe of Disguise: The wearer of this robe is able to use the spells *Assume Illusionary Appearance* and *Cloak Activity*, once each per day with no Magic Points expenditure. 1 in 6 of these cloaks has a stronger enchantment, so that use of the *Clone Image* spell once per day is also possible.

Robe of Ethereality: This robe stores 7 Magic Points, which may only be used by the wearer to cast the *Become Ethereal* spell. After the wearer returns from the ethereal, the *Robe of Ethereality* must be kept in absolute darkness, where it will regenerate 1 Magic Point per hour as long as it remains unused. After 7 hours it can again allow the wearer to turn ethereal.



Robe of Fire Resistance: This highly prized robe confers on the wearer the permanent protection of a *Resist Fire* spell, see the *WFRP* rulebook for details.

However, each time a *Robe of Fire Resistance* is exposed to magical fire (such as a *magic missile* or Dragon breath) there is a 5% chance that it will be destroyed.

Robe of Mist and Smoke: The wearer of this robe, which is usually grey in colour, may cast *Cloud of Smoke* and *Mist Cloud* once per day at no Magic Point cost.

Robe of the Shroud: Wearing this cloak allows the wearer to cast the *Ghostly Appearance* spell once per day, with no Magic Point cost. Roll a D10 on the following table to determine which form/s of Undead the wearer can mimic.

D10	Undead Type
1-5	Any undead form
6-9	Any non-Ethereal Undead
10	Ethereal Undead

The *Robe of the Shroud* also gives the wearer permanent immunity to the effects of fear created by ethereal Undead.

Robe of Toughness: This robe confers a *Toughness* bonus on its wearer. Roll a D10 to determine what this bonus is:

D10	Bonus
1-5	+ 1 Toughness
6-9	+ 2 Toughness
10	+ 3 Toughness

The *Robe of Toughness* will not function if it is worn with any type of armour, and neither will an *Aura* spell take effect on anyone wearing such a robe. It is, however, prized by wizards for its protection value, and they will usually pay very well for an item of this type.

RINGS

Magical rings are usually of plain gold or silver, although many have gem settings and intricate designs to enable the Wizard who enchanted them to track them down should they be lost or stolen! It is worthy of note that no character or creature can benefit from wearing more than two magical rings at the same time. Roll a D10 on the table below to discover the nature of the ring.

D10	Ring Type
1	Amulet Ring
2	Energy Ring
3	Fortitude Ring
4	Multiple Spell Ring
5	Multiple Warding
6	Protection Ring
7	Ring of Elvenkind
8	Spell Ring
9	Striking Ring
10	Warding Ring

Fortitude Ring: Wearing this ring gives the wearer greater mental resilience and clear-headedness, reflected in a bonus of +10 to all tests involving **CI** and **WP**.

Ring of Elvenkind: This rare ring is given by an Elven wizard to a faithful servant only after years of service, or an act of exceptional heroism. When worn, it grants the wearer a few of the special advantages of Elvenkind: *Night Vision* (as an Elf—no light source necessary) to 30 yards, and a +5 bonus to *Initiative*. The wearer also gains +10 to all *Fellowship* tests involving Elven characters. Note that if these rings fall into the 'wrong' hands, and Elves know of this, they may go to considerable lengths to retrieve the item.

Striking Ring: The wearer of this ring may use each of its three powers, one at a time, for 1 turn in each 24 hour period. Each power called forth exactly duplicates the effects of one of the following fighting skills: *Strike Mighty Blow*, *Strike to Injure*, and *Strike to Stun*. These magical effects cannot be combined with existing skills of the same type to gain any doubled-up bonuses.



WANDS

Roll a D10 on the table below to determine the type of wand found.

D10	Wand
1	Blackwand
2	Wand of Absorption
3	Wand of Corrosion
4-5	Wand of Fear
6-7	Wand of Jade
8-9	Wand of Jet
10	Wand of Onyx

Blackwand: This evil blackwood wand is banded with iron and inscribed with many dire runes of ancient origin. It will only function for Evil or Chaotic characters and creatures. Once a day the user may produce a *Cloak of Darkness* spell with no Magic Point cost. He may also discharge 1D6 *Arrows of Weakness*, again once per day. These arrows take the form of yellowed skeletal fingers. They are released at the rate of one per round, and have the same range as a longbow. In addition, each arrow is coated with 1D3 doses of Manbane, which will affect the victim if damage is caused. The Blackwand can fire 50 Arrows of Weakness before becoming inert. The wand may only be recharged by means of a foul arcane ritual involving human sacrifice. A Lawful or Good Priest must be killed with a golden dagger on virgin soil, as the moons rise to their highest points in the sky on Hexensnacht. The wand is then immersed in the Priest's blood for 13 hours, after which it is fully recharged.

Wand of Absorption: This wand can act as a store of 6D6 Magic Points. You should determine its maximum capacity and not inform the player! Determination of its initial charge should be made using 3D6 (which obviously cannot exceed the 6D6 roll). The Wand of Absorption gains extra Magic Points by absorbing spells cast at the bearer of the wand. If the bearer makes a successful Magic test, the Magic Points used in casting the spell at him are absorbed into the wand, and the spell effect is negated. However, this only applies to spells specifically cast at him. So, for example, if a *Fire Ball* spell were cast at him, it could be absorbed, but if it were cast at a group of which he was one, it could not. If the wand attempts to absorb Magic Points over and above the predetermined maximum, it will explode in a ball of magical fire and smoke, causing 1D8 hits at S6, leaving a *Cloud of Smoke* in the area of the detonation.

Magic Points accumulated by the *Wand of Absorption* may be used by a spellcaster in the usual way to create or enhance spells he casts himself.

While a player should not know exactly how many Magic Points the *Wand of Absorption* possesses at any time, nor its maximum (unless he does a lot of research on it), it is reasonable for a character with the *Magical Sense* skill to be able to 'guesstimate'. You should inform the player that 'the wand feels light', 'it feels heavy with magic', 'there are enough Magic Points for a few spells if you go easy, but it's nowhere near overloaded', and so on.

Wand of Corrosion: For the expenditure of only 1 Magic Point, the spellcaster using this wand may duplicate the effects of the Level Three Battle Magic spell *Corrode*.

Wand of Fear: The user of this wand may cast the following spells at will: *Cause Cowardly Flight*, *Cause Fear* and *Cause Panic*. If the spellcaster already knows any of these spells,

he may cast them at half the normal Magic Point cost (rounding fractions up). If the spellcaster does not know any or all of these spells (e.g. he is not of high enough level), they may still be cast, but full Magic Point cost must be expended. The wand contains no Magic Points; these must come from the caster. Non-spellcasters, of course, cannot use this item.

SPECIAL AND RARE ITEMS

These magical items only have a low chance of being found for several reasons. Some are unique, only one having ever been created. Some developed unfortunate side-effects and their production was halted. Some were successful designs but the item was stolen and the creator slain, the secret of making the item perishing with him. Some were simply botched, so that while they may be mildly useful they were not what the enchanting wizard had intended, and have not been reproduced in any significant numbers. One or two were deliberately created by wizards as revenge on people for being swindled or coerced. In every case, the items are not 'standard designs', and their low occurrence reflects this fact. Use a D100 roll on the table below to determine the nature of the special or rare item found.

D100	Magical Item
01-12	<i>Dagger of Halflings</i>
13-23	<i>Harness of Fearlessness</i>
24-41	<i>Lantern of Days</i>
42-50	<i>Lens of Detection</i>
51-58	<i>Lyre of Melody</i>
59-79	<i>Purse of Teeth</i>
80-89	<i>Ring of Comprehension</i>
90-00	<i>Sand of Flinging</i>

Dagger of Halflings: These rare items were made by a long-dead Wizard of The Empire noted for his aggressive Halfling servitors. The Dagger of Halflings will only display special magic properties in the hands of a Halfling; to other users it simply counts as a magical weapon against creatures only affected by such. Although only the size of a dagger, when used by a Halfling it counts as a normal sword, with an additional +10 bonus conferred to WS.

Harness of Fearlessness: Made of brown leather of the finest quality, and hard blueish mithril, this harness is greatly desired by those who ride war-horses. It may be fitted to any horse and, when this is done, the horse becomes completely immune to *fear*, whether caused by fire or anything else (such as a *Stampede* spell). The horse is still subject to *terror*, however.

Note that only horses may use this item—Pegasi, for example, are not affected.

Lantern of Days: This ornate, darkwood lantern casts light as a Storm Lantern, but burns oil very slowly so that 1 pint will fuel the lantern for 1D4 days.



Lens of Detection: This looks like a large magnifying glass on a lengthy ivory handle. It does not, however, magnify anything examined through it; instead it allows the viewer to see all illusions caused by Illusionist spells of levels 1-3 as they truly are. An Illusionist disguising himself with *Assume Illusionary Appearance*, for example, will be seen exactly as he is, and any attempt to disguise his actions with *Cloak Activity* will be shown up for what they are. However, the lens needs one hand to use, and since both hands are needed for spellcasting it is not possible to use this device to see an Illusionist and then spellcast at him. Someone else must hold the *Lens of Detection* for the spellcaster, for example.

Lyre of Melody: This splendid instrument plays beautiful and haunting melodies for any character skilled in the use of the lyre, adding +20 to chances for gaining work as an *Entertainer*, and to all *Busk* tests.

Purse of Teeth: This type of item is now not uncommon in The Empire, for wealthy merchants and the like pay Wizards well for creating them. A *Purse of Teeth* appears as an ordinary leather pouch with drawstrings. However, if it is opened and any attempt made to take money from it by anyone other than its rightful owner, rows of very sharp teeth magically appear inside the purse and bite the hand of the thief. The initial bite causes 1 *wound*, irrespective of any protections, even metal gauntlets (for the magical teeth are not blocked by metal). The teeth hold fast to the hand for 1D6 rounds, biting and draining blood, and the victim suffers one automatic *wound* each round. All the time, the *Purse of Teeth* screams, 'Thief! Thief!' at almost deafening volume.

If a *Purse of Teeth* is stolen from its owner, it will slowly attune itself to its new possessor over a period of seven days, during which time it must be continuously worn on the person. After the full week it recognizes its new possessor as its rightful owner.

It is rumoured that even larger *Bags of Teeth* and *Sacks of Fangs* exist, some even with envenomed teeth, but their existence has not been documented with certainty...yet.

Ring of Comprehension: This ring allows the wearer to *Read/Write Own Language* if he could not do so before. 50% of these rings confer knowledge of the written and spoken forms of 1D3 other languages—you should consult the *WFRP* rulebook, and determine these extra languages at random or by choice.

Sand of Flinging: This rare substance is believed to be enchanted by sorcerers of Cathay, and within The Empire its manufacture is not understood. The fine magical dust is usually sealed in a vial or packet, containing enough for 1D4 uses. A teaspoonful or so held in the hand may be thrown up to twelve yards, and from the point of impact a cloud of sand spreads out in a four yard radius. All creatures within the area are blinded for 1D6 rounds; whilst blinded they have -25 penalties to WS, and missile fire and spellcasting are impossible.

Chapter 8

Magical Armour

In the *WFRP* rulebook, the enchantments woven into magical armour are somewhat limited in their effect. Basically, a piece of magical armour differs from a piece of non-magical armour only in that it offers a few more armour points worth of protection to the wearer—welcome though this is, it's hardly the exciting stuff of legend. So, to give magical armour more flavour, here are some optional rules for giving it a wider range of enchantments, with a variety of interesting effects, not all of which are simple protective measures...

ARMOUR TYPE

When generating a piece of magical armour, the precise piece—helmet or breastplate, mail shirt or leggings can be determined by using the existing table from the rulebook. The process for determining armour type changes a little.

NUMBER OF ENCHANTMENTS

Just like a magical weapon, a piece of magical armour can have more than a single enchantment cast upon it. The number and type of enchantments vary according to the piece of armour in question. To determine the number of enchantments placed on a piece of magical armour, roll on the appropriate line of the following table:

Armour Piece	Number of Enchantments				
	1	2	3	4	5
Coif	01-90	91-00	—	—	—
Helmet	01-75	76-90	91-99	00	—
Mail Shirt	01-80	81-95	96-00	—	—
Leggings (pair)	01-90	91-00	—	—	—
Greaves (pair)	01-90	91-99	00	—	—
Arm Bracers (pair)	01-90	91-99	00	—	—
Breastplate	01-75	76-90	91-96	97-99	00
Shield	01-90	91-96	97-00	—	—

DETERMINING ENCHANTMENTS

The first enchantment cast on a piece of armour will always be *Enhanced Protection*. Any further enchantments may be chosen by the GM or determined randomly using the *Armour Enchantment Tables*.

ARMOUR ENCHANTMENT TABLES

Enhanced Protection

D100	Armour Points
01-10	1
11-80	2
81-95	3
96-00	4

Coif or Helmet

D100 Enchantment type

- 01-02** *Berserk*—the wearer becomes subject to frenzy whenever the helmet or coif is worn.
- 03-04** *Breathe Underwater*—the wearer can breathe without air, and will not suffocate in a vacuum or underwater. The wearer is also immune to all gases and other inhaled poisons.
- 05-09** *Flight*—the wearer can fly as a *swooper* for 10+D10 turns per day.
- 10-14** *Hatred*—the wearer becomes *subject to hatred* of a particular race. Roll on the following table:

D100	Race
01-05	Goblins and Snotlings
06-10	Hobgoblins
11-20	Orcs
21-25	All Goblinoids
26-27	Elementals
28-30	Daemons
31-35	Undead
36-45	Non-Daemonic creatures and followers of Chaos
46-50	Dragons
51-55	All reptiles
56-60	Dwarfs, Gnomes and Halflings
61-65	Elves
66-70	Fimir
71-75	Giant animals
76-80	Skaven
81-85	Giants
86-90	Ogres and Trolls
91-95	Wercreatures
96-00	Vampires

Note: A character who is (or by any means becomes) a member of the hated race may not wear the helmet or coif, and will suffer D6 Wounds (regardless of *Toughness* and other modifiers) each time he or she attempts to don the piece of armour.



15-55 Characteristic Gain—wearing the helmet or coif increases one of the wearer's characteristics. Roll on the following table:

D100	Characteristic Gain
01-15	I+10
16-30	Ld+10
31-45	Int+10
46-60	Cl+10
61-75	WP+10
76-80	I+D3 x 10
81-85	Ld+D3 x 10
86-90	Int+D3 x 10
91-95	Cl+D3 x 10
96-00	WP+D3 x 10

56-58 Invisibility—the wearer can become invisible at will, once per day. Invisibility lasts for 10+D10 turns. While invisible, the character cannot be detected by normal means. Opponents suffer a -40 penalty to hit a stationary and silent invisible character. This is halved to -20 if the character moves, speaks or attacks.

59-60 Magic Reflection—when any spell is cast at the wearer, it will be reflected back at its caster if the wearer makes a successful WP test. If the test is failed, the spell takes effect normally,

but the wearer may still take a WP test to avoid its effects, if one is permitted in the spell description.

61-90 Protection—the wearer is completely immune to one kind of attack, magical effect or psychological condition, however it may be caused. Roll on the following table:

D100 Effect Negated

01-05 *Animosity*

06-55 *Area Protection*—roll once on the *Area Protection Table*

56-60 *Compulsions*—including hypnotism, and all spells which force the victim to do something: e.g. *Steal Mind*, *Sleep*, *Cause Cowardly Flight*, etc.

61-70 *Fear and Terror*—including all spells which cause fear or flight

71-75 *Gaze attacks*

76-80 *Insanity*—cures all previous disorders while worn, wearer gains no insanity points for any reason

81-85 *Instability*

86-90 *Illusions*—including all Illusion Magic spells, invisibility, and magically generated sights and sounds such as *Marsh Lights* and *Sounds* spells

91-95 *Stupidity*

96-00 All *psychological* effects

91-95 Regeneration—the wearer regenerates 1 lost W point per turn, up to his normal score.

96-00 Wizardry—A spellcaster may wear this piece of armour without affecting spellcasting. Other pieces of armour are similarly affected. In addition, the armour may have additional powers—roll on the following table:

D100 Power

01-75 *None*—no further powers

76-80 *Immunity*—the wearer is immune to one randomly generated spell.

81-85 *Power*—the wearer gains 2D6 Magic Points, renewed each dawn.

86-90 *Power Amplifier*—The Magic Point cost of all spells cast by the wearer is halved, rounding fractions up

91-95 *Spell Absorption*—The helmet or coif absorbs the Magic Points from spells cast at the wearer; these Magic Points may then be used by the wearer like the Magic Points from a *Jewel of Power*. If the helmet or coif ever holds more than 10 Magic Points it will explode, destroying itself and causing D3 S10 hits to the wearer and everyone within 5 yards.

96-00 *Storage*—The item can hold up to D10 levels of magical spells; these may be cast into it by the wearer at any time, and they remain in the armour until the wearer chooses to cast them.

Body Armour (mail shirt or coat, breastplate)

D100 Enchantment Type

01-45 *Characteristic Gain*—wearing armour increases one of the wearer's characteristics. Roll on the following table:

D100	Characteristic Gain
01-25	S+1
26-50	T+1
51-75	I+10
76-80	S+D3
81-85	T+D3
86-90	I+D3 x10
91-00	Roll twice

46-95 *Protection*—The wearer is completely immune to one kind of attack, magical effect or psychological condition, however it may be caused. Roll on the following table:

D100 Effect Negated

- 01-10 *Area Protection*—roll once on the *Area Protection Table*
- 11-20 *Attack Protection*—roll once on the *Attack Protection Table*
- 21-30 *Characteristic draining*
- 31-40 *Fear and Terror*—including all spells which cause fear or flight
- 41-50 *Fire*
- 51-60 *Lightning*
- 61-70 *Magic*—roll on the following table:

D100 Protection

- 01-25 Petty Magic & Level 1
- 26-50 Petty Magic
- 51-60 Petty Magic & Level 1-2
- 61-65 Petty Magic & Level 1-3
- 66-75 All Battle Magic
- 76-80 All Daemonic Magic
- 81-85 All Elemental Magic
- 86-90 All Illusion Magic
- 91-95 All Necromantic Magic
- 96-98 All Druidic Magic
- 99-00 All spells

71-80 *Magical Weapons*—roll on the following table:

D100 Protection

- 01-80 +10 or less to hit and/or +1 damage
- 81-95 +20 or less to hit and/or +2 damage
- 96-00 +30 or less to hit and/or +3 damage

81-85 *All non-magical weapons*

86-00 *All psychological effects*

96-00 *Wizardry*—This piece of armour does not interfere with the wearer's ability to cast spells. It can be worn by a spellcaster with no penalties.

Arm Bracers

D100 Enchantment Type

01-45 *Characteristic Gain*—wearing this piece of armour increases one of the wearer's characteristics. Roll on the following table:

D100	Characteristic Gain
01-40	I+10
41-80	Dex+10
81-90	I+D3 x10
91-00	Dex+D3 x10

41-60 *Area Protection*—roll once on the *Area Protection Table*

61-70 *Attack Protection*—Roll once on the *Attack Protection Table*

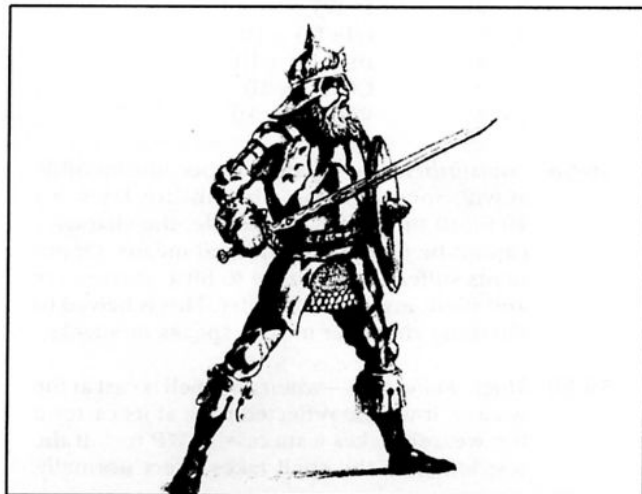
71-75 *Binding*—The wearer is immune to paralysis caused by spells such as *Stand Still*, poisons, and any other means. He cannot be bound against his will, magically or otherwise.

76-80 *Magical Gloves*—The arm bracers have the same properties as a known type of magical glove or gauntlet. Generate randomly using the appropriate table in the *WFRP* rulebook, or the previous chapter.

81-85 *Missile Protection*—The wearer can knock aside incoming missiles with his arms, and is immune to any non-magical missile no larger than an arrow.

86-95 *Deflection*—The wearer can deflect incoming blows with his arms, giving the equivalent of an additional 1 AP on all locations. This property maybe used in conjunction with a parrying weapon, but not with a shield.

96-00 *Wizardry*—These arm-pieces do not interfere with the wearer's ability to cast spells. They can be worn by a spellcaster with no penalties.



Leg Armour (Leggings and Greaves)

D100 Enchantment Type

01-40 *Characteristic Gain*—wearing this piece of armour increases one of the wearer's characteristics. Roll on the following table:

D100	Characteristic Gain
01-40	M+1
41-80	I+10
81-90	M+D3
91-00	I+D3 x 10

41-60 *Area Protection*—roll once on the *Area Protection Table*

61-70 *Attack Protection*—roll once on the *Attack Protection Table*

71-75 *Dodging*—The wearer may automatically dodge one blow per round; the player chooses after rolls to hit have been made but before rolls to wound.

76-80 *Kicking*—The wearer gains 1 additional attack per round. His Attack score is increased by 1, but this attack is always a kick, which is treated as a blow with a normal weapon. Roll D6 for hit location:

1-2 = left leg;
3-4 = right leg;
5-6 = body.

81-85 *Leaping*—The wearer may leap up to twice the normal distance as dictated by his M score. In addition, the wearer always falls on his feet, so a fall is always counted as a jump.

86-90 *Magical Boots*—The greaves have the properties of a known kind of magical footwear. Generate the type randomly using the appropriate table in the *WFRP* rulebook.

91-95 *Movement*—The wearer is never affected by spells (e.g. *Stand Still*) or other conditions which restrict movement. Movement is never reduced by difficult ground, although obstacles must be negotiated normally. Psychological effects which would normally make the wearer stand still (e.g. *Fear*) cause him to move at full speed directly away from the source of the effect for one round, and then test again.

96-00 *Wizardry*—These pieces of armour do not interfere with the wearer's ability to cast spells. They can be worn by a spellcaster with no penalties.

Shield

D100 Enchantment Type

01-10 *Charging*—When the user charges an opponent, he has the option of making a shield charge attack instead of a weapon attack. If he chooses the shield charge, no roll to hit is made; instead, the opponent must make an I test or be knocked to the ground, taking one full round to rise and counting as prone until then.

11-20 *Invisibility*—The shield's user may become invisible at will, once per day. Invisibility lasts for 10+D10 turns. While invisible, the character cannot be detected by normal means. Opponents suffer a -40 penalty to hit a stationary and silent invisible character; this is halved to -20 if the character moves, speaks or attacks.

21-30 *Light*—on a command from its user, the shield begins to glow with a dazzling light, which lasts for 6+D6 rounds. Hand-to-hand combat opponents suffer a -30 penalty to hit the shield's user because of the blinding light, but missile attacks have a +20 bonus to hit while the shield is glowing. Once this property has been used, the shield must be exposed to 6 hours of continuous sunlight to recharge it.

31-40 *Magic Missile Protection*—The shield protects its user against all spells of magic missile type (e.g. *Fire Ball*, *Lightning Bolt*), and against all magical missiles such as arrows. The shield's user is never affected by these attacks.

41-50 *Missile Protection*—The shield absorbs incoming missile fire. The user is never affected by non-magical missiles of arrow-size and smaller. Magical missiles take effect normally, as do large missiles like chairs, tables, boulders and cannonballs.

51-60 *Missile Reflection*—The shield has the power to deflect incoming non-magical missiles back at their firers. Any non-magical missile of arrow size and smaller hits its firer instead of the shield's user. Magical missiles take effect normally, as do large missiles like chairs, tables, boulders and cannonballs.

61-70 *Protection*—The shield protects the user completely against attacks made with one kind of weapon. Roll on the *Area Protection* table:

71-80 *Spell Absorption*—The shield absorbs the Magic Points from spells cast at the wearer; when 10 Magic Points have been absorbed, the shield immediately shoots out a single lightning bolt (as the spell) at any chosen target in the user's line of sight.

(continued over)

81-90 *Spell Reflection*—The shield can reflect spells back on their source. When the shield's user is attacked with a spell, he is allowed an I test to parry it with the shield. If successful, the spell is turned back on its caster. If a spell is not deflected, the shield's user is still allowed a MT test if the spell's description permits.

91-00 *Weapon Breaker*—Every time the shield successfully parries an attack with a non-magical hand-to-hand weapon, the shield's user may make a Sx10 test. If the test is successful, the weapon shatters against the shield, and is destroyed. This property has no effect on magical weapons.

AREA PROTECTION TABLE

One common function of magical armour is to protect the location covered against a certain type of attack. The wearer takes no damage from attacks of this type which hit the protected location. To determine the type of area protection, roll on the following table:

D100	Location takes no damage from
01-15	Non-magical blunt hand weapons
16-40	Non-magical edged and pointed hand weapons
41-60	Non-magical missile weapons
61-80	Natural weapons (e.g. bite, claw, stomp)
81-95	Non-magical fist weapons
96-00	All non-magical weapons

ATTACK PROTECTION TABLE

Some types of magical armour protect their wearer from all attacks made by a particular type of opponent. To determine the type of opponent protected against, roll on the following table:

D100	Opponent Type
01-05	Goblins and Snotlings
06-10	Hobgoblins
11-20	Orcs
21-25	All Goblinoids
26-27	Elementals
28-30	Daemons (including Daemon Weapons)
31-35	Undead
36-45	Non-Daemonic creatures & followers of Chaos
46-50	Dragons
51-55	All reptiles
56-60	Dwarfs, Gnomes and Halflings
61-65	Elves
66-70	Fimir
71-75	Giant animals
76-80	Skaven
81-85	Giants
86-90	Ogres and Trolls
91-95	Wercreatures
96-00	Vampires



Section Two:

Non-Humans

In this section, we take a closer look at some of the multitude of non-human races which inhabit the cities, forests and caverns of the Warhammer World.

Played well, non-human characters should add greatly to the atmosphere of the game—the information you will find here on the society and psychology of Elves, Dwarfs, Halflings and Gnomes (a completely new PC race) gives you all you need to really get into the spirit of things.

This section also introduces new non-human deities which PCs and NPCs can follow, along with new careers for non-humans—the Dwarfen Loremaster, Gnomish Jester, Elven Beastfriend and, by popular demand, the formidable Elven Wardancer.

Chapter 9

Non-Human Psychology

Tarhammer FRP is a role-playing game, and players should put more effort into playing the roles of their characters than is often the case. Sometimes, the only way you can tell that people are playing Elves is by looking at the space marked 'race' on their character sheet: their character's race means nothing more to them than the chance to roll 2D10+50 for *Initiative* and so on. If you wish to be a good role-player, you should consider your character's social background as well as the obviously geographical one. This chapter is going to try to eliminate the misleading line of instruction in the rulebook: 'No special psychology rules'.

ELVES

'Elves are a rare, wondrous people, living deep within the forests and only rarely making an appearance in Human society.' So what is an Elven adventurer? An exile, to start with, lost to his people. His exile may be self-inflicted. He may be welcome back in the green deeps (assuming he has left his coarse new non-elven friends behind), but all the time he is in human society he has no family, no friends from his childhood (unless one is sharing the exile with him) and no contact with the society he grew up in. To a human, this may not seem a great loss, but few can imagine what it really means to an Elf.

The most important factor in Elven psychology is the longevity of their race. With a life-expectancy of over 200 years they will experience much in their lifetimes. This leads to an inherently different outlook on life to any other race. A 'young' Elf, starting out to see the world in the Elven equivalent of his teens, averages 65 years of age.

They are not an unintelligent race. Indeed, by most accounts, they are the most intelligent race in the world. Surely they must use that ability to learn something? But what?

The important thing to note about Elven education is that the emphasis is not on the mere soaking up of facts, but on how Elves can use their minds to best effect. This careful training gives them the outstanding *Intelligence* and *Cool* which 'lesser' races often misinterpret as a lack of emotion.

After their minds are properly trained, they can learn to speak their own language properly. The Elven language is a highly complex, tonal affair. Few humans speak it fluently; those who do are scholars who have devoted their lives to the task. The language most races think of as Elvish is in fact a pidgin-tongue; baby-talk used by the shorter-lived and Elven young.

The Elven arts are likewise acquired tastes: few non-Elves can understand them, and none can fully appreciate them.

Imagine the effect of a 200-year lifespan on the art-forms that a race would develop. They would be similar to the highly stylized, intricate work of the traditional Chinese and Japanese societies, with layers of hidden meanings to be uncovered in the contemplation of the artwork and its performance. Coming out into Human society would be like giving up your box at Covent Garden Opera House and migrating to a land where the only entertainment is a mind-numbingly cheap TV quiz show.

An essential part of their training consists of learning to control their dreams. Elves, after they have learned this discipline, never really sleep, but must of course rest their bodies the same as anyone else. Since this only requires that they sit comfortably, they make very good sentries. However, one night in three (if not more frequently) they must 'dream' for eight hours. This is a subconscious re-examination of the time since the elf last 'dreamed'. It is such a deep trance-like state that they cannot be aroused from it even if the camp is attacked or they are physically attacked.

In this state they examine their short-term memories much as humans do unconsciously in their sleep, and reject anything they don't wish to remember. Rejected memories are then totally forgotten. An Elf literally cannot remember what he had for tea last Wednesday, nor whether it was raining.

They also use this opportunity to review their long-term memories and can clear the clutter out of this part of their minds in the same way. Elves forget things that seemed important at the time, but have now proven of little use. A date for a meeting may be stored until after the event has occurred, knowledge of an acquaintance retained only so long as it seems likely that the Elf will meet that person again, and so on. Only truly important items will be retained permanently. The sort of events the Elf left home for—great adventures against the Forces of Chaos—are ranked neatly beside a great recitation of a classic poem and the name of his mother.

This 'dumping' of memory, called *Bran Wa Shin*, is necessary because of the Elven eidetic memory structure (acquired as a result of their training). There is insufficient 'space' in the Elven brain to store eidetic memories of more than a few decades, so unnecessary clutter must be avoided.

A side effect of developing *Bran Wa Shin* is the characteristically 'flighty' attitude of the Elf. Because they know that the day's events will be forgotten soon afterwards, they have no fear of embarrassment or bad memories, and they live life to the full, taking every opportunity to enjoy themselves. If the result isn't as much fun as they hoped, it can be forgotten. If it is they can do it again the next day! Away from their own kind, Elves tend to go mildly berserk in their fun-seeking, since the traditional (and more restrained) pleasures of the arts are no longer available to them.

Another apparent element of *Bran Wa Shin* is less desirable: it reinforces Elven phobias. Important memories of home are constantly reviewed and reinforced. Elves (other than Sea Elves) have grown up in forests, living in beautifully grown, airy homes in the trees.

This means that, despite their finely trained minds, they are often subject to both mild claustrophobia, having never experienced small and dark places, and mild agoraphobia, having never seen open spaces larger than a big clearing. By constantly mulling over memories of their pasts—and treasuring them—Elves simply reinforce their own behaviour patterns. When a situation might reveal such weaknesses, Elves are mildly uneasy.

To enter a spacious underground complex such as a Dwarf city, for example, takes a *Cool* x 2 test. Entering a smaller hole in the ground (a mineshaft or main sewer) requires a successful *Cool* test. If you can ever persuade an Elf to enter a really tiny hole, a roll under half the character's *Cool* is needed to overcome the Elf's worries. And remember, from an Elf's point of view anything smaller than five feet across its narrowest dimension is tiny!

The famous High Elven attitude to the sea is also a result of these phobias. The sight of the water stretching all the way to the horizon has sent many a High Elf into a coma, and they never emerge from the experience unchanged. It's probably the closest thing to an unforgettable experience an Elf ever has. Sea Elves, of course, do not suffer in quite the same way when at sea...

Elves have other phobias too, just like humans, thanks to the introspective nature of their memory reviews and tendency to forget any unpleasant experiences. I suggest that every Elf character starts the game with mild claustrophobia and agoraphobia plus D6 other appropriate insanities from the table on pages 83/8 of the *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* rulebook. (If claustrophobia or agoraphobia is rolled—or if any phobia is rolled twice—treat it as an exceptionally strong case).

Normally, people can overcome phobias by repeatedly facing up to them in small doses, but Elves rarely use this option. Each small exposure to their phobias is an unpleasant experience and is usually removed from memory. The next time an Elf confronts the source of his phobia he is, once again, starting from scratch.

It has been commented that phobias are generally based on some bad childhood experience, and that Elves should be able to use *Bran Wa Shin* on the memory of that experience. This is a sore point with Elves, for they know that it's true, but their childhood memories are not necessarily arranged in such a manner that they can be examined and, where necessary, edited. They were often acquired before the Elf's mind was properly trained.

The combination of pleasure-seeking binges and phobias gives Elves the reputation of being unreliable. Too often, an Elf agrees to perform some task and fails to do so. He may have encountered a situation which scared him away (not so common, because Elves can usually overcome their phobias when they make a serious effort). He may have been distracted because he was too busy dancing, watching a sunset, going back into the Forest because he heard rumors of a new play by a master playwright, or attending a wine-tasting—activities which seem trivial, but 200 years of life grants a different perspective. The memory of the task to be done may have even been edited, discarded as unimportant or uninteresting...

Elven adventurers can have a credibility problem. People wanting to hire adventurers for an important task may well refuse to hire groups involving Elves, preferring to wait for another group to come forward, risking delay rather than wasting their money sponsoring an unreliable group.

Elves do not generally value wealth. The Elvenfolk do not use money in their own society, nor do they hoard goods. If an Elf has an object of beauty, anyone is free to look at it. Elves have little use for privacy: another Elf who discovers something about one of his fellows will probably soon forget it. Besides, there are few things which are taboo amongst Elves and thus need to be hidden anyway.

Elves do enjoy giving presents. If one Elf visits another to admire a beautiful object, it is not very surprising for the host to give it away. He may have had it for some months and all his friends have seen it several times—often enough to appreciate its subtleties. If they wish to see it again they



can call it up in their memories. If they don't choose to remember it, then it wasn't very good in their eyes anyway and they probably wouldn't waste time looking at it again.

Really beautiful gifts won't be given to adventurer-Elves. The item might be at risk from non-Elves. Furthermore, adventurers are often considered to be going through their 'vulgar stage', and consequently they lack the refinement to truly appreciate the gift.

Often, weeks or months of work may go into a present which lasts only a few hours or minutes. A specially grown fruit, carefully shaped (by binding it as it grows) and coloured (by intricate variations of light stencils as it ripens), into a resemblance of the recipient may take weeks of work. It could then be the centerpiece of a surprise party at which the fruit is promptly eaten. The long weeks of work are rewarded, in the eyes of the Elven giver, by the reaction of the recipient as the surprise is revealed.

Incidentally, this is the only reason for an Elf wanting to have some privacy. Other Elves, for example, may be asked to avoid a certain corner of the fruit orchard while the surprise is being prepared. They will respect such requests for the greater impact when the surprise is revealed.

Because they do not value wealth for its own sake, there are few Elven thieves. Most of the Elves who do enter the profession usually do so because it's fun. They are doing it for the adrenalin 'buzz', rather than the profits they can make.

No Elf is ever really happy in human society, where they feel themselves to be misunderstood. They are also outcast from Elven society, for while they are associating with the 'vulgar' races they tend to acquire their hasty attitude to life. Although many Elves go through a short phase (a few years) as adventurers, seeing the rest of the world, they soon grow out of it and return to the cultured environment of the forest. Other Elves tend to recognize the signs of Elves in their 'vulgar stage' and avoid associating with them any more than necessary, which makes the pain of their self-imposed exile sharper.

Elves, then, are generous, frivolous, often unreliable characters with a tendency to suffer mild(ish) phobias which often reveal themselves at the most inconvenient times. They also have a certain degree of manic depression, a result of their exile from their own kind.

DWARFS

Dwarfs are a far easier race for humans to understand, because the two are closer together in outlook. Comment was once made that while Elves resemble the most highbrow, intellectual humans (only more so), Dwarfs are the archetypal drunken, violent scum who can be found in the gutters of any city. In traditional Dwarfen debating style, the speaker's face was promptly broken by a beermug, hastily supplied by a nearby Dwarf.

This view of Dwarfs is as over-simplified as the typical view of Elves. It cannot be denied, of course, that what Dwarfs really enjoy is a night of heavy drinking in good company. If a fight breaks out, it's just an extension of the entertainment—nothing gets the adrenalin flowing as fast as a good fight.

There is, however, more to the Dwarfen psychology. After all, the Dwarf's life-expectancy is only twenty years less than that of Elves, and a life that long cannot be no more than an endless succession of tavern brawls.

Elven memory training is not used by the Dwarfs, nor do they edit their memories—a procedure they hold in great scorn. In their view, a man (of any race or sex: the word they use really means 'sentient individual') is the sum of his experiences and reputation. To lose any of those experiences is to change yourself, and no one can really know which experiences are important. This fundamental difference was a contributory factor in the bad feeling between Dwarfs and Elves which erupted into the Dwarf/Elf War 4500 years ago.



A Dwarf views the world as a changeable place. In two hundred years of life a lot can happen, and a lot of changes occur. A rich, well-populated mine can be exhausted and the miners forced to move on to other settlements. The mine master is left with a worthless hole in the ground which has to be destroyed (by caving-in at strategic point to prevent the Goblins using it as a home).

A rich and prosperous mine-owner can become a homeless engineer. All that remains to help him find another place is his reputation. Only reputation can outlive the effects of a disaster. Only reputation is totally portable. A Dwarf may lose his money, his home, even his axe, but his reputation goes ahead of him and can be the coin that regains all other things.

This is the main reason why Dwarfs are viewed by other races as a grim race who lack humour. A Dwarf who acts foolishly may gain a reputation as a fool. In the presence of anybody other than close friends a Dwarf is very conscious of his dignity and honour. Hence the 'stuffy' reputation which contrasts oddly with the violent and drunken reputation they also have.

Dwarfs only get really mind-slammingly drunk once, when they are young. After that, they learn their limits. They frequently get drunk but never so much that they lose their self-control—that loss would lead to a loss of dignity and reputation. Even the hardened alcoholics amongst them manage to keep their self-control. It is almost unheard of for a Dwarf to wake up in the morning and regret the actions of the night before, however the situation may have appeared to others.

A Dwarf's dignity is an odd thing to human eyes. It is not hurt by being thrown out into the street after a brawl while semi-conscious and/or covered in ale and the contents of the tavern's stewpot. It can, however, be dreadfully damaged by their being the victim of theft, especially if it is left unavenged. Above any other aspects of their dignity and reputation, two Dwarfen values are always above question: their courage and their word.

Dwarfs fear nothing. That's the theory. A Dwarf may refuse to take on an opponent because he has calmly and clearly judged the situation. He will back down when he feels himself to be so outclassed that no one will think any the worse of him. Even a Dwarf will steer clear of fighting Dragons.

Because of this view of the world, Dwarfs are very touchy about their courage, and no one should ever question it. They will fight at the drop of a halfling, and it's no good smiling as you make the joke...unless you're a very good friend and the Dwarf in question is a Hero whose courage is legendary. On the other hand, Dwarfs are disparaging about their own bravery in front of others. No Dwarf will ever boast of his courage, but he will take care that the tone of the description leaves no room for doubt about the speaker's bravery. 'He whistled, so I went through the Trolls to find out what he wanted...' is a typical Dwarfen understatement.

Even if there were no witnesses to tell the story, a Dwarf would contrive some way to drop the tale into a conversation. 'By the by, has anyone a cart that I could borrow? I need to collect a little treasure from beneath the Troll-bridge...' Of course, Dwarfs prefer others to tell the tales for them.

The problem some Dwarfs face is that, although courageous, there are some situations in which even they will run away: if they're overwhelmingly outnumbered or face fear-causing Undead (although against these Dwarfs have a bonus to their *Cool*). A Dwarf who has disgraced himself (in his own eyes) by running in such a situation tends to

become slightly unbalanced. He will do something foolish to prove his courage. This usually involves shaving most of his hair, dyeing what's left a bright orange, and becoming a Troll-Slayer.

A Dwarf's word is easier for him to manage. There are few magics which can force a Dwarf into breaking his word, so a Dwarf's word remains his final unassailable redoubt. Once a Dwarf's word is given, he will fulfill his promise or die in the attempt.

For this reason, it is very difficult to get a Dwarf to commit himself to anything. Invite one to join you at a cocktail party and you'll probably get the same reply as if you asked him to assist you in storming the gates of Nurgle's Palace. 'I'll try to get there, if nothing else comes up, but I wouldn't rely on it if I were you.' Despite the vagueness of this reply, it's a fair bet that he'll arrive on time, smiling at the prospect of free drinks or a good fight.

Dwarfs give few promises, and their King does not demand oaths of fealty from his Dwarfen subjects (although he does require them of any humans who wish to enter his service). Dwarfs know the honorable way to behave and demanding an oath from them may inhibit the decisions that they have to make in extreme conditions. Dwarfen sagas are full of situations where heroes found themselves trapped by thoughtless oaths into performing some unimportant task, thus abandoning a comrade-in-arms to some dreadful fate. The concept of not giving one's word is difficult to explain to humans, but understood by all Dwarfs.

Another strange aspect of Dwarfen honour (in human eyes) is that theft is not dishonorable, and yet in Dwarf society it is so rare as to be almost unknown. The reason is simple. It is not dishonorable to have something stolen unless it is through your own foolishness. It *is* dishonorable to let such an insult pass unavenged. A Dwarf who has had something stolen will spare no expense or effort to track down the thief, and it is rare for a detected thief to escape with his life. Dwarfen communities are thus peaceful places where doors are rarely locked. Those Dwarfs who choose to enter the thieving profession almost always practise their arts amongst the humans around them rather than their fellow Dwarfs.

The famed Dwarfen gold-hunger is another myth, kept alive by the fact that Dwarfs do prefer gold to any other metal except mithril. The typical picture of a Dwarf sitting (probably uncomfortably) on piles of gold in his cave is much in error. Dwarfs like gold, not only for its characteristic texture but for the wealth that it represents.

In itself, wealth is meaningless. No Dwarf would invest money in a moneylender's business (the fantasy equivalent of a building society) to amass paper wealth, likewise he would not hoard bars and coins of gold. Wealth is merely a means to an end. In this case that end is the purchase of beautiful items: finely crafted toys, jewellery, statuettes, carpets from Araby, and so on: the beautiful things which epitomize wealth.

Dwarfs like to surround themselves with beautiful things. Their reputation for 'hoarding' is true only in the eyes of Elves who believe in everyone sharing enjoyment by keeping material wealth transient. Dwarfs are proud of their belongings and are happy to invite anyone to see them.

Their notable preference for gold is thanks to its texture and quality. These make it by far the best medium for creating beautiful items, but it is usually in short supply. The goldsmiths in the Dwarfen communities give preference to customers who pay in gold.

Dwarfen greed is also a misinterpretation of another aspect of Dwarfen honour. To be cheated by a merchant would make a Dwarf look foolish. It's therefore very important for



them to gain the best price whenever they are buying or selling. Few Dwarfs lack the *Haggle* skill and they use it whenever they're spending (or receiving) a significant sum of money.

Finally, there is one other great myth about Dwarfs which refuses to lie down even after centuries of Human/Dwarf interactions: the question of Dwarfen women's chin adornments. Dwarfen women do not have beards, as anyone who has spent any time in a Dwarfen community knows. However, Dwarfen women are rare. It is thought that only one birth in every four is female, although Dwarfs are reluctant to discuss the subject.

This explains the rarity of Dwarfen females in human society. Although they are prominent in their own society where they are leaders, organizers and administrators, their reluctance to travel to the outside world is due to their value as 'brood mares'. Suggesting such a thing is, of course, a great insult. They must replenish the dwindling numbers of Dwarfen folk, so inevitably the loss of a single fertile female is far more significant than the loss of a dozen males.

The source of the 'beard' rumour is the result of the dress of several Dwarfen clans who originally came from the areas round the World's Edge Mountains. They favour a loose garment known as a 'kilt'. This 'kilt' resembling the skirts of human women rather than the leggings normally favoured by the Dwarfs, often leads to the wearers being thought of (by ignorant humans) as bearded women.

Dwarfs, then, are fine, upstanding, proud folk whose care for their own dignity and reputation is often so extreme as to be painful. This separates them from the humans to whom honour is a less substantial thing. They view Elves with extreme distrust, as they would regard anyone with the ability to wipe out their own memories at a stroke. Anyone who lacks respect for honour as a fixed constant is inherently unreliable and therefore contemptible.

They may spend much of their time drinking and brawling, but these activities are merely time-fillers between great quests for heroic reputation.



HALFLINGS

Halflings are possibly the most easy-going race in the world, but their love of the good life should fool no one into thinking of them as a small threat.

One of the little-known facts about Halflings is that they were probably 'created' by the Old Slann especially to resist the effects of Chaos. Their resistance to its effects have already become legendary. Since Chaos seems to work by undermining the minds of its victims, the strength of mind of the Halfling is out of all proportion to the comfortable lifestyle they lead. This strength has occasionally united a community of Halflings to resist oppression by Big Folk and, however powerful they seemed, the Big Folk have been out of town afore sundown!

This ability to unite is a consequence of their closeness as a community. Halflings, more than any other race, see themselves as members of a society rather than as individuals. It is this which is at the root of the famous Halfling concern with their ancestry. For the atavistic Halfling, knowledge of his ancestry places him firmly in society. He knows who he is because he knows who his ancestors are, and what relationship they have to other people (in this case, the word Halflings use for 'people' refers only to Halflings) around him.

It is a common jest around the Empire that if you put two Halflings in a room together they can talk genealogy until they starve to death—which is about four hours, given their love of little bites to eat! They will never need to go back more than eight generations to discover a common relative (such as a cousin or aunt). It can take up to thirteen generations to establish a common ancestor. As establishing such a link means comparing up to sixteen thousand ancestors, it gives some idea of how well Halflings know their family history. Even eight generations, which is all most of them can manage without consulting the written family tree, involves over five hundred ancestors, plus many of their descendants.

Their preoccupation with ancestry has led Halflings to become a sexually puritan race. To a Halfling, promiscuous behaviour is abhorrent: imagine the shame of a child who didn't know his own father!

The other major concern of Halflings is food. Another common Empire jest is to refer to the time of day in Halfling terms. Starting soon after dawn, the hours go: first breakfast, work breakfast, first break, brunch, elevenses, ploughman's (noon), middling lunch, scones, afternoon tea, late tea, high tea, snack, early dinner, puddings, seconds, supper, late snack, midnight raid, munchies...and so on, an appropriate meal-name for each hour. 'See you at about half past late tea tomorrow' is a frequent parting comment at chucking-out time in the taverns. Halflings, of course, don't use such terms. They eat whenever they feel like it.

The origin of the Halfling fondness for food is unknown. They do have a high metabolic rate, which shows in their fast reflexes and excellent co-ordination (high I and Dex) and allows them to eat heartily without getting fat. No Halfling, however, is ever really slim—they need reserves to fall back on in times of hunger.

Despite this, their fondness for food is misunderstood by most members of other races. They do not eat for the bulk of their food, but for the taste. If a Halfling is travelling through the wilderness with only tasteless, bulk trail rations to eat, he is no more likely to stop for 'a little bite' than anyone else (although at regular mealtimes the amount he puts away will amaze his travelling companions). But the same Halfling is quite capable of spending all day pottering in a kitchen, making himself delicious little cakes, sweets and meringues and eating them straight from the oven.

Feeding visitors is an essential part of Halfling hospitality. As mentioned above, every Halfling thinks of himself as a member of a society, and therefore any visitor is either another member of that society (if local) or a member of another society, temporarily separated from all his friends (if not). Either way, he is part of the family of Halflings and you wouldn't expect anyone to refuse to feed a member of their own family, would you? This urge to feed visitors is extended beyond the Halfling race, and they will welcome and feed any visitor—partly in the hope, of course, that they will have good stories to tell. Often a visitor in the area is a great excuse for party, because Halflings love parties.

The great outdoor parties for which Halflings are famous take place in a central area similar to the English village green. It commonly has a stream running through it for children to throw each other in. There are trees around it to shade the older folk while more children scramble in the branches above them, and firepits to cook over and tell stories around. There is also plenty of room for trestle tables, which strain under the weight of food and kegs of ginger beer.

Parties in the Party Field (it's never called anything else) always start at noon and finish at dawn. Parties for the whole community are held on both Equinoxes, the Summer Solstice, the last day of the harvest, the Elder's birthday (if it's not in winter), the anniversary of the founding of the village, and so on. As well as the Party Field parties, Halflings have plenty of other parties in their own homes, with lots of games, stories, and, naturally, food and drink.

The Winter Solstice parties take place in Halflings' homes after the winter sports day. Halflings love skiing, ice-skating, sledging and any other means of moving at speed with minimal effort. They develop great skill at these pastimes.

Their summer pastimes are surprisingly violent for such a peaceable folk. They enjoy wrestling (well, it builds up a thirst) and slinging contests. A Halfling is rarely without his sling. It is the most reliable bird-control device they have come across, and one sling-carrying Halfling dozing in the sun can keep a whole fruit-garden free of birds. As a sideline, of course, they make lethal weapons for when the Halflings need to use them against Big Folk.

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And despite their distaste for heights in later life (which is why they prefer to dig their homes into hillsides), every Halfling child is at his happiest clambering around in trees, a skill which never quite leaves them, however old they may grow.

Stories (after food, a nice place to sleep, and genealogy, but before pipeweed) are another fundamental love of the Halfling. They can swap stories and sagas for even longer than they can compare family trees. Their favorite subjects are great quests, and heroism—as long as the heroes are of other races.

Stories featuring other Halflings make them nervous, and give them the idea that things like danger and undesired excitement can actually affect their own lives. If a Halfling is the hero of a tale, it's likely to involve very little hardship or danger, but plenty of wit, used to achieve some great end, like increasing the harvest or finding food when there had been a bad harvest.

There are exceptions, when Halflings actually take part in great events. But they are always helping some member of another race because... After all, humans and Dwarfs are the sort who go looking for excitement, not like we sensible folk! The tales are only repeated by the direct descendants of the Halfling concerned, as a matter of family pride that their ancestor was a Hero even to the Big Folk.

A living Hero however, is another matter. An adventurer, breezing into town with tales of his exploits, might encourage impressionable young folk into following his example. The locals will do their best to play the down his adventures by asking questions about the problems the Hero had getting regular meals, how he coped with the discomfort of squelching through the nasty cold marshes, how he kept his biscuits dry.

Usually, the Hero co-operates. Upsetting your hosts is bad manners and you really don't want to be blamed by some mother for encouraging her children to run off. In fact, some of the closest friends of the greatest Halfling Heroes never realized what they did for a living, because the Hero never boasted of his adventures when he returned home, for just this reason.

'When I come home,' said 'Peeler' Flatfoot (who won fame at the Siege of Praag), 'I don't want to talk about Trolls and such, I want to know who's married who, and why the pipeweed crop was so good this year.'

Although Halfling adventurers may moan about how dull their homelands are when they rejoin their comrades for new adventures each spring, by the time autumn comes around they are looking forward to spending the winter curled up in front of the fire, munching cakes and swapping tales of safely long-dead heroes and villains.

Halflings have a reputation for being light-fingered, which isn't quite true. They are filled with an intense curiosity. Their penchant for gossip comes from their earliest days when they may be found 'taking the sun' just around the corner from someone else's private conversation.

Their well-coordinated little fingers sometimes get into each other's locked drawers purely for the pleasure of knowing what's behind the lock. As one Halfling once put it: 'There are no secrets in the Moot—we just like to try to keep things secret to keep our friends on their toes!'

When they become adventurers, of course, such abilities are intensely useful for scouting out defenses, finding things which are supposed to be hidden, and (regretfully) slipping a knife in a sentry's back. It would be unthinkable to steal from your hosts ('borrowing' excepted). The villains you may come up against are not your hosts, and covering your expenses is an entirely reasonable thing to do.

And surely no one could object to a reasonable, business-like mark-up on your expenses claims?

Halflings also have a justified reputation as good cooks. However, one certain way to annoy a Halfling adventurer is to ask him to do more than his share of the cooking. If he wanted to work as a cook, runs the typical reply, he could get a place in any Lord's kitchens, and wouldn't have to gallivant (a favourite Halfling word) around with some bunch of psychopaths, risking life and limb in pursuit of Chaos!

They are very reasonable on the subject, however, and while they will ensure that they don't do more than their share of the cooking, for the sake of their own taste buds they will help the less experienced cooks by instructing them as they do the work. Eventually the entire group will be competent and the Halfling can relax in the knowledge that at least the food will be wholesome on the adventure.

A Halfling adventurer is often thought of as a contradiction in terms. Any character who turns up for a perilous wilderness journey with one pony to ride, one to carry his camping gear, and a third to carry his food can't really be taken seriously. But, far too often, the less well equipped humans, Dwarfs and Elves find themselves diving into the Halfling's equipment packs for unseasonably weatherproof tents to cope with unseasonal weather, entrenching tools to dig emergency defenses, herbal insect repellent to rid themselves of the army ants which are troubling everyone except the Halfling, who is relaxing in his hammock, and so on.

And Halflings rarely run out of food: the bulk of that third pony's burden is fairly dull trail rations, packed to supplement the fresh food the Halfling will find along the way, to be improved with the spices in his riding-pony's saddlebags.

A Halfling adventurer knows that the world is a hard, cruel place, and is prepared for that. He tries to keep life as comfortable as possible. He is a member of a tough-minded, determined race, despite being (compared to the other races) physically cowardly, and prefers to deal with threats through stealth, which is understandable considering his physical disadvantages.

But he is a jolly companion to have, even on the most hazardous and evil journeys, because he prefers to look on the bright side of life. Even in the most extreme situations a Halfling is ready to sing a song or tell a joke, and this bright attitude to life is infectious. Nobody can dislike a Halfling. Not for long, anyway.



Chapter 10

Gnome PCs

 Considering the number of Gnomish communities to be found in the Old World (they are only slightly less numerous than Halflings), the omission of Gnome player characters amounts to a rare oversight in the *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* rules. This chapter should go some way towards filling that gap.

It is, however, beyond the scope of this chapter to deal with all the myriad variations of Gnomish society that may be found throughout the Known World. Instead, the information presented here is intended to relate specifically to Gnomes within the north-eastern area of the Old World known as The Empire. Given that *The Enemy Within* campaign is set in The Empire, it is hoped that this may be of use to GMs running that campaign. Those of you who are running campaigns in other areas should treat the article as a set of guidelines. The Gnomes of Albion, for example, may well have quite different attitudes and beliefs, although these are likely to be superficial rather than radical differences. You should also bear in mind the fact that by far the greatest concentration of Gnomish burrows is to be found in the foothills on the western edges of the World's Edge Mountains.

IMPERIAL GNOMES

Within The Empire, Gnomes have a reputation for clannishness, being regarded as a well-balanced race insofar as they obviously have a chip on *both* shoulders. It is true that they do not easily mix with the other races (adventurers being an exception to this, of course), but they are by no means as secretive and withdrawn as, for example, the Wood-Elves of the Laurelor Forest.

Gnome peddlars are a relatively common sight, and Gnome smiths and engineers are accorded almost as much respect as their Dwarfen counterparts—often more, but this is usually from fear of their acerbic wit and sharp-tongued sarcasm. Indeed, it is probably the Gnomish capacity for vitriol which led to the appointment of a Gnome as Imperial Court Jester as long ago as 1143; since then such appointments have become a tradition, and one which the current Emperor Karl-Franz I continues to maintain.

Nevertheless, Gnomes prefer to live among other Gnomes in self-contained, isolated communities. These are invariably burrows or cavern networks beneath The Empire's numerous limestone plateaus and other hill ranges. The Gnomish fondness for fishing is almost as infamous as their love of practical jokes, and no permanent settlement is ever established far from a well-stocked fishing lake or river (preferably underground). Indeed, the Gnomish skill with rod and line is almost legendary.

The largest Gnomish community in The Empire (Glimdwarrow) is to be found beneath the hill range known

as The Mirror Moors and numbers nearly a thousand inhabitants. Like other Gnomish settlements it is run along complex hierarchical lines, but since each member of the community has several different roles, and a correspondingly different status according to which role they are filling, Gnomish society invariably strikes outsiders as an incomprehensible confusion. Even their cousins, the Dwarfs, find it difficult to fathom the significance of the innumerable Gnomish customs and rules of etiquette. In each community, there is a clan overlord who acts as a sort of head of state, there is a religious leader who deals with matters spiritual, a craftsman who supervises mining and smithing activities, and a loremaster who guards the secrets of the clan's history, preserves its learning, and ensures that ancient customs and rituals are observed with clockwork precision (a sort of metro-gnome). Some clans also have a spellmaster who passes on the Gnomish skills in illusion-weaving to those few Gnomes deemed worthy of such an apprenticeship. Then, of course, the society's warriors are trained in the use of weapons and assigned to the Gnome guard...

THE GNOME CHARACTER PROFILE

If you decide to allow Gnome PCs in your campaign, you should be sure to generate any character *with* the player. Feel free to overrule any dice rolls that produce anomalies with the campaign you are running, and remember that as GM, you may refuse a player entry to any career which you think may unbalance the party.

The starter profile of a Gnome PC may be generated according to the following table:

M	D3+2	A	1
WS	2D10+30	Dex	2D10+20
BS	2D10+10	Ld	2D10+30
S	D3+1	Int	2D10+20
T	D3	Cl	2D10+20
W	D3+4	WP	2D10+30
I	2D10+20	Fel	2D10+20

THE GNOMISH PHYSIQUE AND CHARACTER

Gnomes in The Empire have often been described—though never to their faces—as small (or 'petty') Dwarfs. They are undoubtedly distant relatives, sharing the same stocky build and long, shaggy beards, but they are about ten inches shorter on average, and are noted for their large, bulbous noses. Gnomes are both more nimble and more dexterous than their larger cousins, and these facts, coupled with their well-known antipathy for other races, has often led to them being labelled 'thieving stunties'. But they also include some highly skilled illusionists amongst their number, for, unlike Dwarfs, some of them have a great natural aptitude for this kind of magic. Gnomes are also excellent smiths and craftsmen, and are fascinated—not to say obsessed—by all things mechanical; they love gadgets of all kinds. Few Gnomes

actually live as part of Human society, but they profit greatly from trade in Gnomish artefacts.

Most Gnomes are great practical jokers; there's nothing they like better than a good laugh at someone else's expense. But woe betide the man or woman who dares to extract the Michael from a Gnome, especially if he or she dares to make any derogatory comments about the Gnome's lack of stature. Not for nothing do they have a reputation for being short-tempered and difficult to get on with.

Being gregarious creatures, who invariably make their homes in communal burrows and caverns, it is unheard of for a Gnome to spend any length of time in the wide open spaces that foster Rangers. Accordingly, there are no Gnome Ranger characters, and the careers listed in the *Ranger Basic Career Chart* (WFRP, p18) are not normally open to them. Gnome PCs may still follow the careers of *Rat Catcher* and *Prospector*, however, since these are regarded as Warrior Careers.

Speak:	Ghassally - a Gnomish dialect of Khazalid (Dwarfish)
Night Vision:	30 yards
Alignment:	Neutral-Good
Height:	Male 3'6" +D8" Female 3'4" +D8"
Psychology:	Hatred for Goblins
Age:	The age of the character may be determined by rolling 8D10 for 'young' characters, and 8D20 for 'mature' ones. If the result is less than 16, roll again, adding the new score to the old. This gives a potential age range for Gnomes of between 16 and 175 years.
Initial Fate Points:	D3

SKILLS

The next step is to determine the number of starting skills a character has prior to career selection. Roll 1D4 and modify the result according to the character's age, as shown on the table below. For example, a Gnome character aged 76 would have 1D4+2 initial skills. Note that there are a number of mandatory skills for Gnome characters, listed below.

Age	No. of skills	Age	No. of skills
16-20	-	101-110	+1
21-30	-	111-120	+1
31-40	+1	121-130	-
41-50	+1	131-140	-
51-60	+1	141-150	-
61-70	+2	151-160	-1
71-80	+2	161-170	-1
81-90	+2	171-175	-2
91-100	+1		

All Gnomes have *Smithing*. If the character has two or more initial skills, the second will be one of *Jest*, *Mining*, or *Stoneworking*, with an equal chance of each. Any remaining initial skills should be selected at random from the appropriate column of the Chart below. Roll D100 for each and note down the skills as they are generated. If the same skill is rolled twice, ignore the second result and roll again. Consult pages 45-58 of the WFRP rulebook for descriptions of each skill.



SKILL CHART

Warrior	Rogue	Academic	Skill Title
01-05	01-08	01-04	Acute Hearing
06-12	09-12	05-08	Ambidextrous
	13-19	09-16	Blather
	20-27		Bribery
		17-24	Cryptography
13-16	28-31	25-28	Dance
17-24			Disarm
25-31			Dodge Blow
32-38	32-36	29-32	Excellent Vision
39-43	37-40		Fish
	41-48	33-39	Flee!
44-50			Fleet Footed
		40-46	Gem Cutting
	49-56	47-53	Haggle
51-54	57-64	54-57	Jest
55-60			Lightning Reflexes
	65-71	58-61	Luck
61-65	72-76	62-65	Night Vision*
		66-72	Orientation
66-69		73-80	Read/Write
70-74	77-84	81-84	Scale Sheer
			Surface
		85-88	Silent Move Urban
75-80	85-89	89-92	Sing
81-87	90-97		Sixth Sense
		93-00	Super Numerate
88-94	98-00		Very Resilient
95-00			Very Strong

*Note that all Gnomes have the innate skill of *Night Vision* to a distance of 30 yards. Characters who gain this skill increase this distance by 50% to 45 yards. GMs may wish to apply this rule to the other demi-human races.

DETERMINING BASIC CAREER

Once the character's career class (Warrior, Rogue or Academic) has been chosen, you may either select an initial Basic Career, or roll for one on the appropriate column of the table below. Remember that Gnomes are not eligible for any of the careers not listed here, i.e. most Ranger careers, any ship-bourne careers, and any careers involving horseriding (but see Note 1, below).

Warrior	Rogue	Academic	Basic Career
		01-10	Alchemist's Apprentice
		11-20	Artisan's Apprentice
	01-06		Bawd
	07-16		Beggar
01-07		21-30	Bodyguard
	17-27		Engineer
	28-33		Entertainer
	34-42		Footpad
	43-51		Gambler
		31-35	Grave Robber
		36-40	Hypnotist
	52-59		Initiate
	60-68		Jailer
			Jester (<i>new career - see below</i>)
08-14			Labourer
15-22			Mercenary ¹
23-29			Militiaman ¹
30-34			Noble ^{1 2}
35-42			Outlaw ¹
	69-78		Pedlar
		41-49	Pharmacist
		50-54	Physician's Student
43-50			Pit Fighter
51-59			Prospector
60-65			Protagonist ¹
	79-85		Raconteur
66-73			Rat Catcher
		55-63	Scribe
		64-70	Seer
74-80			Servant ¹
81-88			Smuggler
		71-80	Student ³
	86-94		Thief
	95-00		Tomb Robber
		81-90	Trader
89-96			Tunnel Fighter
97-00			Watchman
		91-00	Wizard's Apprentice

NOTES

¹ At the GM's option, *Ride* skill may either be disallowed or deemed to apply only to ponies/mules.

² This career applies only to Gnomish society. There are no Gnome nobles at the Imperial Court!

³ The Student career may either mean that the character has received some formal education in a Human university, or that he or she has served some time as an apprentice to a Gnomish loremaster (the Gnomish equivalent of the Advanced Career of Scholar).

NEW CAREER - JESTER

Jesters have been employed by most noble families in The Empire since time immemorial. In a political system where intrigue and double-dealing is the quickest way to the top, the 'fool' serves the dual function of relieving the pressures of command by presenting his/her employer in a comic light, and of being a trustworthy confidante—someone without political ambitions of their own. With their penchant for biting put-downs and off-the-cuff wit, added to their complete disinterest in the politics of The Empire, Gnomes are ideally suited to this role. It is true that they rarely remain in the job for long—sooner or later they either get fed up of being isolated from their own kind, or get carried away and have to be dismissed for insulting some visiting dignitary. Nevertheless, those Imperial nobles unable to find a Gnomish jester have often been heard to bemoan the fact that they 'don't have a Gnome to go to...'

Advance Scheme

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
	+10	+10			+1	+10

A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+20	+10				+20

Only Gnomes may have an initial career of Jester; others may become Jesters after completing the career of **Entertainer—Troubador**.

Skills

Acrobatics
Clown
Dance
Jest
Juggle
50% chance of Mimic
25% chance of Palm Object
25% chance of Wit
10% chance of Contortionist
10% chance of Ventriloquism

Trappings

Jester's stick
Quartered clothing
6 wooden balls
Rope (10 yards)

Career Entries

Basic
Entertainer
(Troubador)
Minstrel

Career Exits

Basic
Entertainer
(any)
Minstrel
Raconteur

Advanced
Charlatan
Spy



RINGIL - GNOME GOD OF SMITHS AND JESTERS

Description: Ringil is the chief deity of the Gnostic pantheon. He is the protector of the communal burrow, and the embodiment of the Gnostic skills of smithing and jesting. He is usually depicted as an elderly male Gnome with an impish grin, his right hand wielding a hammer, and the left clutching either a bladder on a stick or a fishing rod.

Alignment: Neutral.

Symbol: Ringil is usually represented by a stylized version of a jester's head on a stick.

Area of Worship: Ringil is worshipped by Gnomes throughout the Old World, and has also been adopted by some Dwarfs as Rukh, God of Smiths.

Temples: All Gnome burrows have a temple to Ringil; in most cases this takes the form of a huge cavern, preferably a natural one, illuminated only by *Glowing Light* spells. The temple is also used for large clan meetings.

Friends and Enemies: The Cult of Ringil maintains friendly relations with the Dwarf pantheon, and has cordial, if infrequent, contact with that of the Halfling deity, Esmeralda. It has very little to do with the gods of Elves and Humans and is openly hostile towards the enemies of the Gnome and Dwarf races.

Holy Days: Lesser festivals to Ringil are held on the first day of each month, and major festivals, usually known as 'Fools' Days' take place every three months.

Cult requirements: Any adult Gnome may become a follower of Ringil.

Strictures: All Initiates and Clerics of Ringil must abide by the following strictures:

- Never tolerate any insulting behaviour towards any Gnome;
- 10% of all income must be made over to the Cult;
- The products of a Gnome smith are sacred and must not be abused;
- No informing on a brother or sister Gnome.

Spell Use: Clerics of Ringil may use all *Petty Magic* and *Illusion* spells.

Skills: In addition to the skills normally available to Clerics, followers of Ringil must spend the necessary experience points to acquire one of the following at each level: *Evaluate*, *Haggle*, *Set Trap*, and *Spot Traps*.

Trials: A trial set by Ringil usually involves a daring and/or dangerous practical joke, or possibly the manufacture of a special item, the cost of which will be proportional to the severity of the crime for which the trial has been set.

Blessings: Skills favoured by Ringil are *Stoneworking*, *Engineer*, *Jest*, *Smithing*. Favoured tests are *Bluff*, *Construct*, *Estimate*, and *Pick Pocket*.



Chapter 11

Dwarf Loremaster

'We have warriors, the Dwarfs have Giant Slayers. We have Scholars: the Dwarfs have Loremasters. Sometimes it seems that they have to go one better in everything.'

—Eberhardt Festschrift, Chancellor, University of Altdorf.

The Loremasters are a uniquely Dwarfen institution, and represent the highest level of Dwarfen scholarship. Dedicated to the pursuit and preservation of knowledge, they are greatly respected and Dwarfen leaders value them highly for their advice and wisdom. It is the dream of almost every Dwarfen Academic to attain the rank of Loremaster.

Every Dwarfen settlement of any size will have at least one Loremaster, although—confusingly to other races—the title Loremaster is often conferred on the most able scholar of a Dwarfen community regardless of whether or not he is actually a Loremaster. They perform a vital task within the community, being responsible for maintaining chronicles and traditions and using their profound knowledge to advise community leaders.

Not all Loremasters shut themselves away with their books, however. The larger Dwarfen communities, in particular, are able to spare some of their Loremasters from day-to-day duties, and these individuals are able to pursue their own researches, often travelling far and wide in search of lost chronicles and forgotten Dwarfholds, trying to recover the records and knowledge lost during the carnage of the Elf and Goblin wars. Although few Loremasters are

skilled in combat, many are powerful spellcasters and they can call on a wide range of other abilities.

The Loremaster career can be entered from Artisan, Scholar, Alchemist level 4, Cleric level 4 or Wizard level 4. The character must be a Dwarf and must have completed at least two of the careers named.

Advance Scheme

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

SKILLS

Arcane Language—Arcane Dwarf; *Magick*; *Art*; *Astronomy*; *Chemistry*; *Cryptography*; *Daemon Lore*; *Mining Engineer*; *Evaluate*; *Heraldry*; *Herb Lore*; *History*; *Identify Magical Artefact*; *Identify Undead*; *Law*; *Linguistics*; *Magical Awareness*; *Magical Sense*; *Numismatics*; *Orientation* (underground only); *Palmistry*; *Rune Lore*; *Scroll Lore*; *Speak Additional Language*—player's choice; *Spot Traps*; *Super Numerate*; *Theology*.

TRAPPINGS

There are no specific trappings associated with the Loremaster career. A Dwarf Loremaster may retain the trappings of previous careers.

SPECIAL RULES

Dwarf Loremasters are held immense respect by others of their race. A Loremaster gains a +2 bonus to **Ld** and **Fel** when dealing with Dwarfs.

CAREER EXITS

Cleric
Wizard
Scholar
Artisan

NEW SKILL

Scholarship: This skill is unusual in that it is used mainly in the acquisition of other skills. A character with *Scholarship* skill is highly proficient in finding and assimilating information and can reach a higher level of expertise in intellectual matters than a character without it. In game terms, this skill works as follows:

A character with this skill may take a knowledge skill (i.e. one which affects **Int** tests) a second time. Each time the skill is taken it must be paid for with experience points in the normal way and a skill may not be taken twice from the same career. The effects of the skill are cumulative—for example if a character has *Theology* skill twice and must make an **Int** test where the skill gives a +10 modifier, then he gains a +20 modifier instead.

A character with this skill also gains a +10 modifier to all **Int** or **I** tests when trying to gain information from written sources—for example, when searching a wizard's library for a vital document or the formula of a potion.



Chapter 12

Elven Beastfriend

The Elves are attuned to the wild and to living things more acutely than any other humanoid race in the *Warhammer* world. Not surprisingly, their gods reflect this, and one of their major deities is Karnos, the Lord of Beasts, whom Humans identify with their own ancient deity of wild places, Taal. Karnos—who is described at the end of this section—is the patron deity of the Beastfriends.

Humans and other races have domesticated animals by taking them out of the wild and taming them. Elves work differently. To an Elf, the practice of breaking an animal's spirit to 'tame' it is barbarous and typically Human: they prefer to gain an animal's willing co-operation rather than force it into servitude. Humans see an inconsistency between this attitude and the Elven love of hunting, but Elves contend that their hunting is no different in terms of being 'natural' than the hunting of a wild cat or a pack of wolves. Like any other wild hunters, they take only what they need to survive. Hunting is not a sport for Elves.

Out of this rapport with nature is born the uniquely Elven career of the *Caraidh* or Beastfriend. All Elves have the potential for beast-friendship, some are born with it, while others may develop it during their lives. The Beastfriends develop their natural affinity for a particular animal species to an extraordinary degree. They have even been known to fight with Elven armies, their beasts alongside them on the battlefield, in defence of their forest homes.

BECOMING A BEASTFRIEND

The Beastfriend career is open to any Elf who follows Karnos, and may be entered from any other career. As well as spending the normal 100 experience points for a career change, the character must take to the forest for a certain time, preferably in the company of one or more Beastfriends who will be in charge of their training.

In game terms, the GM should handle this in the same way as other career changes (see *Chapter 1*) bearing in mind that the initial training to effect the career change must be undertaken in a forest environment.

The first step in becoming a Beastfriend is to determine the species with which the individual has a particular affinity. The GM can determine this secretly, bearing in mind the character's personality, or the GM and player can discuss the decision and agree on a species, or the player can roll on the following table:

D20 roll	Species	Beastfriend Title
1-4	Bear	<i>Caraidh Bruinn</i>
5-8	Boar	<i>Caraidh Much</i>
9-10	Hawk	<i>Caraidh Iolair</i>
11-12	Horse	<i>Caraidh Aech</i>
13-16	Hound	<i>Caraidh Cu</i>
17-20	Wild Cat	<i>Caraidh Cadhmorr</i>

These are the most common friend-species. There are rumoured to be others, but these are seldom seen, even by the Elves themselves. It is said, for example, that among the High Elves of old, rare individuals from the highest nobility were born with the gift of Dragon-friendship, which could not be learned by those not born to it. These were the *Beith-Caradan* Dragon-riders, thought by some to be no more than legend—and believed by others to be sleeping in the deepest forests with their mounts, awaiting an appointed time when they will be needed to save the Elven race from certain destruction.

Having entered the career and determined the friend species, the new Beastfriend must go alone into the forest and, using their *Charm Animal* skill, befriend one or more members of their friend species.

CAREER DESCRIPTION

Advance Scheme

Beast	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
Bear		+10		+2	+2	+2						+10		
Boar		+10		+1	+1	+2	+10					+10	+10	
Hawk	+1	+10	+10			+1	+20			+10	+10			
Horse	+1			+1	+2	+2					+10	+10		
Hound	+1	+10				+2	+10			+10	+10	+10		
Wild Cat	+1	+10		+1		+1	+20				+10		+10	

Skills

Animal Care
Animal Training
*Call Animal*¹
*Charm Animal*²
*Follow Trail*²
Orientation
Sixth Sense

¹ This is a new skill, available only to Beastfriends. The Beastfriend may call a number of animals from his friend species to him at any time, provided that he is in a forest in which they are a native species (in effect, any forest in the Old World).

The Beastfriend makes a *Ld* test, and if the test is successful the animals will appear in 2D10 minutes. They will appear in the following numbers:



Bear	1
Boar	D3
Hawk	1
Horse	1
Hound	D3
Wild Cat	D3

A Beastfriend may not make a second call while accompanied by animals from a previous calling.

² Upon entering the career, a Beastfriend automatically gains these skills with respect to his specific friend species only. To gain full use of these skills, they must be bought with experience points as normal.

In addition, a Beastfriend gains other skills according to the species with which he is allied:

Bear	<i>Specialist Weapon—Fist Weapons; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow</i>
Boar	<i>Frenzied Attack; Street Fighter; Strike to injure</i>
Hawk	<i>Dodge Blow; Flee!; Strike to Injure</i>
Horse	<i>Acute Hearing; Flee!; Ride—Horse</i>
Hound	<i>Acute Hearing; Frenzied Attack; Street Fighter</i>
Wild Cat	<i>Concealment—Rural; Silent Move—Rural; Specialist Weapon—Fist Weapons</i>

Trappings

There are no particular trappings associated with the Beastfriend career, although many Beastfriends arm and

dress themselves in style reminiscent of their friend species: thus, the *Caraidh Muchor*, Boar-friends, favour curving, tusk-like daggers, while the *Caraidh Bruinn* and *Caraidh Cadbmorr* (Bear-friends and Cat-friends, respectively) use clawed knuckle-dusters.

Career Exits

Initiate (Karnos)
Wardancer (see Chapter 13)
Scout

ANIMALS IN COMBAT

All Beastfriends can command their animal companions to fight with them. This requires a Ld test (based on the Beastfriend's Ld).

Bear

A Bear has the following profile:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	-	4	4	11	30	2	-	24	10	24	24	-

A Bear fights with two claw attacks. Wounded bears are subject to *frenzy*, and cause *fear* in creatures under 10 feet tall.

Boar

The forest Boars commonly found associated with *Caraidh Much* are smaller than the plains Boars described in the *WFRP* rulebook (p233) as being ridden by Goblins. They cannot be ridden. They have the following profile:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
6	33	-	3	3	11	30	1	-	10	14	14	14	-

Boars have one *gore* attack: boars with a Beastfriend do not cause *infected wounds*. Wounded boars are subject to *frenzy*.

Hawk

A hawk has the following profile:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	40	-	1	1	3	50	1	-	6	6	6	6	-

If a successful attack causes *additional damage* (see *WFRP*, p122), ignore all damage rolls. Instead, the attack causes 1 point of damage to the head and the target is permitted an I test to avoid losing an eye (+10 bonus for wearing a full-face helmet or a visor of any kind). Hawks fly as *swoopers* and have the normal protections against missile fire (see *WFRP*, p129).

Horse

The *Caraidh Aech* or Horse-friends often ride the horse to which they are bonded. Some rare individuals may be bonded to the whole of a chariot team. If the Beastfriend makes a successful Ld test at the start of a combat, the horse may act in all respects like a War-horse (see *WFRP*, p239), and makes all fear tests using the Beastfriend's Cl score instead of its own, while the Beastfriend gains a +20 bonus to all *Risk* tests involved in riding; this bonus includes the normal +10 bonus for *Ride* skill.

Hound

The hounds used by the *Caraidh Cu* are the specially bred Elven hunting dogs. They should be treated as war dogs (see *WFRP*, p235).

Wild Cat

The *Caraidh Cadbmorr* are found in the company of the great Wild Cats of the Old World (see *WFRP*, p234). A Wild Cat will always leap at the end of a charge into combat.

KARNOS, LORD OF BEASTS

Description: Said by some Human theologians to be an aspect of Taal, the Old Worlder god of nature and wild places, Karnos is one of the major deities of the Wood Elf pantheon, being the master of the forest animals among which Wood Elves live. He is the patron of Beastfriends, and is worshipped by some Elven scouts and hunters.

Karnos is normally portrayed as a composite being, over ten feet tall, with an Elven body but the head and tail of a stag. It is said that he can also take the form of any forest creature at will.

Alignment: Neutral. Nature favours neither good nor evil, and so neither does Karnos.

Symbol: like Taal, Karnos is represented by a stag's head with branching antlers. Elven Clerics of Karnos dress in the same way as other Elves.

Area of Worship: Wood Elf settlements throughout the Old World.

Temples: The whole of the forest is Karnos' temple: wherever his beasts wander, he is present. However, there are places which are more special to his worship than others: certain natural clearings, rocks, trees and so on. A Wood Elf automatically recognizes these places: members of other races cannot. Elves will almost always try to keep other races away from holy ground.

Friends and enemies: Followers of Karnos are generally well-disposed to other Wood Elves, and to those of other races who follow Taal, Rhya and the Old Faith. They do, however, maintain that Taal is a combination of a number of Wood Elven deities including Karnos, rather than Karnos being an aspect of Taal. By and large, followers of Karnos are indifferent to followers of other Old World deities, and they regard the cults of Chaos and the deities of the Goblinoids with unremitting hatred.

Holy Days: Karnos has two main holy days: the middle of spring, when food becomes plentiful and young are born, and the middle of autumn, when all species must prepare themselves for the coming of winter. The dates of these festivals are not fixed in the Imperial Calendar, but are calculated from various natural signs by a method set down in Elven tradition, so they vary from year to year.

Cult Requirements: Any Wood Elf may follow Karnos; most worship the whole Wood Elven pantheon in some degree.

Strictures: All followers of Karnos must keep the following strictures: never harm an animal except in self-defence or for food (since Elven hunts are always followed by great feasts, hunting is acceptable); never allow an animal to be harmed, except in the similar circumstances: do everything

in your power to force Goblinoids, Beastmen and Chaos mutants out of the forests.

Spell Use: Clerics of Karnos can use all Petty Magic, Elemental Magic and Druidic Priest spells, except *Tap Earthpower* and *Create Sacred Grove*.

Skills: Initiates of Karnos receive *Charm Animal* instead of *Secret Language—Classical*. Clerics of Karnos may roll once on the *Ranger Skill Table* at each level, re-rolling if necessary until they receive a skill which they do not already possess. This is in addition to the skills listed for each level in the *WFRP* rulebook (p151). Clerics of Karnos may gain the skill *Call Animal* at each level above *Initiate*, taking a different species each time.

Trials: Trials set by Karnos always involve the defence of the forest and its animals. This can involve driving away those who threaten animals ranging from a lone Human trapper to a Goblinoid or Chaos warband. In rare cases, a trial might be to relieve the suffering of animals—by freeing animals captured for pit-fights, for instance. The latter kind of trial has led to a certain amount of conflict with Humans in the past, but entertainments such as bear-baiting are less common than they once were, and Humans increasingly regard them as barbaric and unnecessary.

Blessings: Skills favoured by Karnos are all those to do with animals: *Animal Care*, *Animal Training*, *Charm Animal*, *Ride* and *Trick Riding*, and occasionally others, according to the circumstances. Favoured tests are mainly *CI* and *Fel* tests made in circumstances when animals are closely involved. On rare occasions, a one-shot use of *Call Animal* skill may be granted. Punishments, as usual, will generally be the reverse effects of blessings, but Karnos may also inflict a character with the *Animal Aversion* magical disability (see *WFRP*, p138).



Chapter 13

Elven Wardancers

Some way from the forest settlement of her Wardancer troupe, Yavathol was enjoying the hunt. She slipped through the forest with the lithe grace of a big cat, her eyes flicking to each shadowy movement. Occasionally she paused to listen, crouching silently, ready to spring. Dappled sunlight glinted from the great sword that hung from her waist, and the light breeze ruffled her mane of dawn-red hair.

But this was no normal hunt, for the prey she sought was inedible and more dangerous than any deer or forest cat. Today she hunted Beastmen. Several of the Chaos-twisted creatures were nearby and the harsh sounds of their Dark Tongue drifted on the breeze towards her.

A fleeting thought slipped through her mind as she crept nearer: 'Perhaps I should have brought young Brightbranch along. He has been accepted into the troupe, and is keen to be tested. This would have been a fair chance to prove himself a true Wardancer.'

She let the thought drift away—now was the time for concentrated action and the beauty of combat, not the worries of leadership. She valued these solo hunts for their feeling of solitary challenge—Brightbranch's time would come.

Just ahead of the Wardancer a group of five Beastmen were squabbling over the mangled remains of some hapless forest creature. They were hideous, covered in rank fur and flaking scales, their limbs marked with oozing sores, their fanged jaws dripping with blood. One had the bloated head of a huge toad, another steel-sharp talons and a long barbed tail. Yavathol found them abhorrent beyond words—even the most savage creatures of the forest had their natural place, their own raw beauty, but these were abominations to be destroyed without mercy.

Yavathol's amber eyes shone as she casually stepped out of her cover into full view of the creatures, her blade held loosely in her hand. A startled grunt came from the Beastmen as they dropped their meal and spun around to face the Wardancer. A dry chuckle oozed from the lips of Toad-head and a tentacle pushed from the mouth of one of its companions—at the tip of the tentacle was a single blinking eye, watching the Wardancer as Toadhead spoke.

'Ssssss only, ksssst, only one Elfss?'

The Beastman's lips pulled from its teeth, like raw liver sliding across a butcher's marble slab. Its gaze flickered with concern as Yavathol stared fearlessly, her eyes holding only death. Shrieking dark gibberish, the Beastmen rushed forward, certain that victory would be theirs.

As they neared her, Yavathol tensed and sprang, timing the moment with exquisite judgement. Her body left the ground effortlessly as she flipped over the Beastmen in a graceful arc, landing behind them even as her sword whirled in a blur of silver. The toad-like beast fell and mouthed a final gurgling curse into the dust as the

Beastman's headless body stumbled forward, pumping crimson as it collapsed. The remaining Beastmen whirled to face her. Yavathol lashed out with her feet, a series of whirling high-kicks that left another beastman twitching on the forest floor, its face a bloody ruin.

Yavathol began to keen, her voice rising and falling with strange harmonies as her body wove a hypnotic pattern through the web of sound. The Beastmen shook their heads, confused by the strange song and the shifting shape. Another fell, cleanly sliced by Yavathol's ever-moving, ever-whirling blade, an expression of pained surprise briefly crossing its face.

The last two broke and ran, terrified by the speed and ferocity of their foe. As they fled, Yavathol's arm moved in a blur and her hand-axe tumbled through the air, sunlight glinting from the blade over the trees in a thousand broken patterns. A fourth Beastman crashed to the ground, its skull shattered into a mess of bone and torn flesh.

Yavathol let the last Beastman run—he would have some grim tales to tell his kin about this area of the forest. Cleaning and polishing her sword on a soft bright cloth, she returned to the troupe, well pleased with the hunt.

As she entered the clearing, a young Elf rushed towards her. It was Brightbranch, his eyes alight with excitement.

'Yavathol, leader, the scouts report trespassers in the forest. Orcs have been sighted near the Brook of Many Colours, trailing another group from beyond the trees.'

The young aspirant looked up at his leader, hope on his face. Yavathol smiled as she spoke.

'Come then. Fetch Morfoin. Now will be the time of your testing.'

This chapter introduces a new career into your campaign. It includes a scenario in which the players meet the mysterious Wardancers for the first time, and gives elvish characters an opportunity to pursue this new career. Full details of the Wardancers' advance scheme, their new skills and the god they worship are given at the end of the chapter.

This encounter can take place in any large forested areas, a good way away from habitation. An ideal start is for the PCs to be lost in the woods, running out of food and starting to wonder where they are going to end up.

IN THE FOREST

You should start the ball rolling by filling the PCs with a sense of foreboding as they move through the thick woods. Having set the scene for your players, with faint daylight filtering down from above, damp mosses, scurrying noises from the undergrowth, and no signs of habitation for miles, read or paraphrase the following piece of text to them:

As you move on in the hope of finding a dry place to sleep you hear the chatter of harsh voices, coming from just up ahead. They are moving in your direction! Your steel is bright in your hands as more creatures than you can count sweep though the scrub toward you—big, green and screaming—ORCS!

This encounter should be shamelessly staged to give the player characters the feeling that they are in deep trouble. Put them up against as many Orcs as are needed to give a fight that starts matched, but rapidly gets worse as more of the Orcs pile into the fray. Profiles for Orcs of various powers are given below, and you should use as many of each type as you think are needed, but remember that the bulk of the Orc force should be made up of normal Orcs. Make it

obvious that the Orcs are offering no quarter, and that the only option for the PCs is to fight on, selling their lives dearly. If you are feeling particularly sadistic, you could have them defeat one group of Orcs after a hard fight, and just as they start to congratulate themselves, hit 'em with two loads more of the nasty green things. Enjoy yourself!

Orc Profile

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	35	25	3	4	7	20	1	30	30	20	30	30	20

Orcs are armed with hand weapons, and 50% of them have shields.

Orc Champion Profile

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

Orc champions are armed with hand weapons and shields.

Orc Hero Profile

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	55	45	4	5	11	40	2	40	40	30	40	40	20

Orc heroes are armed with double-handed weapons and have 1 point of armour on each location.

HELP ARRIVES

Just as things are getting really desperate, help arrives in the form of the Wardancers Yavathol and Morfoin, accompanied by Brightbranch (profiles below), and things look

up for the PCs. As the whole encounter is staged, it is a little unfair to let your players spend fate points here—a good time to bring on the Wardancers is as a player is about to spend a fate point. Instead of expending a fate point, the PC should be rescued by one of the Wardancers cart-wheeling into the attack. You should make their entrance as dramatic as possible—let out a loud battle-yell and read the following...

A cry that splits the air freezes the Orcs for a moment, as two lithe Elven figures with splendid manes of red hair rush into the fray, surrounded by a blur of whirling steel. Closely following them is a younger Elf who sports a more traditional haircut and also attacks the Orcs, all the while screaming an ululating battle-cry. The Orcs' confusion lasts for but a moment, and they quickly move to defend themselves. Heartened by this changing of the tide, you also begin to fight with renewed vigour—the odds are still bad, but at least you have a chance.

The Wardancers commence their attack using the *Whirling Death* special skill (see below). Thereafter, they will fight with great ferocity, using whatever special skills you think appropriate. You should try and balance the fight so that after a rousing combat it ends with the PCs and Wardancers victorious. It would be easy to overdo the Wardancers, letting them destroy the Orcs while the PCs stand and watch. Try to avoid this, making it clear that in order to be victorious, the PCs are going to have to fight.

Feel perfectly free to roll a handful of dice for the Wardancers and their opponents, and then ignore the numbers, simply describing the course of their side of the battle as you want it to go, keeping it exciting and a close-run contest—you don't want the players to sit around getting bored watching you roll for every Wardancer attack and Orc counter-attack. The PCs' own attacks should be rolled as usual.

AFTER THE FIGHT

When the fight is over, Yavathol will embrace Brightbranch, welcoming him to the brethren of her troupe. The young Elf will be proud and a touch embarrassed.

Even though the fight has ended, the PC's troubles are by no means over—the Wood Elves also regard the PCs as trespassers in their forest, and the PCs will have to do some fast talking to escape conflict with the Wardancers. Before attempting to run this pivotal role-playing encounter, you should carefully read all the information at the end



of this chapter which details the Wardancers and their god, their positions in Elven society and their attitudes to the various races that may be present in the party. This will give you all the background you need.

YAVATHOL

Yavathol is the leader of the Wardancer troupe that lives with the Wood Elves in this forest. She is a mighty warrior, used to the respect that her abilities and position command. Her manner is abrasive, and the Wardancer trait of condescending arrogance reaches a peak with this individual!

Appearance: Yavathol's appearance is striking—lithe and graceful, clad in well-cut leather, jewels sparkling at her throat with a cascading mane of dawn-red hair that sets off the strange amber of her piercing eyes. The mighty sword that she swings with such ease has the marks of many battles upon it, and shows the sheen that comes with great age and good care.

Reactions: Arrogant and self-assured, she demands to know what the PCs are doing in the forest. She is not impressed if the characters are over-apologetic, but nor does she react well to brash impoliteness. If the party contains any Elves, she mainly addresses them, all but ignoring the other PCs.

Yavathol is merely disdainful of Humans and Halflings, but she tolerates them. The main thing that impresses the Wardancer is prowess in combat, and if the party has killed many Orcs, and demonstrated courage and fortitude, Yavathol is more inclined to take the PCs seriously.

If there are any Dwarfs in the party, Yavathol's reactions vary according to the Dwarf's performance in the combat with the Orcs. She has an active dislike of Dwarfs, and even if a Dwarf character showed prowess in combat, the best reaction from Yavathol is along the lines of a pat on the head and a condescending remark ('doughty little fighter, isn't he?').

If the Dwarf seemed to do little in the fight, Yavathol may well insult him, casting aspersions about 'timid burrow dwellers' and the like. If the Dwarf PC (or his companions) cannot keep his responses under control, Yavathol offers to destroy the troublesome vermin, and if further provoked does not hesitate to attack the offending character. If it becomes clear that the Dwarf is treated as an equal member of the party, she becomes very suspicious of the PCs' motives for being in the forest. If the players are not careful, they will have another fight on their hands—one which they are unlikely to win.

The only thing that causes the Wardancer to grudgingly accept a Dwarf is if the Dwarf rescues or helps one of the Wardancers during the fight. You could arrange for a Dwarf PC to be in a position to assist an outnumbered Brightbranch during the fight—but remember that if the PC doesn't go to the Elf's aid, Yavathol's reaction will be one of anger. This is a sticky situation for the player of a Dwarf, and you must strike a balance between giving the player a hard time and being unfair. Whatever you do, don't compromise Yavathol—she is not intimidated by the party and won't stand for threats or insults.

If the party manage to converse with Yavathol without annoying her to the point of attack (which would be rather bad news for the party!), she offers to escort them to the Elven settlement before night finally falls. Before she does this, however, any Dwarfs will have to be at least disarmed, and at worst bound and gagged!

Yavathol's Profile

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	70	45	5	5	10	75	3	45	40	55	60	45	40

Skills:

Acrobatics; Ambidextrous; Dance; Distract*; Dodge Blow; Excellent Vision; Marksmanship—Thrown Weapons; Ride—Horse; Specialist Weapon—Two-Handed Weapons; Sing; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Transfix*; Warchant*; Whirling Death*.

* new Wardancer skills described later in this chapter.

Trappings:

Two-Handed Sword; Leather Armour (0/1 point on all body areas *except* the head); jewelled choker (tiger's eye gemstones, worth 100 Gold Crowns).

MORFOIN

A valued member of the troupe, Morfoin is the chief musician and plays the drums and pipes with great virtuosity. Less arrogant than his leader, Morfoin will move to assist any wounded characters using his *Heal Wound* skill. Morfoin sports a very flamboyant hairstyle, with much tree-resin supporting his magnificent sweeping locks. Morfoin will follow Yavathol's lead when it comes to dealing with the PCs, but he will point out that the PCs 'have no more love for Orcs than we do.'

Morfoin's Profile

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	60	40	4	4	8	70	2	50	40	50	50	45	40

Skills:

Acrobatics; Ambidextrous; Dance; Distract*; Dodge Blow; Excellent Vision; Heal Wounds; Marksmanship; Thrown Weapons; Musicianship; Specialist Weapon—Two-Handed Weapons; Sing; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Transfix*; Warchant*; Whirling Death*.

* new Wardancer skills are described further on in this chapter.

Trappings:

Two Swords, Two Throwing Axes, Sleeved Mail Shirt (1 point on body and arms).



BRIGHTBRANCH

Brightbranch is a young Elf, aspiring to become a Wardancer. He has been through all the rituals for acceptance into the troupe (explained below), bar one—his test. This battle with the Orcs is being used as Brightbranch's test—if he acquits himself well in the fight he is to become a Wardancer, and his special training will begin. He therefore fights with courage and determination, making a special effort to be seen performing some heroic action in sight of Yavathol.

The youngster is totally in awe of his Wardancer companions, and acts in the same way that they do—remember, he is anxious to belong and may, in a rather irritating fashion, repeat the things they say.

Brightbranch's Profile

4	40	40	4	3	7	60	2	40	40	50	50	45	45
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Skills:

Animal Care; Concealment—Rural; Excellent Vision; Dance; Follow Trail; Game Hunting; Silent Move; Rural; Specialist Weapon—Two-Handed Weapons; Orientation; Ride—Horse; Secret Language—Ranger; Secret Signs—Scout and Woodsman.

Trappings:

Two-Handed Sword; Mail Shirt (1 point on body)

THE SETTLEMENT

Assuming the Elves are well disposed to the party (if they aren't then the PCs will be abandoned in the forest or killed, depending on the extent of any problems that arise), they lead them through the woods to the clearing that holds the Elven settlement. Read (or paraphrase) the following passage to your players:

The Elves motion for you to follow them, and move off at a rapid pace through the thick undergrowth. Before long you come to a cunningly concealed path, which you follow for about half an hour as the last light departs, leaving you in darkness.

The Elves have *Night Vision* and are not hampered by the darkness. All the characters without this advantage will have problems—keep having them stumble; possibly losing things on the forest floor. The Elves object if anyone lights a lamp, stating that the light will attract predators. If asked, they will slow down and help the characters, but will make tactless comments on the inferiority of Human eyes. After another hour the party finally reach the settlement.

At last you seem to have arrived—the path opens out into a large clearing, dimly lit by a communal fire that burns in the centre of the camp. A mighty oak tree dominates the clearing, and Yavathol moves toward it, telling you to wait. The other two Elves wait with you and are joined by several others who move over from the fire. They watch you in silence, obviously waiting for something. After a few minutes the Wardancer returns, accompanied by a noble-looking Elf of great stature.

'Welcome,' the Elf says. 'Yavathol has told me of the events in the forest, and you who kill Orcs are given the right of guests here—I, Lord Erdil, decree it.'

Yavathol snorts, and leaves the group, followed closely by her two companions.

'You must forgive Yavathol, she has many things to concern her—Brightbranch has today proved himself worthy of the name Wardancer. Come warm yourselves by the fire, and avail yourselves of what food and drink we have to offer.'

The PCs are wined and dined, and offered a hut for their night's rest. Any troublesome Dwarfs are confined to a hut with some meagre food and water. Those who succeeded in impressing the Wardancers are treated in the same way as the rest of the party, although they are not allowed to carry weapons within the settlement.

Many of the Wood Elves are curious about the ways of Men, and quiz the characters for some time. Few of the Elves have ever visited a town or city, and they are especially interested in descriptions of these, shaking their heads, not understanding how any sane creature could live under such conditions. With their stress on living in harmony with nature, the Elves start a lively debate on the merits of the different lifestyles. Some of them may even express an interest in trying out the alternative lifestyle (much to the baffled amusement of their companions). Wood Elves attach great importance to the skills of impassioned debate and they freely dispense fruit wines to lubricate the discussion.

This encounter is rich in role-playing potential, giving the players the chance to recount past exploits in a stimulating environment. For their part, the Elves are glad to pass on general information about Wardancers, giving the PCs a different perspective on this strange caste of warriors. As it gets late, the Elves play some music, inviting the PCs to do the same before gradually moving off, leaving the PCs to get some sleep.

THE NEXT DAY

If the party includes no Elves then they are woken just after dawn and escorted to the edge of the woods. They are warned about venturing unbidden so deep into the forests of the World, and then their escort departs, leaving the characters to go about their business as though nothing had happened.

If the party contains one or more Elves they are invited to stay to watch Brightbranch's final acceptance into the Wardancer troupe. Read the following text to the players, or use it as a basis for your own description:

After a satisfying breakfast of nut porridge with berries and fruit juices, Lord Erdil enters your hut.

'Good morning. I trust you slept well and that the breakfast has filled you. Before you leave us, I thought you might wish to witness Brightbranch's final acceptance into Yavathol's troupe. It will be a display of a most worthwhile nature. Outsiders are not normally invited to such an event, but since your fates crossed the path of Brightbranch's test, Yavathol has agreed to let you watch.'

The wry grin on the Elf's face shows that this agreement was not easily won.

'You may wonder why I make you this offer—the reason is simple. It can only strengthen our position for the world outside to have some knowledge of the power of our warriors. So come, keep silent and watch.'

Lord Erdil leads you across the clearing to a large hut, set away from the rest of the settlement. Many other Elves are already standing in a wide circle inside the hut, and

your host gestures for you to take a place in the ring. As you do so, a compelling drum-beat begins and Morfoin appears at the hut entrance, beating a large drum that seems to be made from the skin of an Orc. Several other Wardancers appear, their bodies smeared with rainbow hues that match the bright colours of their hair. They all move to the beat of the drum, which speeds up as the dancing becomes more frenetic. A young Elf who you recognize as Brightbranch despite his newly spiked, dyed hair and body paint, moves into the hut. His eyes are glazed and he carries a sword.

'He has been up all night' Lord Erdil whispers. 'Practising.'

As the youngster moves into a whirling sword dance with the other Wardancers, you can well believe it. The display is incredible—the elves seem to overcome gravity as they cavort and leap, turning somersaults in mid-air, backflipping around the hut, while all the time keeping their blades under masterly control. The beat reaches a crescendo, and even as you are sure they must all collapse with exhaustion, the dance comes to an end with a mighty gasp. Silence falls and Yavathol, seemingly unaffected by the rigorous display, steps forward to speak.

'This dance serves two purposes. Firstly to remind us all of the power we have, here in the heart of our forest. And secondly to welcome Brightbranch to our troupe. He is now a Wardancer, elite among Elves, a warrior apart. Give him the respect he deserves.'

A feral grin spreads across Yavathol's face as she turns to address you.

'I see that some of you are curious about just how good we Wardancers are. If your courage matches your curiosity, you are welcome to pit your skills against mine.'

A murmur runs through the assembled Elves as Lord Erdil blinks, obviously startled at this development. His gaze locks with that of the mighty Wardancer before he speaks.

'If any among you wish to test yourselves against Yavathol, that is your right. But I have bestowed the guest right upon you, and your lives are now sacred. I suggest that those of you who wish to fight, fight together against Yavathol. As soon as you are wounded, you must drop out of the fight. Yavathol—you must yield before you die, for I do not wish to lose you. If Yavathol yields before all who oppose her are wounded, she will be judged the loser.'

If any of the PCs wish to take up the challenge, the assembled Elves form a large circle, in which the fight takes place. Lord Erdil points out that no dishonour will come from declining the challenge, but the sneer on Yavathol's face is at odds with his words.

Yavathol fights to the best of her ability, holding nothing back. She only yields when brought down to 1 or less Wounds. If any PCs try to fight on when wounded, they are dragged out of the ring by a group of Elves and berated for their lack of control. If Yavathol is defeated, she congratulates the PCs' fighting ability, even praising any Dwarfs who fought. If she wins, she condescendingly praises the PCs' courage in facing up to her. The other Elves treat any who fought the Wardancer with new respect, regardless of how



Brightbranch stood in the centre of the large hut, a lone still figure amid a blurring tumult of whirling, sweat-sheened bodies. He felt excited, proud and nervous all at the same time, for this was a great day. Today—if all went well—he would at last become a Wardancer.

It felt like a lifetime since he had taken his first steps into this strange and sacred caste. He could barely remember the time when, like the rest of his Elven kin, he used to think of Wardancers as alien beings—almost a separate race. His body had been trained to a degree of strength, speed and agility which his younger self would not have thought possible. His mind and spirit had been trained too—the wild music of the sacred drums and flutes thrilled through his body, calling to something deep, deep inside him. The effort to remain still was almost beyond him. And finally, the previous day, he had proved himself in battle. Now only the last rituals remained.

The five dancers leapt, spun and somersaulted around him in a mesmerising pattern as the voices of the bone flutes soared higher and higher. Then, almost without seeing the movement, he felt a touch on his shoulder. It was time for him to join the dance.

He leaped upwards like a salmon, somersaulting to kick the high ridge-pole of the hut and shake down a few fronds of the bracken roof. His landing was perfect—scant inches away from one of the ring of Wardancers, who twisted away like a willow-branch in the wind. But Brightbranch was faster, and landed a light tap on his shoulder—the mere token of a killing blow. The Wardancer left the ring; now there were four.

Brightbranch launched himself into a high backflip, and three Wardancers lunged into the empty space where he had been. He landed, and swift taps on two shoulders left only the last pair of dancers in the ring.

well they did. After the fight refreshments will be served, and Morfoin treats any wounds using his *Heal Wounds* skill.

If any of the Elves in the party express an interest in learning the way of the Wardancer you should move onto the next section, detailing Training and the Wardancer career. If no such interest is expressed (and Lord Erdil will certainly not suggest it) the party are provided with some provisions and escorted to the edge of the forest, effectively ending this adventure.

TRAINING

Having witnessed the awesome abilities of the Wardancers, it is quite possible that your players may express an interest in taking up the career for themselves. If this does happen, Lord Erdil first explains that such training could only be considered for an Elf, and that the candidate would have to go through all the rituals and testing that a member of the Elven community is expected to complete before becoming a Wardancer. If any players concerned are still interested, the Elf Lord suggests that they go and speak with Yavathol, for it is she that makes all decisions concerning the settlement's troupe of Wardancers.

The candidates are received by Yavathol in the troupe's hut. At first she is very sceptical of the newcomers' commitment and must be convinced that these characters are serious in intent. Much depends on the candidates' performance when Yavathol challenged the PCs at Brightbranch's final acceptance. If they fought with Yavathol, she is well disposed towards them. If they declined the challenge with a suitable

The two Wardancers leaped towards him simultaneously as he cartwheeled to his left. At the last minute, one of his attackers - a tall Elf-maiden with luminous amber eyes and resin-stiffened hair the colour of the dawn—twisted towards him, following his evasion. As his feet hit the earth floor, he bounced into a cartwheel back to his right. The second Wardancer was surprised for a fraction of a heartbeat, long enough for Brightbranch to land his fourth blow.

The others formed a loose circle around Brightbranch and his last opponent. They circled each other warily; Yavathol was the leader of the troupe, and Brightbranch more than half-suspected that she had been sparing him so far, so that she could test him to the limits in single combat. Her cat-like eyes glowed in the half-light of the hut, and her smile still disturbed him.

Brightbranch stayed still, evenly balanced on the balls of his feet. He knew that she was his most dangerous opponent, and decided to let her come to him. Then, at least, he would have the advantage of balance.

After what seemed like an hour, Yavathol moved. She flowed towards him like the wind rippling long grass. Brightbranch launched himself into a high leap but somehow she was there with him when he should have left her flat-footed on the ground. He twisted away from her reaching hand and hit the ground rolling. He was still inside the ring, but only just.

Yavathol landed on both feet, and bounced like a ball into a back somersault that took her clear across the hut. Brightbranch hurled himself into the air, and the two landed simultaneously. Two hands flashed out like striking snakes to two shoulders. Brightbranch stood uncertainly, not knowing whose blow had landed first.

'Well done, Brightbranch,' Yavathol chuckled like a purring wildcat. 'The fight is yours.'

excuse, perhaps praising the dancer, Yavathol is prepared to listen. But if the candidates seemed to just back out of the challenge, no amount of talking will convince Yavathol that they are worthy to become Wardancers.

Provided the characters can convince her of their commitment (role-play Yavathol's rather abrasive character to the full!), Yavathol is happy to accept the characters for testing. The first stage in the process of becoming a Wardancer is the candidates' ritual acceptance into the caste. This must be done before the testing, as it is considered important that Adamnan-na-Brionha, the Wardancer's god, should be alerted to the candidates' attempts, so he may aid worthy ones and hinder those he considers unsuitable. In reality such attention from Adamnan is rare, but the rituals must be adhered to.

The ritual is simple, and takes place in front of the whole settlement. Candidates must bathe three times, symbolically washing away their former lives in preparation for their new one. The aspirants are then dressed in simple white robes and must kneel before the assembled troupe. The troupe musicians play a free-wheeling chant, calling Adamnan-na-Brionha to accept the aspirants. Yavathol asks the candidates if they are serious in their aspirations, reminding them that it is not a decision to be taken lightly. This statement of commitment from the candidates ends the ritual. The rest of the day is spent coaching the aspirants in the dance forms that later become the basis for the Wardancer's abilities. The candidates must now take up residence in the Wardancers hut.

On the following day the characters' testing takes place. This begins with another ritual dance, at the end of which the characters are given the arms they will use as Wardancers. The test proper then begins.

The test may take one of several forms (see below). You should choose the one that appeals to you. Whatever you choose, make the test a real one for the PC. It would be easy to let it become a mere formality, with the PC assured of making Wardancer status. You should avoid this, and try to make it clear to the player that this is for real—no free rides. This will make the test exciting for the players, and will enhance their feelings of having achieved something special if they succeed.

Three different types of test are detailed below:

1. The test may take the form of fighting with some convenient enemy (such as the Orcs that Brightbranch was tested against). If you choose this option, the aspirants are kept on alert until Yavathol's scouts bring word of a suitable enemy: Goblinoids or Beastmen are the most likely opponents, but you could use almost any monster. The important thing is to balance the encounter to give your characters a tough challenge. They are to be accompanied by Yavathol but she may well stand at the sidelines, appraising the PCs' performance. She moves to rescue the PCs if needed, but only when they are in deep trouble—taking critical hits or spending fate points! Any PC who shouts for help will get it, but is deemed to have failed the test.
2. The candidate may be tested by engaging the leader of the troupe in single combat. Yavathol favours this test for any PC who has not already fought with her. In order to pass the test the aspirant must successfully strike the troupe-leader at least once during the fight and most importantly, the candidate must not back out of the fight even if they fear for their life—the leader will stop the fight when he or she is satisfied with the aspirant's performance, often inflicting terrible wounds to test the courage of the candidate.
3. The final form of test could involve the rest of the party. Each aspirant must land a blow on six non-Wardancers,

fought one after the other. These opponents are usually Elves, but honoured guests (i.e. the party!) are also acceptable. As soon as the aspirant lands a blow (i.e. causes a Wound) he moves on to the next opponent. The opponents are expected to fight back to the best of their abilities, and Yavathol is on the look-out for any cheating. The aspirants may yield at any time, failing the test.

After this test the aspirants must perform a ritual dance to Yavathol's satisfaction. The best way to run this is to get your players to jig around the room! If your players are too inhibited to allow you to get away with this, make each character take a Toughness test, reflecting the exhaustion of fighting six opponents and a Dexterity test to show the elegance of his movements. A failure in either means that the aspirant makes a botch of the dance and fails the test to become a Wardancer.

GAMESMASTER HINTS

When you run this part of the adventure, you should try to capture the feelings of ritual and ceremony—this is an important step for the characters, and you should make it a moment to remember. Assuming the characters pass their test, they spend the night practising some basic acrobatics in preparation for the next day's public acceptance into the troupe. The characters also have their hair dyed and set, and their bodies are painted with bright patterns that must be left to wear off with time.

After all this the characters' real training begins, during which they learn all the Wardancers' special skills, the code of the Wardancer and their place in Elven society. The new Wardancers are also instructed in the worship of Adamnan-na-Brionha, the Lord of the Dance. You can tackle this training in one of two ways—both options are given below, and you should choose the one that most suits your campaign's flavour.

Option 1: Training takes a few weeks and is paid for with experience points, just as with other career changes. This is the best option if you want to keep the character in the campaign for the next adventure.

Option 2: The complexity of the skills that must be learnt mean that the training takes a couple of years. This amount of time would mean little to an Elf, but a lot to a character's player. What is he going to play with while all this training is going on? This need not be a problem—there happens to be a Wardancer in the troupe who wishes to adventure in the outside world. If the player agrees, you can generate such a character and have the player concerned adopt the role of this Wardancer. This gives the player a spare character in case of future need and the Wardancer in training can be brought back into play at a suitable point later in the campaign.

WARDANCERS IN ELVEN SOCIETY

Being a Wardancer is more than just a matter of acquiring a few new skills. The Wardancer usually adopts the worship of a new god, and takes up a life that often involves living communally with the rest of a Wardancer troupe. Being accepted into the caste marks the start of a new life for the Elf—Wardancers see themselves as an elite group of warriors, and their dedication often borders on the fanatical. This elitist and often supercilious attitude is the reason for their separation from the mainstream of Wood



Elf society and their habit of living in communities at the edge of a normal Elven settlement.

Although most troupes are still closely attached to a nearby Wood Elf settlement and generally accept the instructions (or suggestions, as they see them) of the settlement's leader, the troupe's activities are largely determined by their chief Wardancer, a respected warrior treated as a near equal by the local Wood Elf leader. Wardancers are greatly admired by other Elves, for no one disputes the Wardancers' contribution to the safety of the Elven settlements. But underlying this admiration is a certain amount of fear and suspicion for those who choose to live apart—the strange behaviour of these warriors is often disconcerting.

You should try to make sure that any characters who become Wardancers take on board all these social changes, and don't just treat their new career as a few nifty techniques for becoming two-dimensional killing machines. Use the approbation of the Elven community and an occasional blessing from Adamnan to reinforce the character's behaviour as a Wardancer. If the character continually acts in a graceless or cowardly manner, feel free to show Adamnan's displeasure by suspending one or more of the character's special skills (the character is wracked by strange muscular pains, preventing the use of the skill) until he has proved himself by undertaking a suitable trial.

THE WARDANCER CAREER

Among the Wood Elves of the Old World, the most feared and respected warriors are the Wardancers. They live for the glory of battle, and dedicate themselves to reaching the peak of fighting prowess. They are also masters of courtesy

and dance, performing their intricate manoeuvres with consummate ease and grace.

Wardancers are to be found in many of the larger Elven settlements in the forests of the Old World. They prefer the company of their own kind, but often live a little way apart from the main settlement, practising their warchants and feats of arms while waiting for action.

Wardancers may become adventurers for a number of reasons. An adventurer's life offers plenty of action, and almost unlimited opportunities to hone their skills against a variety of opponents. They are wilder than the majority of Elves, and some find life in the forests tame and dull. Wardancers may even take to adventuring among other races as a result of an unspoken disgrace or indiscretion, much (although it's unwise to make the comparison) as a Dwarf may become a Troll Slayer.

Wardancers are distinguished by their graceful pride, their love of fighting and their fondness for spectacularly dyed hair, often stiffened with tree-resin.

ADVANCE SCHEME

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
+1	+40	+20	+3	+3	+8	+20	+2	+10	-	-	+20	-	+10

Skills

Acrobatics; Ambidextrous; Dance; Distract*; Dodge Blow; Marksmanship—Thrown Weapons only; Specialist Weapon—Two-Handed Weapons; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Transfix*; Warchant*; Whirling Death*.



Trappings

Hand Weapon; Shield; Spear, or Two-Handed Sword, or Two-Handed Axe.

Entered From*

Bounty Hunter, Mercenary Captain, Judicial Champion, Pit Fighter, Outlaw, Scout.

* Non-Elves may not enter this career.

Career Exits

Mercenary Captain, Outlaw Chief, Judicial Champion

NEW SKILLS

Transfix

This skill allows the Wardancer to confuse an opponent with a rapid succession of feints and flurries. The Wardancer must make a successful **I** test to use this skill. His opponent must make a **WP** test—if he fails, the Wardancer gains a +10 to hit bonus against him, and the transfixed victim suffers a to hit penalty of -10 against the Wardancer. A Wardancer fighting more than one opponent need only make a single **I** test; each opponent must make a **WP** test, and all those who fail are affected as normal.

These modifiers continue, without any further tests, until the transfixed opponent hits the Wardancer (although he need not actually cause a wound).

The Wardancer cannot transfix opponents with **Int** 6 or less, or opponents who are immune to psychology (eg Undead).

Warchant

A Wardancer may only sing his *warchant* when he is charging an opponent. The Wardancer must make a successful **Int** test to raise a rousing warchant, and the effects are as follows:

1. The Wardancer may choose to enter *frenzy*;
 2. All friendly characters gain a +10 bonus to *fear* and *terror* tests while the Wardancer is chanting;
 3. All hostile characters and creatures suffer a -10 penalty to *fear* and *terror* tests while the Wardancer is chanting.
- The *warchant* lasts until the Wardancer is wounded, or until he spends a round out of combat (i.e a round in which he is neither attacked nor tries to land a blow). A new *warchant* may be raised when the Wardancer charges again.

Distract

This skill allows the Wardancer to hold an opponent off by performing an intricate, almost balletic, sequence of jumps, twists and back-flips.

The Wardancer may not make any attacks in a round while attempting to distract, but has a +10 bonus to all *dodge* and *parry* attempts due to his tortuous weaving and ducking. If the Wardancer is wounded, he may not use this skill in the following round.

Whirling Death

When he throws himself into the state of maniacal fury known as *Whirling Death*, the Wardancer may make additional attacks up to double his **A** score. Thus, a 3 allows 3 additional attacks, and so on. Each additional attack must be paid for with 1 **W** point, representing the strain this self-induced fury puts on the Wardancer's physique.

The Wardancer may not parry while using *Whirling Death*, although he may attempt to dodge. *Wound* points spent while using this skill are recovered normally. A Wardancer who reaches zero W while in a state of *Whirling Death* becomes unconscious until healed back to 1 W.

This skill may not be used in conjunction with *Distract*, *Transfix* or *Warchant*.

Psychology

Like all Elves, Wardancers are subject to *animosity* against Dwarfs, and in addition they are subject to *hatred* of all goblinoids.

Weapons and Armour

Wardancers, or characters who have been Wardancers, may not use any of the special Wardancer skills while wearing more than 1 AP of non-magical armour on each location (shields excepted), or while using any weapons other than hand-to-hand weapons or thrown missiles.

ADAMNAN-NA-BRIONHA: THE LORD OF THE DANCE

Description: Adamnan-na-Brionha was born in the mists before the dawn of time, of a union between the forces of Sound and Motion. The Wardancers hold that he is The First Being, whose dance structures the Universe. He is also known as The First, and The Lord of the Dance.

Adamnan-na-Brionha reflects two seemingly contradictory aspects of life—the joy of dance and the fury of righteous slaying. He appears as a mighty Elf, whose left hand side is slender and graceful, and whose right side shows the massive muscles of a mighty warrior. His face is also split between an expression of transcendent bliss and one of eye-popping fury.

The Wardancers believe that it is their fusion of war and dance that provides the earthly interpretation of their deity's cosmic manifestation.

Alignment: Neutral.

Symbol: Adamnan is symbolized by a flute held in a clenched fist. Devotees of The Lord of the Dance usually adopt one of the flamboyant Wardancer hairstyles, and, in addition, they must wear their god's symbol, either as a pendant or a pair of earrings. Their left ear holds a tiny flute, often worked in silver, while the right is home to a clenched fist, usually worked in gold.

Area of Worship: Adamnan-na-Brionha is worshipped by Wood Elves across the Old World, including all Wardancers.

Temples: The organized trappings of most religions are alien to these free-living Elves, and formal temples are not used—Adamnan-na-Brionha is to be worshipped in the heart, not tied to any one place.

Friends and Enemies: Followers of Adamnan are on good terms with those who worship the rest of the Wood Elf pantheon, and have a generally positive (if condescending) attitude towards the Old Faith and the cults of Taal and Rhya. They also get on reasonably well with followers of Ranald. Other Human cults are generally ignored, and the Dwarf pantheon is regarded with a certain amount of amusement.

Traditional racial enemies—especially goblinoids—are regarded with contempt and hatred, as a kind of vermin to be destroyed at every opportunity.

Holy Days: Specific dates hold little meaning for the followers of Adamnan-na-Brionha, and his cult has no specific holy days. It is events and actions which are important, hence dancing, rightful killing, training, and the acceptance of new Wardancers are all held to be sacred acts when performed with the correct attitude of mind. For those versed in the higher mysteries of Adamnan, each action, however trivial, forms part of the Dance of Life and every experience is deemed to be as significant as every other.

Cult Requirements: The cult is open to all Elves. An Elf must complete the Wardancer career before proceeding to become an Initiate of Adamnan.

Strictures: The cult of Adamnan places few strictures on its members: they must keep themselves fit and supple at all times, and never act in a manner that threatens the good of the Elven race.

However, certain things may particularly please or displease Adamnan; these are mainly related to attitudes rather than actions. Entering combat with joy and righteous anger and fighting with athletic elegance are considered pleasing to the Lord of the Dance. Killing in a mean-spirited, cowardly or inelegant fashion attracts his displeasure.

Spell Use: Clerics of Adamnan may use all Petty Magic spells, and all Battle Magic spells except *Fire Ball*, *Wind Blast*, *Lightning Bolt* and *Curse of Arrow Attraction*. Instead, Clerics of Adamnan may use the level 1 Illusionist spell *Bewilder* and the Elemental spells *Cloud of Smoke* (level 1), *Resist Fire* (level 2) and *Dust Storm* (level 3).

Skills: Initiates and Clerics of Adamnan may gain one of the following skills at each level: *Dance*, *Musicianship*, *Sing*, *Street Fighter* and *Wrestling*. These skills must be bought with Experience Points as usual.

Trials: A trial set by Adamnan will usually involve dealing with a creature or group of creatures that has failed to treat the Elven race with due respect—for example, goblinoids encroaching into the forest, or Human woodcutters and charcoal-burners who have dared to invade the deeper parts of the forest and cut down some sacred tree. The style in which a trial is undertaken is at least as important as its success.

Blessings: A blessing from Adamnan may take the form of the single use of an appropriate spell, a skill from the lists above, or the automatic success of one test from the following list: *Fall*, *Jump*, *Leap*, *Reaction*, *Risk* or any test on WS.



Section Three:

People and Places

Ever needed just a little extra something, or someone, to add colour to a session of play? A short incident, or an encounter to fill a gap in your campaign? A ready-to-run scenario to reach for when you haven't had time to prepare one yourself? We have what you've been looking for.

Here you will find a handful of NPCs—a doctor with a difference, strange travelling companions, and a ghostly friend in need—who may cross your player characters' path. Perhaps they will simply add a little extra atmosphere for one short gaming session; perhaps some of them will become useful friends and contacts for the future.

Two new settings for adventures, both taken from the novel Drachenfels, are also detailed—how about a murder mystery on the luxury river liner the Emperor Luitpold? Or a plot centred around the Great Hospice of Frederheim? Finally, you will find two short, ready-to-run scenarios which can be easily fitted into any Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay campaign.

Chapter 14

Is There a Doctor in the House?

Look, it's got to come out. You've got no choice.' 'Uh. In Mórr's name, you're not touching my leg leg with that knife.'

'Well, if you won't let me see to it—and that arrow-head's got to come out, you know—then I'll have to take you to a doctor.'

'Oh great...arghh. And what will we pay him with—kind words?'

'I just happen to know of a cheap physician, so don't worry about it.'

'What do you mean? None of 'em are ch...NO! You don't mean...But he's mental. Shallya's mercy, don't let him touch me. I'd sooner keep the arrow, if it's all the same. You take me to him and I'll...oh...AH...ARGHHHH.'

'Well, you're in no condition to argue, so that settles it. Erich it is.'

At some time or another, every character will require medical attention. There are various institutions which provide such a service, but circumstances may narrow down the adventurers' choice. Physicians are expensive. The Temple of Shallya may ask awkward questions. The most likely port of call therefore is an independent such as Erich Hinfällig. A discreet visit to Erich will provide a fair patch-up job at very reasonable rates. However, like all doctors, he is not easy to see without an appointment, something that his Halfling assistant Hartwig emphatically points out.

SETTING

Erich's clinic is a dilapidated house in the Ostwald district of Middenheim. Or it can be anywhere else you need it to be; most cities have a few like him. They are usually to be found in one of the poorest areas of the city, where interference from the Physicians' Guild is minimal.

REPUTATION

Erich is extremely cheap—on average about a third of what a regular surgeon would charge. If the character decides to do without any drugs, a complete treatment can cost less than half the price of a normal consultation.

The underworld and lower classes—who form the bulk of his clientele—know Erich as a good physician, who

charges a fair price for a fair job: 'Well, if yer can't afford to be done proper like, you could try Erich. He's patched me up a few times—'ere, 'ave a look. All right, so the scar ain't so pretty, but I was goin' t' give the Gravin's Ball a miss this year anyway. An' it's 'eld t'gevver well enough. A word to the wise, though—whatever you do, don't let him put you out...y'could end up a leg short if don't watch 'im. I'm serious.'

Adventurers will also know him: 'Try old Hinfällig. I've used him a few times, and he ain't bad. Fairly cheap too. That dog bite I took when trying to...liberate some goods, I took that to old Erich. He gave me some kind of paste to rub on it—stank worse than an Ogre's armpit, it did. Did the trick, mind you. Yep, as you're in the same line of work, I'd recommend Erich, you can do a lot worse than him. Mention my name when you see him.'

Members of the Physicians' Guild and other high class professionals won't know of him in his current identity, but they might remember his previous life: 'Erich? Oh, yes. I remember Erich...Erich Carroburg if my memory serves me. Yes, very talented: a natural gift for the knife, I'd say. Would have gone far but for...well, he was Human, and whose mind can hold up under something like that? Don't know

It was a bitter Marktag evening in late Ulriczeit, and the Imperial Expressway coach was nearing the end of its journey. The roofs of Nuln could just be seen in the distance, rising out of the surrounding forest into the chill air. There was only one passenger on board tonight, a doctor visiting the renowned University of Nuln.

Erich Carroburg folded the paper in two and put it inside his case with an air of satisfaction. Everything was prepared for his lecture the following morning. He moved the curtain and peered out into the evening gloom, eyes straining to pick out landmarks he might know. Expecting to see the city, he was not surprised by the crimson lights in the forest. He was very surprised when they blinked.

The pain in his leg was immense, but he dared not move or cry out. The edges of the wound oozed with a purple ichor that took the skin off his fingers when he touched it. Blood ran down his face from his lower lip, where he'd bitten it to stop himself screaming. Staying silent had saved him from the fate of the coachmen now being consumed with gusto by those deformed parodies of nature. Their claws tore ragged strips of flesh from the still-living bodies, cramming it into foaming jaws. With their insane jabbering and wailing in his ears, Erich passed out.

When he regained his senses, the air was silent, chill and dark. The pain in his leg had receded to a dull ache. He looked down, puzzled; his five years of medical experience could not prepare him for what he saw. From his knee down, a myriad of tiny tentacles were waving in the still air; they spread out along the ground, tentatively stroking the blood-sodden earth. Nothing remained which he could recognize as a foot.

Fighting to stop his hands shaking, he reached out to the black leather bag by his side. The moonlight played on the edge of the saw as he brought it out. He took a deep breath, and jammed a thick wad of cloak between his teeth.

There was only one thing to do...

what happened to him; he just vanished. Probably ended up in the gutter somewhere with a bottle for a friend. Such a shame. Waste of a real talent.'

ERICH HINFÄLLIG

Erich Hinfällig is a tired, old man. He looks about 55, but is only 34. He is 5ft 9in tall and running to flab. His hair is pure white, long and unkempt, while his eyes are hazel and twitch uncontrollably. His most prominent feature however, is his left leg—or rather his lack of it. He was forced to amputate it himself, following a wound inflicted by some weapon of Chaos.

This experience, not surprisingly, had a deep and terrible effect upon the mind of the young doctor. He drank to forget, but nothing could stop the nightmares; he drank to steady his hand, but it shook all the more. His patients made sympathetic noises, and quietly took their business elsewhere. He was finished. When he left Nuln, he left Erich Carroburg behind him—and thus was born Erich Hinfällig. The next two years saw him stumbling from one job to another, sinking deeper into alcoholism and despair. At last he found himself in Middenheim, squatting in a deserted warehouse, a broken man with no purpose in life.

However, his fellow squatters—and a Halfling thief named Hartwig in particular—quickly became aware of his knowledge of medicine. He was prevailed upon from time to time to dress wounds which couldn't be taken to 'straight' physicians, and he effected some reasonable cures. Despair had achieved what alcohol could not. No longer caring, he no longer shook; depression filled his mind so completely it left no room for nightmares.

Erich's ring of contacts expanded as news of his usefulness spread. Not caring about answers, he asked no questions, not caring about money, he charged no fees—although Hartwig was quick to establish himself as the physician's partner and saw that both of them were well provided for. At last, a nameless benefactor—rumoured to be the one known only as 'the Man'—provided the wherewithal for a surgery to be equipped in the slums, where anyone could receive treatment at a fair price, or a warm bed to die in if they were beyond help.

Many came to him for help. Erich had finally found a place where he was needed. This, he felt, was what he was born to do. Struggling against drink and depression, he gathered together the tattered remnants of his self-respect. Erich Carroburg was still dead, but Erich Hinfällig had begun to remember him. With Hartwig's staunch support, fourteen months on, Erich is a changed man. He still suffers from occasional amnesia—whole episodes of the past four years have been wiped out—and he has a pronounced stammer. Sometimes he still succumbs to the lure of alcohol or black depression. But on his better days—which are becoming more common—he feels that what he is doing is worth something. That *he* is worth something.

He despises the Physicians' Guild, its obsession with fees and its stranglehold on the availability of treatment. The corruption within it sends him into bitter furies, raging against the price set on life and healing. In his blacker moments, he will sit for hours pondering his downfall, and wondering how he can stop such things happening to other people. He is cynical about religion and its followers, and has become a staunch critic of the cult of Shallya—who knows what risks you run when you appeal to a deity for healing? He knows that the gods are un-hearing—what did they do for him, in his hour of need? He is obsessed by the threat of Chaos, having experienced it at first hand. On most



other topics he is reasonable and easy-going, never making a judgement until he knows the facts: he has seen enough of life to realize that appearances can be deceptive.

Erich is a softly spoken man, who never says more than he needs to. This comes partly from his doctor's training and partly from a conscious desire to hide his stammer. Many people take him as a native of the city, since terseness is a well-known characteristic of Middenheimers.

In time, Erich hopes to regain the rank he lost in society, and ultimately to reach a position from which he can do some real good—abolishing the corrupt Physicians' Guilds and making need, rather than money, the guiding principle of a physician's life.

Doctor Erich Hinfällig's Profile

Beggar, ex-Physician

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	28	24	4*	6*	10	51	1	61	35	55	52	50	31

Age: 34

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Cure Disease; Drive Cart; Excellent Vision; Heal Wounds; Manufacture Drugs; Prepare Poison; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language—Classical; Silent Move—Urban; Surgery; Very Resilient; Very Strong.

Possessions: Bottle of rotgut; crutch; dagger (I+10, D-2, P-20); 2 doses of Ranald's Delight.

Alignment: Neutral

Insanity Points: 4

Disorders: Manic (I+6, Fel -5), Stammer (Fel -5).

Reactions: Erich's general attitude to those above him on the social ladder is one of dislike. They all care for money

rather than right and justice. He has become an inverted snob since his fall from grace. In addition, Erich dislikes Clerics of all kinds. Initiates, Clerics, Physicians and their Students, Nobles, and all other characters who move in 'society' rather than among the proletariat all suffer a -10 penalty to all Fel tests when dealing with him.

HARTWIG FLATBUSH

Hartwig is a plump middle-aged Halfling, only 4ft tall but solidly built with curly dark hair. His eyes are dark brown, and never miss a trick—they are always darting about, watching everything at once. He appears to be rather sullen—he rarely smiles, and when he does it is usually the smirk of someone who considers himself superior.

Brought up in the village of Rottefach near Altdorf, Hartwig is the only son of the village innkeeper and his wife. His childhood was quite happy until, at the age of 24, he was kidnapped by slavers and ended up as a cook and servant for a cruel Estalian wine merchant. Regularly beaten for no reason other than his master's pleasure, he learnt to expect the blows but could do nothing to stop them.

He endured this for two years until—one night in Marienburg, where his master was trading—he snapped. In the early hours of the morning he murdered the cruel merchant and, taking all of his money, set off for Middenheim and a better life. But, within sight of the Fauschlag rock, Hartwig was robbed by outlaws, only just escaping with his life.

Penniless again, he had no choice but to carry on into the city and settle where he could. He fell in with the Thieves' Guild which gave him work as a look-out. He rarely got a fair share of the spoils, and became very dissatisfied with the arrangement. He parted company with the Guild, and took to selling meat pies around the marketplace. Following numerous complaints about the pies and rumours about

where he obtained his meat, he found himself squatting in a deserted warehouse in Ostwald with no money and no idea of what to do next.

Then, one morning, a beggar appeared. With a wooden leg and a severe drink problem, he seemed to be nothing special—just another down-and-out. There was, however, something different about him. Hartwig sidled over and introduced himself...

A harsh life has made Hartwig brusque, bitter and intolerant—unusual for a Halfling. Having spent most of his life suffering at the hands of prejudiced, cruel and selfish people, he expects the same from everyone. His trust is hard to earn, but once given it is unconditional and lifelong. He is sarcastic and short-tempered, and the one thing he really can't stand is being patronised because he is a Halfling. He is very proud of his heritage (like most Halflings) and he knows an impressive range of invective in a good few languages.

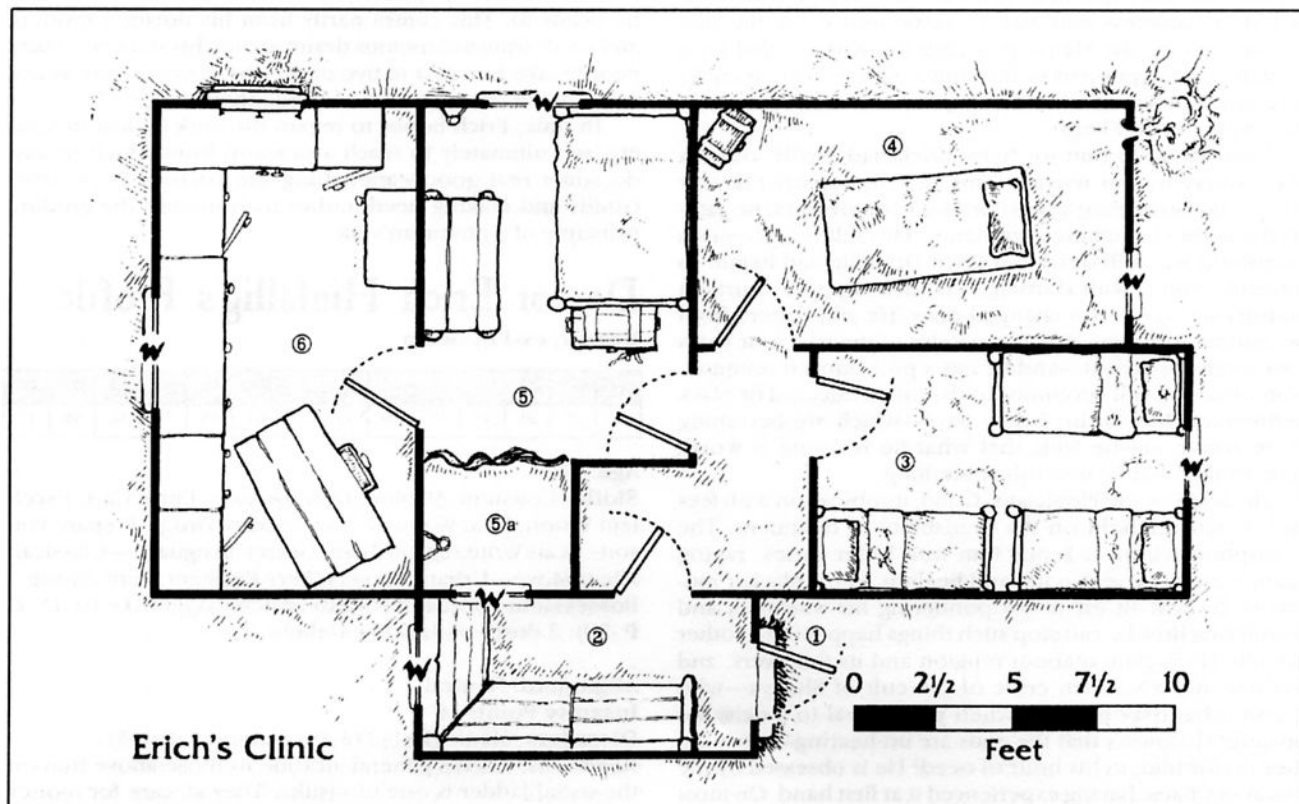
Hartwig's main duties are cooking (which he doesn't mind) and cleaning (which he does). He also acts as Erich's assistant, receptionist, business agent and general minder. The Human still doesn't have both oars in the water (as they say in Marienburg) most of the time, and someone has to look after the practicalities. Hartwig does this extremely well, with a typically Halfling down-to-earth attitude.

He still has some dealings with the Thieves' Guild, but this is a closely guarded secret which he keeps even from Erich. He might act as a contact for an adventurer he decides he can trust.

Hartwig's Profile

Halfling Thief, ex-Cook

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	31	32	3	2	7	61	1	53	19	12	23	38	17



Age: 28

Skills: Blather; Concealment—Urban; Cook; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Evaluate; Herb Lore; Palm Object; Read/Write; Secret Language—Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs—Thieves; Silent Move—Rural; Silent Move—Urban, Sixth Sense.

Possessions: Dagger (I+10, D-2, P-20); William, a pet white mouse, lives in Hartwig's breast pocket. Hartwig feeds William on kitchen scraps and can often be seen petting him.

Alignment: Neutral

Reactions: Hartwig's difficulty in relating to people is reflected in his low Fel score. In addition, merchants suffer a -20 modifier to Fel tests when dealing with him.

ERICH & HARTWIG

The relationship between Erich and Hartwig is quite simple: Erich has a natural ability as a surgeon but had lost the will to use it; Hartwig is a bossy Halfling who, having met the one person outside The Moot whom he considers unselfish, is not about to sit by and let such a skill go to waste. Erich is the talent, while Hartwig is his conscience and driving force.

'What are you doing, you idiot! You look a real mess. How do you expect to treat anyone in that state—well?'

'T-treat them to (hic) what?'

'Not treat them to what, treat them! Mother Esmeralda give me strength. Treat their wounds. Remember wounds? You are a doctor sometimes.'

'If—(hic)!ff you shay sho (snigger) I m-mussht be.'

'You ought to be ashamed of y'self, you did. Look at you. Give me that damn bottle before I shove it so far down your throat you'll get wine-stains on the seat of yer pants!'

'S-shorry H(hic)!artwig. It was only a s-sip (hic).'

'Oh...that's all right. Come on, you damn fool, let's get you sobered up.'

COST OF TREATMENT

Erich normally charges 15/- plus a percentage of the cost of the raw materials he uses. Currently this is 110%, though this may be *bagged* down to a minimum of 80%. If the patient decides to do without any drugs (brave man), there is still the minimum charge of 15/- to cover Erich's other expenses.

The following table gives the costs for the drugs he keeps in stock. These are the costs to him—he will charge them to patients at the agreed price. He can obtain other drugs at the normal prices, although delivery for such items is usually two or three days.

Drug	Cost
Eye Sand	20 GCs
Geshundheit	15/-
Ranald's Delight	5/-
Spiderleaf	15/-
Tarrabeth	10/-
Valerian	5/-

ERICH'S ROUTINE

Erich lives and works at his clinic, and can be found there 80% of the time during the hours of daylight. The rest of the time he is in the Altmart buying food and herbs. He is always in the building at night.

THE CLINIC

This single storey, shabby wooden building lies unobtrusively amongst the slums of the Ostwald district of Middenheim, just off the Ecke Strasse. The haunt of numerous gangs and home of the city's low-life, very few buildings here are occupied for any length of time—homes vanish in nocturnal arson attacks and the inhabitants of the streets are never the same two days running. It is a testament to Erich's position within the community that the clinic has remained intact for so long—indeed, any person threatening Erich or the clinic is unlikely to survive until the next sunrise, such is his value to people who live here.

Locals will be able to point out the clinic quite easily. Searching for it is harder: its only identifying feature is a peeling picture of a pestle and mortar on the door, badly painted and already faded.

The building itself is made of various hardwoods, lashed together with nails and rope. It is in a very poor state of repair, the few windows having long since been boarded up to keep out the rain. The once whitewashed walls are stripped down to the bare wood by the bitter wind, leaving nothing but a few pale patches underneath the eaves. Moss now covers most of the roof, here and there the rot has broken through to let the rain into the rooms below.

There are two doors into the building, though the back door is unsafe and was nailed shut with heavy planks some time ago.

1. Front Door

This is an oak door, bolted from the inside during the night but open during the day. There is a peeling pestle and mortar painted on it, although this is very faded and will only be noticed on close inspection or if a character is deliberately looking for this sign.

Giving the door a slight push will cause it to swing open quite violently with a loud creak—the top hinge is very unsafe and in urgent need of attention. This makes the door itself quite easy to break down (T2, D3). The bolt is useless but makes Erich feel secure.

2. Waiting Room

This room is fitted with wooden benches to sit on, and sawdust on the floor to bleed on. The sawdust is replaced when it gets really fetid, but this is not as often as it could be.

The normal procedure when you enter is to go up to the 2ft-square window between the waiting room and the kitchen, and knock on the shutters. The shutters fly open like a gunport, and Hartwig—out of sight because of his height—abruptly demands what the characters want. 'Take a seat. Doctor Erich'll see you in a moment. I'll tell him you're 'ere.' He then slams the shutters closed again, and won't open them for at least another five minutes. He's got other things to do besides standing around chatting to patients.

How long a character has to wait for treatment is largely up to you. You may decide that Erich sees the adventurer immediately, or you may want him to wait his turn by having an NPC already in the waiting room. This would be an ideal opportunity for the party to have a chat with one of the locals and get the feel of the area. An NPC patient is given below.

This is also an ideal moment to give the clinic some atmosphere (a scream followed by a long period of silence, for instance), or to introduce Hartwig to the party. You could

have him bustle into the room and shout at an injured character for bleeding on the floor:

'Ob Mother Esmeralda give me strengtb! I have to mop up that floor you know! Could you at least 'old the cut tergevver? 'Ere, gi's yer cloak. Wrap it around like that, and there you are. Do I 'ave to think of everything for you?' He leaves, muttering darkly.

Gunnar 'Schleim' Holzbeck, Patient

Born a beggar, Gunnar has never really improved his status in life. Although he has never tried to better himself, it is not all his own fault. Nature has not been generous to him; he is small and extremely fat, with long, greasy black hair and rotten black teeth bared in a perpetual smile by his hare-lip. His voice is nasal and high pitched, and his general manner can only be described as fawning.

He is something of a hypochondriac, and has visited Erich so often in the past that Hartwig ignores him as a matter of course. This suits Gunnar perfectly, he will happily sit here for hours and give anyone who comes a brief version of his medical history.

'I've got pox, I have. Great red fings. Ooze pus an' stuff, they do. Course, this ain't the first time I've'ad it. Last time was right after me leg. Run over by a cart an' bust it. Couldn't walk fer weeks. An' that set off one o' me attacks, that did. Coffin' up green bile everywhere, I was, throwing up all down me front—right horrible, it was. That's when I infected me chest wound, the doctor says. But I don't mind that so much—it's the pox, y'see. Good old doc Erich, he'll gimme summat for me pox.'

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	32	37	3	4	6	28	1	38	24	22	26	21	24

Skills: Beg; Concealment—Urban; Consume Alcohol; Secret Language—Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs—Thieves' Signs; Silent Move—Urban.

Possessions: The clothes he stands up in.

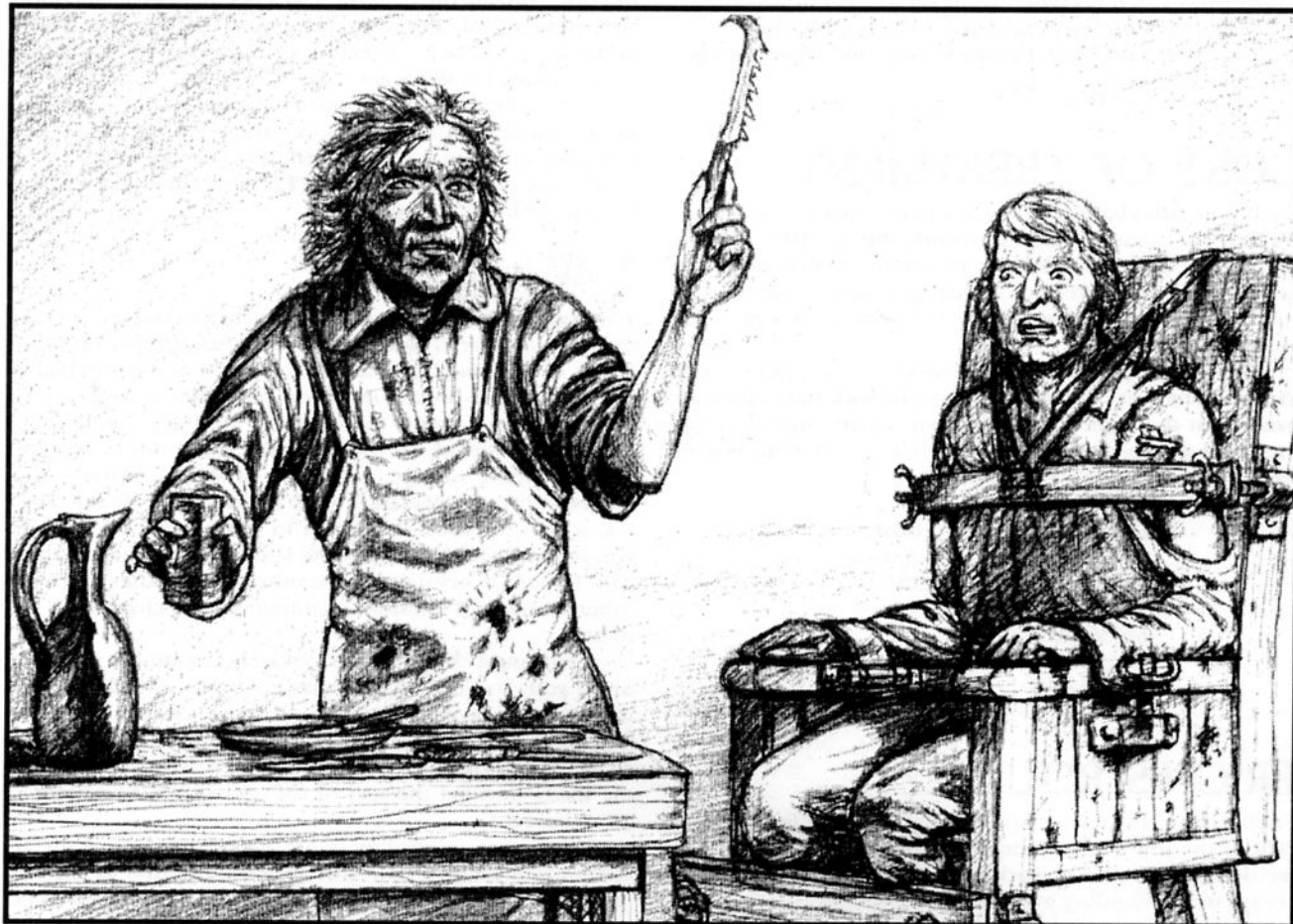
3. Ward

This is where those patients requiring long-term treatment are looked after. There are three very old and shabby beds here, of which D3 -1 are filled at any one time (two sample occupants are described in *Adventure Hooks* below). Most long-term patients are adventurers and other such types. Locals who have sustained injuries or caught diseases that require prolonged treatment often don't even survive past the diagnosis stage.

Erich also keeps his medicine cabinet in this room. It is little more than an old wooden writing desk with a fold-down top, and is not very secure against the efforts of a thief. To prevent thefts Erich makes no secret of the fact that many of the herbs in the desk are deadly poisons, and the poisons are not easy to distinguish from the beneficial drugs.

Contents of the Cabinet

At any given time the medicine cabinet contains the following herbs and poisons, all in a prepared state and in the given quantities. Dangerous preparations are marked with a cross.



- ☑ **Eye Sand:** 6 doses. This is a tranquillizer, similar to Moonflower, but it affects all races including Elves. The character must make a **WP** test to stay awake. If the test is passed the user gains a +20 bonus on fear tests, but reacts with half his normal **I** score and suffers a -10 penalty to all other tests. Its effects last for D3 hours.
- ☑ **Gesundheit:** 2 doses. On a successful **Int** test by a physician with *Cure Disease*, this preparation will stop the effects of an infected wound, restoring all lost **Dex** points in D6x10 game turns.
- ☑ **Manbane:** 3 doses. Affects Humans, Dwarfs, Halflings and Gnomes. The victim must make a poison test against each dose consumed. The effect for failure is as follows: 1 dose, unconscious for D8+4 -T hours; 2 doses, paralysed for D8+4 -T hours; 3 or more doses, death.
- ☑ **Nightshade:** 4 doses. The victim must make a poison test against each dose consumed: the effect for failure is as follows: 1 dose, drowsy (percentage characteristics reduced by -10) for D8+4 -T hours; 2 or more doses, death. The victim must also make one **WP** test per dose, each failure meaning the gain of D6 *Insanity Points*.
- ☑ **Oxleaf:** 2 doses. The victim must make a poison test against each dose consumed. Each failed dose has the following effects: 1 dose, drowsy (all percentage characteristics reduced by -10) for D8+4 -T hours; 2 or more doses, paralysed for D8+4 -T hours. The victim must also make a **WP** against each dose, each failure meaning the gain of D6 *Insanity Points*.
- ☑ **Ranald's Delight:** 4 doses. This is a stimulant, the first dose of which increases all characteristics by +1/+10 for 2D3 hours. Each dose thereafter will increase the duration by a further 2D3 hours. When its effects wears off the adventurer's characteristics will drop by -3/-30 from their original levels for a number of days equal to the number of doses taken.
- ☑ **Spiderleaf:** 3 doses. On a successful **Int** test by a physician with *Heal Wounds* this will stop *Terminal Bleeding* immediately, or after D4+1 rounds if the test is failed.
- ☑ **Tarrabeth:** 3 doses. On a successful **Int** test by a physician with *Heal Wounds* this will induce 24 hours of sleep and will thereafter restore 1 **W** to severely wounded characters, or 1D3 **W** to heavily wounded characters.
- ☑ **Valerian:** 4 doses. On a successful **Int** test by a physician with *Heal Wounds* this will restore 1 **W** to *lightly wounded* characters.

4. Operating Theatre

This is where Erich carries out all treatment of his patients, from bandaging cuts to amputating limbs. Ever since he had to cut off his own leg without anaesthetic, Erich has been very reluctant to treat patients unless they are unconscious. Indeed, he tries to insist that the patient is out for any treatment he performs, even bandaging minor cuts. It is dangerous to agree to this, as the only sedative Erich uses is Eye Sand, a drug to which the patients can become addicted.

The risk of addiction to the anaesthetic is, however, the least of the patient's worries. Although Erich is a talented physician, he is still not in a very balanced state of mind. If he is given the chance (i.e. no one in the theatre with him and the patient is unconscious) he will take a quick swig of the 'surgical' alcohol—just to steady his hand, you understand—and will continue to do so until he makes a successful **WP** test, at -10 due to his *Consume Alcohol* skill. Every other drink will lower all of his percentage characteristics by -5. As well as making each **WP** test harder this will have an effect on his ability as a surgeon.

Even this is not the worst hazard facing the character. Ever since his accident, Erich has been obsessed with cutting out the Mark of Chaos wherever he finds it. If there's an odd-shaped birthmark on the character's leg, Erich will chop the limb off, just to be on the safe side. You should check the patient's character sheet for such distinguishing marks. If Erich finds anything suspicious on an arm or a leg he'll amputate. A *Treatment Roll* should be made on the *Terminal Bleeding Table* and the *Amputation Table*.

As Erich spends most of his time here, he does his best to keep it clean and hygienic. To assist him the floor has been stripped down to the bare rock. Copious amounts of hot water are used to remove the worst stains on the floor, and this runs out of a small hole into the street outside.

Although Erich tries very hard to keep the surgery clean, it is not the ideal place to carry out surgical operations and therefore gives a -5 modifier to the *Treatment Roll* (see *Medical Treatment*).

He also has a magical lantern to prevent oil fumes filling the room. This is nothing more than a glass globe with a permanent *Glowing Light* spell cast on it—a present from a magician grateful for Erich's attention. It hangs from the centre of the roof on piece of soiled rope. There is also a small wooden chest in one corner of the room, in which he keeps the following:

Eye Sand: 12 doses. See the *Ward (3)* for more details.

Medical instruments: Including clamps, knives, saws and swabs.

Pottery jar: Contains 8 leeches, for bleeding.

A set of irons: Used to treat mental disorders.

A cautery: Used to cauterize wounds

Surgical alcohol: 2 bottles. This is just very strong liquor.

5. Living Room/Bedroom

This room has the minimum of furnishings, all of which are of very poor quality. In one corner is Erich's bed, made up of four packing cases lashed together and covered with a piece of sackcloth. At the bottom of the bed Erich keeps a small wooden chest, containing: coins to the value of 12/6, medical textbooks to the value of 50GC, a set of cutlery, two blankets and a tinderbox. The only other item of furniture in the room is a small wooden table. It has one leg missing, and has been nailed to the wall to keep it upright.

By the door to the kitchen there is an alcove (5a) covered by a heavy cloth curtain—this contains the 2ft square hatch connecting with the waiting room.

Light and heat to both the living room and the alcove are provided by torches, the acrid smoke being vented out through holes where the roof meets the walls.

6. Kitchen

This is where Hartwig spends most of his time. He sleeps here, on a small blanket which he lays out underneath the table.

The fittings in this room are of poor quality like the rest of the house, but Hartwig keeps them in very good condition. He has even arranged cupboards over the blocked back door, so that it doesn't spoil the look of his kitchen. Reinforced this way, the door has T4, D7.

As well as the more normal ingredients one might expect to find in a kitchen, some of the cupboards here hold some rather unusual items. In order to further his knowledge as a surgeon, Erich is very interested in research and has, over the years, built up quite a stock of pickled organs taken from the bodies of people who died of particularly

fascinating causes. Of course, such ingredients wouldn't normally be used for cooking (not unless Hartwig is really angry with someone) but if intruders decide to prepare their own meals...

ADVENTURE HOOKS

A visit to Erich's surgery can lead into a number of adventures. Here are a couple of ideas, which can easily be developed into one or more sessions of play.

SHUTDOWN!

Holger Kahl, a relatively unimportant member of the Physicians' Guild, has discovered that Erich is practising without Guild membership or permission. He compiled and presented a report on the matter, hoping to shut Erich down and advance his own position within the Guild by doing so. Guild rules dictated that they could do nothing unless Erich was present to answer the allegations, and they advised Kahl to drop the matter. Kahl has no intention of doing so, and he has hired an assassin to kidnap Erich and take him to the Guild to answer charges.

The basic plan is for the thugs to cause a distraction in the waiting room while Wiesel breaks the window in the surgery, climbs in, drugs Erich with one of his knives and leaves by the same route. He will then carry Erich to a cart parked in a nearby side-street and take him back to Kahl.

Whether the adventurers join in or not, the other patients in the ward immediately offer assistance, although one does seem a little less than willing.

Erich will be very grateful if the party helps prevent his kidnap, and will offer them all that he can afford—free treatment for as long as they want. Hartwig will not like this and may try to insist the party pays anyway: he will calm down if someone points out what may have happened if Erich had been kidnapped. Even so, he will insist that they don't abuse this reward, and may be unfriendly when they come for free treatment, especially if it's something minor.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Wiesel—Male Human Assassin

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	47	48	5	4	10	55	2	37	36	27	30	27	25

A tall, wiry figure enveloped in a voluminous black cloak, the only notable thing about Wiesel is his laugh, a soft and hissing snigger—he seems to find everything very amusing.
Skills: Acute Hearing; Bribery; Concealment—Urban; Dodge Blow; Follow Trail; Luck; Prepare Poisons; Silent Move—Urban; Specialist Weapon—Throwing Knife; Strike Mighty Blow.

Possessions: Black cloak; mail shirt (1 AP, body); sword; 2 throwing knives (R 4/8/20, FS 5) poisoned with 1 dose of Manbane.

The Four Thugs

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	29	20	3	3	6	29	1	29	36	19	29	19	19

Not very clever, and not very loyal, Boris, Kurt, Otto and Udo have been hired by Wiesel to help kidnap Erich. They are to be a diversion while the assassin takes Erich, and they will do as little as possible, fleeing if they meet determined opposition. Each time one of them sustains 2 or more Wounds in a single blow, each must make a Ld test (-20 for the wounded one) or flee.

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Street Fighter

Possessions: Club; leatherjack (0/1 AP, body/arms)

SINS OF THE FLESH

Laurelhollena Elmal, a student receiving treatment here (see above), is unaware that she has made an enemy amongst her classmates at the Collegium Theologica—a very powerful enemy.

A fellow student, one Hultz Stark, has recently been dabbling in unhealthy rituals designed to bring favour from the Lord of Pleasure himself. Hultz invited Laurelhollena to one of these orgies, but didn't tell her it was in worship of Slaanesh. She refused, naturally, and has thought nothing more of it. Hultz, however, is not going to take that sort of rejection, not from anyone, and has found a way to get his own back.

He has obtained a tattered scroll which gives details of a curse, *The Inescapable Destruction of the Flesh* which worshippers may inflict upon their enemies. When invoked it will cause a Daemonette of Slaanesh to visit the victim and kill them in a truly gruesome manner.

As the adventurers are sitting in the waiting room, there is a loud crash from the ward, followed by a loud scream and Hartwig yelling for help. They can rush into the corridor in time to see Hartwig and Jakob backing away from the door while Erich charges into the room, dagger aloft, shouting 'D-death to the ab-bh-omination!' Looking into the room they can see a Daemonette of Slaanesh standing on the bed astride the Elf-girl, who has fainted with fear.

Everyone—including Jakob and Hartwig—should now make tests against *fear*. As the party watches, before they are able to act, the Daemonette bends over and cuts its master's symbol in the flesh of Laurey's chest, triggering a variant of the *Fleshy Curse* spell.

Laurey immediately starts to throw out fleshy growths, covered in misshapen mouths, hands, eyes, etc. At the start of each turn, roll a D10 and consult the table below to determine the spell's effects:

D10	Effects this turn
1-3	Growths spurt from Laurey's body to cover an area 1D4 x 1D4 yards in a random direction from her bed:
D4	Direction
1	Front
2	Left
3	Back
4	Right
4-7	A tentacle shoots out D12 yards from her body. Use a D12 clockface to determine the direction of growth, with 12 as Laurey's head.
8-10	Nothing happens this turn.

Laurey can only be harmed by fire-based attacks, and the growths will continue until she is killed.

Each person in contact with a growth is attacked once per turn with a WS of 60. A successful hit does no damage, but immobilizes the target in a press of swelling flesh.

After three successful hits the growth will have strangled the victim, killing him or her. Note that the growth will not attack the Daemonette—which will attempt to kill as many people as possible until it succumbs to *instability*.

Erich, meanwhile, has gone into *frenzy* (he is immune to fear, will always press the attack, causes +1 Damage, and receives -1 Damage on incoming attacks), which will only end when the Daemonette is killed or disappears.

The rewards for killing the Daemonette are much the same as those given for stopping Kahl's kidnap attempt (see above), although Erich will also ask the party to dispose of what is left of Laurey's body before offering such a reward.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Jakob Haarig— Male Human Herdsman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5*	33	39	3	5*	5	35	1	24	37	34	38	32	33

Jakob is a tall, well-built man with long ginger hair and a deep bellowing laugh. He came to the city to find work when his father's farm was raided by Beastmen, and has been sending back any money he has earned to help rebuild it.

He is being treated for a stomach complaint, and has been here for a couple of weeks now. He is still very weak and nauseous, and a hit to his stomach may cause him to pass out. If anyone lands a blow on his body, Jakob must make a successful WP test or faint for D6 rounds, after which he will be groggy for another D10 rounds (-1/-10 on all characteristics).

Skills: Animal Care; Charm Animal; Fleet Footed*; Musician—Wind instruments; Night Vision; Specialist Weapon—Sling; Very Resilient.

Possessions: Sling (R 24/36/150, ES 3, Rld 1); Sword; 2 GCs, 12/-.



Laurelhollena Elmal— Female Elf Student

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	41	38	3	4	4	68	1	43	44	58	51	37	36

Laurelhollena, or Laurey to her friends, is in Middenheim to study History at the Collegium Theologica. She is not a typical Elf, being both brash and crude—she even goes so far as to try and hide the fact that she is an Elf. Erich is treating her for a very bad rash on her chest.

She has had to come here because, as a student, she does not have a lot of money and could not afford to visit the Collegium's doctor. She will only fight to create an escape route for herself.

Skills: Arcane Language—Magick; Astronomy; Cartography; Consume Alcohol; Dance; Etiquette; Excellent Vision; History; Read/Write; Secret Language—Classical; Speak Additional Language—Old Worlder; Sing.

Possessions: Dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); textbooks; 1 GC, 17/-.

Alignment: Good

Painlust Caress— Daemonette of Slaanesh

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	57	42	4	3	5	60	3	10	89	89	89	89	89

Special Rules: Two *claw* attacks and one *tail-lash*, 1AP on all locations. Subject to *instability*. Causes fear in living creatures under 10 feet tall. Immune to psychological effects except when caused by deities or Greater Daemons; cannot be forced to leave combat except by such beings.

FURTHER ADVENTURES

The adventure hooks above could be expanded quite considerably. At the moment they are little more than single encounters, but each has the potential to become a complete adventure filling several sessions of play, given a little work on your part.

For example, the adventurers will probably want to find out what is behind the incidents they have witnessed.

The kidnap attempt could become a very involved adventure concerned with the dealings of the Physicians' Guild. Perhaps the adventurers could infiltrate the Guild and discredit Kahl by careful negotiation and blackmail. Maybe a simple assassination suits your group better, or perhaps they could break into Kahl's home and steal the report, doing the same at the Guild and removing all official records of Erich's existence.

The second encounter could turn into a battle against the forces of Chaos which, even now, are spreading across the city. This could lead them into conflict with the full strength of the Jade Sceptre cult, which still exists in Middenheim, and beyond.

MEDICAL TREATMENT

The following optional advanced rules may be used instead of those given in the *WFRP* rulebook. For each of the three types of wound that result from a critical hit—terminal bleeding, broken limbs and amputated limbs—the Physician makes a *treatment* roll on the correct table.

The *treatment* roll reflects the skill of the Physician, the seriousness of the wound, and the health of the patient. This is a D100 roll with the following modifiers:

Physician's Modifiers

Physician's skill	+ (Dex+Int)/2
No <i>Heal Wounds</i> skill	-100
No Surgery skill	-50

Patient's Modifiers

Health of patient	+ (current T x5)
Patient is conscious	-20

Critical being treated

Critical Value +1	-5
Critical Value +2	-10
Critical Value +3	-15
Critical Value +4	-25
Critical Value +5	-40

Hygiene of 'operating theatre'

Well-cleaned room	+5
Average room	+0
Poorly cleaned room	-5
Street/open air	-10
Sewer (or similar)	-15

Further modifiers are at the GM's discretion.

Each of the tables has a list of additional modifiers, which are used only when rolling on that table.

For example, Erich (Dex 61, Int 55, so modifier +58) is treating a beggar who has been stabbed. The knife used in the attack has inflicted a +3 critical (-15) and the beggar has T 5 (+25). The net modifier to the D100 roll on the *Terminal Bleeding Table*, then, is 58+25-15 = +68.

'Look. There's no risk at all. All he's going to do is take the arrow out.'

'That's all very well for you to say. It's not stuck in your—arghhhh! Shallya's mercy save us all! When did he last clean this place?'

'It's only a bit of dirt. Never hurt anybody, a bit of dirt. And I thought you were a big tough warrior...'

'I am, but I'd sooner take my chances with the maggots...I mean, that knife's blunt, as well as covered in somebody else's guts.'

TERMINAL BLEEDING TABLE

D100	Result
55 or less	The treatment appears to succeed, but after D4+1 hours internal bleeding causes massive haemorrhaging and the patient dies.
56-70	Patient falls into a coma for 10-T weeks. There is a cumulative 10% chance that the patient will die each week. The attendance of a Physician during this time will lower this to a cumulative 5% chance per week. During the period the patient is in a coma he is on zero W, if he then regains consciousness he is restored to 1 W immediately, and will thereafter be treated as heavily wounded.
71-85	The bleeding is stopped successfully and the patient falls asleep for 24 hours. However, the patient is now prone to migraine attacks. Whenever a test is made against Ld , Int , Cl , WP or Fel (successful or not), all percentage characteristics drop by -5 for a period of D10 hours.
86-95	The bleeding is stopped successfully and the patient falls asleep for 24 hours. Unfortunately the patient now has low blood pressure. Each time the patient takes a <i>Cool</i> test and fails by more than 30% he will faint for D4 turns, after which he will be groggy (-1/-10 on all characteristics) for another D10 turns.
96-105	The bleeding is stopped successfully and the patient falls asleep for 24 hours, after which he is restored to 1 W and is considered to be <i>lightly wounded</i> . But over a period of D4 hours, it becomes clear the wound is infected. Consult the <i>WFRP</i> rulebook for the treatment required.
106-130	The bleeding is stopped successfully and the patient falls asleep for 24 hours, after which he is restored to 1 W and is considered to be only <i>lightly wounded</i> . However, during treatment, a blood clot formed on one of the patient's lungs, causing his breathing to become loud and laboured. Permanently reduce the patient's I by 10 points.
131-155	The bleeding is stopped successfully, and the patient falls asleep for 24 hours, after which he is restored to 1 W and is considered to be <i>lightly wounded</i> .
156-165	As above. In addition, if the Physician can make a successful Int test then a further D3 <i>Wounds</i> may be restored to the patient immediately.
166-175	As 131-155 above, but the patient immediately regains D3 W.
176+	As 166-175 above, but the patient is only asleep for 12 hours and regains D3+1 W.

BROKEN & DISLOCATED LIMB TABLE

Modifiers for Broken/Dislocated Limb Table

- +10 If successful use of *Heal Wounds* skill was made in the field, when the injury was sustained.
- 10 For each day that has passed since the injury was sustained.
- 20 If the same limb has been broken before.

D100 Result

- 45 or less The treatment appears to succeed, but after D4+1 hours it becomes clear that severe damage has been done. The limb must be amputated. Roll on the *Amputated Limb Table*, using the same modifier as you used on this table (with a further +10 modifier, as the amputation is being carried out deliberately).
- 46-60 The treatment fails. The limb is permanently useless. *Leg*: M x½, must use crutch, *Arm*: Dex x½, BS x½, no shields, bows or two-handed weapons, may have to use hand weapons wrong-handed.
- 61-70 The treatment is almost successful. The patient is restored to 1W, and is considered to be *lightly wounded*. The limb is strapped up and incapacitated for a further D4+1 weeks. There is however, a permanent disability in the limb. *Leg*: M -2 (min 1), I -20; *Arm*: Dex -20, BS -20. If sword arm, WS -20.
- 71-80 The treatment is mostly successful. The patient is restored to 1W, and is considered to be *lightly wounded*. The limb is strapped up and incapacitated for a further D4+1 weeks. However, the joint will always be a little stiff. *Leg*: M -1 (min 2), I -10; *Arm*: Dex -10, BS -10. If sword arm, WS -10.
- 81-95 The treatment is almost successful. The patient is restored to 1W, and is considered to be *lightly wounded*. The limb is strapped up and incapacitated for a further D4+1 weeks. However, the limb is much weaker than it once was, and is prone to occasional locking. *Leg*: if any I test failed by 30 or more, M -1, I -10 for D4 hours; *Arm*: if any Dex test failed by 30 or more, Dex -10, BS -10 for D4 hours. If sword arm was injured, WS -10 also.
- 96-145 The limb is treated successfully. The patient is restored to 1W, and is considered to be *lightly wounded*. The limb is strapped up and incapacitated for a further D4+1 weeks, after which time it can be used as normal.
- 146-155 As 96-145 above; but the limb is only strapped up and incapacitated for D3 weeks.
- 156-165 As 146-155 above; but patient gains D3 W after treatment.
- 166 plus As 146-155 above; but patient gains D3+1 W after treatment.

AMPUTATED LIMB TABLE

Note: Once the limb is removed, either by the surgeon or by a wound received in combat, a roll should first be made on the *Terminal Bleeding Table*. A result of 131 or better indicates the bleeding has stopped, and the wound may be cauterised normally—a roll may now be taken on this table, applying the effects of this table only. A roll of less than 131 indicates that though the wound may still be cauterised (a roll on this table), the result rolled on the *Terminal Bleeding Table* is also applied.

In addition, if the patient is conscious when the treatment is applied he gains D6 *Insanity Points* and passes out.

Modifiers to Amputated Limb Table

- +10 If the amputation is being carried out deliberately by a Physician (this modifier applies to the roll on the *Terminal Bleeding Table* as well as the *Amputated Limb Table*).

D100 Result

- 45 or less The patient has lost too much blood. He dies without regaining consciousness.
- 46-60 Patient falls into a coma for 10-T weeks. There is a cumulative 10% chance that the patient will die each week. The attendance of a Physician during this time will lower this to a cumulative 5% chance per week. During the period the patient is in a coma he is on zero *Wounds*. If he then regains consciousness he will be restored to 1W immediately, and will thereafter be treated as *heavily wounded*.
- 61-105 The wound is cauterised successfully and the patient falls asleep for 24 hours. However, over a period of D4 hours it becomes clear the wound is infected and further treatment is required to cure this condition. See the *WFRP* rulebook for details of treatments.
- 106-155 The wound is cauterised successfully and the patient falls asleep for 24 hours. After a further D6+6 days the patient is restored to 1W and is considered to be *lightly wounded*.
- 156-165 As 106-155 above, but the patient only takes D6+4 days to reach a *lightly wounded* state.
- 166-175 As 106-155 above, but the patient only takes D4+4 days to reach a *lightly wounded* state.
- 176 + As 106-155 above, but the patient only takes D4+4 days to become *lightly wounded*. In addition, the patient gains a further D3 W points when he reaches such a state.

Effects of Missing Limbs

- One leg M x½, I -20.
- Both legs M=1, I -50.
- One arm Dex x½, BS x½, no shields, bows or two-handed weapons, may have to use wrong hand.
- Both arms Dex=0, BS=0, WS=0.

Chapter 15

On The Road

These are two encounters which can be used in *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* when the adventurers are travelling by road. You can use them whenever you like, either as part of an adventure you have designed yourself, or as part of a published campaign such as *The Enemy Within Campaign* or *Dying of the Light*. With a little adaptation, the encounters should also be useable with any fantasy role-playing system.

EMMARETTA

Above the soft hiss of the rain can be heard the noises of the forest's nocturnal denizens going about their business. Somewhere in the darkness an owl screams, and is answered by the snarling wail of a Wild Cat.

Emmaretta is an NPC who can be encountered on any journey by road in The Empire. As the adventurers make their way along the road, they pass a young Human woman, apparently in her early twenties, travelling in the same direction. She is of medium height, and slimly built, with short, light brown hair and light brown eyes, and is travelling alone—unusual for any traveller, since the forests can be dangerous. Her only possessions are a set of outdoor clothing, a small bag of dried meat, a short bow with a quiver of arrows slung over her back, and a pair of daggers hanging from her belt. If any of the adventurers speak to her, she will answer courteously, giving her name, saying that she is a Hunter and telling them that she is heading for the nearest town, which may also be the adventurers' destination. She says that a friend of hers has got into trouble, and she is taking some money to bail him out.

Emmaretta will quite happily travel with the adventurers, and will be grateful if they offer her a lift. She cannot pay for a coach ride, as she needs all the money that she has for the bail. If the adventurers attempt to draw her into conversation during the course of the journey, and if she decides that she can trust them, she will explain that it is her lover who has been imprisoned. His name is Klaus, and she will say that she needs to bail him out before a certain date; if any adventurer with *Astronomy* skill thinks to work it out, it will be realized that this date is the next full moon.

What she tells the adventurers about her journey is true, but she neglects to mention that both she and her lover are Werecats; he has not yet learned to control his condition,

and if he is still in jail when the moon becomes full he will change form in his cell and will almost certainly be killed by the guards.

Emmaretta is travelling in the company of two of the great Wild Cats of the Old World. They are trailing her from the forest, and will attack if she is threatened in any way. She is anxious to avoid trouble, and will call them off almost immediately, warning the adventurers that it would be best to leave her alone and go on their way. If she is hard pressed, she will adopt her Cat form and run off into the forest with her two travelling companions. She will only stand and fight if the money she is carrying is stolen; she needs it for Klaus' bail, and will use any means at her disposal to get it back.

EMMARETTA (Human Form)

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

Skills

Acute Hearing
Concealment Rural
Follow Trail
Game Hunting
Lightning Reflexes
Secret Language—Ranger
Secret Signs—Woodsmans'
Silent Move Rural

Possessions

Outdoor Clothing
Sling Bag with 12 pieces of dried meat
2 throwing daggers
Purse with 12 GCs
Short Bow
Quiver with 12 arrows

CATS (and Emmaretta in Cat form)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
8	41	0	4	3	5/7*	30/41*	3 (5)	—	10	43	43	43	—

*The number after the slash is the value for Emmaretta in Cat form.

Special Rules: Attacks with 2 *claws* and 1 *bite*. If attacking from cover, I +20 for first round only. If Cat gains the first attack in the *first* round of combat, it may *leap* on its opponent; make one attack roll, if successful the Cat hits with 4 *claws* and 1 *bite*. *Night Vision* 20 yards.

If Emmaretta decides to travel with the adventurers, her two Cats will continue to trail her from the forest; they move stealthily, so that any character must make an *Observe* test with a penalty of -20 to spot them—and even then, all that will be seen will be a movement in the undergrowth. The cats will wait in the forest while she goes into the town, and once she has bailed Klaus out, the two of them will head for the forest, assume Cat form, and travel back to their home with their two companions.

This encounter can be used to add to an adventure in a number of ways. When she arrives at the town, a corrupt Watchman might take her money and then deny having received it, leading to her asking the adventurers to get Klaus out of jail as a favour. The party might be attacked by bandits, in which case she will fight alongside the adventurers, and her two Cats will come to the party's aid, melting back into the forest when the fight is over. If she is questioned about the Cats, she will answer simply: 'I grew up in the forest—I suppose I've made some unusual friends.' One of the other NPC travellers might fall foul of the Cats by pestering her or trying to steal her money. You should use your imagination to get the most out of the encounter.

A FRIEND IN NEED

Blood oozes from dozens of small cuts all over his body. He raises his head to meet the adventurers' gaze, and a slash across his throat opens like a second mouth, sending blood cascading down his chest. One arm reaches out imploringly, and despite the fact that his legs have stopped moving, he continues to draw closer.

This encounter takes place at night on a lonely and deserted stretch of road. For some reason, the adventurers have found it necessary to travel at night despite the warnings of the staff at the last coaching inn they passed. The road ahead is a terrible place, swarming with brigands and worse; it is even said to be haunted. Some of this may be true, the adventurers conclude, but the fact that the innkeeper wants them to stay because they will pay for room and board may have a great deal to do with it. However, the adventurers decide to press on despite his warnings. Perhaps it is vital that they reach the next town by daybreak, or perhaps a group of Roadwardens are approaching the inn and the adventurers are anxious to avoid them.

Whatever the reason, the adventurers leave the inn after a hot meal, and carry on down the road. The first few miles pass easily enough—there is still a fading light in the western sky, and they are only on the edge of the forest. As the road goes deeper into the forest, however, things begin to change. The darkness deepens, and can only be penetrated by *Night Vision*. It begins to rain, a fine penetrating drizzle that soaks through even the stoutest clothing and soaks everyone to the skin. It is impossible to light a torch, and lighting a lantern requires a successful *Dex* test, as the adventurers' tinder is very damp.

Above the soft hiss of the rain can be heard the noises of the forest's nocturnal denizens going about their business. Somewhere in the darkness an owl screams, and is answered by the snarling wail of a Wild Cat. The adventurers may regret their bravado now, but they have no choice but to press on; it is as far to go back as it is to go forward.

About midnight, the adventurers come to a small shrine; dedicated, appropriately enough, to Taal, the God of Wild Places. The shrine takes the form of a circular stone hut, about ten feet in diameter, with a conical thatched roof. An elk skull hangs over the doorway, and inside is a crude wooden statue of the god, standing about five feet high. There is room for up to five characters to shelter in the shrine, with some discomfort; the roof leaks, but the shrine keeps the worst of the weather out, and the adventurers can eat and perhaps snatch a couple of hours' sleep. It is impossible to light a fire in the shrine, since the tinder in the adventurers' tinderboxes, and any kindling they might have with them, has been thoroughly soaked by the rain.

Whether or not the adventurers decide to shelter in the shrine, a strange thing will happen a few minutes after they arrive. Somewhere in the distance, a human voice is faintly heard; the words cannot be made out, but the voice is heavy with pain and misery. If the adventurers have horses or any other animals with them, they will become nervous and skittish. The voice draws closer, and after several minutes the adventurers make out a figure dragging itself along the road towards them.

The figure is indistinct, and difficult to make out through the drizzle, but it is humanoid. It limps and staggers, as if

on the verge of exhaustion, and yet it approaches surprisingly quickly. When the figure is within ten yards of the adventurers, it can be seen to be a male Human.

His clothes were once rich but are now tattered, and he appears to be severely wounded. Blood oozes from dozens of small cuts all over his body. He raises his head to meet the adventurers' gaze, and a slash across his throat opens like a second mouth, sending blood cascading down his chest. One arm reaches out imploringly, and despite the fact that his legs have stopped moving, he continues to draw closer.

'Help me,' he moans, 'Help me.'

As he approaches, the adventurers realize with a shock that the trees and the road can still be seen through his insubstantial body.

At this point, the adventurers should make a *Fear* test. They have encountered a Ghost.

GHOST

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	-	-	3	17	30	1	-	18	18	18	18	29

Special Rules: Subject to *instability* when outside bounded area (in this case, within 100 yards of the shrine). Immune to all psychological tests. Causes *fear* in living creatures. Immune to non-magical weapons. Touch causes *fear*, (*Ld* test at -10 penalty or flee). May pass through solid objects.

If the adventurers do not flee from the Ghost, it will not make any attempt to attack them. In a moaning voice, it will tell them that it was once Johann Gespenst, a merchant from the nearest town. While staying at the inn which the adventurers have just left, Johann was murdered and robbed, and his body was brought into the forest on a cart and dumped by the roadside not far from the shrine. The adventurers can free Johann from his miserable condition by collecting his bones and taking them to the town for decent burial. He will show the adventurers where his body was dumped; the bones have been picked clean by wild animals, and are scattered over an area about ten yards in diameter.

The nearest town will have a graveyard, tended by a Cleric of Morr. Depending on its size, it may also have a Mourners' Guild, who undertake all arrangements to do with funerals. An individual grave and marker will cost 30 GCs, while a pauper's burial in the unmarked mass grave will be free. On the night after the burial, Johann's Ghost will appear to the adventurers; still an appalling sight, but free of the pain and desperation of his earlier appearance.

'Thank you,' he says. 'May you never suffer as I have.'

If the adventurers have had his remains buried in the paupers' grave, Johann will vanish, saying nothing more. If they have paid for a burial plot and headstone for him, he will tell them that it is still in his power to recompense them for what they have done for him. He will instruct them to contact his family in the town.

'Tell them that you have helped me,' he says. 'Ask for my sister Greta, and tell her that I want her to give you a package, which she will find in a hidden compartment behind the second drawer on the right-hand side of my desk. If she questions you, mention the time when she was six years old and I saved her when her horse had bolted. Then she will know that the message comes from me.'

With that, he will vanish.

If the adventurers follow his instructions, the family will be puzzled, but will comply. In the package is a velvet pouch containing four rubies, worth 50 GCs each.

Chapter 16

The Emperor Luitpold

The *Emperor Luitpold* is a luxury river liner, named after the father and predecessor of Karl-Franz I. Run by the large and powerful Hindelin Lines of Altdorf, it plies the river Talabec from Altdorf to Berghafen near the Worlds Edge Mountains. Built by the Spee boatyards in Altdorf in 2510, the *Luitpold* and its sister-ships the *Emperor Wilhelm* (Altdorf—Nuln) and the *Emperor Magnus* (Altdorf—Marienburg) give Hindelin Lines an unrivalled luxury fleet. The 'Emperor'-class river liners are much favoured by wealthy merchants, those on Imperial business and the lesser nobility.

FARES

The *Emperor Luitpold* has two passenger decks; the upper passenger deck holds 8 luxury staterooms and 14 three-berth servants' cabins, while the lower holds 16 twin-berth passenger cabins. Fares are as follows:

Cabin type	Full Journey	Talabheim to Altdorf	Other, per 10 miles
Stateroom	250 GCs	100 GCs	5 GCs*
Passenger	75 GCs	35 GCs	2 GCs
Servants'	50 GCs	30 GCs	1 GCs

A stateroom must be booked for a minimum of 1 week's travel (calculated at a cost of 180 GCs downstream, and 150 GCs upstream).

The fares cover the cabin plus three meals a day. All other services—drinks and snacks during the day, for instance—are 'extras', and a bill for these is presented at journey's end.

The Captain has the discretion to discount fares *en route*, but is forbidden by company regulations to offer a discount of more than 10% on the full fare. If all passenger cabins are full, he may offer passengers any spare servants' cabins at the servants' fare.

Passenger and servants' cabins may be equipped with an extra folding bunk on request, but only if all other cabins of the same class are full. There is a 25% surcharge for this service.

THE JOURNEY

The *Luitpold's* downstream journey starts at Berghafen, a small town on the upper Talabec a few miles beyond the edge of the forest; this is the highest point on the Talabec which can be reached by large river traffic. By transferring to smaller craft and then to mules, it is possible to follow the Upper Talabec all the way to the Dwarfholds of Karak-Kadrin and Karak-Ungor.

There are few regular stops along the first part of the route—these are mainly for fresh supplies—but the *Luitpold* will stop to pick up and set down passengers as required. Flagpoles are set up on wharves along the route to signal the boat to stop for passengers. Once the *Luitpold* reaches Talabheim, the journey becomes more regular—the boat always stops at Ahlenhof and Schoppendorf, and often at Volgen as well.

The boat's combination of sails and oars makes it a very rapid means of travel. Its 750-mile trip takes around 2 weeks downstream and 2½ weeks upstream—an average of 45 and 38 miles per day respectively.

RULES OF PASSAGE

All the laws of The Empire apply aboard the *Emperor Luitpold*. For legal purposes, the *Emperor Luitpold* is treated as within the jurisdiction of the legal authorities of Altdorf. There are also certain rules which passengers are expected to observe while on board the liner:

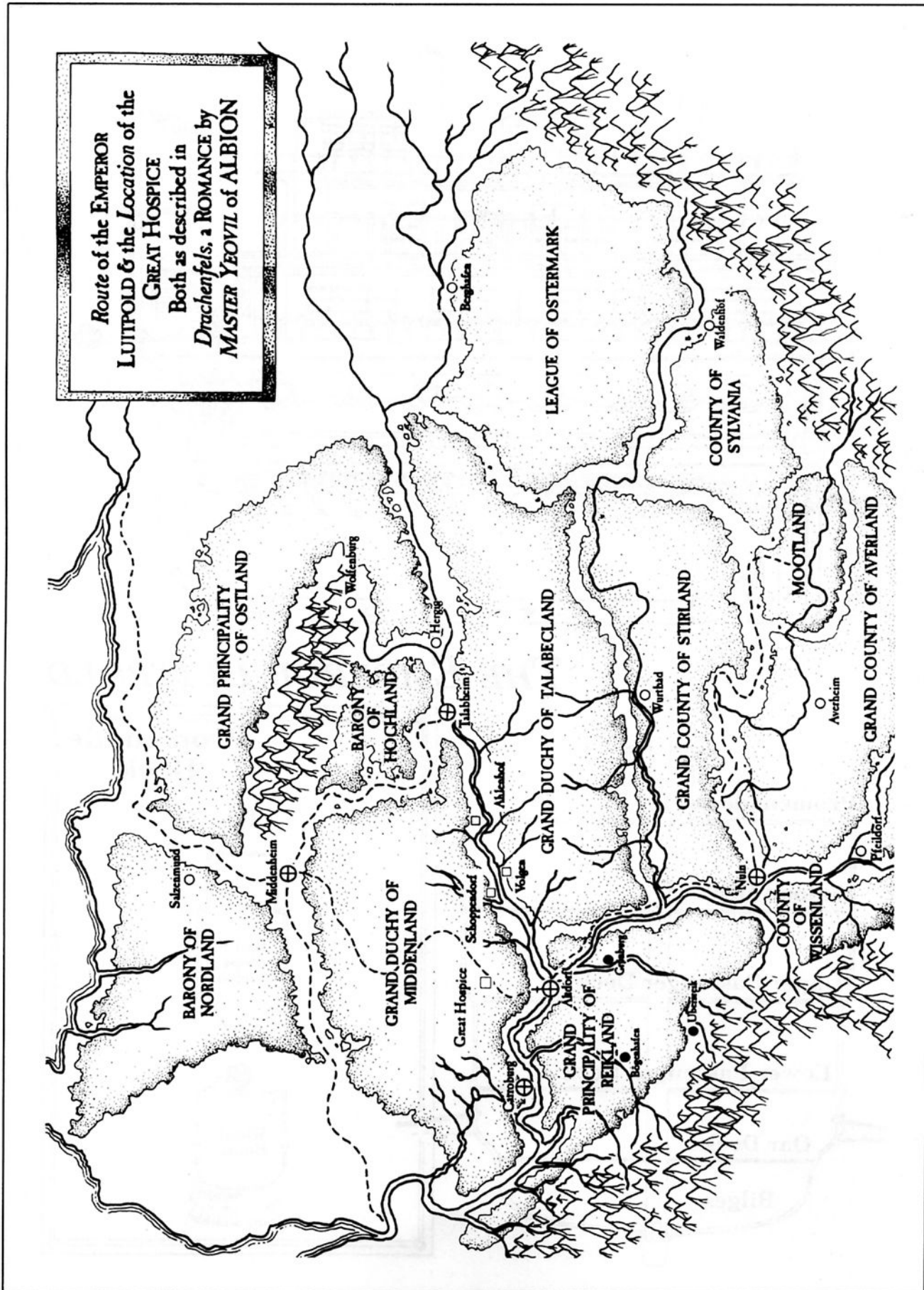
Weapons: All passengers are permitted to carry one sword and one dagger while aboard the *Emperor Luitpold*. All other weapons and all armour must be handed over to the Purser for safe-keeping in the liner's strongroom, although they are available on request if passengers want them for shore visits along the way, or in the event of the liner being attacked by river pirates.

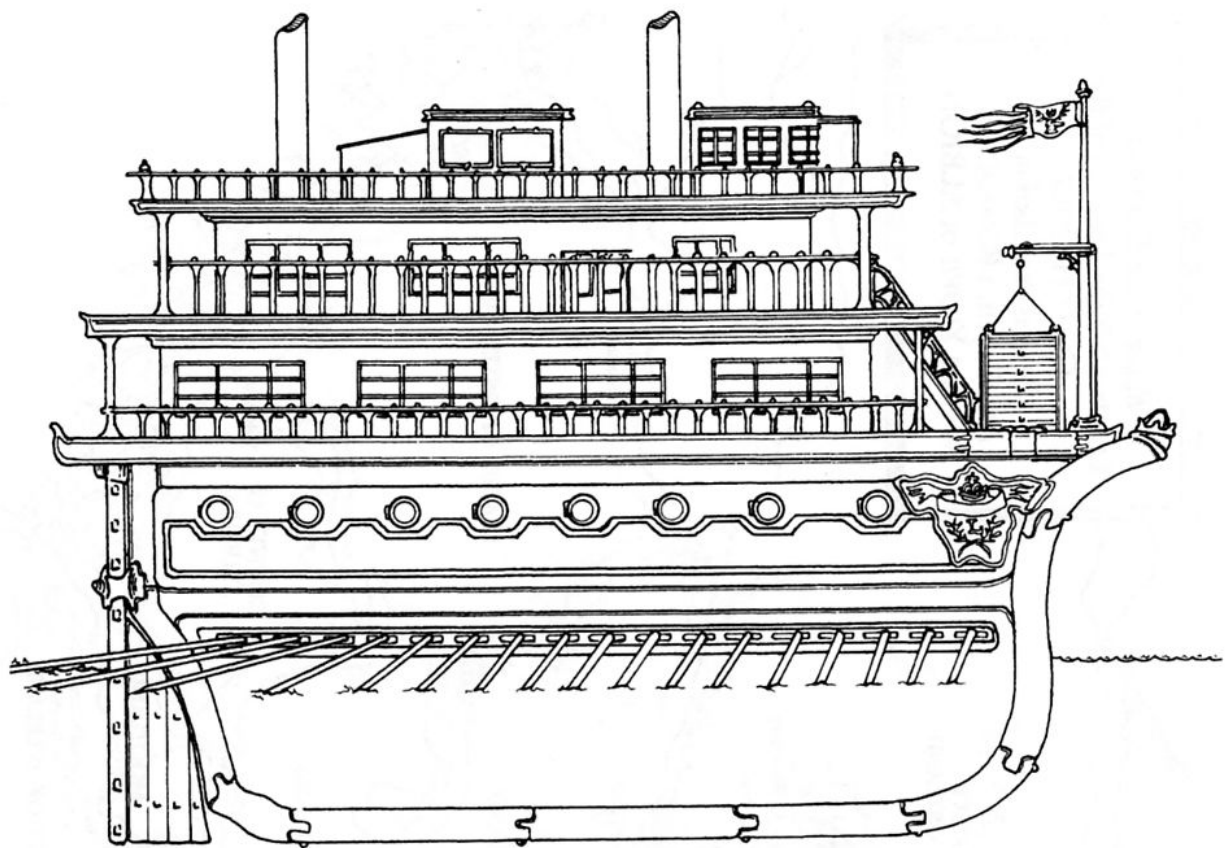
Magic: Spellcasting of any kind is forbidden aboard the *Emperor Luitpold* without the express permission of the Captain. This includes the use of magical items. In practice, this rule is difficult to enforce, but anyone openly casting spells will be reported to the Captain.

Morality: All passengers are expected to observe 'common decency'. Basically, this means not doing anything in public which is liable to shock, offend, embarrass or outrage one's fellow-passengers. The Captain is the final judge of such matters.

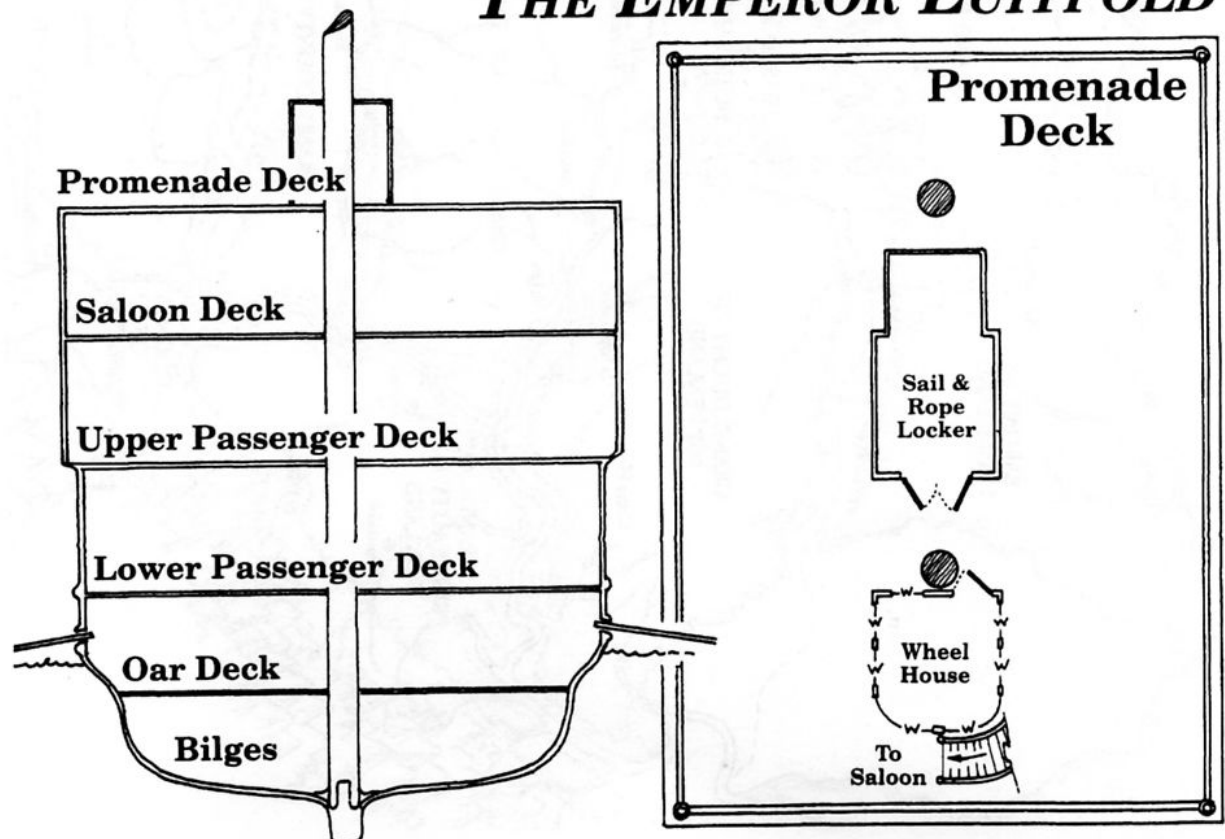
Religious Observance: After dinner each day, the Captain leads the company and passengers in a five-minute period of prayers to Talabec, the aspect of Taal which rules over the river. Attendance is not compulsory, but those who do not take part are considered impolite (Fel -20 when dealing with any member of the crew). Passengers are free to make any observances demanded by their particular religions, subject to the laws of The Empire, but animal sacrifice of any kind on board is banned.

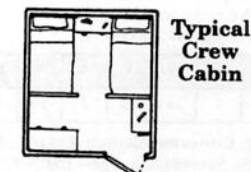
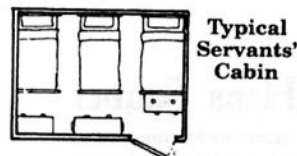
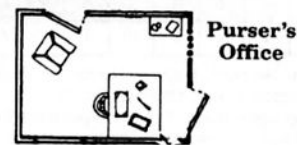
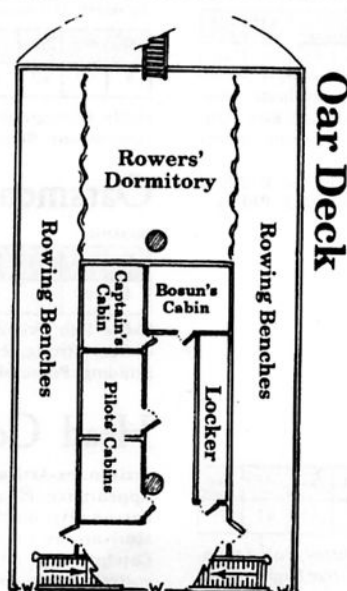
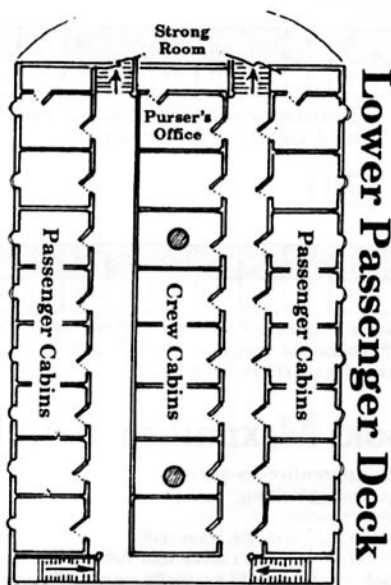
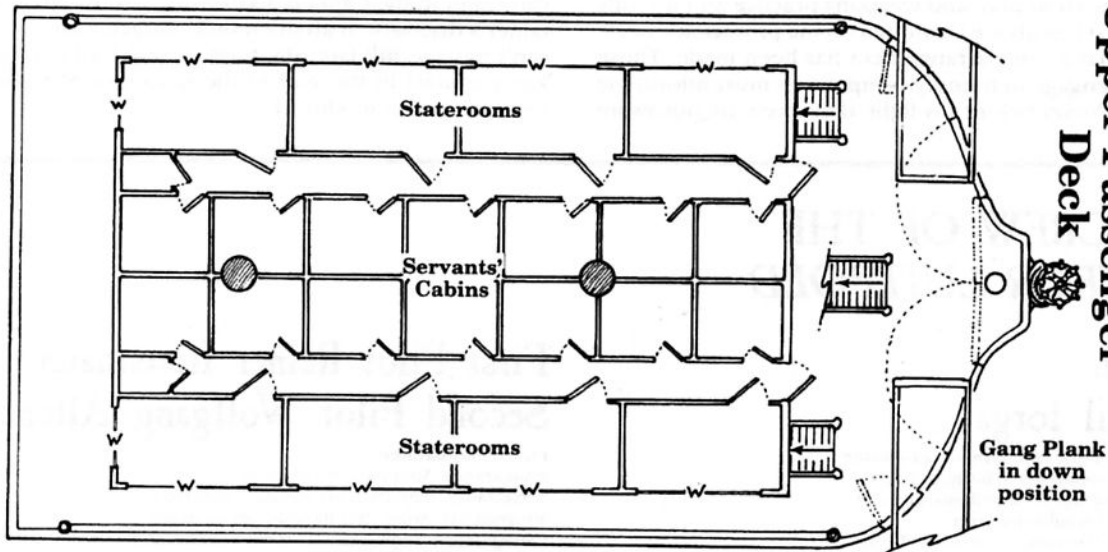
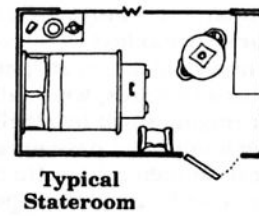
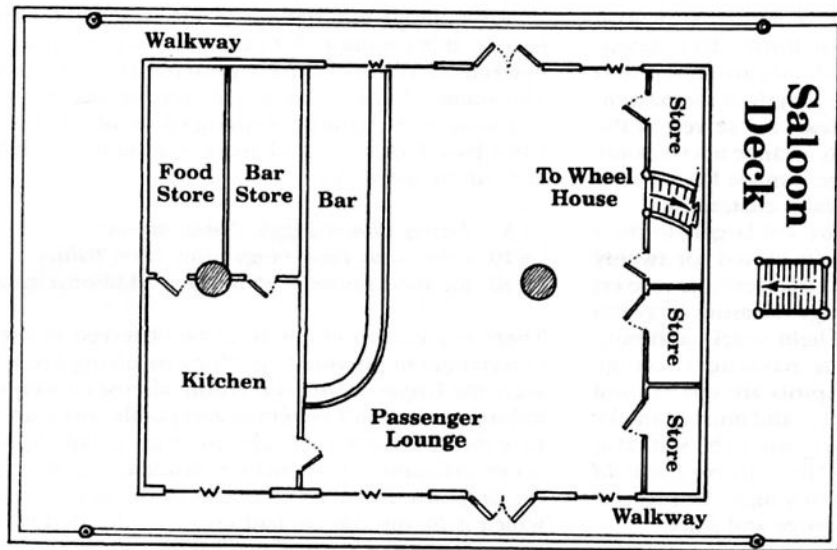
Passengers who flout the rules of passage will be given one warning, except in extreme cases. The Captain has the power to put offenders off at the next stop, handing them over to the local authorities if Imperial Laws have been broken.





THE EMPEROR LUITPOLD





A TYPICAL DAY

A day aboard the *Emperor Luitpold* revolves around mealtimes. Breakfast is served an hour after dawn, lunch at noon and dinner at 7pm. Mealtimes are announced by the boat's stewards, who walk the length of the passenger deck ringing small handbells. Meals are served in the passenger lounge, but passengers may arrange to take some or all meals in their cabins. No charge is made for this, but a tip of at least 5/- per person per meal is customary.

Between meals, the passengers are left largely to their own devices. The passenger lounge is closed for twenty minutes before and after each meal as the stewards convert it from a dining-room back to a lounge, clearing away the folding tables and so on. A range of light snacks and non-alcoholic drinks is available in the passenger lounge throughout the day, and wines and spirits are served from noon till midnight; these are all 'extras', and must normally be paid for at the time, although an account to be settled at the end of the trip is seldom refused. The *Emperor Luitpold* has a bill of fare comparable to that of a high-class restaurant in a large Imperial city, both in range and price.

During the day, various deck games are available for those who wish to play, and weapons practice and friendly duels (to first blood) are permitted on the promenade deck, provided that a prior arrangement has been made. Those wishing to engage in friendly competition must inform the Captain or Purser before any fight. If the crew are not aware

of any prior arrangement, they will treat the incident as a common brawl and step in to restrain the combatants.

After dinner, entertainments are staged in the passenger lounge: it is common, for example, for a musician or other entertainer to work his passage in return for a reduced fare. The standard fare reduction is 50%, and is not subject to negotiation. A character wishing to strike this kind of deal has a base 50% chance of success, modified as follows for each of the listed skills:

- +5 Acting, Clown, Juggle, Mime, Mimic.
- +10 Comedian, Escapology, Sing, Story Telling.
- +10 for Musicianship, +5 for each additional instrument

There is a certain etiquette to be observed in the type of entertainment provided. Anything involving fire is banned, since the *Emperor Luitpold* is built almost entirely of wood. Animal acts are not generally acceptable, since an unfortunate incident three years ago involving a dancing bear. And no entertainment may include material that is insulting to the Emperor, the nobility, or any of the major religions, or which is in any way 'in bad taste' (as decided by the Captain). These rules are explained at the outset, and any breach can result in the Captain disallowing part or all of an entertainer's discount. If an offending character protests that he can't pay the full fare, the Captain will hint darkly that he has a contact in the staff of the notorious Mundsens Keep debtors' prison in Altdorf.

THE CREW OF THE EMPEROR LUITPOLD

Captain Mikhail Iorga

Merchant, ex-Pilot ex-Boatman, ex-Marine
Appearance: Middle-aged, burly, bearded.
Personality: Taciturn, punctilious, efficient.
Motivations: A trouble-free trip.
Catchphrase: 'Enjoying the journey, I trust?'

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	42	37	4	4	8	49	1	43	67	59	55	53	48

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Evaluate; Fish; Haggle; Law; Magical Sense; Orientation; Read/Write; River Lore; Row; Sailing; Secret Language—Battle Tongue; Specialist Weapon—Firearms; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Swim.
Possessions: Mail shirt (1 AP, body); sword; dagger (I+20, D-2, P-20); 2 pistols (R 8/16/50, ES 3, Rld 3); blunderbuss (R 24/48/250, ES 3, Rld 4)

Bosun Hans Sauber

Mercenary Sergeant, ex-Marine, ex-Boatman
Appearance: Strong, scarred, unshaven.
Personality: Abrasive, professional, brusque.
Motivations: Keep the crew from slacking.
Catchphrase: 'PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT!'

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	57	55	6*	4	11	51	2	36	44	37	43	41	39

Skills: Boat Building; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Fish; Orientation; River Lore; Row; Secret Language—Battle Tongue; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Swim; Very Strong*.
Possessions: Mail shirt (1 AP, body); sword; dagger (I+20, D-2, P-20); crossbow (R 32/64/300, ES 4, Rld 2); 20 bolts.

First Pilot Reiner Reitsmann Second Pilot Wolfgang Altenberg

Pilots, ex-Boatmen

Appearance: Youthful, well-dressed.
Personality: Educated, professional, courteous.
Motivations: Avoid river hazards, get on in life.

Catchphrase: 'Charts? Hmm... You need to know the river for yourself. That's the mark of a river pilot!'

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	40	40	4	4	9	50	1	40	50	60	40	50	40

Skills: Cartography; Orientation; River Lore; Row; Sailing; Swim.
Possessions: River charts; dagger (I+20, D-2, P-20).

Oarsmen (20)

Boatmen

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

Skills: Fish; Orientation; River Lore; Row; Street Fighter; Swim; 50% chance of Very Strong; 25% chance of Consume Alcohol; 25% chance of Boat Building. Possessions: dagger (I+20, D-2, P-20).

Head Cook Maximilian Berryhill

Artisan, ex-Artisan's Apprentice, ex-Servant
Appearance: Plump, smiling Halfling.

Personality: Bustling, cheerful.

Motivations: Create wonderful meals, train staff.

Catchphrase: 'BARBARIAN! You can't serve that lukewarm!' and 'I agree entirely, Sir. Too much oregano would normally ruin the flavour, but...'

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	33	36	3	4*	7	72	1	63	35	34	32	55	58

Skills: Ambidextrous; Charm; Consume Alcohol; Cook; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Swim; Very Resilient*; Wit.
Possessions: Dagger (1+20, D -2, P -20); kitchen knife (1+20, D -1, P -20).

Kitchen Staff (2)

Servants

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	38	27	3	3	6	43	1	35	27	31	33	39	28

Skills: Cook; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Swim.
Possessions: Dagger (1+20, D -2, P -20); kitchen knife (1+20, D -11, P -20).

Purser Eberhardt Kleingeld

Merchant, ex-Scribe

Appearance: Slim, dapper, handsome.

Personality: Suave, charming, polite.

Motivations: Keep passengers happy, supervise stewards.

Catchphrase: 'Thank you for bringing that to my attention. I'll have it seen to immediately.'

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	38	41	4	4	8	55	1	47	59	65	46	53	55

Skills: Blather; Charm; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Evaluate; Haggle; Heraldry; Magical Sense; Numismatics; Read/Write; Secret Language Classical; Super Numerate; Swim.
Possessions: dagger (1+20, D-2, P-20).

Stewards (4)

Servants

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	38	27	3	3	6	43	1	35	27	31	33	39	28

Skills: Blather; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Heraldry; Read/Write; Swim.
Possessions: dagger (1+20, D-2, P-20).



TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

Sergei Buhkarin, Kislevite Ambassador

Noble, ex-Free Lance, ex-Squire, ex-Soldier

Born about thirty years ago into a minor noble family in the city of Kislev, Sergei has served with distinction in the Tsar's armies, and wears the Silver Star of Kislev, one of that country's foremost military decorations (**Fel** +25 when dealing with members of the Kislevite military and nobility). Among his various ranks and honours, he is a *Nachalnik Kavalyerov* (Knight Commander) of the Kislevite Order of the White Wolf, and he wears a silver wolf's-head pendant around his neck to indicate his rank. Sergei does not wear his armour while travelling, but wears a knee-length tunic with richly embroidered borders in the Kislevite fashion, plus stout breeches and knee-length boots, with a heavy, fur-lined overcoat and a fur hat.

Sergei is an experienced, enthusiastic soldier, and enjoys discussing battles, tactics and weapons with fellow warriors. He has an enormous appetite for food, drink and exercise—unwary travellers may commit themselves to dawn work-outs with sword and shield without realizing it. He also has a tendency to fall in love with attractive young women he meets on his travels, forgetting them instantly at journey's end. He is a bluff, hearty man with a great appetite for life and a direct approach to life's difficulties.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	67	44	6	4	10	53	3	41	66	42	65	34	40

Skills: Animal Care; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Gamble; Heraldry; Read/Write; Ride Horse; Secret Language—Battle Tongue; Speak Additional Language—Norse; Specialist Weapon—Lance; Specialist Weapon—Flail; Specialist Weapon—Two-handed weapons; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Strike to Injure
Possessions: Sleeved mail coat, mail leggings, mail coif, breastplate, helmet and shield (3 AP head/body/legs, 2 AP arms); a jewelled dress sword (150 GC); an everyday sword, a two-handed sword (1-10, D+2), a dagger (1+20, D-2, P-20); sealed and very sensitive letters from the Tsar's court; around 250 GCs in coin and gems.

Merchants

Wealthy merchants are frequent passengers aboard the *Emperor Luitpold*; it is a favourite means of transport for Talabheimer merchants coming to Altdorf, since they think that they can impress the merchants of the capital by arriving in such great style. A basic profile for a merchant is given at the top of the next page; personalities can vary a great deal, but here are a few ideas:

Merchant, self-made, obnoxious

Appearance: Middle-aged, overweight. Ostentatious dress, little style.

Personality: Fawning to social superiors, insulting to inferiors. Vain, arrogant, cowardly, avaricious. Loud, tactless, often vulgar.

Motivations: Greed. Need to impress.

Catchphrases: 'I had nothing when I started out' and 'Never done a day's work in their lives, them.'

Merchant, quick-witted

Appearance: Any age and build. Dressed well but not overdressed.

Personality: Observant, tactful, humorous.

Motivations: Profit, enjoyment, build useful contacts.

Catchphrases: 'Stay in touch. We might do business one day.'

Merchant, senior

Appearance: Elderly, aristocratic, well-dressed.

Personality: Demands respect. Genial unless offended.

Motivations: Profit, social status.

Catchphrases: 'I wouldn't travel any other way.' and 'You probably wouldn't remember the slump of '85.'

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	42	36	4	4	7	55	1	41	62	65	53	50	54

Skills: Arcane Language—Magick; Blather; Evaluate; Haggle; Law; Magical Sense; Numismatics; Read/Write; Secret Language—Classical; Guild; Speak Additional Language—Norse; Super Numerate.

Possessions: Fencing sword (I+20, D-1, WS-20); dagger (I+20, D-2, P-20); assorted jewellery; one or more servants.

Gambler

Gamblers frequent riverboats as much as they do roadside inns, for there is a great deal of money to be made from fellow-travellers. A typical gambler aboard the *Emperor Luitpold* will be at the very top of his profession, able to move among the aristocracy with ease. This example has also followed the career of charlatan, adding to the skills which help him fit in with this rich environment.

Appearance: Immaculate, well-dressed.

Personality: Charming, witty.

Motivations: Profit, amusement, personal safety.

Catchphrases: 'Anyone, for an honest game of chance?' and 'Would you care to avenge yourself for yesterday's game?'

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

Skills: Blather; Charm; Consume Alcohol; Disguise; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Evaluate; Fleet; Gamble; Luck; Mimic; Palm Object; Pick Pocket; Public Speaking; Seduction; Street Fighter; Wit.

Possessions: Good quality clothing; cards; dice; sword; dagger (I+20, D-2, P-20); around 100 GC in cash; around 250 GC in jewellery.

Aristocrats

The *Emperor Luitpold* carries the highest class of passengers, often including the nobility. Here are a couple of sample aristocrats:

Elderly Duchess

Appearance: Elderly, immaculate, slightly frail.

Personality: Imperious, demanding, snobbish.

Motivations: Receive respect, terrify servants, avoid commoners.

Catchphrases: 'I hate travelling. So uncomfortable. Such a fuss.' and 'Some people have no idea of the correct way to behave.'

Young Blood

Appearance: Youthful, athletic, gorgeously-dressed.

Personality: High-spirited, irresponsible, noisy.

Motivations: Have fun, play practical jokes.

Catchphrases: 'I SAY, you chaps! How utterly splendid! Much fun!' and 'Some people have no sense of humour. What a bore!'

Catchphrases: 'I SAY, you chaps! How utterly splendid! Much fun!' and 'Some people have no sense of humour. What a bore!'

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	45	3	3	7	41	1	40	52	28	42	35	46

Skills: Blather; Charm; 25% chance of Consume Alcohol; Etiquette; Gamble; Heraldry; Luck; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Ride Horse; Specialist Weapon—Fencing Sword (males); Wit.

Possessions: Good quality clothes; sword and dagger (males); money and jewellery, one or more servants.

Army Officers

Senior military men have to travel regularly between the capital and their bases. Their precise rank can vary but those who can take passage on the *Emperor Luitpold* will always be high-ranking. They might be commanders of border regiments, heads of orders of knighthood, or even senior templars.

Frontier Commander

Appearance: Middle-aged, tough, uncomfortable in courtly clothes.

Personality: Gruff, unsociable, terrifying if crossed.

Motivations: Get this dam' business over with and get back to the troops.

Catchphrases: 'Don't know much about that. Been a soldier all m'life.' and 'That one wouldn't last five minutes in the hills.'

Staff Officer

Appearance: Immaculate, middle-aged or elderly.

Personality: Courty, charming, snobbish.

Motivations: Socialise, tell endless stories.

Catchphrases: 'The last time I was at the Palace...' and 'Did I tell you about the Battle of Rogenburg? I was on the left flank...'

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	60	58	5	5	12	53	3	41	74	43	59	45	53

Skills: Charm; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Gamble; Heraldry; Secret Language—Battle Tongue; Ride Horse; Specialist Weapon—lance, two-handed weapon, flail, parrying weapon; Street Fighting*; Strike Mighty Blow*; Strike to Stun*; Strike to Injure*; Wit**

(*Frontier Commander only; **Staff Officer only).

Possessions: Good quality clothes; dress uniform; sword; dagger (I+20, D-2, P-20); military decorations; jewellery and money as GM sees fit; possibly one servant.

ADVENTURE IDEAS

There is an almost endless variety of adventures and encounters which can befall a group of travellers on a river, and the forthcoming Volume 2 of *The Enemy Within Campaign: Death on the Reik* includes an extensive section of ideas for river-based encounters. Many of these can be used with the *Emperor Luitpold* just as well as with any other river-boat. The ideas presented here relate purely to this great river liner—they treat the *Luitpold* itself (rather than the river) as the adventuring environment.

Murder on the Altdorf Express

A group of apparently unrelated travellers, effectively trapped together on a long journey—this is a favourite setting for murder mysteries. In a *WFRP* adventure the player characters must solve the mystery before the liner reaches the next stop and the murderer can get away.

The first thing you need to do is decide on the murder victim. Next, you need a motive, a means of death, and a group of fellow-travellers. Ideally, most of the other travellers should have a Dark Secret which links them to the victim and provides a motive for murder. Each character should have an alibi which make it impossible for any of them to have done the deed. Then add at least one handful of red herrings...

For example, let's suppose that the murder victim is Handriek van den Kuyster, a truly obnoxious merchant. There could be a good many people who would be happy to see him dead. Given his foul treatment of underlings, he might have heaped abuse on one or more of the stewards. He could also have been caught cheating at cards, or he might have had a streak of luck which resulted in him winning a vast sum from a fellow-passenger who could clearly ill afford it. He might have made improper advances to the daughter of a noble passenger. There might be another merchant on board whom he has recently crossed in a dubious business transaction, and with whom he quarrelled violently on the first night aboard.

Those are the obvious clues. Most of them, at least, will be red herrings, but as the adventurers investigate further—assuming, of course, that they have the Fel scores and skills

for other passengers to co-operate with them—they will uncover deeper and more secret motives. One of the passengers or crew might be the victim's illegitimate offspring, whose deserted mother died of a broken heart. Another might be the victim of blackmail. And so on, until you have a suitable web of intrigue.

On to the time of death and the method employed. Let us suppose that the victim was found dead in his cabin by a steward who had gone to call him to dinner. He was lying face-down on the bed with a dagger between his shoulder blades. The last time he was seen by any of the passengers was around the middle of the afternoon, when several people saw a violent argument in the lounge between him and another passenger.

So off the adventurers go, questioning passengers, checking alibis, uncovering clues, and so on. There are only three days before the Luitpold docks in Talabheim, and there are no planned stops in between. The adventurers must work fast to uncover the murderer's identity before then. If they need any encouragement, the finger of suspicion points squarely at one of their number, who is chained up on the oar deck to be handed over to the authorities in Altdorf. If the other characters don't clear his name before then, the poor chap is doomed!

The truth of the matter can be as straightforward or as bizarre as you like. The adventurers may well discard the obvious motives once they begin to uncover the secret ones, but one of the 'cleared' suspects might be the murderer. Alternatively, a large number of the passengers might have arranged this trip purely for the purposes of murdering their mutual enemy, and will have arranged each others' alibis. Or the whole murder might be a fake, arranged by the so-called victim to frame one of the other passengers, to escape from mounting debts, or for some other reason.

Setting up a good murder mystery can take a lot of time and work, but it can produce a very challenging and rewarding adventure, especially for groups who like complex plots with a lot of character interaction.

To Catch a Thief

A variation on the murder mystery is the jewel theft. Nobody dies, but some priceless jewellery or some other highly valuable object is stolen. The professional jewel thief is a far cry from his lower-class brethren. He is someone who can move as he likes through the upper classes, who can deal with locks and alarms without even thinking about it, and—most important of all—he has the everyday personality of someone who would be completely incapable of planning and executing a brilliant robbery. Many impoverished nobles and similar characters try their hands at this glamorous occupation, but few are skilled enough to have long careers.

This type of adventure is also about checking alibis and uncovering people who are not what they might seem. The adventurers have to be trusted by their fellow-passengers in order to get any useful information from them, and again, you might concentrate the adventurers' minds by having one of them locked up.

The Thing in the Locker

At the eastern end of its journey, the *Emperor Luitpold* is joined by Professor Marius von Groninghof, a scholar of some renown and a professor at the University of Altdorf.

He has been on an expedition into the Worlds Edge Mountains, and has brought back several interesting finds from his journey. These are stored in crates in and around the lockers on the oar deck.

Among the finds being brought back to Altdorf are the contents of the centuries-old tomb of an Orc chieftain. The actual nature of the finds is not being made public to avoid undue concern among the passengers and crew, but they include the bodies and artefacts of the Orc chieftain and two of his warriors.

Partway through the river journey, the Orc chieftain decides to punish those who have disturbed his eternal rest. The body breaks out of the crate in which it is stored, takes a few weapons and magical items from some of the other crates, and sets out on a killing spree.

Staging is all-important in an adventure of this type. You could simply have the undead Orc (treat it as a Mummy) break out of its crate and kill everything until it is overwhelmed by the adventurers and a few brave NPCs, but this would not do justice to the idea.

Far better if the monster behaves intelligently, killing when it finds a victim alone and hiding the rest of the time. First the crates are found burst open, and then one of the crew is found, horribly mutilated. The Captain approaches the adventurers, swearing them to secrecy to avoid causing panic on board. They must search the oar deck, possibly splitting into small groups so that the creature doesn't escape. If you've seen the movie *Alien*, you'll know the kind of tension that's needed.



Chapter 17

The Great Hospice

The Sisters of Shallya is one of the largest orders of Shallya's priesthood, and as its name suggests, the membership of the order is exclusively female. Members of the order may be found throughout the Old World working with the poor and sick—usually alongside male followers of Shallya. The hospices are large hospital-monasteries, of which there are several in the Old World.

Some of the hospices deal in general healing, and take any patient who comes to them in need; others specialize in particular ailments and conditions, and draw their patients from all over the Old World. The hospice at Seuchenshof in Nordland, for example, specializes in the treatment of the Black Plague, while the one at Frederheim in the Reikland specializes in the treatment of insanity.

FREDERHEIM

The village of Frederheim lies not far from the point where the highway from Altdorf forks for Middenheim and Delberz. It is a tiny, undistinguished place of 75 or so souls who scratch a living from the forest, and few people ever stop there. Fewer maps even bother to record its position, although it is part of the Imperial estates. The locals are reluctant to talk about the Hospice—not because of any disrespect to the Sisters, but from simple fear that the madness that haunts the place is infectious, just like any other plague.

Past Frederheim—but not quite through it—runs a dirt road, linking the Great Hospice to the Altdorf road. The turning is not marked by a post or milestone, and is easy to miss if you are not sure of your way. Despite appearances, the road is capable of handling coach traffic, and winds through the dark forest for two or three miles until the high, grey walls of the Great Hospice suddenly loom out of the trees.

THE HOSPICE

The Great Hospice was founded in 2243 by a grant of land and money from Eberhardt the Just, who was then Emperor in Altdorf. A postulant priest of Shallya himself, Eberhardt had suddenly had the leadership of the House of Holzkrug thrust upon him when his father died unexpectedly and his elder brother was found issuing decrees to an electoral assembly which consisted entirely of potted plants.

As Emperor, Eberhardt expended a great deal of time and money—much of it his own—on improving public health in the Reikland's towns and cities. He was especially interested in the causes of madness, and as soon as the

newly endowed hospice was built he sent local militias scouring the towns and countryside for lunatics to occupy it. Eberhardt hoped that by studying lunatics a cure might be found for madness, but the Sisters of Shallya placed the well-being of their patients above any academic priorities, and no startling progress has been made.

The Great Hospice of Frederheim continues to receive financial support from the crown, but this has reduced drastically over the years. For the last century the Hospice has relied on 'donations'—they will not call them fees—from the families of their more wealthy patients. No one has yet been turned away.

Sworn statements by two physicians are necessary before a patient can be admitted here. In the case of poor patients who cannot afford a physician, Sister Margaret will provide one signature and Sister Marie the other. Once admitted, a patient remains in the care of the hospice until he is demonstrably cured (which is rare), until he dies, or until his family—if any—instructs otherwise.

The Hospice is technically a nunnery of Shallya, and there are certain rules which must be observed by those visiting. All weapons, armour and magical items (except those which can be demonstrated to have at least one healing property) must be kept under lock and key for the whole duration of the visit; and one of the Sisters keeps the key. No violence of any kind may take place within the walls of the Hospice. Visitors must do as they are asked by the staff at all times.

Violating these rules—and any other breach of common courtesy—will result in the miscreant being asked to leave immediately. Serious infringements might call down Shallya's wrath on the culprit: healing—including magical healing—will stop working, and the character will suffer a penalty of -20 to all T tests against disease. These effects last until the culprit has made confession in a temple of Shallya, and performed a penance set by one of her Clerics.

THE PEOPLE OF THE GREAT HOSPICE

Typical Sister

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	27	35	3	3	9	45	1	46	42	33	39	31	33

Skills: Cure Disease; Heal Wounds; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language—Classical; Theology.

Possessions: Silver dove cloak-pin; robes.

High Priestess Margaret von Aschendorf Cleric of Shallya, level 3

Appearance: Elderly, slim, piercing blue eyes.

Personality: Brisk, practical, worldly.

Motivations: Keep Hospice running, get donations, cut costs.

Catchphrases: *'They're happy enough to dump their embarrassing relatives on us, but they don't seem to understand that it costs money. Just because we're priestesses, they seem to think we come by everything we need miraculously.'*

Chapter 17: The Great Hospice

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	35	37	3	4	9	47	1	43	58	55	52	67	49

Skills: Arcane Language—Magic; Cast Spells (see below); Cure Disease; Heal Wounds; Herb Lore; Identify Undead; Magical Awareness; Magical Sense; Meditate; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language—Classical; Theology.

Spells: 28 Magic Points

Petty: *Gift of Tongues; Glowing Light; Magic Alarm; Magic Lock; Open; Protection from Rain; Remove Curse; Sleep; Zone of Warmth.*

Battle 1: *Aura of Resistance; Cure Light Injury; Cure Poison; Detect Magic; Dispirit; Enthuse; Immunity from Poison; Steal Mind.*

Battle 2: *Aura of Protection; Cause Panic; Rally; Treat Illness; Zone of Sanctuary; Zone of Steadfastness.*

Battle 3: *Cause Fear; Cause Stupidity; Cure Insanity; Dispel Magic; Enfeeble.*

Possessions: Silver dove cloak-pin; robes.

Sister Clementine Clausewitz

Physician's Student, ex-Initiate, ex-Noble

Appearance: Late 20s, medium build, fair hair.

Personality: Dreaming, well-meaning, emotional.

Motivations: A simple life, welfare of patients.

Catchphrases: *'I hope it's for the best. It's so difficult to know what to do for them.'*

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	27	35	3	3	9	45	1	46	42	33	39	31	33

Skills: Charm; Cure Disease; Etiquette; Heal Wounds; Herd; Luck; Read/Write; Ride Horse; Scroll Lore; Secret Language—Classical; Theology.

Possessions: silver dove cloak-pin; robes.

Sister Marie Duvallier

Physician, ex-Physician's Student, ex-Initiate

Appearance: Middle-aged, heavy build, grey hair, blue eyes.

Personality: Gentle, patient, slight Bretonnian accent.

Motivations: Welfare of patients, researching treatments for insanity.

Catchphrases: *'The mind is a complex organ—more intricate than the finest clock a Dwarf ever made. We do not even understand how it can be broken, so we have a long way to go before we know how to mend it.'*

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	27	32	4	4	9	44	1	65	49	66	53	54	42

Skills: Cure Disease; Heal Wounds; Manufacture Drugs; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language—Classical; Surgery; Theology.

Possessions: Silver dove cloak-pin; robes; surgical equipment (stored in infirmary).

Sister Anna-Lise Leverktse

Pharmacist, ex-Herbalist, ex-Physician's Student, ex-Initiate

Appearance: 30s, tall, slim, always wears gloves.

Personality: Brisk, efficient, unsociable.

Motivations: Develop new compounds for treating insanity, welfare of patients.

Catchphrases: *'Will it work? How can I know? How do I know what works if I'm not allowed to test anything?'*

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	32	3	3	7	43	1	40	29	42	44	39	37

Skills: Arcane Language—Druidic; Chemistry; Cure Disease; Heal Wounds; Herb Lore; Identify Plant; Immunity to Poison; Manufacture Drugs; Prepare Poisons; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language—Classical; Theology.

Possessions: Silver dove cloak-pin; robes; pharmaceutical equipment (in infirmary).

Sister Ulrike Messner

Physician's Student, ex-Initiate, ex-Alchemist's Apprentice, ex-Hypnotist

Appearance: Late 20s, medium height and build, piercing blue eyes.

Personality: Friendly, gregarious, talkative.

Motivations: Investigate non-surgical, non-pharmaceutical treatments.

Catchphrases: *'The mind isn't physical and it's not chemical. The mind itself is greater than cogs and drugs.'*

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	28	30	3	3	7	42	1	39	33	42	39	43	45

Skills: Brewing; Chemistry; Cure Disease; Evaluate; Heal Wounds; Hypnotise; Magical Awareness; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language—Classical; Theology.

Possessions: silver dove pendant; robes.

Chief Orderly Sister Hanna Bratsch

Physician's Student, ex-Initiate, ex-Mercenary

Appearance: 20s, short, stocky.

Personality: Quiet, firm, slightly intimidating.

Motivations: Serve the hospice.

Catchphrases: *'I decided to stop killing and try healing instead. Any objections? In the end I just swapped one bunch of lunatics for another.'*

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	45	42	4	3	8	44	2	30	41	44	47	42	37

Skills: Cure Disease; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Heal Wounds; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language—Battle Tongue, Classical; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Theology; Wrestling.

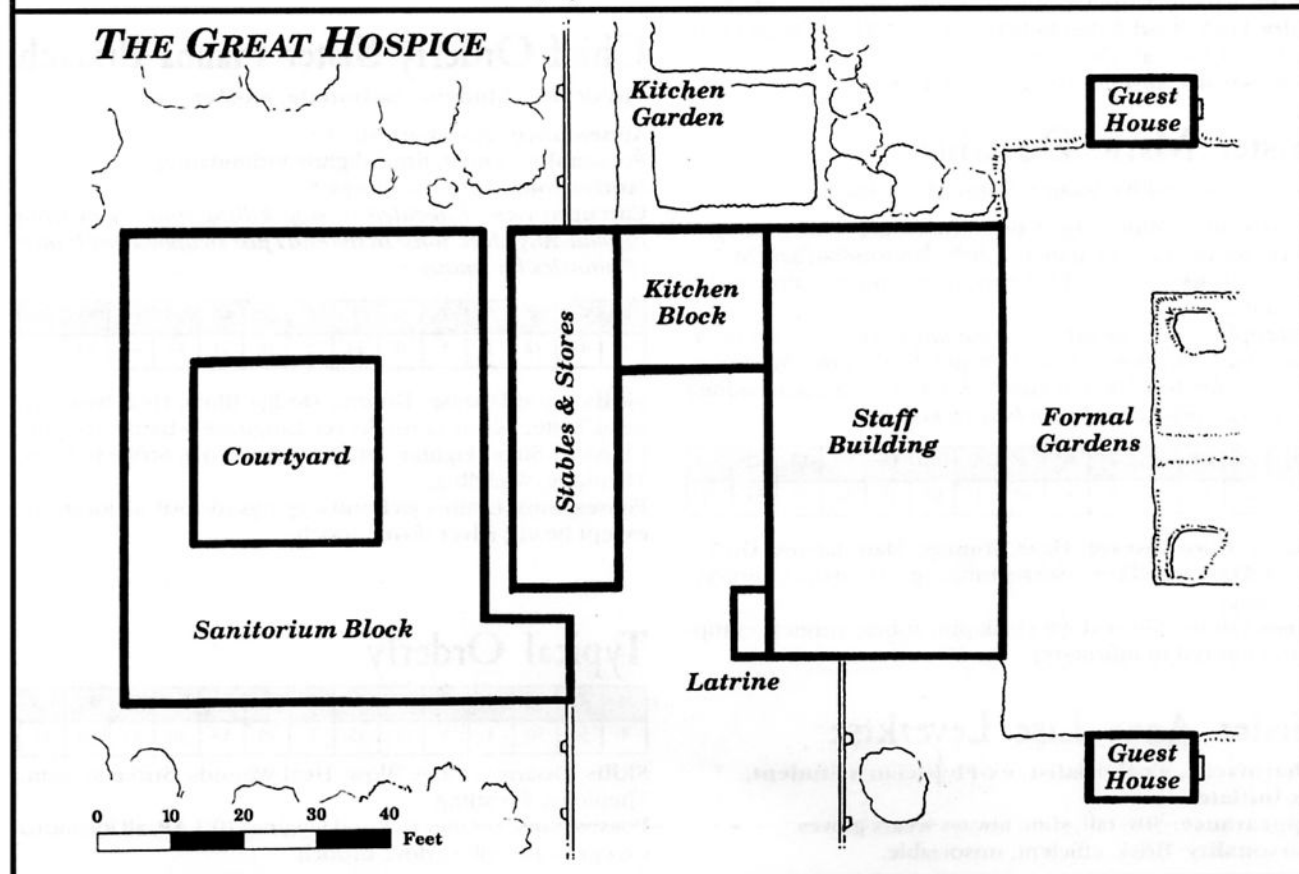
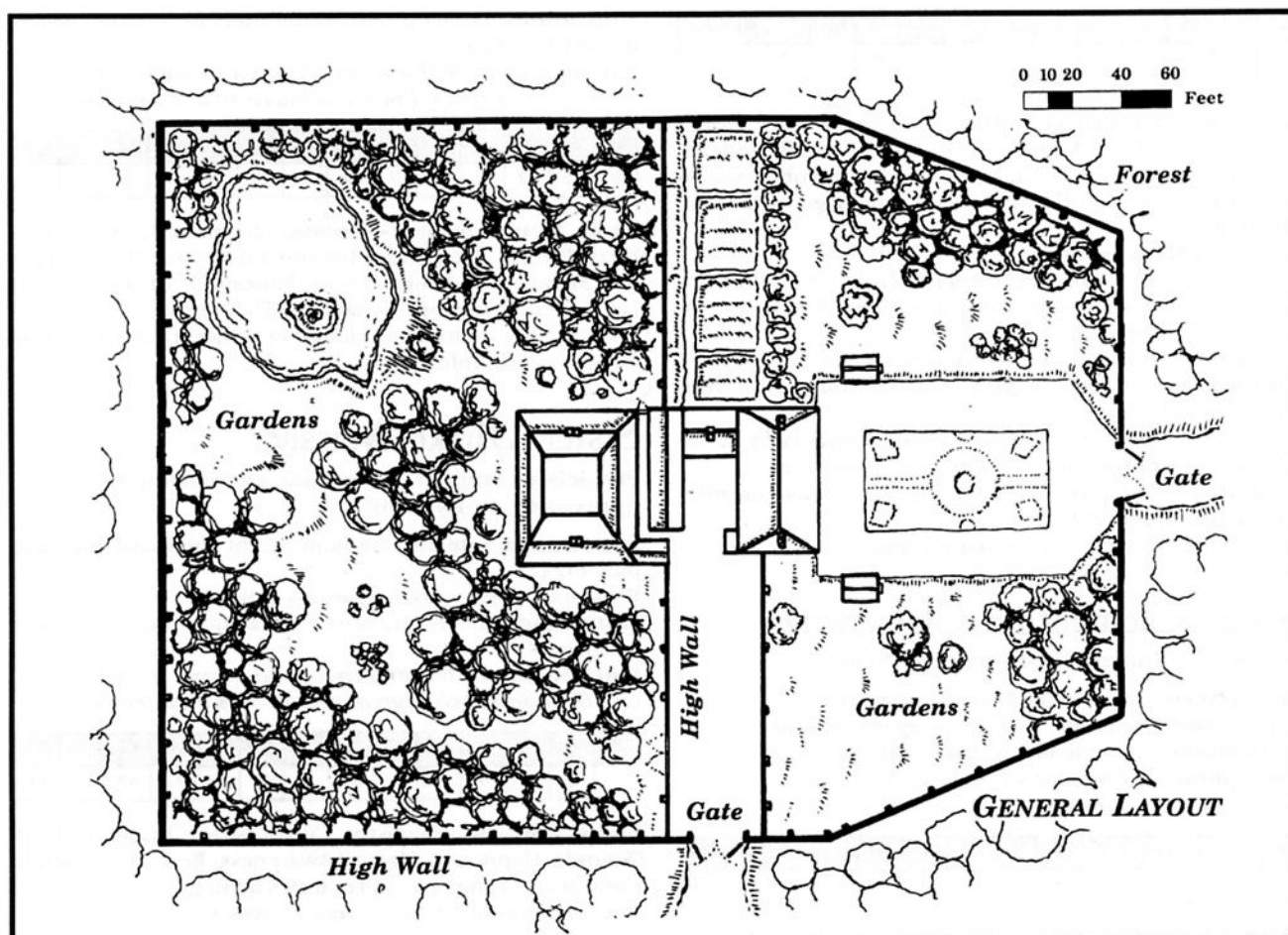
Possessions: Leather jack and leggings (0/1 AP, all locations except head); silver dove brooch.

Typical Orderly

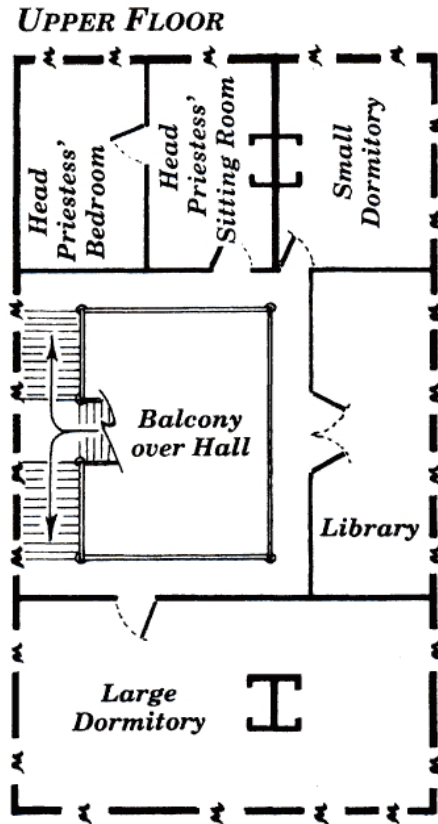
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	30	4	3	7	35	1	35	30	30	35	30	25

Skills: Disarm; Dodge Blow; Heal Wounds; Strike to Stun; Theology; Wrestling.

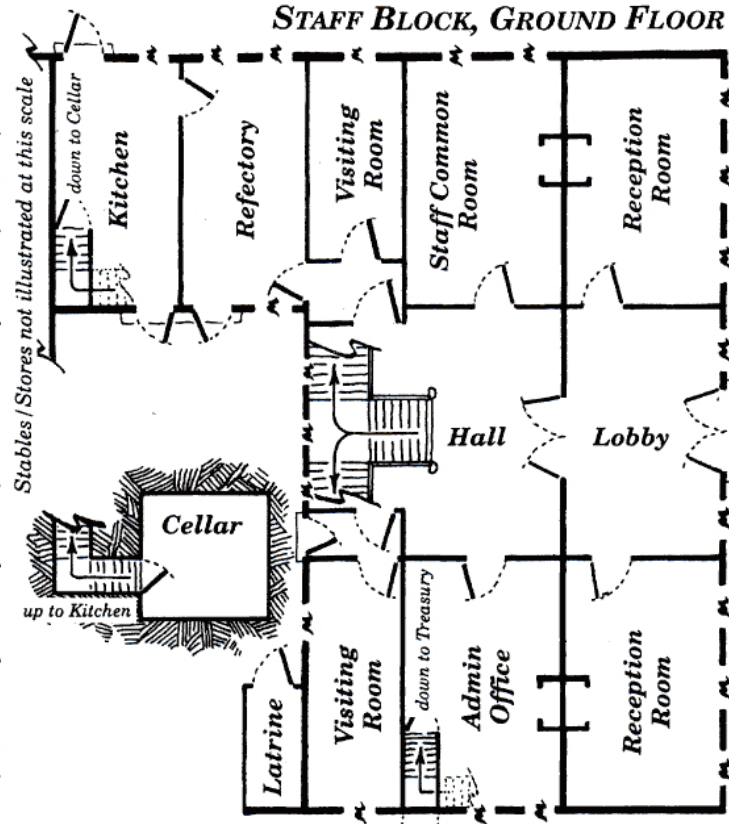
Possessions: Leather jack and leggings (0/1 AP, all locations except head); silver dove brooch.



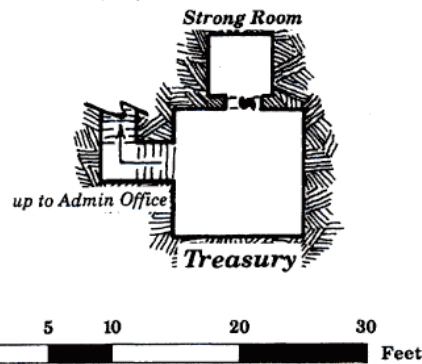
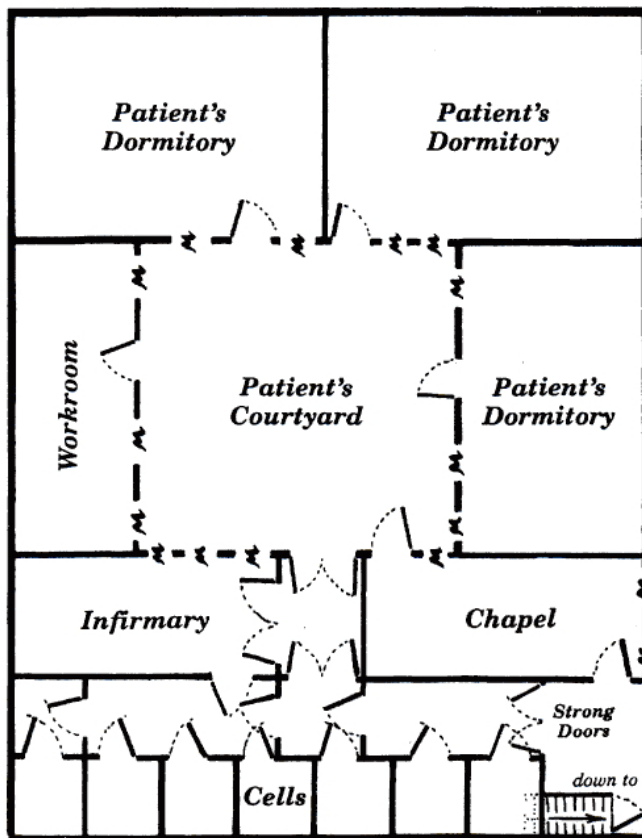
UPPER FLOOR



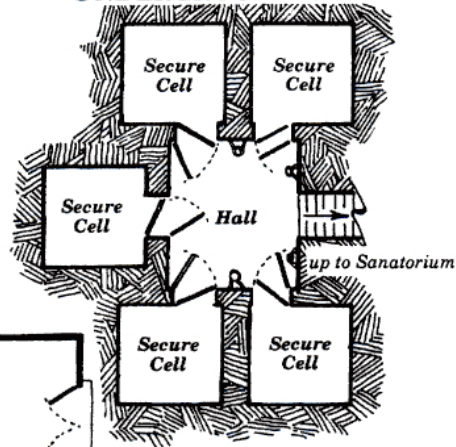
STAFF BLOCK, GROUND FLOOR



SANATORIUM BUILDING



UNDERGROUND CELLS



THE INMATES

Erzbet Wegener, Hospice Inmate

Assassin, ex-Bounty Hunter, ex-Entertainer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	65	67	4	4	12	63	4	64	49	52	50	55	35

Skills: Acrobatics; Concealment—Rural; Concealment—Urban; Dance; Follow Trail; Marksmanship; Prepare Poisons; Scale Sheer Surface; Shadowing; Silent Move—Rural; Silent Move—Urban; Specialist Weapon—Fist Weapon, Lasso, Throwing Knife; Strike Mighty Blow.

Possessions: none.

Insanity Points: 4

Disorders: Amnesia; Dementia; Introversion; Phobia (strangers); Minor Disorder—Nightmares.

Typical Inmate

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	27	35	3	3	9	45	1	46	42	33	39	31	33

Skills: 25% chance of Animal Training (rats, bats, spiders or something similar); Blather; Charm; Concealment—Rural; Concealment—Urban; Drive Cart; Flee!; Fleet Footed; Lightning Reflexes; Luck; Prepare Poisons; Read/Write; Ride—Horse; Scale Sheer Surface; Sing; Super Numerate; Very Resilient and Very Strong; 5% chance of any other skill.

Possessions: tattered night-shirt; soup bowl.

Anders Bohne

Appearance: Late 30s, slim build, fair hair.

Personality: Quiet, reasonable, violent when he doesn't get his own way. Motivations: Escape.

Catchphrases: 'I don't want to keep repeating myself, but I am sane. I'm not mad. I shouldn't be in here. There's been a terrible mistake. Just talk to the Sisters, they'll tell you I'm right.'

Hanni Eiferer

Appearance: Old (late 60s), slight build, drawn face, piercing eyes.

Personality: Charming psychopath.

Motivations: Destroy 'wrongdoers', escape to continue the 'great work'.

Catchphrases: 'I'm going to cut the wickedness out of your soul. You want me to hurt you. I can tell. There's an eye in the middle of your forehead that's winking at me. It's telling me what to do. So SIT STILL. I'M A SURGEON, DAMMIT!'

Jurgen Stumpfnase

Appearance: Indeterminate age, scruffy, red-rimmed eyes.

Personality: Deluded, believes that he is a Vampire.

Motivations: Live forever!

Catchphrases: 'Flies. Flies. Flies. That's the only thing for me. But there's not much life in a fly, you know. Far more inside you. Or one of those nice ripe Sisters. Yummy.'

Inmate 21B

Appearance: Early 20s, long hair, beard, unwashed.

Personality: Almost non-existent, can barely deal with inanimate objects.

Motivations: A quiet life, away from everything.

Catchphrases: 'That wall's a lying git!'

INSANITY

The *WFRP* rulebook offers a selection of mental disorders and some basic notes on the treatment of insanity. However, further disorders have been recognized by Old World medicine, and further treatments have been developed at the Great Hospice and elsewhere. Here is a selection of optional and advanced rules, which can be introduced into your *WFRP* campaign if you wish.

New Disorder—Delusion

If you wish to include this new disorder in your games, use the 'Disorders Table' on pp83-4 of the *WFRP* rulebook as normal. When a *Phobia* result is generated, roll a D6: on a roll of 5-6 the result is *Delusion* instead.

A character suffering from this disorder believes something which is very obviously untrue. The nature of the delusion can vary widely—it may be something trivial, such as a conviction that the moon of Mórrslieb is made of cheese, or it may be something which affects every aspect of the afflicted character's life, like a belief that the ground cannot be trusted to support his weight.

When a character is found to be suffering from a delusion, consult the following table:

D100	Result
01-50	Trivial Delusion
51-70	Moderate Delusion
71-80	Serious Delusion
81-00	Personal Delusion

Trivial Delusions have little effect on a character's life, and lead only to minor peculiarities of behaviour. Here are a few examples, and you should feel free to invent your own:

- The character believes that all members of a particular race or nation are slightly deaf, and always shouts when talking to them.
- The character believes that the meat of a certain animal causes baldness, and refuses to eat it.
- The character believes that moonlight is dangerous, and will go to some lengths to avoid being struck by the rays of either moon.
- The character believes that mice are intelligent beings from another world, and will spend hours talking to them in respectful tones.

Moderate Delusions will affect the character's life somewhat, but not enough that normal life becomes impossible. However, the character will be recognized as seriously eccentric and others may avoid him or at least tap their heads knowingly behind his back...

- The character believes that any entrance in the east of a building lets Daemons in, and will never enter any room which has an eastern door.
- The character believes that earth can never conquer water, and therefore will never cross a stone or earth bridge over a river, because the bridge cannot possibly exist.

- The character believes that boots and shoes are actually malignant life-forms that are just awaiting the signal to bite their unsuspecting victims' feet off, and will refuse to wear any kind of footwear.

Serious Delusions will make it impossible for the character to survive in normal society—he must either receive treatment or be incarcerated in an asylum:

- The character believes that every living thing around him might harbour a Daemon, and is therefore subject to Terror of all living things.
- The character believes that the ground will not be able to support his weight if he moves, and is frozen into terrified immobility.
- The character believes that he can fly, and will hurl himself from buildings, trees or cliffs unless restrained.

Personal Delusions are a special kind of delusion. Some physicians claim that they are a completely separate disorder. A character suffering from a personal delusion believes that he is someone else. This can be anyone—or indeed, anything—at all. A Human character might believe he is an Orc, for instance, and behave exactly as he believes an Orc would behave. Note that it is what the afflicted character believes that matters, not the actual truth. Deluded characters might believe that they are Orcs, or Dwarfs, or even trees or squirrels. Alternatively, a character might believe that he is a certain famous individual—the condition which in our world is informally known as the Napoleon Syndrome. You can allow the player to choose a role-model for his character, or you can choose it yourself.

NEW TREATMENTS

As well as the treatments described in the *WFRP* rulebook, there are other means that can be used to try to cure personality disorders. Often distressing for the patient, they are neither gentle nor reliable, but occasionally they do work.

Confrontation Therapy

This treatment is used in cases of phobia and other conditions which arise principally from fear. The patient is forced to confront the object of his fear, and hopefully repeated exposure will decrease the fear until it becomes manageable. Or it might drive the patient even further into insanity.

The patient makes a CI test for each session of therapy. If the test is passed, the patient comes a little closer to mastering his fear; if not, the fear gets a little worse. Make a note on the character sheet of each passed test. 6 passes will cure the phobia completely, and each pass gives the patient a +10 modifier for all subsequent tests. If the test is failed, the patient gains another insanity point. It is possible for a patient to be cured of one disorder and gain another in the process.

Confrontation therapy can be used to treat the following disorders: agoraphobia, anorexia, claustrophobia, scotophobia (fear of darkness). It can also be used in cases of animosity and hatred, but if the test is failed the patient does not gain another insanity point. Instead, the condition takes its normal effect, described in the *WFRP* rulebook.

Aversion Therapy

This technique seeks to alter a patient's behaviour by administering a sharp punishment every time the undesirable behaviour is displayed—in a way, it gives the patient a phobia against the undesirable behaviour. Or against the treatment. Aversion therapy can be used to treat alcoholism,

animosity, drug addiction, kleptomania, pathological lying, and all minor disorders.

The patient makes a CI test for each session of aversion therapy. Make a note on the character sheet of each passed test—6 passes will cure the disorder, and each pass gives the patient a +10 modifier for all subsequent tests. If the test is failed, the patient gains another insanity point. A new disorder acquired while undergoing aversion therapy will always be a phobia—fear of physicians, the cult of Shallya, or of some other recognizable group of people associated with the treatment.

Shock Therapy

As its name suggests, this treatment involves administering a sharp shock to the patient—dousing with cold water, for instance. It is mainly used in cases where the patient has become withdrawn (e.g. catatonia and introversion), and has also been used in cases of dementia to try to shock the patient's mind back to full functioning.

The patient makes a CI test for each session of shock therapy. Make a note on the character sheet of each passed test—6 passes will cure the disorder, and each pass gives the patient a +10 modifier for all subsequent tests. If the test is failed, the patient retreats further from the discomfort of reality and the disorder is reinforced—the patient gains a permanent -10 modifier to all subsequent attempts to treat the disorder.

Deprivation Therapy

Known informally as 'cold turkey' in our world, deprivation is often used to treat addiction to drugs or alcohol. It can also be used, in a modified form, to treat other behavioural disorders, simply by denying the patient the opportunity to indulge in the aberrant behaviour.

For each day of deprivation, the patient must make a CI test. If the condition being treated is a physical addiction, such as alcoholism or drug addiction, the patient must also make a T test daily. Each failed CI test gains the character an additional insanity point, and each failed T test causes the character to lose points from a random characteristic:

D100	Characteristic	Points lost
01-02	Movement	1
03-12	Weapon Skill	D10
13-22	Ballistic Skill	D10
23-27	Strength	1
28-33	Toughness	1
34-40	Wounds	1
41-60	Initiative	D10
61-64	Attacks	1
65-70	Dexterity	D10
71-76	Leadership	D10
77-82	Intelligence	D10
83-88	Cool	D10
89-94	Will Power	D10
95-00	Fellowship	D10

Losses are permanent. If any characteristic reaches zero, the patient lapses into a coma and must make a T test or die; patients who survive still have D6 points in the affected characteristic.

Each time a CI test is passed, the patient becomes a little bit more able to cope with their addiction. The addiction is never cured by this process, but each successful test gives the character a +5 bonus to WP tests to resist the lure of his particular drug.

ADVENTURE IDEAS

The Great Hospice of Frederheim can be used in a variety of ways in your *WFRP* adventures.

The Course of True Love

A friend or associate of the adventurers has been conducting a reckless and passionate affair, and the father of his paramour does not approve of the liaison one little bit. After threats, bribery and outright violence have left both lovers unmoved, the disapproving father has resorted to desperate measures—he has bribed a couple of physicians to certify his daughter insane, and has had her shipped off to the Great Hospice. The adventurers—perhaps with their friend in tow—must scout the Hospice and find some way of getting the unfortunate girl out, while avoiding sacrilege or any other trouble. Perhaps afterwards they will be called upon to prove her sanity in a court of law—not an easy task!

Out of Harm's Way

This idea might be used as a group adventure, or as a solo adventure, or as separate but interlinked adventures for a group of characters who have become separated. The adventurers were hired to carry out a task of dubious legality, and things went wrong. They wake up in the Great Hospice, where they have been admitted as patients under false names. Perhaps they are together, or perhaps they have been separated. They have no equipment of any kind and no clothes other than a tattered night-shirt apiece. Their former patron had them admitted—shying away from actual murder, he still needs them out of the way, as they know too much. From this none-too-promising start, they must somehow escape, recover what they have lost and perhaps avenge themselves on their former patron.

The Key Witness

The adventurers are hired by a big-city lawyer, or perhaps even a templar or witch hunter. A huge trial is about to start in the city—which could be Altdorf, Middenheim, Marienburg or anywhere else you fancy—and a vital witness has vanished. The trial could involve a major organized crime ring, a powerful Chaos cult with some members still at liberty, or any other large, powerful organization. The key witness has been admitted to the Great Hospice under a false name, and must somehow be found and freed, and brought back to testify. Again, it may be necessary to establish the witness's sanity before his testimony can be admitted at the trial.

The Awful Truth

This idea would be best suited to a group which includes at least one character with *Surgery* or some other healing skill or magic. The adventurers are hired by a wizard, cleric, templar or witch hunter. A former colleague of their patron was conducting highly dangerous but vital research on the very edge of Chaos, when an experiment went disastrously wrong. The experimenter gained some vital knowledge, but was driven mad in the process and is now a patient at the Great Hospice. The information locked in the madman's tormented mind is vital, and must be recovered at all costs—but how? Which of his ravings are real, and which are merely ravings?

Brotherly Love

It is far from uncommon for patients at the Great Hospice to come from noble families, and the younger sons of noble families have been known to stoop to almost anything in order to get the succession (and the fortune) away from their older siblings and into their own hands. Such is the case here—the eldest son of a noble house has been falsely certified insane, and is confined in the Great Hospice. The adventurers are hired by a faithful retainer to free the Young Master, prove his soundness of mind, and redress the wrongs done to him. The evil younger brother, meanwhile, will be happy to hire thugs, assassins and so on to make their lives just that little bit more interesting. Alternatively, perhaps the older brother really is mad, and the younger brother has decided to have him quietly done away with just in case he gets better and comes back to claim his inheritance. Or perhaps that's just what the adventurers are told—when you're dealing with skulduggery in noble houses, the truth seems to become rather changeable...

Spare Parts

In Altdorf, the adventurers are hired to investigate a body-snatching gang. The trail leads to the Great Hospice, where a corrupt orderly on the staff is selling the bodies of dead lunatics to physicians, necromancers or other interested parties. Possibly the unfortunate lunatics were helped on their way in the interests of a quick profit. The gang will include a number of reputable people who will have too much to lose if their activities are exposed; if they realize that the adventurers are on to them they will try to have them put out of the way in the asylum (see *Out of Harm's Way* above), quite possibly arranging to have them die in a short while.

The Best of Intentions

Sister Anne-Lise is permanently disgruntled with the hospice's administration for the way it puts the welfare of individual patients before the opportunity to test possible cures and—as she sees it—bring relief to a great many more people. Unable to contain her impatience, she has secretly been developing and testing a range of potions and preparations on patients in the underground cells. One or more of them has produced some unfortunate side-effects, just when the adventurers are visiting the hospice on some other business. One potion, for instance, might contain a tiny amount of powdered Warpstone, causing the patient to develop Chaos mutations—it might even turn a previously harmless lunatic into a ravaging monster which breaks out and threatens the whole hospice. If you combine this with one of the other adventure ideas, you could keep the adventurers' hands very full indeed...



Chapter 18

Night of Blood



This adventure can take place at any roadside or riverside location away from the large cities. It can be used to add colour to either a road or river journey. The journey should have been uneventful, but as dusk approaches, a storm suddenly breaks. Soon the adventurers are wet through and their coach or barge is being buffeted by strong winds, making it very hazardous to continue. Unfortunately, this being The Empire, it is not safe simply to stop and wait for the storm to pass. Many strange creatures live in the forest, and few of these are likely to be sheltering from the storm.

The rain falls in torrents from the dark, rolling clouds. Overhead, lightning flashes across the sky. In the distance the strangled cry of some strange creature can be heard. It is a night to be indoors, for who knows what lurks under dark trees in The Empire's forests.

THE HUNT

Audible between the rumbles of thunder is a strangled baying. At first this seems to be in the distance, but soon it becomes apparent that the sound is heading towards the adventurers. A group of Beastmen and mutants are hunting a stag in this part of the forest.

If the adventurers decide to halt their journey, the cries of the Beastmen swing straight towards them after about half an hour and approach at a fast rate. The cries stop suddenly before they reach the adventurers as the Beastmen pull down their prey, and the forest falls silent but for the sound of the storm. It is only a matter of time before the Beastmen become aware of the adventurer's presence.

Sensible adventurers will continue their journey at this point. Those who stay notice strange shapes lurking at the edge of their vision. The Beastmen and mutants observe the characters for a few minutes and take the opportunity to surround them if this is possible. They then rush into the attack. If the adventurers decide to retreat, have them make *Ride*, *Drive Cart* or *River Lore* tests (as appropriate) to escape. Failure of these tests results in a battle with the beasts of Chaos. Unless the adventurers move on similar attacks occur throughout the night.

The Chaos hunters (two Beastmen and four mutants) attempt to overpower the adventurers and then dispose of them in their own inimitable fashion. The mutants flee if both the Beastmen are slain or incapacitated unless they succeed in a successful **Ld** test.



Two Chaos Beastmen

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
46	41	25	5	4	11	30	1	30	29	24	29	24	10

The first Beastman has a large bovine head and tough scaly skin (2 **AP** on each part of its body). It is also *subject to frenzy*. It adds 1 to all damage it inflicts and subtracts 1 from each wound it receives. When the attack begins it lets out a bellowing shriek and charges into combat, oblivious for its own safety. It is armed with a sword and fights until slain or incapacitated.

The other Beastman has long, dog-like legs (**M** 6). It presents a mockery of human form, with a tall emaciated body surmounted by an oversize dog's head. The creature uses no weapons, attacking with its sharp teeth.

Four Chaos Mutants

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	25	5	3	6	30	1	29	29	29	29	29	16

Two of the mutants are armed with daggers, and the other two with clubs.

The four mutants resemble normal humans, but each bears some mark of Chaos. One has eyestalks which bob around its head rather than eyes, another has two tentacles which sprout from its hands. The remaining two mutants are covered in thick fur which provides them with 1 **AP** on their bodies and arms.

MOVING ON

Whether they are attacked or not, the adventurers are able to make reasonable progress for about half an hour. After that the road is so badly waterlogged or the river so dangerously swollen that travel is reduced to a crawl. On the river strong cross winds and floating debris make it very hazardous to continue. *Ride, Drive Cart or River Lore* tests are required to avoid a mishap of some sort. Road travellers find their horses slipping in the mud and going lame or vehicles becoming bogged down in the mire. River vessels are swept out of control and crash into the bank. With the heavy rain and the threat of mutant attacks, it should be obvious to the adventurers that they are in a bad situation.

THE HOODED MAN INN

Suddenly lightning illuminates a building in the middle distance. Once the lightning has pinpointed its position, lights can be seen burning in the windows. This is the Hooded Man, a coaching/riverbank inn, a welcome sight to any weatherworn traveller, especially on such a foul night.

The main gates are closed and securely locked. Knocking at the gates brings no response, leaving the adventurers the choice of climbing over the wall or finding another means of entry. Fortunately, access is possible from the nearby ferry where a pathway leads to the inn itself.

THE FERRY

This is a small building next to the river bank. The ferry itself consists of a raft which can be winched across the river by means of ropes. When the ferry is not in use, these ropes lie below the surface of the water. The raft is on the adventurers' side of the river, but any attempts to winch it across to the other side are futile as the ropes have been cut.

If they check out the ferry building, the adventurers find that the door is open and there are signs of a struggle inside. The building's furniture is overturned and there is no sign of a ferry keeper. A close search turns up a bag containing 12 GCs, 42 shillings and 15 pennies. A trail of fresh blood leads from the door; any character examining this who succeeds in an *Int* test realizes that a body has been dragged out of the building. However, no sign of a trail can be found outside thanks to the heavy rain and the mud.

THE INN

The Hooded Man is a small inn along a road that crosses the river here at the ferry. It is similar to the one in the *Warhammer FRP* rulebook, but is not as grand. See *WFRP* p328 for basic details regarding inns.

At one time the inn's site was a meeting place for cultists, but they were driven from the area over one hundred years ago. However, the authorities failed to find a secret shrine to the Chaos God Tzeentch which was hidden under the cellar. Since then the inn's history has been forgotten by all but the Writhers in the Dark, a Chaos cult worshipping Tzeentch. Unknown to the current landlord, the ruins of the Chaos shrine are still there.

Tonight the Hooded Man has been successfully attacked by a group of mutants working in concert with Hans Jinkerst, a Chaos cultist. He has been sent to the area by the Writhers in the Dark to re-consecrate the shrine. Disguised as a Roadwarden, Hans entered the inn and at an opportune

moment, slipped kurtis (a sleep-inducing drug, see below) into the evening's food. Once the inn's staff and visitors fell asleep—or were too drowsy to resist—he opened the main gates for the mutants.

All has gone well for the mutants. The inn and the adjacent ferry were quickly captured and the defenders were overcome. The survivors are now locked in the cellar, awaiting the moment when they will be sacrificed to Tzeentch. Hans and the mutants are now celebrating their victory and preparing for a ceremony to summon the shrine's guardian. The mutants are, however, unprepared for any visitors, and they are surprised by the adventurers' appearance. Their initial reaction is to masquerade as the inn's inhabitants and wait for an opportunity to offer the adventurers a drugged meal.

Hans Jinkerst

Cultist

Hans is a Charlatan and a master of deception. He can easily carry off his part of a Roadwarden. Unfortunately for him, his uniform has a bloodstain at the base of his back where the original owner was stabbed. If this is noticed by the adventurers (a successful *Observe* test is required by someone in a position to notice it) Hans maintains that it happened earlier this evening when he was attacked by two bandits. On no account will he allow anyone to examine his 'wound' beneath.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	38	32	3	4	8	49	1	54	55	46	48	32	51

Skills: Acting; Blather; Charm; Disguise; Evaluate; Mimic; Palm Object; Public Speaking; Read/Write.

Equipment: Dagger; Sword; Mail Shirt (1 AP on body); 34 GCs; glass phial containing 18 doses of kurtis (see below.)

The Mutants

All of the mutants have the following profile, although they have individual mutations. Should a fight start they have access to swords and clubs, or they carry them at all times.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	33	25	3	3	6	30	1	29	29	29	29	29	16

Grat is initially in the stables eating the remains of the stable boy. If he is still alive, he joins the other mutants during the ceremony to summon the shrine's guardian. He has suckers on the ends of his spider-like legs which allow him to cling to any surface.

Otto, the 'landlord', is fat to such an extreme degree that he is as wide as he is tall. He seems to roll along rather than walk, but he is passable as a human being. Because he has no other noticeable mutation—and all landlords are a bit on the portly side—Otto adopts the role of landlord when the adventurers arrive.

Fagor can pass for a normal human, as his bulging eyes are unusual, but not unknown, among men. He is in the cellar or the bar room when the adventurers arrive at the Hooded Man.

Wilhem is the most repulsive and grotesque of all the mutants. He doesn't have a proper face, merely a skull. As a result, anyone viewing Wilhem for the first time must make a *Cool* test or become *subject to fear* (see *WFRP* p68).

Outer Wall (1): The inn is surrounded by a twelve-foot high wooden wall; effectively a stockade. The main gate is locked and barred from the inside, the smaller gate leading to the ferry is, however, open.

The Stables (2): Approaching the stables, the adventurers will be aware that the horses are restless. Loud neighs and kicks can be heard coming from the stables.

Grat, one of the mutants, is in the hayloft. He is feasting on the body of one of the stable boys and will not hear the adventurers approach. He notices their presence as soon as the door is opened.

The six horses in the stables are terrified by Grat's presence and flee from the stables as soon as the door is opened. A character making a successful *Animal Care* test will be able to prevent this happening, but any other character runs the risk of being trampled by the leading horse. A successful *I* test allows the character to leap out of the way. Anyone who is trampled takes one S3 hit in the leg (modified by *Toughness* and armour) as the horses escape into the yard. The horses can only be persuaded or forced to re-enter the stables if they are calmed and lead by a character with *Animal Care* skill.

As soon as he is aware that somebody else is in the stables, Grat climbs onto the roof and hides on the other side of the roof ridge. Characters climbing into the hayloft find the damp corpse of the stable boy. He has been killed by a sword blow to the head and his right arm bears the marks of Grat's teeth.

Water is dripping from the trapdoor leading up to the roof, and the ladder beneath is wet and smeared with blood. Once the trapdoor is open the adventurers are greeted by torrential rain. This has made the roof slippery and anyone venturing onto it must make a successful *Dex* test or slip. A successful *I* test allows a character who has slipped to catch hold of the edge of the trapdoor and not slide off the roof (which results in falling 5 yards) to the ground below.

If Grat is discovered up on the roof (by a successful *Observe* test), he will fight until slain. His suckers allow him to move about on the roof with no danger of falling off. If the adventurers leave the stables without discovering him, Grat returns to his feast until summoned by Otto (see below).

The Coach House (3): The door to this building is locked (CR of 30). Inside there is a coach belonging to Cartak Lines of Altdorf. This coach arrived before the mutants attacked. Its passengers and crew were drugged and are now either dead or tied up in the cellar.

The Inn & Bar Room (4): The main door to the Hooded Man is bolted and the curtains are drawn. Sounds of merriment can be heard coming from inside, giving the impression that all is well. As soon as there is a knock at the door, however, the laughter dies away and there are sounds of movement (scraping chairs and the like). After a minute or so the bolts are drawn and the door opened by a horrendously fat character. This is Otto, one of the mutants, who is masquerading as the landlord.

Otto is surprised to see the adventurers, as he believed the inn to be secure against outsiders. Making an ill-concealed attempt to hide his surprise, Otto invites the adventurers into the bar room. A fire burns in the fireplace and sitting next to it is Hans, dressed in his (stolen) Roadwarden's uniform.

A loud thump directs all eyes to the back of the bar where a man with protuberant eyes appears and begins to mop up something on the floor. This is Fagor, who has come up from the cellar to mop up the blood from the floor. Unless the adventurers go to have a look at what he is doing, he finishes after a few minutes and then takes his bloodstained mop and bucket into the kitchen.

Otto the 'landlord' is nervous about the adventurers' presence (given what is to happen later) and this shows in his mannerisms. He constantly fingers the bottom of his apron, twisting and turning it with suppressed tension. He attempts to send the adventurers on their way as quickly as possible by claiming that the inn is full. Otto makes no effort to make the adventurers feel welcome. He has a coach party in residence, who have just retired for the night, and he 'wants no "gentlemen" of the adventurers' kind tonight, thank you'.

If the adventurers insist on staying (unless they wish to die at the hands of whatever lurks in the forest), Otto eventually (and grudgingly) allows them to do so. He continues to behave ungraciously—any drinks, for example, are served in unwashed tankards.

Eventually Otto heads into the kitchen with a muttered 'I suppose you want feeding as well...' He is actually leaving to organize the rest of the mutants, while Hans keeps the adventurers occupied.

Hans, in his guise as a Roadwarden, questions the adventurers in an attempt to find out who and what they are. Hans asks his questions in his 'official' capacity, using the excuse that he believes the adventurers to be bandits. If the adventurers mention the ferry, Hans claims it was attacked (and the ferryman carried off) by bandits. This, he explains is why the inn is so securely locked.

He also manages to imply that the adventurers are in league with these same (non-existent) bandits: 'I think your sudden appearance has unnerved the landlord. Mind you, he could be right... Who else would be out on a night such as this?' Hans is clever enough not to press this line of argument too far, and he seems to be satisfied by any reasonable story the adventurers care to tell him.



If the adventurers mention the mutant in the stables, Hans is surprised. He believes all the mutants to be hiding in the inn. He appears surprised when told of the body: 'The landlord assured me that the stable boy had run off. No one bothered checking for him up there. Well, he can wait till morning to be buried.'

If the adventurers mention either the body or Grat to Otto he looks very worried and shocked. His real fear, however, is that the adventurers have uncovered the mutants' business here. He changes the subject and looks to Hans to bail him out.

Once Hans is sure that the adventurers have no official connections, he excuses himself and goes into the kitchen. Adventurers who state they are watching Hans as he leaves will notice his 'wound' and the bloodstain with a successful *Observe* test.

By now the adventurers should be suspicious and be trying to find out what is going on. A character stood at the bar can overhear Hans and Otto in the kitchen. 'Don't panic, Otto. They are only travellers. Tzeentch will be pleased to have their souls as well. Use the kurts in their food and we'll deal with them later.' Hans then passes Otto the phial containing the kurts. After this Otto has the phial in his possession.

If Hans hears anyone attempting to sneak into the kitchen he comes back into the bar. He closes the door into the kitchen with an air of finality, making it very awkward for anyone to push past without a very good reason.

A short while later Otto returns bearing bowls of hot stew. Each bowl contains two doses of kurts. Characters have

a base 10% chance of noticing the drug in the food. This 10% is averaged with a character's *Int* to see if they notice its taste in the food. Characters with *Cook* skill have a 10% bonus to their chance of noticing the drug.

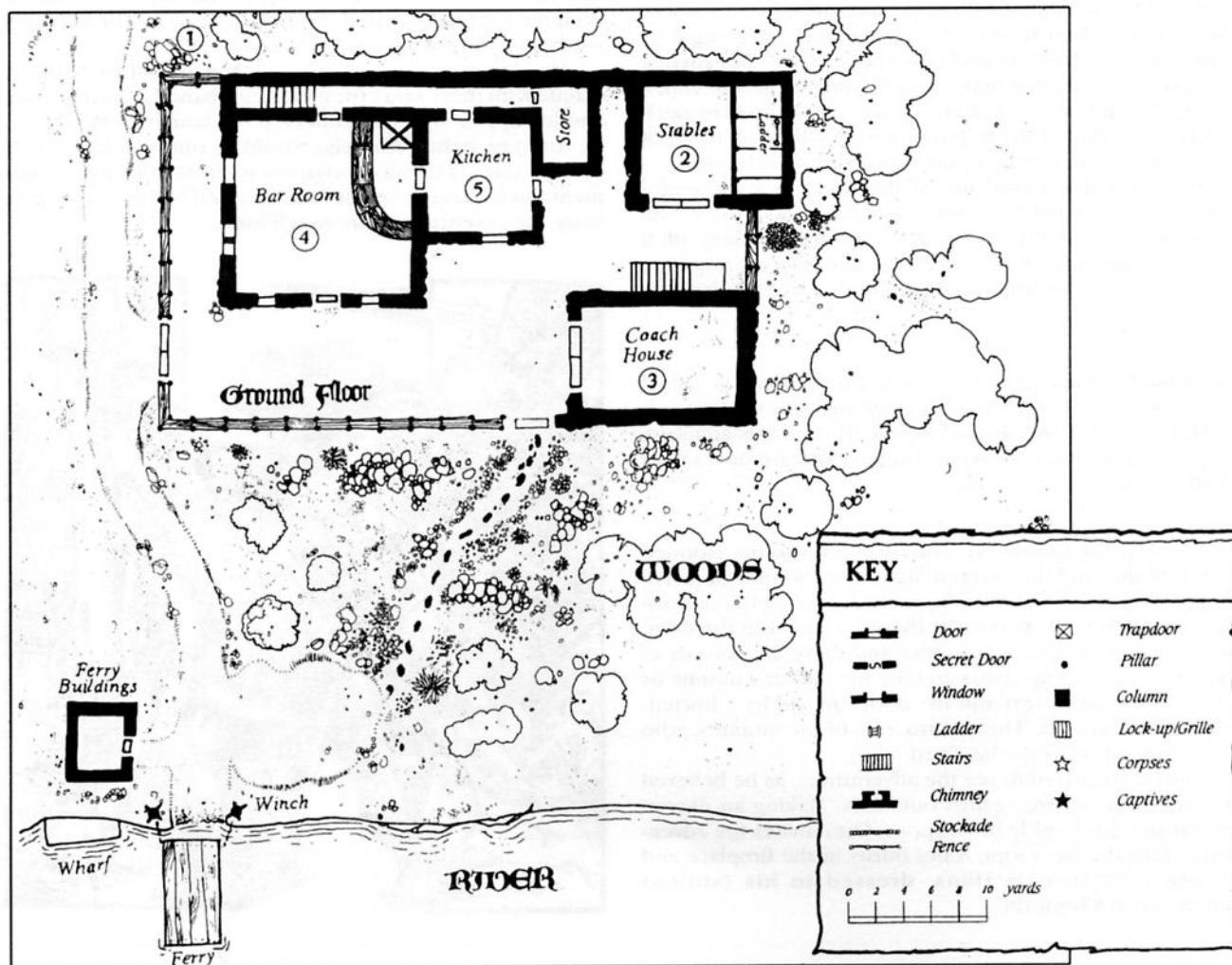
Kurts

Kurts is a drug made from the Gortsiete plant. It begins to take effect after half an hour. One dose induces drowsiness; two doses causes unconsciousness (*WFRP* p82). Characters may overcome its effects by making successful *Toughness* tests (at +2) for each dose they consume.

GOOD NIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

After the adventurers have finished eating, but before the kurts takes effect, Otto offers to show the adventurers to the common room upstairs. He claims that the other rooms are occupied by the coach party.

The hallway is wet and uncarpeted, although a close inspection reveals that there used to be a carpet in here bits of cloth still cling to the tacks in the floor. The carpet has been removed and the floor mopped by Fagor to remove bloodstains.



The common room (6) is dirty and the bedding is soiled. If the adventurers comment on this, Otto is unsympathetic as this is 'the best he can do'. He then exits, looking like a man as keen to get away as soon as possible. The sound of Otto turning the key in the door lock (CR 20) is clearly audible.

From the common room the adventurers can hear the horses in the stable if Grat is still present.

The Bedrooms (7): There are only four bedrooms upstairs and all the doors are locked (CR 20). The landlord's room and two of the bedrooms are empty and unremarkable. However, the two beds in one room are bloodstained and the bedclothes are scattered about the room. The beds' occupants were obviously stabbed and then dragged from their beds. Trailing stains lead out through the door, but disappear at the sill.

The Kitchen (5): The kitchen is obviously designed for the inn's Halfling cook. Fagor is in here unless the ceremony (see below) is in progress. The bucket used by him when mopping up the various bloodstains is also in here. The bucket is still full of blood-tainted water.

The door leading to the yard is unlocked.

The Cellar: The cellar contains barrels of beer and bottles of wines and spirits. There is a trail of blood stains on the floor (unless Fagor has had the wit to mop them up as well—this depends on how much help the players are going to need in working out what is going on) which leads to the loose paving slab. This has been lifted to give access to the hidden shrine built below the level of the cellar. Depending on the circumstances, the slab is either raised or lowered. When the adventurers first arrive, it is closed, but it will be opened during the ceremony. The closed slab may be discovered with a successful *Observe* test or by following the bloodstains.

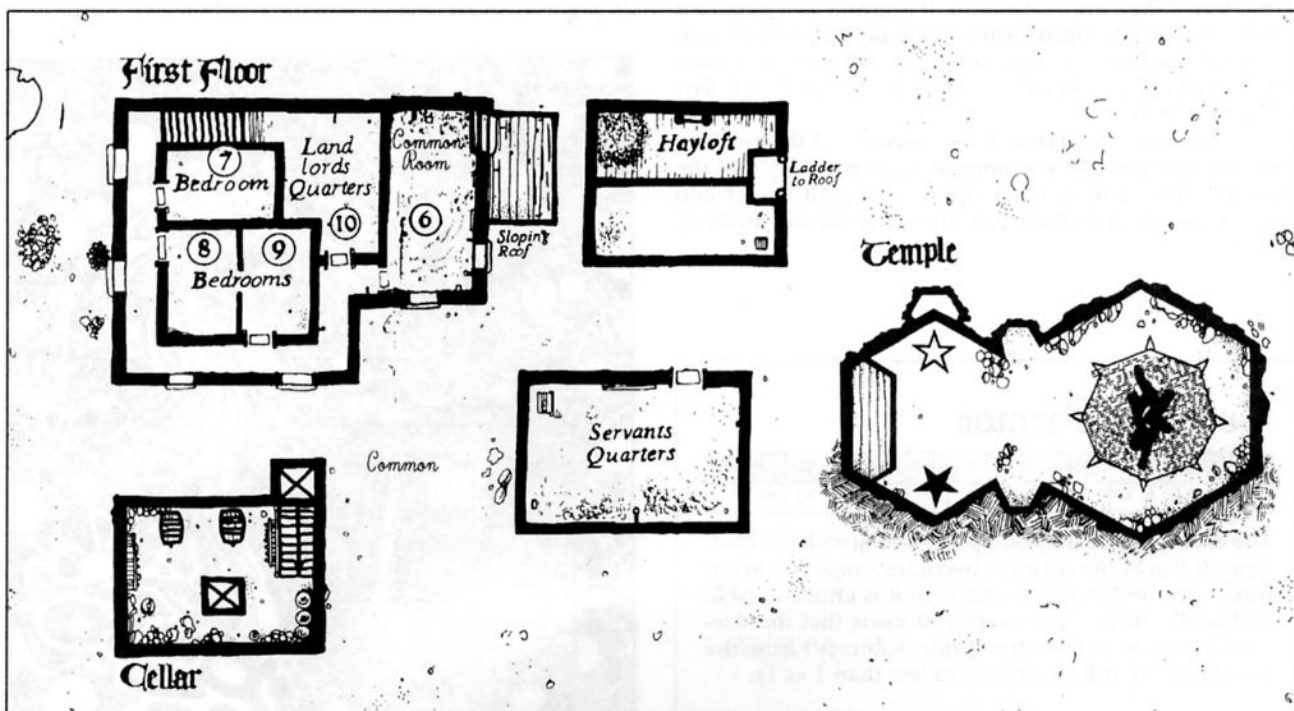
The Shrine: The real landlord, his wife, two servants and one of the coachmen are still alive, although they are tightly bound in the shrine. They are still suffering from the effects



of the doses of kurtz they were given earlier in the evening. The bodies of the mutants' other victims are heaped in one corner: a coachman, his three artisan passengers and the inn's Halfling cook.

A magical, two-foot-high statue of Tzeentch stands in the middle of the shrine in the centre of a strange moving pattern. The pattern constantly shifts between a symbol of Chaos and an octagon.

The statue is made from a greenish stone which seems to flow and move when observed. Any character observing this and the shifting floor pattern must make a WP test or receive D6 insanity points. The image of Tzeentch can be smashed (it has T 5 and W 5). However, unless it is destroyed in a single round the shrine's guardian daemon appears to



defend the statue. Once the daemon is destroyed, the statue can be broken easily and the lines on the floor will fade and vanish.

Against the wall is a locked (CR 30) wooden box containing 212 GC, 365 shillings and 26 pennies. A successful search of the room reveals a loose stone behind which is hidden a pouch containing a *potion of strength* (WFRP, p186).

The mutant Wilhem will be in here, either participating in the ceremony or lurking at the foot of the stairs.

THE CEREMONY

Shortly after Otto has shown the adventurers to their room the doses of kurts begin to take effect. Half an hour after the drug should have taken effect (the mutants know when this should be) Otto collects Grat from the stables. Anyone looking out of the common room window at this time sees Otto going out to the stable and returning with a mutant (if Grat is still alive).

Hans and the mutants assemble in the cellar to conduct a ceremony using the magical energy of the statue to summon a daemon. Shortly afterwards the ceremony begins, and faint, discordant chanting fills the inn. This continues for half an hour, while Hans ritually sacrifices two humans as the summoning requires.

As the ceremony begins Fagor sneaks up to the adventurers' room and listens at the door. Characters not suffering from the effects of kurts who make a successful *Listen* test hear him approach the door. If Fagor becomes suspicious that the adventurers are not unconscious or, for example, the common room door is open, he returns to the cellar and warns the other mutants, who close the trapdoor and continue the ceremony. If given the opportunity, Fagor hides somewhere in the inn and attempts to attack a lone adventurer from behind.

If all appears well, he immediately returns to the cellar and joins the other mutants in the chant.

Unless the adventurers intervene in the ceremony the statue transforms into a daemon. It appears as a nine-foot tall, green, spindly human with a long neck and a hideous, oversized head. Any creature under 10' tall viewing it must test against *Cool* or become rooted to the spot with *fear* (see WFRP p68).

Unfortunately for Hans, he is unaware of the ritual to bind the daemon and it immediately attacks him and the mutants. The daemon is set upon slaying all it sees and pursues any fleeing characters after first slaying anybody near it.

Guardian Daemon

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	50	40	3	4	6	50	2	80	80	80	80	80	10

The daemon attacks by biting and raking with its claws. Once it leaves the shrine it becomes *subject to instability* (see WFRP p215), although it is entirely stable within the shrine. For every 100 yards that the daemon moves away from the shrine, subtract 1 from the instability die roll (treat rolls of less than 1 as 1).

THE ROADWARDENS

As dawn breaks, a party of four Roadwardens approach the Hooded Man. Their reaction to the adventurers or anyone else depends on putting the worst possible interpretation on the scene they find. Unless, for example, the adventurers can produce mutant bodies or captives—or some other proof of what really happened—the Roadwardens choose to believe that the adventurers were mixed up in whatever has been going on. At the very least, charges of murdering the landlord and the others are likely to be preferred, along with any other charges that solve open cases in the Roadwardens' patrol area.

Even if they are convinced of the adventurers' innocence, the matter of what has occurred at the inn still has to be cleared up. The Roadwardens expect and insist that the adventurers accompany them to the nearest town so that the whole affair can be dealt with in a proper manner.

Four Roadwardens

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	35	3	3	7	30	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: Ride—horse

Possessions: Crossbow and ammunition; Sword; Mail Shirt; (1 AP on body); Shield (1 AP on all); Helmet (1 AP on head); horse; Saddle and Harness; Rope (10 yards).

REWARDS

The following experience points should be awarded at the end of the adventure.

- 40-70 points each for good role-playing
- 30 points each for dealing with the mutants
- 50 points each for destroying the statue/demon
- 20 points each for dealing with the Roadwardens' suspicions



Chapter 19

A Rough Night At The Three Feathers

This short adventure can be used in any game of *WFRP* based in The Empire. The action takes place in a riverside inn, which can be almost anywhere. If some of the titles and place names are changed, this can be set in almost any part of the Old World.

GM'S INTRODUCTION

The main thing to remember about this adventure is that an awful lot of things are happening at once. There are several separate but interwoven plots going on—it's a busy night even for a bustling inn! You will have to keep track of a lot of unrelated events and make sure that the right things happen at the right time. The *Events* section will help you, but you should read through the adventure a couple of times before running it to make sure that you know what's happening—how the players unravel what is going on is their problem.

Needless to say, some of the events from different plots may well end up clashing with each other. Also things will be changed by what Our Heroes decide to do at any particular time. The plots are presented below, and in the *Events* section, as they *should* happen, assuming nothing goes wrong—when things do go wrong, use your imagination to work out precisely what happens. It looks a bit daunting at first, but it's no problem once you start.

Honestly,

Of course, you may decide to run each plotline separately as an individual mini-adventure. There's nothing to stop you doing this if you want, and you will get a number of adventures for the price of one—it's completely up to you.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

It's been a long day's travel and the sun is just beginning to go down as you see an inn in the distance. As you draw closer, you see the sign of three feathers hanging outside, and notice that the place is unusually busy. There is a large and ornate coach pulled up outside, and lackeys—some in livery—are busying themselves with various trunks and chests as liveried men-at arms look on.

Inside, the inn is bustling. Servants are hurrying to and fro, and the innkeeper is engrossed in conversation with a scribe who carries a visibly bulging purse. It is fully ten minutes before you are able to attract his attention.

'Welcome,' he says at last. 'I'm sorry to have kept you waiting for so long, but as you can see, we have a distinguished guest tonight—the Gravin Maria-Ulrike von Liebewitz of Ambosstein, no less—and there are so many arrangements to be made. I hardly know whether I'm coming or going with it all. Now, then—you want a room? What am I saying, of course you do. Ah—excuse me again, I'll only be a moment.'

You wait for another few minutes as he directs a train of servants to the Gravin's rooms.

'So sorry,' he says as he returns to you. 'It really is mad this evening.'

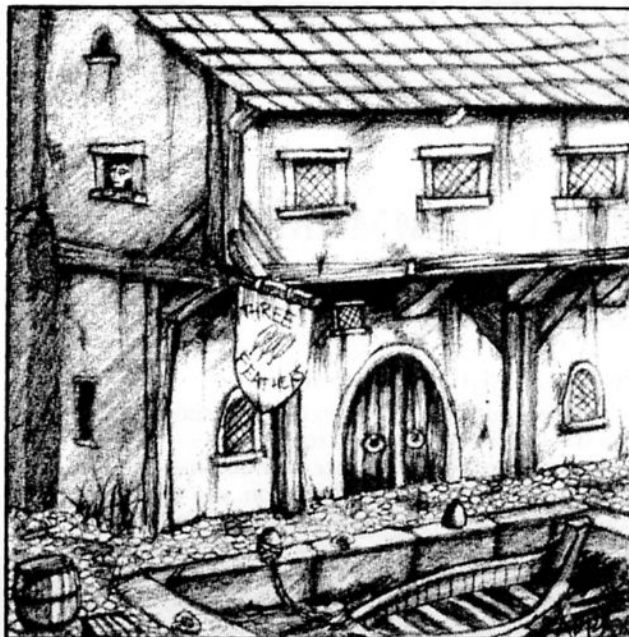
THE INN

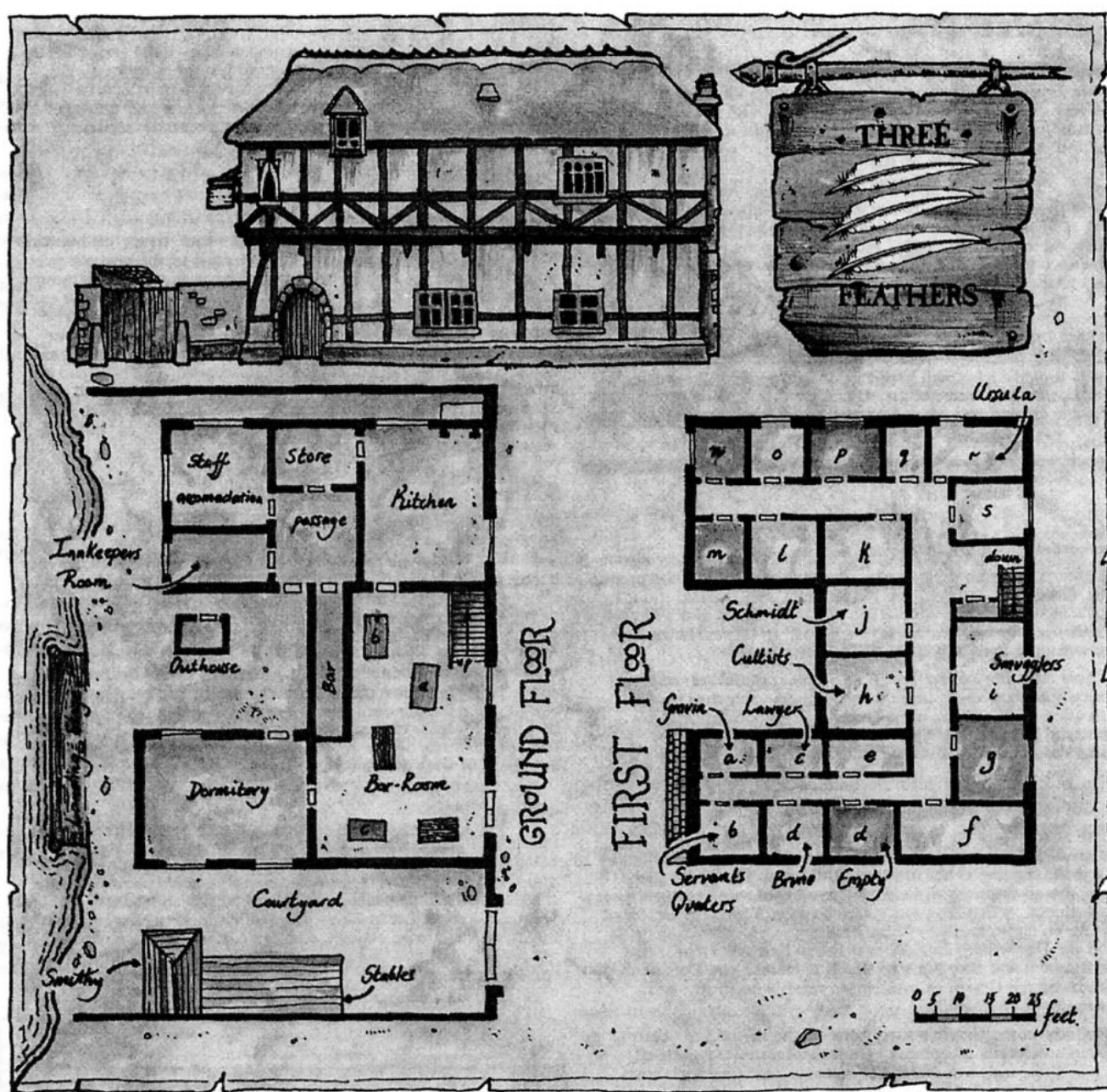
The notes on the plan should be self-explanatory—if in doubt, refer to the notes on the example inn in the *WFRP* rulebook (pp328-9).

Rooms *a-j* are double rooms, while rooms *k-s* are singles. Note that the Gravin has taken over an entire wing, so that room *d* will be kept empty at her orders. If the adventurers book a double room, they will be given *g* or *f*.

The *Three Feathers* has ten single rooms and ten double rooms. At present five of the double rooms (*a-e* on the plan), are being occupied by the Gravin and her party. The whole corridor has been sealed off, with two men-at-arms posted at the point marked *x* to make sure that the Gravin is not disturbed.

The other rooms are all free—the adventurers have arrived fairly early in the evening, and the inn has not yet started to fill up. A single room costs 1GC per night, a double room costs 35/-, and a place in the dormitory costs 5/-. All prices include supper and breakfast. It is possible to cram one extra person into a single or double room, but they will have to sleep on the floor and a surcharge will be made for them equal to half the cost of the room.





PLOT SUMMARIES

As noted above, there are several things taking place at once tonight. The following plot summaries should help you to keep track of things.

Plot 1—A Matter of Import

Part of the inn has been taken over by Gravin Maria-Ulrike von Liebewitz of Ambosstein, a niece of Countess Emmanuelle of Nuln, and her retinue—half-a-dozen men-at-arms, a lawyer, a judicial champion, and various servants. She is on the way to Kemperbad for a trial, having been accused of immoral behaviour and complicity in the death of a guest at one of her aunt's legendary parties.

The Gravin intends to exercise her ancient right of trial by combat, but agents working for Baron Otto von

Dammenblatz of Wissenburg, her accuser, are out to disable Bruno, her champion. How they go about this will be seen.

Plot 2—Compromising Positions

Gravin Maria-Ulrike is not the only noble in the inn tonight. Also staying there—but incognito—is the young Graf Friedrich von Pfeifraucher, the third son of Count Bruno of Wissenland. He is accompanied by Fraulein Hanna Lastkahn, a daughter of one of the wealthy boatbuilding families of Grissenwald; the two have been conducting an illicit affair for some time, and have taken a room in the inn under the name Herr and Frau Johann Schmidt.

Unfortunately they have been recognized by one of Gravin Maria Ulrike's servants, who was once employed in the Pfeifraucher household. A blackmail attempt will follow.

Chapter 19: A Rough Night at the Three Feathers

Plot 3—A Face from the Past

Gustaf Rechtshandler, the Gravin's lawyer, is a graduate of the University of Nuln, where he was briefly a member of a secret society known as the Ordo Ultima. The Ordo was a front for a Chaos cult following Slaanesh, and Rechtshandler left when he discovered that it was not simply an innocent secret society. However, he never progressed far enough to discover the link with Chaos. Rechtshandler went on to great professional success, leading to his current position of favour with the von Liebewitz family, but now the cult wants something from him, and one of their agents approaches him in the inn.

Plot 4—Creating a Scene

Fraulein Hanna Lastkahn (see *Plot 2* above) is betrothed to Herr Thomas Prahmhandler, the heir to another of Grissenwald's wealthy boatbuilding families. He has been informed of her affair with Graf Friedrich by a servant in the Lastkahn household, and will burst into the inn, very drunk and accompanied by four hired thugs. He intends to catch them in the act and horsewhip the young noble, regardless of the consequences.

Plot 5—Ashes to Ashes

This is the night that a group of smugglers have an important cargo to put on a waiting boat. The boat, unfortunately, isn't waiting. It scraped a lock downriver, and has lost half a day being repaired. This means that the smugglers must hide their cargo in the inn and wait for the boat to arrive in the morning. Normally this wouldn't be a problem, but their contraband is human. He is Josef Aufwiegler, an agitator from Altdorf, wanted for inciting rebellion. He was given a coma-inducing drug, and the smugglers are disguised as Initiates of Morr, ostensibly taking him home for burial. The drug was timed to wear off once he was on the boat, but because of the delay he will wake up during the night.

Plot 6—A Fistful of Gold Crowns

Ursula Kopfgeld, a bounty hunter, is following the smugglers. She was very close to Aufwiegler when he 'died' and is convinced that something fishy is going on. She has followed the 'Initiates' here, and is waiting for a chance to act.

Plot 7—You've Got To Pick A Pocket Or Two

To add to the confusion further, Glimbrin Oddsocks, a Gnome thief, is visiting the inn, and will attempt to steal anything he can during the night. Some of his movements are set down in the *Events* section, but any time you don't know where he is, he's all yours to use...

Events

This is roughly what will happen during the night. Remember, though, that the course of events laid out here can be disturbed by what the adventurers do and where they are at any particular time.

And, of course, they will also be disturbed by what you want to happen. Feel free to tweak, bend, stretch, or mutilate these plots as much as you want. After all, who's going to know?

9.00pm

The adventurers arrive at the inn.

Bruno is seated at table *a*, arm-wrestling with one of the men-at-arms. Several others are gathered round the table,

drinking and shouting encouragement. Bruno defeats his opponent easily, and will accept a challenge from anyone for stakes of 1GC or higher. Rules for arm-wrestling are given at the end of the adventure.

Some of the Gravin's men-at-arms and servants are milling about in the bar room, and they may be persuaded to talk to the adventurers by a few drinks or a successful *Fel* test. They know the Gravin is going to Kemperbad to deal with a legal matter; any servant or man-at-arms who fails a *Ld* test will also reveal that the matter has to do with the death of a guest at a party held by the Gravin's aunt, the Countess Emmanuelle von Liebewitz of Nuln.

The adventurers are permitted an *Int* test to have heard of the Countess' legendary parties; Nobles and characters with *Etiquette* skill make the test at a +10 bonus. If the test is made by 30 or more, the adventurers will already have heard some gossip about the incident, which took place about a month ago. The deceased was Baron Sigismund von Dammenblatz, an elderly minor noble from the Dunkelberg area. He was found dead, face down in a punchbowl, and now his son, Baron Eberhardt von Dammenblatz, is accusing the Gravin of causing his father's death through poisoning or witchcraft.

Nobody in the Gravin's party believes the accusation—the general consensus of opinion is that the Baron drank himself unconscious, and then slumped comatose into the punchbowl, where he drowned.

Also in the bar-room is a grinning Halfling, who sits at table *b* toying with a pack of cards. He will be willing to play with anyone who offers, for stakes of a shilling a game.

9.10pm

Three travellers come in out of the rain. They take off their heavy cloaks and hats and hang them up by the fire to dry, then book a double room for the three of them and order three hot meals. They go and sit at table *c*, and keep to themselves, trying not to become involved in conversation with anyone. These are the cultists of the Ordo Ultima (see *Plot 3* above).

9.15pm

A Gnome arrives, books a single room, and sits down to play cards.

9.20pm

A servant in the Gravin's livery comes downstairs and speaks to Bruno, telling him that the Gravin wants him to stop the arm-wrestling in case he injures himself. Anyone at the same table or in adjoining table can overhear what he is saying, and characters with *Lip Reading* skill and a clear line of sight can also 'overhear'. Bruno stands up abruptly, towering over the servant, and tells him in no uncertain terms to mind his own business. The servant retreats upstairs.

9.25pm

The Gravin comes downstairs, accompanied by three servants. She goes to Bruno's table, and orders him to his room (room *d*). He obeys sulkily. A servant orders supper for the Gravin's party. The troops and the bulk of the servants eat in the bar, and meals for the Gravin, the champion, and half-a-dozen servants are sent upstairs.

9.30pm

A small boat arrives, carrying four people: a well-dressed couple in their early twenties, and two boatmen. A room (room *f*) is booked in the name of Johann Schmidt, and the crew of the boat are put up in the common room. The couple disappears upstairs without supper or even a drink; it is

clear that they only have eyes for each other. The boatmen stay in the bar, sitting at table *a*, and will be happy to chat and swap yarns with anyone. If questioned about their passengers, they will say that they are Herr and Frau Johann Schmidt, a newly-wed couple from Grissenwald. The boatmen are aware of the couple's real identities, but have been well paid to keep quiet; they will reveal the truth if successfully *Bribed*, but they have a +20 modifier to their **WP** to resist bribery, and will require an offer of at least 10GCs.

9.35pm

A coach arrives from the north, bearing the livery of Cartak Lines of Altdorf. It has three passengers, all in the black robes of Morr, who ask for a double room (room *i*) for themselves and their charge. They are conveying a body for burial, and ask to be allowed to keep it in their room. The barman is uncertain, and calls the landlord. He doesn't like the idea, but some gold discreetly changes hands and they get a secluded room, well away from the Gravin's party. They head for their room immediately, carrying a coffin and telling the landlord not to worry if there is any noise from their room, as they are required to pray over the body from midnight until dawn. The two coachmen stay in the bar room for most of the evening, before retiring to the dormitory; their keep is paid by the coaching company, which has a regular arrangement with the inn.

9.50pm

Ursula Kopfgeld arrives at the inn on horseback. After seeing her horse stabled, she enters the bar room and books a single room (room *r*) for the night. Despite her appearance, she seems friendly enough, and will converse happily with anyone. If she is questioned about her business, she will claim to be working for the Kemperbad town council, taking a message to Nuln. She will not reveal any details about her supposed mission, saying that it is confidential.

At some time during the early part of the evening, you might have one of the minor male NPCs—a servant or man-at-arms—make an improper suggestion to her. She flattens him quickly and efficiently, and the landlord steps in to prevent a brawl taking place. If one of the adventurers makes an improper or insulting comment to her first, she will react in the same way, using all of her skills which relate to unarmed combat. She will not draw a weapon, and the landlord and staff of the inn will step in after D4 rounds, aided by as many of the inn's other patrons as are necessary.

10.00pm

A liveried servant comes downstairs from the Gravin's rooms, and orders all her party to retire for the night, since they will be starting at first light tomorrow. Reluctantly, the various servants and men-at-arms finish their drinks and drift off to the dormitory.

At about the same time, 'Schmidt' comes down to the bar room for a bottle of wine. As he is on his way back to his room, he is approached by one of the Gravin's servants. A heated but inaudible exchange takes place, and Schmidt hurries back upstairs, looking very angry. The servant heads off to the dormitory. Characters with *Lip Reading* skill may be able to discover that the servant is threatening to tell someone something about 'Schmidt', but that is all.

10.10pm

Bruno Franke returns to the bar room, grinning broadly and looking around with exaggerated caution to make sure that none of the Gravin's party is still there. He orders a mug of ale, telling the barman to 'keep 'em coming', and sits down at table *a* with the two boatmen, who are still

there. After a few minutes an arm-wrestling contest starts again. Ursula watches for a while, and then challenges Bruno, putting five Crowns on the table.

Bruno demurs for a few moments, but then accepts the challenge. A small crowd gathers as the contest begins. First, Bruno's arm begins to go down—he was being gentle with the lady—but he quickly applies more of his strength and the contest begins in earnest. Neither contestant moves—a sheen of sweat breaks out on Bruno's forehead, but it is an even match. Then Ursula's arm wavers, and Bruno—no longer the gentleman—pours on the power and forces her arm slowly but surely down to the table.

Although he has won, Bruno looks at Ursula with a new respect, and the two of them spend some time talking and drinking together. Bruno will not accept any more arm-wrestling challenges tonight.

A few minutes later, a tray of fresh drinks is taken to Bruno. There is nothing unusual in this—ale has been going steadily to his table since he sat down—but one mug of ale is drugged. It is intended for Bruno, but you should take care that he doesn't actually drink it, since he has things to do later on. Instead, a minor NPC or one of the adventurers should pick it up. The ale is laced with 3 doses of Oxleaf, giving a base 15% chance of detecting the poison. If an NPC takes the drink, all three doses take effect and he suddenly slumps unconscious over the table. If a PC takes the drink, follow the normal rules for detecting poisons, and make *Poison* tests normally.

If and when the victim of the drugged ale passes out, Bruno will make some comment about people not being able to hold their drink, and if any of the adventurers are looking in the direction of the bar, a successful *Observe* test will reveal that one of the staff suddenly looks worried and leaves. If the adventurers pursue this individual, you should ensure that he gets away in the darkness of the courtyard.

10.15pm

One of the 'initiates' comes down and speaks to the landlord. On a successful *Observe* test, a few Crowns will be seen changing hands, and a successful *Int* test by a character with *Lip Reading* skill will reveal that the 'initiates' are expecting a boat to arrive at some time during the night, and that the landlord is to tell them the moment it arrives. The 'initiate' returns to their room.

As soon as the 'initiate' is out of the bar room, Ursula goes to speak to the landlord—successful use of *Lip Reading* skill will reveal that she is asking the landlord about them, and that he is telling her what they told him. A few more coins change hands, and Ursula goes back to Bruno's table.

10.25pm

One of the Gravin's servants comes down and orders Bruno to bed, saying that the Gravin has checked his room and found him missing. He goes sheepishly to his room.

10.40pm

Gustaf Rechtshandler comes down to the bar-room, dressed in a nightshirt and a silk dressing-gown. As he does so, one of the three cultists leaves the table and heads upstairs. Rechtshandler orders a brandy, and takes it back to his room (room *c*). A few minutes later, the other two cultists go upstairs to their room (room *b*).

10.45pm

One of the cultists goes to Rechtshandler's room. He knocks on the door, and the lawyer answers it after a moment. There is a brief exchange of words—too low to hear—and the

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cultist is admitted. A minute or so later, raised voices can be heard (counting as a *normal* noise for listeners in the passage or in adjoining rooms, and is a *loud* noise for characters listening at the door): Rechtshandler's voice saying that he will not submit to blackmail, and the other's saying that he has no choice. Abruptly, everything goes quiet.

10.50pm

Rechtshandler opens the door of his room quietly, and looks outside. If there is anyone in the passage, he will remark that he thought he heard something outside, and close the door, checking the passage again five minutes later. If the coast is clear, he will drag the cultist's body into the passage. If the PCs are not in their room at this point, he will deposit the body there—completely by chance—if not, he will leave it in the store cupboard.

11.00pm

'Schmidt' comes downstairs, looking drawn and worried. If the PCs are still in the bar room, he approaches them, and asks one of them to take a message to the dormitory for him, offering 10GCs for the character's trouble. The job is to tell one of the Gravin's servants—a Hans Erpresser—that 'Schmidt' wants to see him. If the PCs are not in the bar room at this time, 'Schmidt' will hire one of the boatmen or coachmen to carry the message. Having paid the messenger, 'Schmidt' returns to his room.

11.05pm

Erpresser goes to see 'Schmidt'. He knocks on the door, and is admitted straight away. There is a single *thump* from within the room (counting as a *normal* noise for listeners at the door, or a *soft* noise for listeners in the passage or adjoining rooms) as 'Schmidt' kills the servant. A few moments later, 'Schmidt' cautiously opens his door to see if the passage is clear, and will attempt to dispose of the body in the same way as Rechtshandler (see 10.50pm above).

11.15pm

A message is delivered to the PCs by one of the Gravin's servants, requesting them to visit the lawyer's room. He explains that the travellers in room *b* are blackmailing him, and offers the PCs 250GCs to dispose of them. While Rechtshandler is talking to the PCs, Ursula Kopfgeld leaves the bar 'to check on her horse'—actually she is spying out the room used by the smugglers.

If the PCs accept Rechtshandler's offer, they will find that the cultists' room is not locked, since the two remaining cultists are waiting for their companion to return—they have not yet become concerned about his long absence. The first attack made on each cultist is at a +10 bonus (cumulative with any *charge* or other bonuses), since they are not expecting to be attacked. If any noise goes on for 3 rounds or more, guests from adjoining rooms will come to investigate, spending one round knocking on the door and then entering the room to see what is going on.

11.30pm

There is a great hammering on the inn's main door. The landlord refuses to open it at first, but it seems that the knocker is prepared to break it down if necessary. After a few minutes the door is opened, and in comes a well-dressed—but fairly drunk—young man and three large and aggressive-looking thugs. The young man demands to know whether a Friedrich von Pfeifraucher is here, asking everyone in the bar-room in loud and angry tones. When everyone has told him that there is no one staying in the inn under that name he pauses for a moment.

'Well, his boat's moored outside,' he says, 'so I suppose we'll just have to go and look for him. Gentlemen?' He waves his three thugs upstairs, and a brawl breaks out as the staff try to stop him, aided by several of the inn's patrons. Whether or not the PCs are in the bar room at this time, you should arrange for the brawl to reach them, and for one of the PCs to lose a dagger in the confusion—this will be important later on.

If Thomas Prahmhandler—for it is he—makes it upstairs, he will systematically break down every door until he is stopped or until he finds von Pfeifraucher. If he succeeds, there will be a terrible and noisy scene as two of the thugs hold the noble down and Prahmhandler horsewhips him. The third thug holds the weeping young woman and forces her to watch. At some time during this event, Ursula will return to the bar room. She will automatically investigate any disturbance. If the brawl reaches the upper storey and lasts for more than three rounds up there, D6 of the Gravin's men-at-arms (unarmed and unarmoured, of course) will come to investigate, and will join the staff and other patrons in trying to put down the disturbance.

11.50pm

If the two remaining cultists are still alive, they will visit the lawyer's room, where a violent argument will take place. By the time anyone comes to see what is going on, Rechtshandler will be dead and there will be no one else in the room, which is bolted from the inside. The cultists left via the window, and spend about five minutes on the roof making their way back to their own room.

Meanwhile Ursula Kopfgeld goes to her room, locking the door.

Midnight

There is a tremendous shouting and scuffling from the smugglers' room. The landlord tries to prevent anyone going in, explaining what the 'initiates' told him about their needing to conduct services over the body throughout the night. However, after a few minutes he decides he must speak to them, and will be glad of anyone's company. As he approaches the door of the room, everything suddenly goes quiet. One of the 'initiates' opens the door when the landlord knocks, and apologizes for the noise, promising to try to be quieter during the rest of the night. In the room, two 'initiates' can be seen sitting firmly on a third. The one at the door explains that their brother sometimes has these spasms, being particularly sensitive to vibrations on The Other Side. It makes him a first-class priest of Morr, but can be inconvenient. The landlord goes away, puzzled.

The noise was caused by the smugglers' charge waking up as the effects of the drug wore off, and their efforts in keeping him quiet. If the PCs accompany the landlord to the room, they may realize that there are now four 'initiates'! If they mention this, the landlord will tell them that they must be mistaken, and will be very unwilling (-20 modifier to any *Fel* tests) to go back to the room or to allow anyone else to do so. If anyone does go back, they will find three 'initiates' there; the smugglers have knocked their charge unconscious and hidden him under a bed.

12.10am

The Gnome heads for the dormitory, and the Halfling asks if anyone else wants to play cards. If not, he also heads for the dormitory. The boatmen and coachmen also retire.

12.20am

There is a loud female scream from the Gravin's wing. When the PCs arrive on the scene, they find a number of servants

and others crowded round the door to Bruno's room—he has been found dead, with a dagger embedded between his shoulders. Everybody is roused from their beds and summoned to the bar room—at this point, it will become obvious that other people are dead or missing.

The innkeeper, by this time, has managed to convince himself that there is a murderer on the loose, and advises everyone to lock themselves in their rooms and not move until daylight, when he can send for the Roadwardens and/or the River Patrol.

Before everyone goes back to bed, the Gravin displays the dagger with which Bruno was killed; it will look strangely familiar to the adventurers, since it is the one which was stolen from one of them about 20 minutes earlier. If the owner of the dagger does not own up straight away, one of the inn's staff (the one who stole it, naturally) will say that he remembers seeing an identical dagger in the character's possession. The PC will then be challenged to produce the weapon, but will, of course, be unable to do so. An ominous murmur develops in the room, and you should do your best to convince the player that his character stands a good chance of being lynched. If the character tries to talk his way out of trouble by claiming that the dagger went missing during the brawl at midnight, make the usual *Fel* test, with modifiers for *Public Speaking* or any other skill that you judge to be relevant, but impose a penalty of -20—people prefer the simple explanation that the character murdered Bruno.

After all the accusations and protestations of innocence have died down, the Gravin rises.

'I am authorised by my aunt,' she says, 'to exercise her Imperial right of dispensing common justice, and it seems as well that I should do so here, especially since I am the most prominent wronged party. Therefore, I rule that this group shall be locked in their room until the morning, when I shall decide further. All weapons and equipment shall be removed from the room, and I shall post a guard at the door and beneath the window. You, however,'—she points at the strongest-looking warrior-type PC—'I sentence to replace my murdered champion until it shall please me to decide otherwise.' A murmur runs round the bar, but no-one questions her ruling.

The body is handed over to the 'initiates' by the Gravin, who requests they look after it until dawn. They agree to do so, and it is taken to their room, wrapped in a blanket, as are any other bodies that have been discovered so far.

The PCs will be locked in their room with two of the Gravin's men-at-arms outside the door and another two beneath the window. You should make it clear that there are too many people in the bar for them to be able to escape at this stage. All their weapons and other equipment are removed by the Gravin's men-at-arms. The character whom the Gravin has chosen as her new champion is taken to Bruno's room (room *d*) and locked in.

After about half an hour, everyone goes back to bed.

1.20am

A servant comes to the PCs' room to say that the Gravin wants to talk to them. They are taken to her room (room *a*) by four of the men-at-arms, stopping along the way to collect the new champion. The Gravin is waiting for them, still fully dressed. After ordering the men-at-arms to wait outside, she speaks to the PCs.

'I'm sorry it was necessary to have you locked up,' she says, 'But it seemed to be the only way to calm everyone down. I believe you are innocent—no one would be so stupid as to leave his own dagger behind as a clue. Anyway, we have until dawn to discover who actually killed Bruno. I'm

sure that Dammenblatz is behind it all—I'm going to Kemperbad to fight a lawsuit against him. If I'm right, then his agents will try to kill my new champion'—she favours this character with an ironic smile—'But this time you will all be waiting. The guard will be left on your room for the sake of appearances, but you will spend the rest of the night in Bruno's room. One weapon of your choice will be returned to each of you—no, no more than one. I don't want you trying to make a break for it. Well, then, let's get moving—there isn't much of the night left.'

The PCs are each given one item from their weapons and equipment, and locked in Bruno's room. The men-at-arms return to their posts guarding the PCs' room and Bruno's room. There is to be no light in the room, so the PCs are obliged to sit in the darkness, waiting for something to happen. Each character should make a *WP* test. Each character who fails the test falls asleep before the next event happens.

2.00am

A soft scraping noise comes from the chimney. Any character who is still awake has a 30% chance of hearing it, with the normal modifier for *Acute Hearing* skill. Sleeping characters have a 10% chance of being woken by the noise.

If the PCs rush to investigate or give any other indication that they are awake, the noise will stop abruptly. If they keep quiet, someone will come down the chimney and into the room. Characters with *Night Vision* will recognize the figure as one of the inn's serving staff. The servant, who can barely see in the darkness, will creep carefully towards the bed, relying on memory and care to avoid falling over anything. If he is attacked, the servant will attempt to escape through the window or up the chimney, and the two guards posted outside the room will come in at the first sound of any disturbance. Characters who are asleep when the servant enters the room can do nothing during the first round, and suffer a -20 penalty to all dice rolls.

If the servant is captured, the guards will bind and gag him, to await the Gravin's pleasure in the morning.

4.30am

Dawn breaks. The Gravin calls everyone down to the bar-room again, but there is no answer to the landlord's knocking on the door of the smugglers' room. The door is forced open, and a scene of carnage is revealed. All three 'initiates' are dead, and the coffin with which they entered the inn has been broken open and contains a freshly dead, headless body. Ursula Kopfgeld is also missing, and her horse has been taken from the stables.

Once everyone has assembled, the Gravin brings out the servant captured by the PCs, and explains that he was in the pay of Baron von Dammenblatz, and is responsible for Bruno's murder as well as the attempted murder of her newly appointed champion. She rules that the servant is to be locked up and handed over to the Roadwardens or River Patrol at the first opportunity, and then everyone goes on their way. It's been a busy night, and one that no one will forget in a hurry.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Experience Point Awards

As well as the usual awards for good roleplaying, bright ideas and generally enhancing the game, experience points should be awarded for the following:

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30 EPs for each character who actively participates in capturing Bruno's murderer;

10 EPs for each character who participates directly in disposing of the cultists;

5 EPs for winning an arm-wrestling match with Bruno;

10 EPs for catching anyone who is trying to hide a body; and

10 EPs for each character who takes direct action to stop Prahmhandler before he reaches von Pfeifraucher.

There are many other things the PCs can do which will contribute to bringing the adventure to a satisfactory conclusion; you should feel free to award experience points for anything else that you judge deserving, using the general level of the awards given above as a guideline.

What Next?

If you want to get on with the main adventure, the Gravin might allow her new 'champion' to go on his way, explaining that he was only intended as bait to trap the murderer and she can do a lot better for a champion anyway...She will, however, give the party 50 GCs each for their assistance, and might prove to be a useful contact in the future.

On the other hand, you could develop the adventure by having her insist that her new champion accompanies her to Kemperbad. He will be paid 5 GCs per day plus keep, with a bonus of 250 GCs if she wins the case. The rest of the party can join her escort, being paid 1 GC per day plus keep. They can travel in their boat while the Gravin's party take the riverside road. The journey to Kemperbad will be uneventful—unless you want to have another of Dammenblatz's agents make an attempt on the champion's life at another inn—and the Gravin's presence will ensure that the adventurers are not troubled by the River Patrol or other officials.

When they arrive at Kemperbad, the 'champion' will be placed in the arena with one weapon and one suit of armour of his/her choice, to face von Dammenblatz's champion (use the profile for a Pit Fighter). The combat is to first blood, so the first character to lose W points loses the bout—and the case. As soon as one combatant is wounded, the soldiers overseeing the trial will rush to separate them. If the adventurer wins, Gravin Maria-Ulrike will be delighted, and will buy him anything he asks for on the day after the trial. If the PC loses the Gravin will be fined, and the adventurers will be dismissed from her presence. A swift exit from Kemperbad may be a good idea...

Non-Player Characters

Gravin Maria-Ulrike

Noble

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	31	31	3	3	8	41	1	41	51	31	41	31	41

Skills: Charm, Etiquette, Luck, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Ride, Wit.

Possessions: too numerous to mention.

Bruno Franke

Judicial Champion

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	61	31	4	4	10	51	2	31	31	31	41	31	31

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Ride Horse, Specialist Weapon—Fencing Sword, Specialist Weapon—Fist Weapon, Specialist Weapon—Flail Weapons, Specialist Weapon—Parrying Weapon, Specialist Weapon—Two-handed Weapon, Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun.

Possessions: Horse, full plate armour, sleeved mail coat, normal sword, two-handed sword, left-hand dagger, rapier, flail.



Apocrypha Now

Gustaf Rechtshandler, Lawyer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	31	31	3	3	8	41	1	31	41	61	51	51	41

Skills: Etiquette, Law, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Secret Language—Classical, Secret Signs—Lawyer.

Possessions: Wig and gown, jewellery worth 250 GCs, 750 GCs in cash.

Servants

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

Skills and Possessions: as you see fit. The Gravin's servants all wear her livery.

Men-at-Arms

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	41	3	3	8	41	2	31	41	31	31	31	31

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow.

Possessions: Spear, dagger, mail shirt, shield.

Coachmen

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	41	3	3	8	41	1	31	31	31	41	31	31

Skills: Animal Care, Drive Cart, Musicianship—coach horn, Ride Horse, Specialist Weapon—Firearms.

Possessions: Blunderbuss, sword, dagger, mail shirt.

Boatmen

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	31	3	3	8	41	1	31	31	31	41	31	31

Skills: Fish, Orientation, River Lore, Row, Sailing.

Possessions: Passenger boat, leather jack, sword.

'Initiates of Morr', Smugglers

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	41	3	3	8	41	1	31	31	31	31	31	31

Skills: Secret Language—Thieves' Tongue, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban.

Possessions: Robes of Initiates of Morr, dagger, 3D6 GCs.

Ursula Kopfgeid, Bounty Hunter

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	41	4	3	8	41	1	31	31	31	41	31	31

Skills: Follow Trail, Marksmanship, Shadowing, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban, Strike Mighty Blow.

Possessions: Crossbow and 20 bolts, sword, leather jack, 50 GCs.

Baron Friedrich von Pfeifraucher ('Johann Schmidt'), Noble

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	41	3	3	8	41	1	41	41	31	31	31	41

Skills: Blather, Charm, Consume Alcohol, Etiquette, Luck, Read/Write, Ride Horse, Specialist Weapon—Fencing Sword, Wit.

Possessions: Rapier, jewellery worth 250 GCs, 200 GCs in cash.

Thomas Prahmhandler, Merchant

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	31	4	4	8	51	1	41	31	41	31	31	31

Skills: see *WFRP*, p101; none of his skills are particularly relevant to this adventure.

Possessions: Horsewhip, dagger, 56 GCs.

Thug

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	51	31	4	3	8	41	2	31	31	31	31	31	31

Skills: Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun.

Possessions: Leather jack, sword, club.

Dammenblatt's Agent, Bounty Hunter

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	41	3	3	8	41	1	31	31	31	31	31	31

Skills: Follow Trail, Shadowing, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban.

Possessions: Dagger, 3 doses of Manbane blade venom, 6 doses of Oxleaf.

The Staff of the Three Feathers

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

Skills and Possessions: As you feel appropriate.

Fraulein Hanna Lastkahn ('Frau Schmidt')

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

Skills and Possessions: As you see fit.

Cultists of the Ordo Ultima

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

Skills and Possessions: As you want; few will come into play here. All the cultists have the symbol of a letter O enclosed within a letter U tattooed on the left breast.

Josef Aufwieglar, Agitator

This NPC will probably not take any active role in the adventure. If necessary, refer to *WFRP*, p21.

Glimbrin Oddsocks, Gnome Thief

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	31	41	3	3	8	41	1	41	31	31	31	31	41

Skills: Concealment Urban, Pick Lock, Pick Pocket, Secret Language—Thieves' Tongue, Secret Signs—Thieves, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban.

Possessions: 2 daggers, lock picks, leather jack, sack, 150 GCs in jewellery (stolen), 25 GCs in cash.

ARM WRESTLING RULES

Since the PCs have the opportunity to try a bit of arm-wrestling in this adventure, here is a simple set of rules.

Arm-wrestling is a feat of strength, so both characters make a *Strength* test once per round. If one character succeeds and the other fails, the successful character has won the match. If both succeed or fail, neither has won, and the match proceeds to a second round. Optionally, if both characters make successful *Strength* tests in a round, they add the amount by which they made the test as a bonus in the following round only.

Appendix

Conversion Rules

Halfred Unnigert clambered slowly from his war-horse, passed his helmet to his page, and stood a moment to survey the battlefield. It had been a hard struggle and he had lost almost half his army to the beastmen, but they had won the day. The grass of the valley was churned into mud, mixed with the dark ichor that had flowed in the creatures' veins, and his boots squelched unpleasantly through it as he tramped towards his tent. A flagon of wine was what he needed, followed by a bucket of hot water to get the dried blood out of his hair. After that...He remembered how the squire's daughter had smiled at him as they passed through the village down the road. Halfred grinned. Yes. Some company was what he required. Warm, soft, sweet-smelling company.

He pulled the flap of his tent aside and stepped in. A man stood there, his back to the entrance. Halfred did not recognize the view of the rear, but it was wearing the uniform of the Reiksguard. His heart sank. After spending a day battling for his life, the last thing he wanted was some city soldier telling him how he should have been fighting.

The man turned around, a cup of wine at his lips from the flagon on the table. He put down the cup, snapped his heels together and saluted. 'Herr General. I am—'

'I don't care who you are or why you're here, you Altdorf ponce. Get out, bring me some more wine, and knock before you come back in.' Halfred started stripping off his armour, then stopped as the man thrust a letter under his nose. It bore a heavy wax seal, stamped with the Emperor's crest.

'I am Matthias Hölmeister, of the Emperor's personal bodyguard, and I suggest you read this communication before you insult me again.' Halfred, startled into silence, took the letter and tore it open with numb fingers, blinking at the spidery writing. An immediate recall to the city...some kind of Chaos-cult conspiracy...theft of a relic of Sigmar...and a traitor in his army? What was this all about? And why did the Emperor want him to handle it?

'All right, Hölmeister, tell me what's going on,' he said, then looked up when there was no response. The Emperor's bodyguard stared at him, wobbling slightly on his feet. Then, as Halfred watched, a dribble of blood appeared at the corner of his mouth and he crumpled to the floor, his limbs weirdly contorted. The soldier approached the table and sniffed cautiously at the cup of wine. It stank of poison. So there was a traitor in the camp.

There was a clanking outside his tent, and a voice: 'Your bucket of hot water, sir?'

'No. No hot water.' Halfred stared down at the body on the floor. 'I seem to be in it up to my neck already.'

The Old World of Warhammer is a huge, sprawling place, described in detail in two games systems: *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*, and *Warhammer Fantasy Battle*. Although they have the same setting, the two games cover very different aspects of heroic life in the Old World. With *WFB* you can command mighty armies led by Generals, Champions and Wizards, while *WFRP* lets you take on the role of an adventurer exploring the Empire and becoming entangled in its many conspiracies and intrigues. But you know all that already.

Each has its place and its role: you wouldn't, for example, fight a massive battle using *WFRP* rules, or use the *WFB* system for an adventure concerning traitors and treachery within the Imperial court. But both systems are basically about heroic characters, and it is possible to mix and match between them, moving your favourite heroes from one game to another as their adventures and exploits within the Warhammer world demand. All it requires is some rules on converting their characteristics, and some hints about the right and wrong ways to construct plots and cross-overs. You now have three guesses what this chapter is about.

GETTING INTO A ROLE: From WFB to WFRP

Warhammer Fantasy Battle characters differ from most *Warhammer FRP* characters in more than just their characteristics, because *WFB* is a much more overtly heroic and high-powered game than *WFRP*. It won't be possible to take characters from *WFB* and drop them into, say, *The Enemy Within* campaign, or *Dying of the Light*. Apart from anything else, they have no reason to be there. Their place is the battlefield: why should they want to do leave it?

There are plenty of reasons. Like Halfred Unnigert, they may find themselves recalled by a superior officer—and they don't come much more superior than the Emperor. Or, for that matter, the Grand Theogonist, the Supreme Patriarch of the Colleges of Magic, or an Elector Count. Even a plea for help from an old friend can be enough to draw a fierce Hero from the field.

Alternatively, they may find themselves without a choice. Their army may be utterly defeated, and they alone survive—lost in hostile territory, without friends or equipment, and a suspicion that an evil scheme is afoot within The Empire, for such a massive defeat could only have arisen through treachery. Or they might be captured by enemy forces, only to escape, and be forced to find their way back to civilization with the news that will save The Empire from ruin, with the forces of Chaos hot on their trail. Once they have delivered their news, of course, it will be fairly easy to get them involved in other plots or stories: send them on a quest to recover a lost artefact, or to discover the fate of a missing Elector Count, perhaps, or get them involved in politicking and power-struggles at the Imperial court. Sometimes the most interesting battles are fought with words, not with swords or spells.

You don't have to take characters out of a military background if you don't want to; in fact *WFRP* and *WFB* can combine quite well to make a military campaign. Send characters to spy out enemy defences or preparations the night before a battle; hunt down spies and traitors within their own camp; jockey for promotion or honour; discover the sinister reason why the army is really being sent to a particular location for a forthcoming battle; create alliances and



negotiate peace treaties with other commanders; scout the land for rumours and information, or travel across enemy-held lands with military secrets or a particular item.

If you want to keep the military tone but forego the battles, characters may be asked to raise or equip armies of their own, or find new champions or wizards to lead their battalions. They may be caught up in plans for a new campaign, or they may even discover that the general of their own army is plotting treachery or insurrection. Adding role-playing elements to *WFB* can add a huge amount to a campaign, particularly a narrative one. Some parts of the role-play, particularly dialogue, can be played out without the *WFRP* rules, but the moment a character becomes separated from their forces, it's best to switch systems.

The important thing is always to make sure that the style of the adventure fits the characters. Remember that ex-*WFB* characters are soldiers, used to a military life and a military way of doing things, which usually means waiting until a problem has got as bad as it's going to get, and then hitting it as hard as possible with everything at hand in the hope that it'll go away. This is not the way that a lot of *WFRP* adventures work, particularly the low-power ones, so you may find that you have to make a few changes to your style of game-play. Stick with it. It's worth it.

Even if you don't want to transfer your *WFB* characters to *WFRP* or vice versa, you can still combine the two games to add extra levels of depth to your campaigns. Run a campaign of each simultaneously, using events from one to spark off events in the other. *WFRP* characters could unmask a conspiracy to unseat the Emperor or destabilize one of the Elector Counts, which would send the respective armies out to war. The death of a hero on the field of battle would lead to huge funerals and weeks of mourning in their homeland, and might cause political repercussions as well—if *WFRP* characters are in a city when word arrives that the local Elector Count has fallen, they will surely get caught up in the general outpouring of grief, and the political machinations and manoeuvrings that will accompany the ordination of a new Count. *WFRP* and *WFB* campaigns can co-exist very successfully.

You don't have to restrain yourself to turning only your *WFB* characters into *WFRP* player characters. Recurring foes, such as the generals or champions of Chaos armies, or Orcish bosses, can make excellent villains in a role-playing adventure, or even a mixed-game campaign. Your character discovers evidence of this villain's evil doings, spies out the lay of the land, raises an army and leads it against the fiend, then pursues the remnants of its forces to its stronghold and invades with a hand-picked force, finally meeting the villain and duelling to the death in single combat. Or something similar but less melodramatic. You get the idea.

Converting Characters from *WFB* to *WFRP*

The only sort of characters that you're likely to want to convert from *WFB* to *WFRP* are the important ones: in human terms, the Champions, Heroes, Lords and Wizards. You can, if you want, convert ordinary footsoldiers but there doesn't seem to be a lot of point: one footsoldier is much like another. However, players can get quite attached to certain champions or wizards, particularly one who has been successful in several battles, and being able to play that character in *WFRP* can be great fun, and very satisfying.

When the *WFB* rules refer to a character as a Champion, Hero or Lord, that is their rank within the game, not necessarily their status in the Warhammer world. While any *WFB* hero will have a reasonable reputation, they will not necessarily be a member of the nobility, and not all members of the nobility will automatically be Lords on the field of battle. In fact, many of them prefer to stay as far away from battles as possible: not leading from the rear, but leading from several hundred miles away, issuing orders by carrier pigeon. Characters like that are best left as NPCs.

The *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* rulebook contains a set of rules for converting monsters from *WFB* to *WFRP* (it's on page 213), and you can use the same system for converting characters as well. However, there are a few other changes that have to be made. *WFRP* characters have a few attributes that *WFB* characters lack: specifically Dexterity (*Dex*), Intelligence (*Int*), Cool (*Cl*), Will Power (*WP*) and Fellowship (*Fe*), none of which are of much use during a battle.

You generate these missing attributes for *WFB* characters by using the figures given in the table on page 14 of the *WFRP* rulebook. For an ordinary footsoldier, that's all you do. However, for a Hero or Wizard, you then get a pool of extra points to divide up among the five new attributes, as follows:

Champion/Boss:	40 extra points
Hero/Big Boss:	90 extra points
Lord/War Boss:	135 extra points
Wizard:	15 extra points
Wizard Champion:	30 extra points
Master Wizard:	50 extra points
Wizard Lord:	80 extra points

If you want, you can make up the figures for the new characteristics for converted *WFB* monsters and bad guys from scratch. Do use your common sense: it's obvious that a Dark Elf champion will be more dextrous and more intelligent than an Orc chieftain, but probably won't have as much strength or toughness. Remember that *WFRP* and *WFB* are different games: *WFB* monsters are there to crush the en-

Appendix: Conversion Rules

emy, while in *WFRP* they exist to challenge the player characters, but not necessarily to beat them. Don't give all your converted monsters 90s for *Will Power* and *Cool*, particularly if they're snotlings. It'll only annoy your players, and get your name listed in the *WFRP* Players' Book Of Grudges.

WFB characters do not have skills or careers, and at present there is no specific career for Heroes. Rather than create one, it's much easier to assume that a Champion, Hero or Lord has started their life as a Soldier (*WFRP* rulebook p39), then became a Sergeant, and then a Mercenary Captain (*WFRP* rulebook p101). Champions have stopped there for the moment, while Heroes and Lords can choose whether they went on to become either a Freelance (*WFRP* rulebook p98) or a Templar (*WFRP* rulebook p106).

Note down the relevant skills and equipment, but do not take the Advance Scheme from these previous careers. If your character is already a Hero of some kind, with the characteristics of a Hero, then they have effectively taken them already. Finally, award your character 1D6+4 Fate Points.

Magical Changes

Things work a little differently for magicians, mostly because there are important differences between the way magic works in *WFB* and *WFRP*. We'll skim over those differences for now, and tackle them in much greater depth in a later supplement. Almost all the magicians in *WFB* are Battle Wizards, who have been schooled in one of the eight colour-coded College of Magic in Altdorf. This training means that they will know more spells than more rural or less schooled magicians, while the simple fact that they were chosen for entry to the Colleges means that their natural magical abilities are of great power.

The Colleges of Magic do exist in *WFRP*, but usually their members will not become involved in adventures because they're either training or taking part in battles. However, the power of *WFB* battle-magic doesn't come entirely from the wizard: a large part of it comes from the nature of bat-

ties itself and the way magic works in the Warhammer world. Off the field of war, a Battle Wizard is going to be weaker; and a specialist *WFRP* magician on their home turf could probably fight and beat them.

Use the following charts to determine which *WFRP* sect of magic a *WFB* Battle Wizard will choose their spells from, and what level of magician they are:

WFB College	WFRP Specialization
Celestial	Wizard or Elementalist (player choice)
Grey	Elementalist
Amethyst	Wizard or Demonologist (player choice)
Amber	Wizard or Druidic Priest (player choice)
Bright	Elementalist
Light	Wizard or Illusionist (player choice)
Golden	Alchemist
Jade	Druidic Priest
Dark Magician	Necromancer or Demonologist (player choice)
High Magician	Wizard or Elementalist or Illusionist (player choice)

WFB Magician	Level	Power Level	Spells Known
Wizard	1	12+3D4	Max. spells minus 1D4
Wizard Champion	2	20+5D4	Max. spells minus 1D6
Master Wizard	3	28+7D4	Max. spells minus 2D4
Wizard Lord	4	36+9D4	Max. spells minus 2D6

Players may choose any feasible career structure to get them to their current career and level, so long as their character starts off as either an Alchemist's Apprentice or a Wizard's Apprentice. They should only take the skills, spells, equipment and disabilities from these careers: the advance schemes have already been factored into their *WFB* characters.

Finally, take the number of spells that the wizard knows, and divide it by half. The player chooses that number of spells for their character from the spell list given in the *WFRP* rulebook. The other half are determined randomly: you can do this by rolling dice, or sticking a pin in the page, or reading tea-leaves, or dowsing, or whatever takes your fancy.

Weapons, Armour and Magic Items

If your *WFB* character has a favourite weapon or suit of armour, you'll want to convert that across as well. Weapons are treated in roughly the same way in *WFB* and *WFRP*: it's not the type of weapon that affects the amount of damage done, it's how practised the wielder is at using it. If the character has been using that type of weapon for a while, they'll have the appropriate Specialist Weapon skill for it as well.



Armour is rather more complicated to convert, so we're going to fudge this one. Look at the miniature figure of your *WFB* character, and write down what sort of armour they're wearing. Then turn to page 121 of the *WFRP* rulebook and work out their armour points, and what parts of their body are covered. That'll be a lot more accurate than trying to work out exactly what 'heavy armour' means in *WFRP* terms.

While it may not be possible to directly convert wizards' spells between the two Warhammer Fantasy systems, it is possible to convert magic items. In game terms magic items are special exceptions to rules, and by their nature are all different, so it's almost impossible to give short and simple rules for converting their stats. Some magic items convert easily, while others don't, and generally it's just a matter of the referee using their common sense. The Axe of Grom, given as an example in the *WFB* rules, causes double damage and is not affected by armour. Obviously that needs no conversion at all. Plusses to hit should be multiplied by 10 and given as WS bonuses; plusses to damage should be left as they are. Any item which automatically heals its wearer should have its effect multiplied by 10. One *WFB* turn is approximately equal to one hour.

A word of caution: be cautious. On paper, *WFB* magic items are generally much more powerful than their *WFRP* equivalents, and the presence of even one such item can completely unbalance a campaign, particularly if you let it get into the hands of low-powered characters. All powerful magic items and artefacts are renowned and recognizable in the Warhammer world: if the PCs have it by right then others will be out to steal it from them; and if they stole it then the forces of retribution will be at their heels. Alternatively, you may decide that magic items, like magic spells, have their powers amplified from being on the field of battle, or possibly that items of great power cannot be used constantly: they must be rested for a month, or a year, or a

century before they can be used again. Both these choices avoid the danger of your campaign becoming over-powered.

Advice to people wanting to convert *WFB* war-machines into *WFRP* is simple: don't, unless you're absolutely certain you know what you're doing. *WFRP* and its characters were not designed to handle the sort of damage those things can mete out, and they're only made available to fighting forces for a reason: they're too dangerous for common folk. You can base some excellent adventures around them—sneaking into an enemy base to capture one, or chasing after some deserters who have made off in a steam tank. But don't let PCs get their hands on one for more than a few minutes, or you'll find it swiftly becomes the most important and least interesting member of the party.

If you decide that you know best and your PCs do get their hands on a war-machine, remember the following points: most people will react with terror at the sight of it, and many communities will refuse to let such a fearful device enter. Even if they are allowed entry to a town or city, many war-machines are far too big to pass through normal gateways—or along normal roads, for that matter, as they are usually hauled to battle sites by teams of horses. And if rough conditions or wear-and-tear cause the machine to break or break down, the chances of the PCs having the knowledge to repair it or being able to find spare parts are incredibly small.

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE: From *WFRP* to *WFB*

Why take Warhammer *FRP* characters into Warhammer Fantasy Battle? A change is as good as a rest, they say, and sometimes playing high-powered characters in a RPG can get a little dull. The world may be your oyster, but a spell at the head of a *WFB* army, or doing great deeds on the field of valour can inject some much-needed lemon juice—er, spice, into a character's career. As with *WFB* characters in *WFRP*, there's not a lot of point in moving low-power characters between the systems, because their chances of survival aren't exactly high.

First of all, of course, you have to give characters a reason for ending up in the middle of a war. It's easy to tell the PCs that they're walking across a field when suddenly two opposing armies charge out of nowhere and start fighting around them, but that doesn't give characters much motivation to join in, and it also gets a little obvious after the third time it happens. Far better to give PCs a reason to join the army. They may be doing it in return for a huge favour, or have been press-ganged in, or blackmailed into it. Blackmail doesn't have to be underhand or illegal: 'Join the army or be executed for the murder of that Reiksguard you accidentally killed' is perfectly okay—what better place to put bloodthirsty killers than the front line of battle?

Even better is to give them some kind of role in commanding the troops: if not the entire army then at least a section of it. Controlling a single character in a war-game is not a whole bundle of laughs. They may not be in command of the army when they join up, but generals get killed, or wounded, or defect to the other side, or disappear mysteriously—and, of course, you can create plots and adventures based around any of those events, for either *WFRP* or *WFB*.

On the surface, *WFB* looks like a much more lethal and arbitrary game than *WFRP*: this is total war, and death is often arbitrary and sudden. There is no good-hearted referee to fudge dice rolls to avoid fatal blows on well-loved



characters, and clerics and medics are in short supply on the battlefield. Your *WFRP/WFB* character will have an advantage over the ordinary grunts on the field, but that may not save them from an ugly fate. If you're planning to put a *WFB* segment into a *WFRP* campaign, make sure that the players understand the potential danger to their characters.

There are alternative ways to make the game easier to survive. *WFB* does have a few rules to allow heroes a greater chance of survival, but the most important is that when a character is reduced to zero wounds, they are referred to as a 'casualty', not a 'corpse'. A referee is free to rule that the character has survived the battle but is badly wounded or incapacitated. Alternatives to death include losing points from attributes (GM's choice which attributes and how many points) or losing one or more limbs—something which *WFB* doesn't provide for, but which happens all too often in *WFRP*. Mental injuries can also result: shell-shock, phobias, or even insanity.

Obviously if the character's been eaten by a dragon or had their head in the mouth of a dwarfen flame-cannon when it was fired, then they're toast and the character is not going to be coming back. If you want to avoid any chance of that, you may want to agree to play a 'what if?' *WFB* battle or campaign, using the translated *WFRP* characters but with an agreement that any characters who die during the battle will not die in the RPG.

However you play it, try to keep a narrative strand to the game. RPGs are all about plots and stories. War-games are not, but if you abandon the idea of continuity altogether, players will start to lose touch with their characters. Make sure that the character still has a personality and quirks, and doesn't just become a miniature on a table-top. It is possible to add elements of role-play to *WFB*, with heroes and generals exchanging insults, meeting in single combat, undertaking daring raids to knock out or capture enemy war-machines, or even joining an enemy army under a false identity and working acts of sabotage from within its forces. Choose your enemy army with care, of course: not even the ugliest mercenary could pass as a goblin, no matter how good their disguise.

Converting Characters from *WFRP* to *WFB*

Moving *WFRP* characters to *WFB* is a much more straightforward process than vice versa because it's a matter of taking characteristics away, not adding them. Although their current career is largely irrelevant, it's advisable to only take reasonably powerful characters into *WFB*.

First of all, cross off **Dex**, **Int**, **Cl**, **WP** and **Fel**. You won't be needing them.

Second, go through your character's list of skills. Each skill adds one point to its relevant characteristic: most weapon and fighting skills will add to **WS** or **BS** (the only exception is *Parrying Weapon*, which adds to **T**) while, to give some other examples, *Public Speaking* would add to **Ld**, *Dodge* would add to **T** and *Jump* would add to **M**. Use your initiative, your common sense, and the table on page 66 of the *WFRP* rulebook. The GM's decision is final. If the skill adds to a characteristic you've just crossed off, tough.

Next, change all the characteristics measured from 1-100 (**WS**; **BS**; **W**; **I**; **Ld**) to a scale of 1-10. This is pretty easy: divide by ten, and round up. So a **WS** of 20 would change to 2; a **BS** of 21 becomes 3 (2.1 rounded up); and an **I** of 49 becomes 5.

If the sum of all your character's revised characteristics is more than 34, then they are a Champion. If it's more than 40, then they are a Hero, and if it's more than 46 then they are a Lord. Magicians do not work out their status in the same way: instead, their levels transfer straight across. A third-level *WFRP* magician will become a third-level *WFB* magician—a Master Wizard.

As an example: take Josef Dortmund, who has a (*WFRP*) **WS** of 39, and the skills *Specialist Weapon: Flail and Strike To Stun*. These give him two **WS** extra points, taking it to 41. He then converts this to *WFB* by dividing by ten (4.1) and rounding up (5). Not bad. Since his other *WFB* characteristics total 37, he adds his **WS** and gets 42, showing that he is a Hero. Dead easy, this, isn't it?

Magic

There are various spheres of magic in the Warhammer world, and wizards—particularly human wizards—tend to specialize in a particular type. The Colleges of Magic in Altdorf steer their members towards the fields they will be best in, but others are left to find out for themselves. *WFRP* magicians converting to *WFB* don't have to join any of the Colleges of Magic in particular—in fact it would be surprising if the College let them in—but they will get spells according to the sphere of magic they inhabit and use.

WFRP <i>Specialization</i>	WFB <i>Spell Type</i>
Alchemist	Golden
Wizard	Celestial, Amethyst, Amber, Light, Golden or High Magician
Demonologist	Dark Magician
Elementalist	Grey or Bright
Illusionist	Bright, Light or High Magician
Necromancer	Dark Magician or Necromancer (see <i>Undead Armies</i> book)
Cleric	Celestial
Druidic priest	Grey, Amber or Jade

There are other sorts of magician in the Warhammer world—shamans, for example—and it's possible that *WFRP* PCs or NPCs will be closer to them than to one of the types above. Use your own judgement when deciding which sphere a character fits into best: no two characters will be quite the same, and a lot depends on their personality and attitude as well as their existing specialization and spell-book.

Weapons, Armour and Magic Items (part II)

A character who has been adventuring in *WFRP* for a while will probably be festooned with equipment and magic items, and will feel naked if dumped into *WFB* without them. Weapons convert straight across with no problem, but armour is a little more problematic.

A *WFB* character can be armoured in four ways: not armoured, with a shield, light armour, or heavy armour. If your *WFRP* character is wearing *either* any kind of armour shirt or coat, *or* two or more pieces of armour, then they have *Light Armour*. If they are wearing a full body suit of armour, either mail or plate, then they have *Heavy Armour*. If they have a shield, then . . . well, I think you can work that one out for yourself.

It's almost impossible to create hard-and-fast rules for converting magic items between the systems because they're all different, as was mentioned above. The best bet is to use your common sense and bear certain guidelines in mind. WS bonuses should be divided by 10; damage bonuses should stay the same; and for items that last a certain duration, one hour is approximately the same as one *WFB* turn. Magic armour gives bonuses to a character's armour saving throw, but does not reduce damage.

Finally, your character will need a points value. Use the tables on pages 92-95 of the *WFB* rules to work it out. Once you've done that, you're ready to go.

A FINAL WORD FOR RULES LAWYERS AND MINI-MAXERS

These rules have not been tested to destruction, and it's quite possible that there are loop-holes in them, which someone with a mathematical mind could abuse to make their characters more powerful. Specifically, it may be possible to power-up a character's stats by repeatedly transferring them from one system to another and back again. If that's how you get your kicks then we can't stop you, but it's not in the spirit of either game system, and we regard it as the moral equivalent of cheating on your dice rolls.

WFRP and *WFB* are much more than just collections of rules. They are about atmosphere, tactics, strategy, deduction, character interplay and much more, and that is where the enjoyment of the games comes from. The rules are a means to an end, a structure which everything else can crystallize round. If you get fixated on the rules, and ways to manipulate them to produce effects that the designers obviously didn't intend, then we believe you're missing the point. Winning is fine, succeeding is good, but digging trenches in the playing field isn't the way to achieve it. Playing within the spirit of the game is always more important and, in the long run, more fun.

A FINAL WORD FOR EVERYONE ELSE

This isn't the only way or the official way to convert characters between the two *Warhammer Fantasy* games; it's just a way to do it quickly and reasonably neatly. If you want to devise your own methods, go ahead.

This article does assume that you're familiar with and have a certain level of knowledge of both the games involved, not just their mechanics but their dynamics and atmosphere as well. If you buy a copy of *WFB*, read the rules a couple of times and then try to take some long-running *WFRP* characters into the system, it'll almost certainly go horribly wrong. Play both systems at least once before trying to switch characters between them.

You should always remember that the two games aren't completely identical in intention, mechanics or background, and it's stupid to pretend that they are. Characters can be transferred between them, but the game systems weren't originally designed to be totally cross-compatible in that way, and there are important differences in power levels and styles of game-play. If your players are coping badly with the adjustment, don't force it on them: let them change back to what they're used to.

If the whole thing turns out to have been a disastrous mistake and all the PCs are wiped out in their first encounter in the new system, be prepared to admit you've made an error, rule that the brief change-over was just some horrible dream all the PCs shared, and they've just woken up in the shower with Bobby. No, hang on, that's a different RPG, but you know what I mean. No matter how seriously you take your *Warhammer* games, never lose sight of the fact that the ultimate point of playing a game—any game—is to have fun. If you or your players are not having fun any more, then something's gone wrong.

Nevertheless, we hope that you'll enjoy exploring the Old World in different ways and different styles. We'd be interested to hear your comments on the experience.



It was late. To the east the first fingers of dawn tainted the sky, while the red glow and high fingers of flame to the west testified to the strength of the fire that still raged there. Above it all, the chaos moon Mórrslieb watched over the sleeping capital like an all-seeing and none too benevolent eye.

In his room in the Reiksguard barracks, Lieutenant Andreas Reisefertig licked his finger and turned the final page of the book on his desk. It was blank save for a woodcut, a strange abstract pattern. In the chamber beyond, his fellow officer and mentor Gottfried Braubach grumbled for a moment in his sleep before breaking into a deep snore. The day had been a long one for them both, but Andreas had not been trapped in a burning building by a diabolical old mage, so it was Braubach who slept and Reisefertig who had sat through the night reading Volume Thirteen of the New Apocrypha.

The candlelight flickered over the strange pattern and Reisefertig stared at it. He could see no picture in its lines and swirls, but it reminded him of something. Standing, he turned to the bookcase behind his desk and began to methodically take down the thirty-seven volumes of the Ancient Army Lists and Battle Reports of Johann Wissden. Hidden behind them on the shelf lay another row of books, smaller and with newer bindings, flat against the wall. Only the two of them knew of this secret cache: even for members of the Reiksguard's little-known Untersuchung section, charged with protecting the Imperial court from the conspiracies and machinations of Chaos-followers, possession of blasphemous material was a burning offence.

Reisefertig took down the seventh volume of the twelve, flipping to the final page. His memory had not fooled him: the woodcut there was similar, but not identical. He glanced out of the window, eyes unfocused, remembering. It had been in Middenheim. The day was snowy, and the large flakes had hissed as they landed on the bone-fires of seventeen heretics and minions of Chaos, the air full of the rich smell of burnt flesh and hair. Braubach had been elated, sensing an end to their search. They had found the seventh volume in a secret drawer in a rich merchant's desk. It had contained a scrap of parchment used as a bookmark, and that had led the two of them to Parravon, and the ambush by the Bretonnian swordswomen. He rubbed the deep scar on the back of his left hand, as it itched at the memory. That had been an eventful year.

The woodcut caught his eye again. Reisefertig replaced the seventh volume, strode back to the desk, and stared at the pattern on the endpaper. It was almost like a maze, a labyrinth, a single line curving in and around itself, yet leading ever inwards, towards one centre. The lieutenant's brow furrowed as he tried to focus on the diagram. It seemed to swim before his eyes...no, his eyes could see it perfectly well, but his mind could not take it in. The day had been a long one, and his senses were tired. Tomorrow he would look at it again. No, tomorrow would be too late: the rat-like Klimdt and his pack would have made their getaway by then, despite the extra guards on every city gate. After nine years of pursuit Reisefertig knew his enemy. Klimdt was no ordinary man.

Know your enemy—ay, that was the key. Why would Klimdt have included the woodcuts in his books? Their significance would not be purely decorative: every other illustration was keyed to the text, yet Reisefertig knew there

was no reference to these patterns in the seventh volume, or in the latest addition to the set. Perhaps they were a message in some secret code, or a symbol sacred to some forgotten dark god. Mayhap if the two were overlaid they would reveal a secret map...

The candle-flame guttered as a wad of congealed wax burnt through and fell to the desk. From the window, the malign light of Mórrslieb fought against the approaching clarity of the dawn. Reisefertig yawned, and tapped the page of the book with a thoughtful finger. It reminded him in a way of a pattern that had been carved onto the school-desk where he had sat many years before, trapped for long hours as the teacher droned on about pointless subjects like mathematics. He had plotted battle-campaigns across that desk, using the carved paths as ditches and fortifications for his strategies, dreaming of the glories of life as a Reiksguard officer. The fantasies had not included nine years on the trail of a sad old heretic, nor spending long nights trying to puzzle out the secrets of illegal books.

The tome would give up its secret eventually. Meanwhile... His tapping finger touched one end of the tangled pattern and began to idly trace its interwoven path across the page. The room was still around him, and time was silent as the pattern's intricacies yielded to his meandering finger. How long could it take to travel from one end of the path to the other? The puzzle seemed so difficult, and yet, as he followed the spiralling trail, he felt it begin to come clear in his mind. Pieces of old knowledge began to fall into their appointed places. Clues, riddles, the books: they came together and he could see now they were all parts of a bigger, greater pattern. And there was more: the revelation brought a new understanding, a new consciousness.

Outside the window the clear, bright light of dawn broke across the city of Altdorf, and as Reisefertig raised his eyes to look at it, he felt a greater light shine forth inside him. At last he understood the fire that kept Klimdt's spirit alive, that drove him to live among dusty, earthy books, digging out their secrets. Fire and earth. Of course. Everything was so clear now.

In the other room, Braubach snorted in his sleep. Reisefertig glanced at the connecting door, then at the books on the desk. Should he take them with him? There was no need. He had read and reread them so many times that he knew their every word; only now he understood them too. Better to leave them here. Braubach would figure the secret out for himself eventually, and would follow into the path of enlightenment.

With slow calm, the man who had been Lieutenant Andreas Reisefertig picked his riding cloak from the back of the door and walked out of the office, down towards the Reiksguard stables. Somewhere out in the world, possibly in the Unseen Library in Marienburg, were the missing pages from the Lexikon of Eber Keiler of Salzenmund, and Klimdt had need of them.

Behind him on the desk, the pattern on the book's endpapers glowed slightly, perhaps in the light from the dawn. The pages ruffled as if in a breeze, as one and then another flipped over, turning faster and faster until the book slammed itself shut with a bang. Outside the closed window, the face of Mórrslieb could have been grinning as it faded in the bright morning sky.

Credits

Introduction and Epilogue: Fire & Earth

New for this volume, by James Wallis

Chapter 1: Skills & Careers

Material in this chapter first appeared in *White Dwarf* #90 under the title *Practice Makes Perfect*, by Jim Bambra and Phil Gallagher.

Chapter 2: Nobility & Royalty

Material in this chapter first appeared in *White Dwarf* #91 under the title *Noblesse Oblige*, by Paul Cockburn with Jim Bambra and Phil Gallagher.

Chapter 3: Social Standing

Material in this chapter first appeared in *White Dwarf* #138 under the title *Social Level*, by Graeme Davis with Mike Brunton.

Chapter 4: Fate Points

Material in this chapter first appeared in *White Dwarf* #88 under the title *Hand of Destiny*, by Graeme Davis.

Chapter 5: Combat Rules

Material in this chapter first appeared in Games Workshop's *The Restless Dead* under the title *Hack and Slay!* The Fumble rules appeared in *White Dwarf* #91 as *Oops!*, by Ashley Dennison and Graeme Davis.

Chapter 6: Firearms

Material in this chapter first appeared in Flame Publications' *Warhammer Companion* under the title *Go Ahead Orc, Make My Day...*, by Neal Harvey, Thomas Boyd and Graeme Davis.

Chapter 7: Magic Items

Material in this chapter first appeared in Games Workshop's *The Restless Dead* under the title *Enchantments of The Empire*.

Chapter 8: Magical Armour

Material in this chapter first appeared in Flame Publications' *Warhammer Companion* under the title *In Bright Armour Arrayed*, by Graeme Davis.

Chapter 9: Racial Psychology

Material in this chapter first appeared in *White Dwarf* #92 under the title *No Psychos Needed*, by Chris Felton.

Chapter 10: Gnome PCs

Material in this chapter first appeared in *White Dwarf* #86 under the title *Out of the Garden*, by Phil Gallagher.

Chapter 11: Dwarf Loremaster

Material in this chapter first appeared in Flame Publications' *Warhammer Companion* under the same title.

Chapter 12: Elven Beastfriend

Material in this chapter first appeared in Flame Publications' *Warhammer Companion* under the title *The Beastfriend*, by Graeme Davis.

Chapter 13: Elven Wardancers

Material in this chapter first appeared in *White Dwarf* #111 and #112 under the title *Wardancers*, by Matt Connell.

Chapter 14: Is There a Doctor in the House?

First appeared under the same title in Flame Publications' *Warhammer Companion*, and is by Andy Warwick.

Chapter 15: On The Road

Material in this chapter first appeared in *White Dwarf* #85 under the same title, and is by Graeme Davis.

Chapter 16: The Emperor Luitpold

First appeared under the same title in Flame Publications' *Warhammer Companion*, and is by Graeme Davis.

Chapter 17: The Great Hospice

First appeared under the same title in Flame Publications' *Warhammer Companion*.

Chapter 18: Night Of Blood

This adventure first appeared in *White Dwarf* #87 under the same title, and is by Jim Bambra.

Chapter 19: A Rough Night at the Three Feathers

This adventure first appeared in *White Dwarf* #94 under the same title, and is by Graeme Davis.

Appendix: Conversion Rules

New for this volume. Written by James Wallis, with advice from Andy Jones.

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