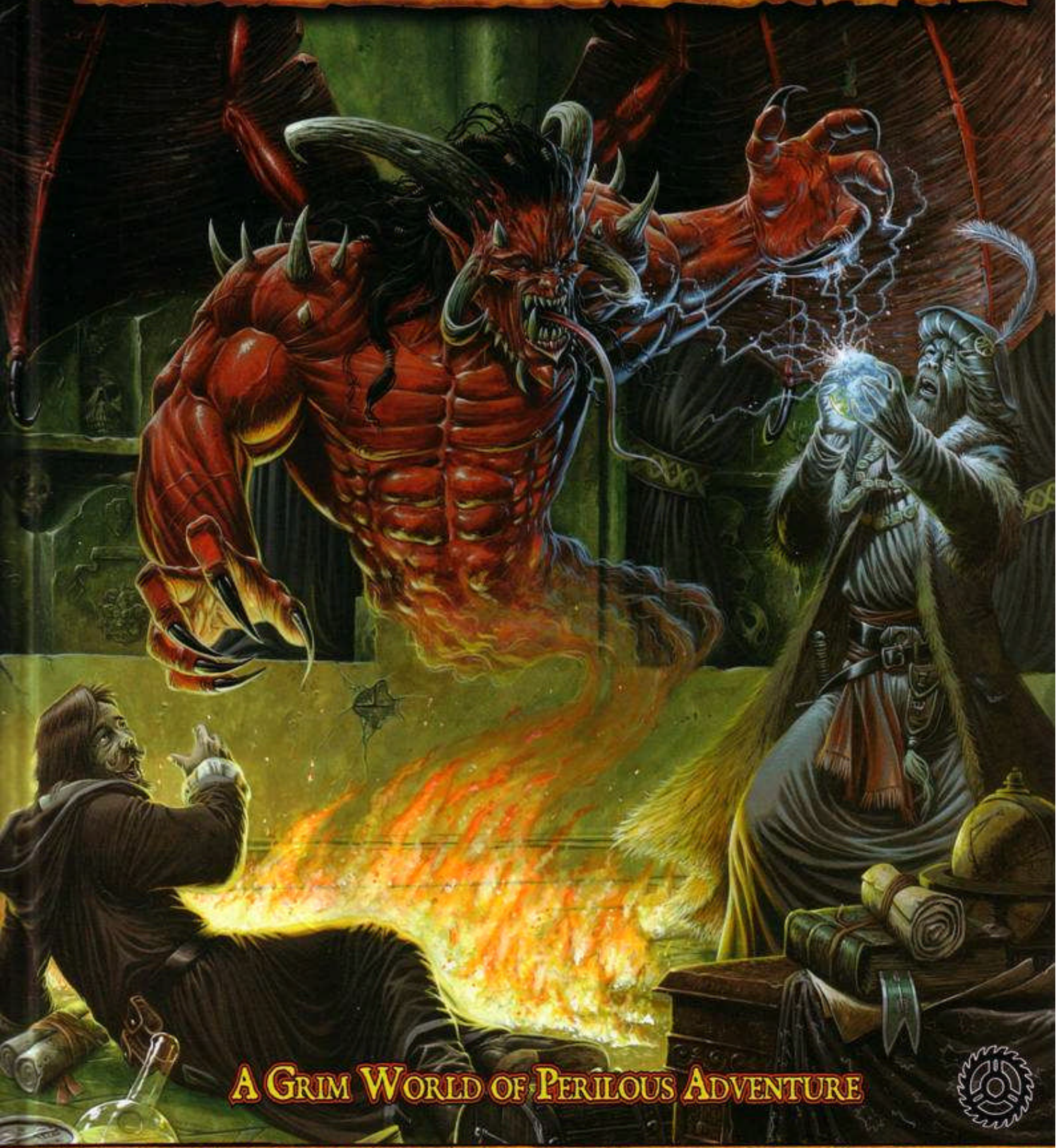
WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

REALMS OF SORCERY



A GRIM WORLD OF PERILOUS ADVENTURE

WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

REALMS OF SORCERY™

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— Easy Meat —

By Robert Earl

It was market day, and Altdorf's rat run of streets were swarming with people. Kerr, his body wedged in against the beam of an inn, watched them as they bustled past.

Not many of them watched him back. Not many of them even noticed him, which was just how he liked it. Over the years he had made an art of appearing insignificant, so that now everything from his stance to his clothing helped him to merge into the background.

Nor was this his only talent. Although barely fifteen Kerr studied the stream of passing humanity with a seasoned professionalism, a hard eyed calculation that belied his tender years.

Some of the crowd he dismissed as soon as he saw them. These were the tradesmen and merchants, men whose characters had been shaped to fit into the crooked byways of the city. Some of them may have been old or lame, but they were no fools. Kerr knew that they would offer steel before they would lose coin, and he respected them for it.

Then there were others who he marked for later. These were the thugs who swaggered about the town in search of women and drink. Whether they called themselves men-at-arms, or hauskarls, or just plain mercenaries, Kerr knew them for what they were, which was killers.

Not that that was necessarily a problem. Later some of them would be too drunk to kill anybody, or even to defend themselves. On occasion Kerr had been lucky enough to have found such victims alone, and to have found them before anybody else had.

On another day, he might have decided to follow one of them, much as a hungry fox will follow a dying wolf. But today there was no need for such patience. Today the streets were full of easier, plumper prey.

Kerr did everything but lick his lips as he watched them. These were the farmers, yeoman who knew everything about the hardness of the land but nothing of the cruelties of the city. Kerr could tell them by their wooden clogs, their healthy faces, their slow pace and wide opened eyes.

Then he saw one who wore his purse outside of his tunic.

Scarcely believing his luck, Kerr pushed himself off of the wall and slipped into the flow of bodies that was carrying the fool along. He gained on him gradually, being careful to not to catch anybody's eye as he did so.

Ahead an alleyway branched off from the main thoroughfare. Kerr planned to cut his victims purse free when they reached it. The alleyway was an escape route he'd used before, an almost invisible path that led into a perfect confusion of hovels and shanties.

His heart started to patter as he drew nearer to his prey. The man was almost twice as big as him, his muscles hardened into oaken lumps by a lifetime of toil. Even so, he moved slowly. Kerr watched a messenger bump into him and apologise as he slipped past, eager to be about his business.

The farmer didn't even notice. He was too busy gawping up at the gables which overhung the street, and the brightly coloured shingles that swung beneath them.

Kerr smiled as he felt for the razor he'd use to cut the purse free. He could almost taste the stew that he'd buy afterwards. Despite the tingle of adrenalin, his mouth watered at the thought. It had been days since he'd last eaten, and that had only been half a loaf of bread.

A moment later, and his anticipation had turned to irritation. The flow of people was slowing down as some obstruction ahead blocked their progress. Soon the crowded street hardly seemed to be moving at all, and the stink of the bodies grew riper as they were pushed together.

Kerr looked around impatiently. He was seized with a sudden, suicidal impulse to take the man's purse here and now. In the crush of bodies it would be easy enough to do so without him noticing.

But on the other hand, if anybody did see him, then escape would be impossible.

Contemplating the maiming that that would be the punishment for his crime he forced himself to be patient. He let others do the pushing, allowing them to steer him ever closer to his victim.

Eventually the crowd started to move again, and the farmer was seized with a sudden sense of direction. He elbowed his way through the melee so that he could stand and gawp at what had caused the blockage.

Kerr, sidling up beside him, saw that it was a conjuror's street show. The performer was dressed in a billowing cape. It was as bright as it was shapeless, a great rainbow patchwork of rags that flapped and billowed as he gesticulated towards his audience.

He also wore a pointed hat, which added almost a foot to his height, and a smear of make up that made his eyes seem even wilder than they were. Despite the crush he had managed to carve out a little semicircle of space around him, which he filled with a constant swirl of movement.

And as he moved, so he spoke. Or at least, so he babbled, screeching and gibbering in a tongue of his own devising. There was no way of knowing if his words contained an ounce of sense, but that hardly mattered to the onlooking crowd. It was the tone of the old charlatan's voice which fascinated them, the terrible cadences of a man who supposedly consorted with demons.

Kerr thanked the shades of his long departed parents for the distraction. Not only had the ranting performer caught the fat-pursed farmer in his spell, but the space he'd cleared was right in front of the alley that Kerr would use for his escape.

A cut and a rush, he decided. I'll be down it as safely as a rat down a drainpipe.

He swallowed and wiped his palms on the worn cloth of his breeches. Then he edged a little closer to his target, his fingers closing around the handle of his razor.

There would only be one chance, he knew. One cut. After that, successful or not, he'd have to start running.

But even as he lifted the purse oh-so-gently away from his victims belt he paused. Something else had caught his eye. Something a lot more valuable than a few copper pennies.

The hat lay on the floor beneath the conjurors swishing cape. It was a battered old leather thing, the upturned brim of it frayed with use. And inside, winking at Kerr as invitingly as a tavern girl at a merchant, there was a spill of coins.

Some of them even seemed to be silver.

Kerr released the yokel's purse and licked his lips nervously. It scarcely seemed possible that the conjuror would leave his collection right there on the street, with only himself to guard

it. Usually even the meanest performer would have an assistant to sit beside his meagre tribute, club in hand.

Grinding his teeth together with indecision Kerr scanned the crowd. Almost all of them were farmers. Their eyes were wide as they watched the performance with the rapt attention of cows in a field.

And then he saw them, the conjuror's lads. They were scarcely older than he was himself, but they were no less capable. They were almost invisible as they drifted through the spectators that stood opposite. Kerr watched as, practiced manoeuvre by practiced manoeuvre, they singled out their prey. The smallest lifted a purse as neatly as Kerr would have done himself, and his companion stood by to help.

They seemed to have forgotten about their master's collection in their eagerness to make their own.

Kerr saw the lick of a blade as it cut into the leather of a bystanders purse.

He saw the coins that waited in the hat on the floor.

And inspiration struck.

'Thief!' he cried, pushing past the farmer he had meant to rob himself and gesturing towards the lad with the purse in his hand. 'Stop, thief!'

He pointed an accusing finger as the youngster dropped the purse and flitted away into the crowd. Then, as all eyes turned to the confusion there, Kerr darted forward, grabbed the hatful of coins, and bolted past the conjuror and into the alleyway.

Too late, the performer saw what was happening. In his excitement he forgot to speak gibberish and swore as only an Altdorfian knows how. He snatched at Kerr as he sped past, but as he did so he tripped over his own robes and fell into a heap.

The crowd roared with laughter. They laughed even more when the conjuror's two assistants trampled over their master's prone form, eager in their pursuit.

Kerr didn't share their good humour. He had expected the crowd to turn on the two cut-purses, not cheer them on. As he skittered down the alleyway he could hear the patter of their footsteps scampering along behind him.

He risked a quick glance over his shoulder. The ragged shape of the conjuror, unmistakable in his scarecrow robes, was framed by the crooked angles of the alleyway.

But what worried Kerr wasn't the old charlatan but his two apprentices. They raced through the gloom with the lethal speed of whippets after a hare, and a jolt of terror exploded within Kerr's slender chest as he saw the steel in their hands.

He put on a burst of speed as he reached the end of the alleyway, and skidded around the corner. Ahead of him the road weaved back and forth, little more than a track between the hovels that infested this quarter. He sprinted along it, comforted by the feel of the familiar cobbles beneath his worn soles, and looked for the opening.

And there it was. There was a turn in the road and there, sandwiched between two daub covered huts, was the splintered wooden fence of a pigsty.

Kerr grabbed hold of it and vaulted into the filth beyond. The old sow within grunted with surprise as he splashed uninvited through her domain, and grunted again as he dragged himself over the fence on the other side.

An old woman sat in the dirt of the little courtyard that Kerr landed in. In both looks and temperament she could have been a sister to the animal behind him. She was hard working, though. Even as she watched Kerr she continued with her work, arthritic fingers busily unstitching what he supposed was a stolen coat.

'You haven't seen me.' he told her, and tossed her a couple of coppers from the stolen hat.

The crone caught them with a surprising agility, and looked away as he slipped through her hovel and into the street beyond. He paused there, gasping for breath and listening for any sound of pursuit.

It wasn't long in coming. This time the sow, roused by his own intrusion, was ready to deal with the trespassers. She squealed her outrage as they splashed through the mud, and Kerr heard one of his pursuers squeal back as she snapped at him.

He allowed himself a last quick glance through the hovel, and was just in time to hear the crone speak.

'He's through there.' She said, pointing directly at him.

He swore and took to his heels. Although this street was as crooked as a broken back he knew that there were no boltholes along it, and he cursed himself for pausing. He could already hear the cries of his pursuers as they gained on him, their longer legs more than compensating for the adrenalin which fizzed through his veins.

For one wild moment Kerr considered dropping the his prize. Anything to avoid the knives which even now sliced through the air behind him.

But then the last kink in the road jerked him around into the wider thoroughfare of the Prince's Avenue. He darted between a couple of porters, and almost ran into the carriage that was clattering towards him.

It was drawn by four broad chested horses, and the thing itself was a carpenters dream of smoothly fitted joints and oiled hinges. It bounced along on sprung suspension and perfectly turning wheels.

Kerr, panic blossoming as he heard the cries of his pursuers, staggered to a halt as the carriage rattled past. His mind raced faster than the great spoked wheels as he tried to think of an escape route. Somewhere he'd be able to reach before his pursuers reached him.

There wasn't one.

But then, as though sketched by the snap of the drivers whip, he could see the perfect way out.

He dropped onto all fours and raced after the retreating carriage, catching up with it as it was slowed by a knot of drunken porters. He ducked beneath the great trunk that was strapped to the back, slid beneath the bottom of the carriage itself and looked up.

And there, the carpentry as perfect as if he had designed it himself, was the chassis. Two long sections of timber, the holes in them a perfect fit for his trembling hands, ran between the two sets of wheels.

Stumbling along beneath the suddenly accelerating carriage Kerr shoved the hat full of coins down the front of his tunic. When it was secure he snatched upwards, seizing two handholds and pressing his chest against the underside of the vehicle. For a moment his heels dragged painfully along the cracked stone, but with a grunt of exertion he lifted them into the gaps between the running boards.

Trying not to think about the cobbles that blurred beneath his head he concentrated on his hold, tightening his grip even as the driver used his whip on horses and pedestrians both.

And there, hanging beneath the rattling carriage, Kerr started to laugh with relief.

His arms started to hurt after the first minute. And after that, as the jolting of the carriage twisted his muscles like fraying rope, they had started to burn with a slow, constant agony.

The vehicle rattled on, and Kerr's sense of triumph melted in the furnace of pain that wracked his body. It took every ounce of his will to keep his fingers and heels locked tight as he swung back and forth from his precarious perch, and soon his whole world had shrunk to a little hell of burning muscles and rattling timber.

It took perhaps half an hour for the carriage to reach its destination. Through the fog of his pain Kerr felt it slow, then saw the sudden patch of shadow as it passed through an archway.

The sound of the wheels squeaking to a halt was one of the most beautiful he had ever heard. He dropped onto the flagstones like an overripe apple, his body bruising just as easily.

He was beyond noticing such petty discomforts, though. Instead he lay on the cold stone in an ecstasy of vanishing pain, tears of relief dampening his eyes. When the feeling returned to his fingers he crawled back to his feet, scrabbled out from beneath the carriage, and looked around him.

The courtyard they were in was a cavernous place. No sunshine reached the depths of its floor, although it did warm the top of the stone walls that rose up on every side. Kerr gawped up at a row of gargoyles who basked in it, their carved features alive with the interplay of light and shadow.

There was a thump from behind him and he turned to see that the driver had dropped his passenger's trunk off of the carriage. Kerr, stung back into action by the sudden awareness that he was a trespasser here, grabbed it and hoisted it up onto his back.

It was a disguise he'd used before. Nobody ever questioned porters, and the case itself was big enough to hide most of his body as well as his downcast face.

Nor was it as a disguise he had adopted a moment too soon. Even as he staggered beneath the weight of the trunk, trying to balance its weight on his scrawny back, the driver clunked a stool down beside the carriage and opened the door.

'Here we are, Menheer.' He told his passenger with a brief bow.

'Ah. We've arrived already, have we ? Good.'

Kerr looked up from beneath the trunk like a crab from beneath its shell. The man who stepped down from inside the carriage, a great leather bound book grasped in one hand, wasn't just fat. He was enormous. Rolls of blubber supported his neck like a collar, and the thrust of his belly was big enough to have contained Kerr himself.

His dress exaggerated his size even further. The fashionably padded shoulders of his velvet tunic made a rectangle out of the vast pear of his body, and the salt and pepper beard that framed his wobbling jowls lent them a width that reminded Kerr of the Orc Mastiffs that fought in Altdorf's bear pits.

And yet, despite the pampered softness of his body, there was a hardness about his face that Kerr immediately respected. It was something about the way that his dark eyes glittered like onyx buttons above the fat of his cheeks, and the way that his back remained poker straight despite the pillows of padding that sagged from it.

Kerr dropped his eyes as the man looked at him.

'A servant, eh ? That was very thoughtful of the seneschal.'

'Your comfort is our only concern, Menheer.' The driver wheedled, his hand half outstretched for a tip.

'That is nice to know.' The fat man said and, seeming not to notice the driver's anticipation, he stretched his back and waddled off.

Kerr, without needing to be told, staggered along behind him. The fat man led the way up a set of wide, granite steps. Puffing under his own weight almost as much as Kerr was beneath the weight of the trunk he strode imperiously through the wide doorway at the top.

He paused their for a moment, wheezing heavily. Then he led the way into the lantern lit hall beyond. His footsteps echoed against the vaults of the masonry, and so did the voice that rang out at their approach.

'Menheer Braha !' It said, the tone so nervous that at first Kerr mistook it for outrage.

'Seneschal.' The fat man acknowledged his name. 'Thank you for your consideration.'

He waved a podgy hand back towards Kerr. The seneschal, a grey haired man with a worried expression, looked past him in confusion. Then he shrugged and turned back to Braha.

'Your chambers have been readied for your presence, Menheer.' He said, rubbing his hands together and falling into step behind the fat man as he waddled away. 'If you have need of anything, just send your servant to me.'

'Thank you, Seneschal.' Braha replied, not deigning to turn back to look at him. 'Goodbye'.

'Goodbye, Menheer.'

Kerr was impressed. Whoever this Braha was, he knew how to make his flunkies jump.

They followed their echoing footsteps down the hall, and turned off into an arched corridor. It ended in another flight of steps, and Kerr fought the urge to curse as he was led up first one flight, then another.

By the time they reached Braha's chambers both of them were dripping with sweat. Kerr followed the fat man into what appeared to be a study, and gratefully slid the trunk onto the floor.

'You did well to carry that.' Braha, flushed himself after his own exertions, gestured towards the chest.

'Thank you, Menheer.'

'I must say, it makes a pleasant change to have found such a conscientious servant. Especially,' he continued as he eased himself down into a wooden chair that sat before the empty fireplace 'for a man in my profession. People talk such a lot of nonsense. But then I suppose you college porters have more sense, hey ?'

'Oh yes, Menheer.' Kerr said, He nodded his head emphatically even though he had no idea what Braha was talking about.

'Good. Good. Tell me, do you have any other duties to perform whilst I'm here ?'

A dozen lies suggested themselves, but Kerr decided on the easiest.

'No, Menheer. I am to look after your . . . Your requirements.'

He smiled to himself, pleased to have remembered the word.

'Well then,' Braha said, getting back to his feet. 'Get this fire going. And then go down to the kitchen and tell chef to send me up a platter. I'm just going to have a quick nap, but you can wake me up when it arrives.'

'Yes Menheer.' Kerr said, scarcely believing his luck.

Him, a servant ! He'd often dreamed of such an easy life. He could hardly bring himself to believe that it had come true.

But then, he'd always counted himself as lucky. As Braha lumbered into the next room he slid the stolen coins into his purse then busied himself with the fire, thrusting the conjuror's hat in deep into the kindling.

'Menheer ? Menheer Braha ? Your snack has arrived.' Kerr pushed open the door of his master's sleeping chamber in time to see him struggling up into a sitting position. The solid oak of the bed beneath him squeaked as he moved, and the thick mattress curled up at the edges.

'Good. Put it down over there.' He said, rubbing his eyes. Kerr carried the silver platter obediently over to a table, and set it down. The cold meats and candied fruits that were piled onto it would have fed a family for a week, even though Kerr had already exacted his tribute.

'There's also somebody to see you, Menheer. A messenger.'

'Send him in, then.' Braha grumbled, easing himself off the bed and lumbering over to the tray of food. Kerr bowed in what he hoped was a courtly manner and went back out to where the messenger was waiting.

'Come on then.' he told him 'he'll see you now.'

The servant, who was little older than Kerr himself, nodded unhappily and followed him back into the bedroom. The sight of Braha eating seemed to make him even more nervous, and he wrung his velvet cap between his hands.

Kerr winked at him reassuringly. He couldn't see why everybody was so afraid of his new master. He seemed pleasant enough. And even if he did turn out to have a nasty temper, he'd be easy enough to outrun.

'Menheer Braha!' The messenger bellowed, nerves lending his voice the volume of a sergant on a parade ground. 'My master, the Signor Ballidecio, requests that you come to the eastern library at your earliest convenience.'

'Ballidecio, eh?' Braha said, tearing the meat from a chicken leg in a single bite. He tossed the bone back over his shoulder and belched. 'What does he mean by earliest convenience?'

'I think he means now, Menheer.' The messenger said, his voice now tightening into a squeak.

'Bloody cheek.' Braha mumbled, and started to smear marmalade onto a slice of ham.

The messenger paled, and for a moment Kerr thought that he was about to make a run for it. But with an obvious effort he pulled himself together, cleared his throat, and waited.

Braha finished his morsel and then, with a last regretful glance towards his snack, hoisted himself to his feet.

'Very well. Tell Ballidecio I'll be down directly. I assume that all is ready?'

'I . . . I don't know, Menheer.' The messenger admitted.

'Don't know.' Braha repeated. 'Typical Ballidecio. Well, just you go and tell him that I'll be along. At my earliest convenience.'

'Yes, Menheer.' The messenger said, and all but bolted from the room.

Kerr followed to see him out of his master's chambers. When he returned Braha was just finishing off another slice of ham, the great leather book he had brought with him now clasped under his arm.

'Ah, there you are boy.' He said when Kerr returned. 'Get my trunk and follow me. I'm surprised you didn't tell Ballidecio's idiot servant to stay and help you. Typical of the man to hire such a damn fool.'

'That's alright, Menheer.' Kerr said with an enthusiasm he hardly felt. 'I can manage.'

So saying he returned to the trunk and, giving it a look that a pit fighter might have given an old adversary, he fell upon it and strated wrestling it up onto his back.

Braha wandered past him and back out into the corridor, where he headed straight for the first flight of stairs. Kerr cursed to himself as he staggered along behind, and for the first time he started to wonder if being a servant was such an easy life after all.

By the time they finally reached their destination he knew that it wasn't. His tunic was soaked with sweat and his muscles, already tender after his carriage journey, were screaming with pain.

Braha, waddling ahead into a vast chamber, seemed to remember him for the first time.

'Just put it down by that table.' He said, pointing to massive lump of oak that rested on a dozen solid legs. Then he turned and opened his arms in greeting to the man who was approaching him. 'Ballidecio ! My old friend. What a pleasure it is to meet you again !'

Kerr squatted down and let the trunk slide off of his back. Resisting the temptation to sit on it he staggered over to lean against the nearest pillar instead.

As he got his breath back he gawped up at the heights of this great hall. The vaulted ceiling was almost lost in the gloom above, and the light that came in from the line of small windows that ran along the top of the walls cut through the darkness like so many bars.

The only other light came from a cavernous fireplace that yawned at the other end of the hall. Its flames sent shadows dancing across the flags of the floor, and the burning wood lent a sweetness to the stale air.

But what really impressed Kerr were the bookshelves which climbed the walls. In the twilight gloom of this echoing space the ancient tomes and stained timber looked like some strange fungus, an organic growth that had covered the granite with an ivy embrace. Here and there mason's ladders rested against the shelves, and Kerr watched a servant clinging to the top of one as he struggled to free a book from its neighbours.

Vaguely wondering how much one of these books might be worth, Kerr turned his attention to the other inhabitants of the library.

There was his master, of course. The fat man boomed with laughter as he embraced the dark skinned man called Ballidecio. And behind him, lost in their own conversations, half a dozen more of his colleagues were gathered.

Each of them differed in complexion, in dress, in build. They spoke with varying accents, and affected different mannerisms. And yet, despite this, Kerr recognised the one thing that they did have in common.

It was their arrogance.

This was something that Kerr usually associated with Altdorf's merchant princes, and for a moment he wondered if Braha might indeed be one of these rare creatures.

But somehow he doubted it. The man seemed as unconcerned about gold as he was about his waistline. He also seemed quite happy to move around without the usual gang of bodyguards who accompanied even moderately successful merchants.

Kerr watched his master waddle around, shaking hands and clasping shoulders, and began to wonder exactly who he was. There was something of the aristocrat about him, although that wasn't it either. For one thing he had no title. And for another, he spoke without the tortured vowels that the imperial elite affected.

And suddenly, with the shocking speed of a breaking limb, Kerr realised exactly what his master was.

He staggered back towards the wall, clinging to it with dampening palms. Terror beat within his bony chest as if seeking release, and he felt his throat tightening into a scream.

But no. No, he wouldn't scream. He wouldn't do anything.

Kerr took a deep breath and, with a self control honed by a lifetime on the streets, he made himself relax. Made himself think.

So. Old Braha was a sorcerer. It was obvious enough really - the fear that he inspired amongst others, this strange palace of books and bare walls, the massive tome that he kept gripped in his hand.

Kerr felt his panic starting to return, and fought it back.

So Braha was a sorcerer. So what ?

Everyone has to make a living.

With a last deep, shuddering breath he flexed his neck and wiped his palms on the cloth of his breeches. Then he slipped unobtrusively into the shadows, the better to remain unnoticed while he watched exactly what it was that sorcerers did.

There was no way, he decided, that it could be as bad as the stories made it out to be.

No way at all.

He'd just wait and see. Then, and only then, would he decide what to do next.

He didn't have to wait long. The sorcerers greetings turned out to be as brief as they were effusive, and they were soon gathered around the mighty oak table besides which Kerr had dropped Braha's chest.

As Kerr watched, the sorcerer placed his book on the table and opened it. His movements were as slow and his face as solemn as that of a priest revealing some relic, and his back straightened in unconscious pride as he leafed through the vellum pages.

His colleagues made no attempt to reflect this dignity. Instead they crowded around him, hunching over the book with the tense enthusiasm of gamblers over a dice table.

When they finally began to speak again their words remained polite, but their voices were strained with nervous excitement.

Kerr, torn between curiosity and the urge to remain inconspicuous, edged a little closer so that he could hear what they were saying.

'And you're sure that the college of fire won't mind us casting this?' The one called Bardicello asked, the whine in his voice almost hidden beneath his forced heartiness.

'Who cares what those idiots mind?' Braha replied. 'If they were capable of properly studying their own medium, then they would have discovered this centuries ago. No, it is our duty as the grey college to set an example to the lesser orders.'

'Hear, hear.' Somebody else said, and a chorus of agreement rippled around the table.

But the doubter was not so easily swayed.

'Alright, but what about our own rules ? And our own masters ? Maybe we should consult with them first.'

'What do you mean?' For the first time Braha let his annoyance show. 'We have no masters in the grey order. Only brethren.'

'Brethern who outrank us.' Bardicello pointed out, but Braha wasn't impressed.

'Tchah! Why bother them with every little experiment we undertake? When I formulated Braha's Conjunction of the Chequered Airs I didn't tell anybody until it was perfected. The idea for it came to me when . . . '

'Yes, yes, yes.' Another man, who'd obviously heard this story before, interrupted. 'I don't think we really need to waste any more time talking about this. We all agreed to participate in today's experiment. Now, if everybody has brought their contributions, I suggest that we make a start before somebody else comes along.'

'Why should that matter?' Ballidecio asked, sarcastically. 'After all, we've all agreed that nobody could possibly mind our operating in another colleges territory.'

But his colleagues weren't to be distracted. With a shout one of them sent the apprentices who had been lurking behind him off to fetch something that waited in another corner. Although they ran on their way over to it they staggered on their way back, and no wonder. The bronze cauldron was huge, big enough to cook a man in, and it took all four of the lads to manhandle it to the spot the sorcerer indicated.

'Right then.' Said Braha, rubbing his hands so enthusiastically that the empty cauldron might have been full of honeyed pork. 'Let's begin. We should begin with the sulphur. I have a ram's horn measured out already.'

So saying he waddled over to his trunk, unlocked the lid, and retrieved a stoppered horn from the depths within. He opened it and upended over the pot with a flourish.

There was a stream of yellow powder, a stink that reminded Kerr of an exploded corpse, and a grunt of approval from one of Braha's colleagues.

'Smells nicely refined.' He offered, and Braha nodded at the compliment.

'Only the best. And I'm sure that your quicksilver is also well purified, Herr Grotius.'

'Of course.' the man nodded and, taking his cue, added his own contribution to the cauldron.

For the next few moments Kerr watched as, one by one, each of the assembled sorcerers took it by turns to add to the mixture. There were powders and liquids, nuggets of what might have been coal and the reptilian pelt of a creature whose name he had never heard before.

It was only when Bardicello was asked to make the final addition that the spirit of cooperation waned.

'I'm really not sure about this.' He said, weighing something in his hand.

A murmur of disapproval ran through his colleagues.

'What do you mean?' Braha asked, giving it voice. 'What aren't you sure of?'

'I mean, why Khemrian Triangles in particular ? The fragment you recovered mentions them, but maybe it just refers to any coin which weighs the same as they do.'

'No.' Braha said, and pointed to his book. 'Look, it definitely says here, three golden triangles from the fallen cities of the south.'

'So not necessarily Khemri after all, then ?'

'What else could it mean?'

Bardicello shrugged.

'Somewhere in Lustria?' he suggested. 'Or the jungles below Arabya ? I hear they're full of treasure.'

'Let's vote on it.' Braha snapped, his forced good humour crumbling. 'All those in favour of our colleague making the contribution he agreed upon ? And all against ?'

Seeing that he was defeated Bardicello stalked over to the cauldron. Kerr watched as he opened his hand and dropped three pieces of metal into the mixture.

They flashed through the gloom like tiny comets. Only instead of silver they were bright gold. The coins in Kerr's purse suddenly seemed as worthless as cobbles in comparison.

He licked his lips and shifted uneasily.

With a last, regretful look into the cauldron Ballidecio turned back to table, and joined his colleagues as they once more gathered around the book. Soon they had fallen to bickering again, but this time Kerr didn't hear a word they said. All of his senses had narrowed to the invitingly open mouth of the cauldron, and the ingredients which lay within.

His fingers started to tingle as he sidled forward. His eyes remained on the sorcerers, but his mind was all on the gold, as tarnsfixed remained as a rodent by a cobra's gaze.

'Right. That's settled then.' Braha ended the discussion by slamming the book closed. 'We know the ingredients are right. We know that the invocations are right. It now only remains for us to prepare the conjuration.'

He looked up in time to see Kerr retreating back into the shadows.

'Ah, still here, hey boy? Very conscientious of you. Better leave us now, though. Go and wait in the kitchens.'

'Yes Menheer.' Kerr said, bowing as he turned to leave the room. The other servants had gone already, fleeing from the hall like rats from a burning barn, and he knew that he should follow them.

He knew that it wouldn't do him any good to hang around here whilst his master got up to the Gods knew what.

And he knew that testing Braha's patience could be a dangerous game.

But although he knew all of this curiosity, and the thought that there might be some more gold going to waste, slowed his steps. There was a tapestry on the wall beside the door, a mildewed old thing with a faded pattern of crudely stitched figures. Kerr reached out to brush his fingers along the rich texture of the cloth, then pushed against it.

Just as he'd hoped the material swayed back into a gap that lay between it and the wall. With a last look over his shoulder Kerr slipped around the edge of the tapestry and wriggled behind it. He took a moment to get comfortable within its mouldy embrace, then peered back out from behind the faded cloth.

For once, the sorcerers had fallen silent. Apart from the distant crackle of the fire the only sound in the hall was the shuffling of the old men's feet as they circled the cauldron.

As Kerr watched, even that stopped. The men froze into position with the sudden precision of halberdiers. If it hadn't been for the continued rise and fall of their breathing they might have been petrified. Turned to stone, perhaps, by the very craft they sought to master.

They remained that way for a dozen heartbeats, and it occurred to Kerr that they seemed to be waiting for something. He looked around nervously, wondering if there was anybody here who he had missed.

It was then that Braha began to sing. His voice was a deep, rumbling baritone that would have been the envy of any troubadour, and the vaults of this great hall gave it an even greater depth.

But the way that he sung would have cleared an inn, not filled it. There was no emotion in his voice, nor any real tune. He was merely repeating meaningless words, the richness of his baritone wasted on the charmless dirge.

Soon another voice joined his, and then another. The sorcerers followed Braha's lead and chanted the same flat dirge, mouthing the words with a perfectly timed harmony that was completely at odds with their previous bickering.

Kerr didn't know what he had expected, but it wasn't this. The strange, monotonous singing pulsed on, as tunelessly as the grind of a mill wheel.

Soon he began to fidget. It was getting hot behind the tapestry. Sweat started to trickle down his back, and the first twinge of a headache started to throb in his temples.

He shrugged off this discomfort, and tried to concentrate on the sorcerers instead.

Surprisingly, despite the fact that they still remained unmoving, they had grown flushed as well. Kerr saw sweat trickling down Braha's brow, beading on his eyebrows and shining on his chins. The man beside him was also flustered. He looked as though he had spent the last minutes sprinting, not singing.

Kerr winced as his headache burst into a sudden stab of pain. Risking the movement he raised his hands to his head and massaged his temples.

When he looked back to the sorcerers he saw that one of them was doing more than sweating. He was crying. The man's battered face was wrinkled into a grimace of pain, and although tears were streaming down his cheeks he continued to chant, his voice never faltering despite his obvious pain.

Suddenly, Kerr realised how difficult it was to breathe. As the air had become hotter so it had become thinner, as though all the use had been baked out of it. He began to gasp, and noticed with something like horror that the air that he sucked in now tasted warmer than the inside of his mouth.

He squirmed nervously, and cursed himself for a fool. He should never have stayed here. Never have . . .

A shriek pierced his thoughts. His attention snapped back to the ring of sorcerers, and he saw immediately that one of them had fallen.

The man was curled up on the floor, writhing around as he slapped himself on the face. But although he hit himself hard enough to spatter blood from his nose, Kerr doubted if it was this which had provoked such squeals of pain.

The fallen sorcerer's colleagues hardly seemed to notice his plight. All they did was to close the circle with their bodies, and to avert their eyes from the stricken man.

With a frightened curse, Kerr decided that being seen escaping was better than not escaping at all. He stumbled out from behind the tapestry and lunged towards the iron latch of the door.

It wouldn't lift. It wouldn't even rattle.

Biting back a surge of panic he tried again. But although his knuckles shone white with the effort, the mechanism remained frozen. Both the latch and the door to which it was bolted might have been carved form a single block of stone.

With a whimper of pure terror Kerr backed away from the sealed door, his eyes darting around the hall for another escape route. Seeing that there was none he scuttled back to his hiding place, there to think of a way out.

Even as he disappeared behind the cloth another one of the sorcerers reeled away from the circle, his chanting disintegrating into a jagged peel of hysterical laughter.

And then, as if coalescing from the very heat and madness which greased the air, the emptiness above the cauldron began to twist itself into a shape.

At first it was a liquid, flowing thing, this shape. Little more than the heat haze which flowed over Altdorf's tarred rooftops on a high summer's day. But soon it had thickened into an opaque mass, a flickering shape which hung in the air like some melting bauble.

The irolling contours of its surface blurred and flowed, twisting the light into sickly new colours. Kerr's eyes started to water as he watched it, and the room began to mist pink until he blinked his bloody tears away.

On the other side of the hall the hysterical sorcerer's laughter had degenerated into screaming. Together with his fallen comrade the agony of terror in his voice rose ever higher, making a terrible counterpoint to the steady chanting which still continued.

It was then, with a sound like tearing flesh, that the molten air burst into a ball of flame.

And yet, Kerr saw, it wasn't flame. Not really. It was too solid.

Too alive.

He fell to his knees as the shape of the demon grew, towering above the sorcerers. It's skin was the burned like coals, and it's eyes were furnaces. Dragon's wings sprouted from its back, although it scarcely seemed to need them as it floated effortlessly in the burning air.

Incredibly, the sorcerers who ringed it stood fast. Even more incredibly, they continued to chant.

All except Braha. The fat man drew himself up to his full height and spoke, his voice booming through the bedlam of hysteria and control.

'Foul Creature !' He roared, pointing an accusing finger at the demon. 'It is we who have brought you, and it is we who have bound you. Take heed of the potion from which we have summoned your infernal substance, and know that you are bound to our will !'

The thing turned effortlessly to look at him, it's body seemingly weightless. For a second, a split second, Kerr looked into its face. It was a mask of shifting features. A nightmare carved of fire.

Kerr felt a patch of wetness spread from his crotch, and realised that he had wet himself.

He didn't care.

'Foul beast!' Braha boomed, meeting the furnace pit of the things eyes with his own, stern gaze. 'I command thee to reveal thy name. Speak !'

But the beast didn't speak. Instead, moving as lightly as a dancing flame, it reached out a black clawed talon and grabbed the head of the nearest sorcerer.

The smell of burnt hair and charred pork immediately filled the room. The man shrieked, once,and then fell silent. The demon swung the lifeless corpse from side to side as its claws crushed through skin, skull, brain.

The man's fellows fell silent, watching his doom with a horrified fascination.

It was Ballidecio who broke their silence.

'I told you that it was a waste to use my coins.' He said.

And suddenly, everyone was moving. Some of the sorcerers bolted, heading for the door. Other's rushed over to look at Braha's book, like cooks who can't quite believe that their recipe has gone wrong. And one, his beard jutting out defiantly, produced a talisman from beneath his robes, the charm flaring with bound lightning.

It was he who the demon took first. With a hiss of burning air it lunged forward, a single talon outstretched to unzip the man's belly. He screamed and fell back, but not before the demon had grabbed a handful of his steaming intestines. It tore them from its victim as easily as a butcher guts a rabbit, and left him to die in the stink of his own boiled blood.

Next it turned it attention to the men huddled around the table, and Kerr was sure that his master's life was going to end there and then.

But the commotion at the door saved him. Perhaps forgetting the petty magicks that had sealed it half a dozen sorcerers beat upon the ancient oak, their nerves finally shattering into hysteria.

The demon regarded them balefully, it's eyes flaring with white hot malevolence. Then it struck.

Whimpering pitiably, Kerr hid his face in his hands. He felt himself sliding to the floor, too weak with horror to stand up any longer. Too weak with horror to do anything but bite the inside of his mouth, holding on to the sting of pain like a drowning man to a spar.

And all around him the crunch and splatter of the demonic holocaust raged on.

He had no idea how long it took for the noise to stop. It ended with a smash of splintering wood, followed by the echo of distant cries.

Kerr, teeth chattering as though the sweltering heat was the chill of winter, forced himself to open his eyes. And as soon as he did he knew that he would have to start moving. The towering ranks of books were already ablaze, the ancient parchment and desiccated timber burning merrily away as if in celebration of the slaughter below.

Forcing himself up onto his wobbling legs Kerr stumbled towards the scorched splinters that were all that remained of the door. As he passed through he accidentally looked at the remains of one of the sorcerers, and struggled against the wave of nausea that washed through him.

Screams and cries of alarm were echoing from the stone halls ahead of him. Avoiding the passages that they came from Kerr stumbled along. Eventually he found himself stepping out of a small door that led to a walkway along one of the college's walls.

Below him Altdorf spread away, the chaotic patchwork of streets and workshops and hovels punctuated here and there by the towers of other colleges.

Kerr shuddered, took a lungful of clean air, and looked down.

He was just in time to see the demon as it exploded out from some hidden door and hurled itself upon the city.

But even from this height Kerr could see that it was weaker than it had been. The solidity of its form was dissolving, fading into flickering flame and blurred edges. Only its rage seemed undiminished. It smashed over a passing cart and lunged at the trapped horses.

Too late, though. Before it could do more than scorch the hair on their thrashing bodies its fire died. For a moment Kerr thought that he could see the heat haze which had heralded its coming, but then even that was gone.

He took a deep, shuddering breath, and wiped his hands on his breeches. As he did so he felt an unfamiliar shape in his pocket. When he remembered what it was the first ghost of a smile played across his pallid features.

With a quick glance over his shoulder he took out the golden pyramid, hunching over it so that he could study it properly. Strange patterns, faded by time, marked four of the five sides of it, but Kerr was more interested in the weight of it. It was gold, alright. Solid gold.

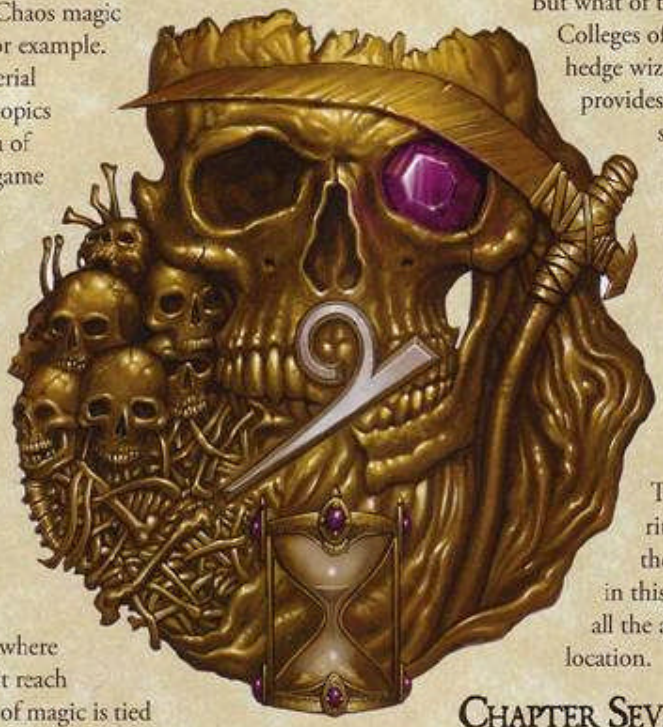
He grinned, as suddenly and brightly as the rising sun. The day just kept getting better and better. He took another lungful of fresh air, then braced himself to return to the halls below.

In the cries and the crackle of flames he could hear opportunity calling.

Introduction

Welcome to *Realms of Sorcery*, a mighty tome of secrets and arcane lore. Right off the bat, it's best to clarify what this book is and what it is not. *Realms of Sorcery* is primarily a book about arcane magic and Imperial Colleges of Magic. Although it delves into the history of magic and so touches on topics like the Old Ones and the High Elves, the focus of the book is sorcery in the Empire and how it practiced today by Imperial Humans. *Realms of Sorcery* is not a book that delves into divine magic or the magic of other races (with one exception, noted below). These other topics deserve their own books, so you'll find Skaven magic treated in *Children of the Horned Rat* and Chaos magic treated in *Tome of Corruption*, for example. The Colleges of Magic and Imperial Magistry, however, are weighty topics indeed and you'll find a plethora of useful material for your *WFRP* game within these covers.

Realms of Sorcery is divided into nine chapters, descriptions of which follow.



Chapter One: The Origins and History of Magic

The book opens with an overview of magic in the Warhammer World. What is it, where did it come from, and how did it reach its present state? Since the story of magic is tied up intimately with the High Elves, some aspects of their history are discussed here.

Chapter Two: The Nature of Magic

This chapter delves into the essentials of magic. It describes the eight Winds of Magic and their characteristics, as well as the nature of Warpstone.

Chapter Three: Magic and Imperial Society

For countless centuries, magic was banned in the Empire. This changed in the wake of the Great War Against Chaos and the foundation of the Colleges of Magic, but magic is still treated with suspicion by common folk. This chapter explores the interactions of magic and its practitioners with Imperial society.

Chapter Four: The Imperial Colleges of Magic

Chapter Four is the heart of *Realms of Sorcery*. It is a lengthy description of the eight Colleges of Magic, with details on their history, philosophy, and leading personalities.

Chapter Five: Of Witches and Witch Hunters

But what of those outside the hierarchy of the Colleges of Magic? Chapter Five describes hedge wizards, witches, and warlocks and provides some new careers to flesh out such unsanctioned spellcasters. Then the role of the witch hunters and something of their organizations are also described.

Chapter Six: Magical Lore

This chapter includes new spells and spell lists for each arcane lore, expanded rules for Tzeenth's Curse, and many new rituals. Arcane Lore spells from the core rulebook are also included in this chapter so you can reference all the arcane spells in one convenient location.

Chapter Seven: Magical Tools

Wizards can do more than just cast spells. This chapter explores some of wizardry's other tools. It includes rules for magical familiars and creating potions, and a sampling of magic items.

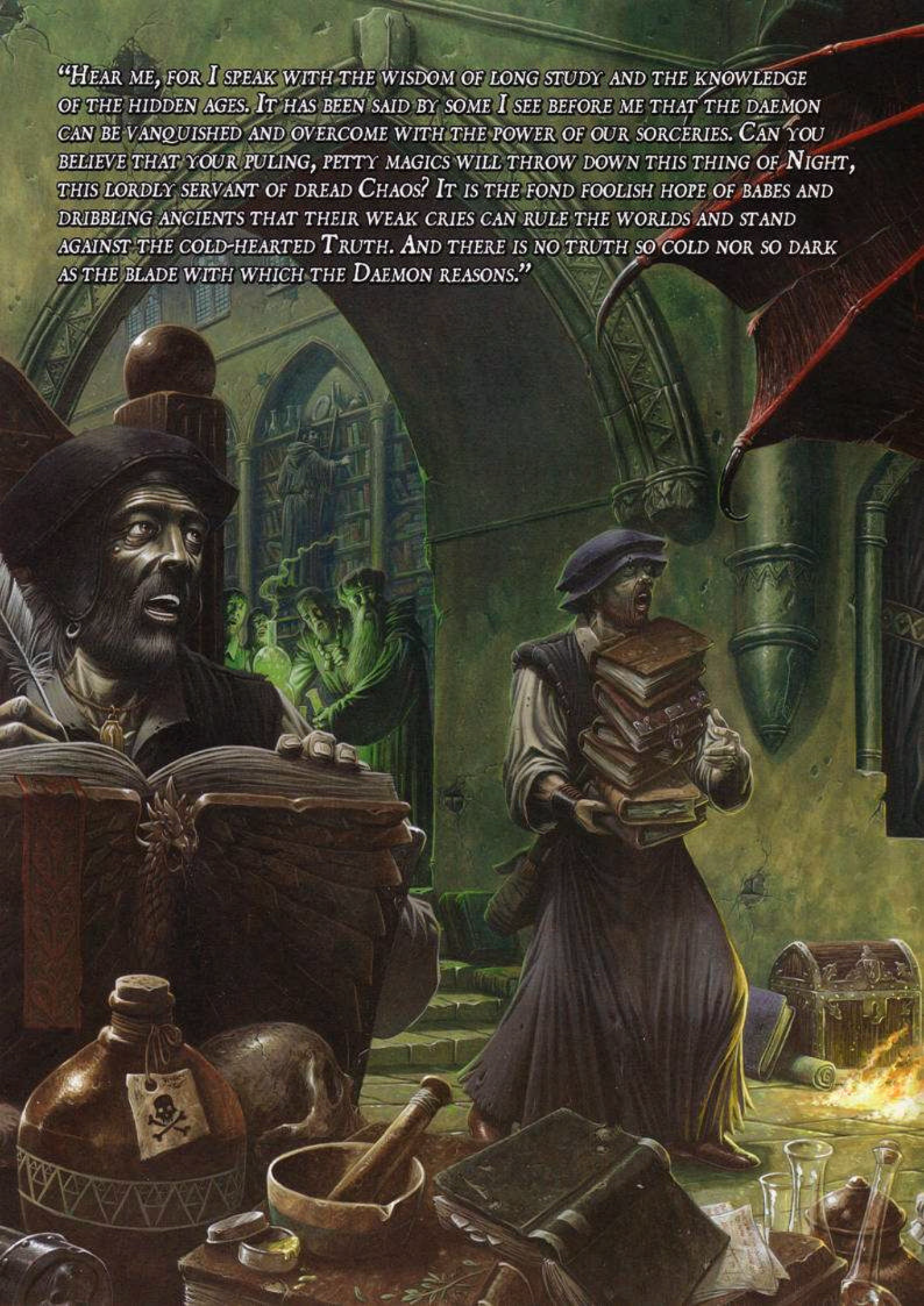
Chapter Eight: Rune Magic

This chapter provides a basic system for Dwarf Rune magic and new careers for Runesmiths. It is included in *Realms of Sorcery* because Dwarfs are an integrated part of Imperial society and it gives GMs an easy system for the creation of magic items.

A Brutal Finish

Last but by no means least is T.S. Luikart's *A Brutal Finish*, a *WFRP* adventure in which fiery endings are just the beginning.

The mysteries of arcane magic await. Your will had best be strong or Tzeentch will surely claim you.



"Hear me, for I speak with the wisdom of long study and the knowledge of the hidden ages. It has been said by some I see before me that the daemon can be vanquished and overcome with the power of our sorceries. Can you believe that your puling, petty magics will throw down this thing of Night, this lordly servant of dread Chaos? It is the fond foolish hope of babes and dribbling ancients that their weak cries can rule the worlds and stand against the cold-hearted Truth. And there is no truth so cold nor so dark as the blade with which the Daemon reasons."

Chapter I: The Origins and History of Magic

There is a power, of sorts, that permeates the Empire and all the lands of the mortal world, touching everything within it to varying degrees, assuring every creature, plant, rock, drop of water, and the very air itself is tainted by it. This power is not a force that can be observed, measured, and predicted with the eyes alone because they exist within the realms of Humanity.

So unlike heat or light, this other force, this arcane energy, is non-physical (metaphysical if you will) in nature in that, although it affects the natural order of the mortal world, it is not a natural part of it. It has been given various names across the millennia by many different peoples and civilisations, but perhaps its most widely recognised name to the folk of the Old World in this current age is Magic.

But naming something does not explain what it is, and so the question remains, just what is magic? Where does it come from, and what does it do? Naturally, scholars, Magisters (full members of a College licensed to practice and teach magic), priests, and visionaries offer many answers to these questions. Some of these answers are equal in value even though, on the surface, they are in opposition with each other; some answers are less worthy and yet abundant among individual cultures across the Old World as the people are so tied up with tradition and popular myth.

Unless it is focussed and sculpted into a spell, magic is said to have no predictable effect upon any physical thing or activity in the mortal realms. Its influence upon the world is often bizarre, unforeseen, and random, just as the world affects it in bizarre, unforeseen, and random ways. It can be said with a degree of certainty that magic will always change elements of the mortal realms that it comes into contact with, but it's difficult to anticipate what form this change will take. Magic bends and unbinds the physical laws of the mortal plane and can remake all things into things and processes that otherwise couldn't exist.

— The Chaos Realm —

For all their magnificent insights and claims into the ways of men and Gods, the philosophers and artists of Tilea and Estalia have barely scraped the surface of Creation's greatest secrets. Despite the extraordinary discoveries of Araby's great mathematicians about the forces that rule the mortal realms and their accuracy in calculating and predicting the effects of such forces, these men are like children counting coloured beads when their discoveries are compared to the infinite complexity of reality. Even with their divinely inspired revelations and strong relationships with the Divine, the Empire's priests and theologians are but superstitious innocents when the certainties of their beliefs and items of faith are compared to the endlessly changing, randomly contradictory, and terrible uncertainty of the "divine" realm of the Aethyr.

Yet despite these truths, all these artists, philosophers, observers, and clerics share at least one certainty that binds their thoughts and works. They all believe there is more to reality than anyone has ever theorised, and this "more" is wider, deeper, and more profound than any mortal has ever fully grasped. In fact, all the diverse peoples of the Old World, whether they are educated

The Mystery of the Gods

GMs should bear in mind that no priest, cleric, or good citizen of the Empire would associate the Realm of Chaos or the hells of the Dark Gods with the Divine Realms of the Empire's more wholesome Gods (unless of course the citizen is a Wizard or a Chaos Cultist). Few would think that good Gods and bad Gods come into existence and reside in the same metaphysical plane.

lords or illiterate peasants, know implicitly that the world they are taught about, see around them, and feel beneath their feet is not everything. It's far from it in fact.

It is generally accepted by the cults of the known world and the Colleges of Magic that there is an immaterial realm beyond the one they exist in. All living creatures in the physical realm have some kind of spirit that either lives in this immaterial realm or goes there after the physical body dies. But the vast majority of all peoples in the Old World have, at best, a very cloudy and narrow understanding of this notion.

Ulthuan's great archmages of the Tower of Hoeth might use the analogy that just as the bodies and minds of mortals inhabit the mortal world, their souls, or immaterial shadows, inhabit the Aethyr. But even this is too simple an explanation because these spirits are far more complex than a mere shadow of mortal life. They are such and yet much more.

Many priests and clerics of the Empire believe this spirit realm is the limbo realm of Morr, the God of death and endings, and souls are drawn to it after the body dies. Some clerics of Sigmar's cult and many devotees of Ulric believe their specific deity has a divine realm all his own, where only the most dedicated and faithful are drawn after death, bypassing Morr's afterlife. In addition to this, there is a very general belief among most Old Worlders that those who worship the powers and dominions of the Old Dark, the Daemon Gods, or those people who live without showing the Gods the respect and worship they require and deserve, will be sucked into the endless hells of the Chaos Realm.

In a sense, all these beliefs are true, but they are also limited in their vision, wrapped within centuries of myth, binding tradition, faith, and superstition. Few priests or clerics (or anyone else for that matter) identify the Divine Realms or Morr's Limbo as being the same place, state, or thing as the Aethyr that the Empire's Magisters sometimes refer to as the source of their power. Sigmar's priesthood preaches that witches, warlocks, and untrained spellcasters outside the auspices of the Imperial Colleges of Magic use the unholy breath of Daemons to power their spellcasting, and so some have identified magic with the Chaos Realm of the Dark Gods.

— Old Ones, Aethyr, & the Rise of the Gods —

Before the rise of Humans or Dwarfs, before the Asur (Elves) had even developed language, half-forgotten legends say that beings from beyond the furthest stars, or perhaps even from another reality altogether, occupied the world. Their motivations are a mystery, their actions inexplicable, but their grasp of science and sorcery made them like Gods in their abilities and deeds, striding across the ocean of stars like giants. It is rumoured within most magic circles that ancient and half-corroded texts exist, carved upon the crumbling walls of the prehistoric temples of Lustria, and if these texts could be deciphered they would reveal all truth concerning these most ancient beings and their plans for the world. Some of the few heretical seers and raving lunatics claim these beings were, in their time, greater than the true Gods like Morr or Rhya, or even Khorne and Tzeentch, because they existed before the full awakening of the Divine. Indeed, such madmen claim that this first amongst all races could summon and bind the Gods to do their bidding, and their actions, deliberate and otherwise, had sculpted the formless Void into what would become the womb of all deities.

But because of the vast gulfs of time between this age and theirs, who can say for certain what is fact, what is myth, what is insanity, and what is a lie?

The Work of the Old Ones

These great and mysterious Old Ones, only dimly remembered in the most ancient of Elven legends and in corrupted form by various secret and degenerate cults, are said to have reshaped the world and many of the creatures within it into forms more pleasing or useful to them. Why they chose to do this is lost to pre-history, but their touch is said to have influenced the development of almost all the intelligent races of the world.

It was these Old Ones, or perhaps a servant race that the Old Ones brought with them to the world, who first taught the primitive Elves how to perceive and draw upon the tightly controlled trickles of magic that leaked into the world through the Old Ones' Aethyric gateways. Either by nature or design, the Elves were highly attuned to these flows of magic, though they were little more than children compared to the Old Ones. But the Elves were able to sculpt the flows of magic into spells taught to them by their Godlike mentors, as well as spells they devised for themselves over time.

Despite their Godlike power and apparent omniscience, the Old Ones eventually fell or withdrew from the mortal world. How and why is a mystery. Maybe they somehow failed to foresee their

In the moments before the Beginning, there was no Time, no Matter, and no Dimension, only the Endless Potential for these things—for in the absence of absolutely everything, absolutely anything becomes possible. And so it was that this Endless Potential realised its own existence, thus creating the Universe and all the planes of existence that run parallel to it.

As Time and Matter and Dimension swelled in the physical womb of the Realised, the Potential continued to grow alongside them within the metaphysical womb of the still Unrealised. Every new creation brought with it the possibility for growth and a greater complexity of Form and Process.

In time, Creation realised unto itself Life, and Life in turn spawned Perception, and following Perception came Consciousness, and with Consciousness so followed Intelligence, and from Intelligence sprang Conception, and from that came the Words that bind all things into Conception.

And so the Words made new Conceptions, and new Conceptions increased Intelligence, and increased Intelligence broadened Consciousness, and broadened Consciousness deepened Perception, and this deepened Perception came to know Life more fully, and Perception understood the Form and Process of all that was Realised and came to permeate the raw Potential of all the was yet Unrealised.

Within the Endless Potential of the Unrealised, Conceptions began to take their own form, and in time the Great Paradigms awakened—Powers of the Unrealised that spoke their own Words, so glorious and so terrible.

Now millennia have passed, and we speak our own Words, Words that marry the tongues of the Mundane with tongues of those whose mystical insight teaches us of the Gods and the world, of the Mortal and Immortal, and with them we may sculpt the world to our Will and the universe to our Design.

So it is, and so shall it be.

—Teclis of Ulthuan. Translated into Reikspiel by Magister Verspasian Kant, Patriarch of the Order of Light

They call me a traitor, yet I know I am constant.

Heretic, they have cried, yet I have seen the Gods in a way they cannot.

They have branded me a consorter with Daemons, yet in summoning the Neverborn, I have tasted Truth—though my body, mind, and soul now pay the price.

I know that the works of Man are but crumbling buildings atop the dry and shifting sands of time. They will not last. They cannot. The northern Winds are harsh indeed, blowing straight from the bowels of Hell. The weak foundations of civilisation will not outlast them.

I reject the vanity of Men. I weep at their prideful ignorance. I know the greatness of the Elder Races that came before them and the unimaginable divinity of the creatures that came before that. In my waking sleep I have witnessed the dawn, as though the most distant of pasts were playing before my eyes. I have watched the Great Ones, the First Ones, as they traversed the endless night and brought their glory and their horror to this poor, thin world. I have watched as these merciless things, these mortal Gods, the first amongst all the Elder Races, raised up their works of matter and thought, careless of the borders between reality and unreality.

They knew no boundaries, no measure, or limit. They reached into the great void and warped all that is into all that should not be. They cast up mighty portals between all places and times and bent the shapeless potentials of the between-realm to their will. But the end of these First Ones, so great and so terrible, was written upon their every action because the further they reached into the void and the closer they stared at its divine patterns, the more they attracted its attention and all-consuming hunger.

Even as these awesome beings created life as they wished. And where they didn't, they altered the creatures that existed before their coming, sculpting their bodies, souls, and minds to make the perfect slaves and experiments. So was it that tiny tendrils reached out from Beyond, too weak to threaten or touch the First Ones, but strong enough to caress the minds of their mortal servants. The minds of the Child Races clung blindly to these thin tendrils of Chaos, carrying them back through the imperfections of the First Ones' Will and granting the void a foothold in the mortal plane.

And so it was that the works of the First Ones were brought low, broken across the knee of Chaos. Their Great Gateways trembled and fell, and the stray thoughts and nightmares, the waking desires and dreams that dwelt within Chaos Realm, were created upon this pale reality. So arrived all magic and all the monstrous Gods and Daemons of our world. Who now or then could stand against them?

—Richter Kless, inmate at the Great Hospice for the Insane at Frederheim

The Aethyr; the Immaterial; the Warp; the Source; the Void; the Thesis; the Antithesis; the After-Realms; the Nether-Realms; the Chaos Realm; the Underworld; the Infernium; Paradise; Limbo; Hades; Sheol—its names are as numerous as the cultures that spawned them, yet the place is the same. We of the Gold College have identified this metaphysical Other as the Prime Reagent, the great catalyst that enables all possibilities. Yet it must be one of our primary goals as an Order to understand and document why and how magic exists.

I tend to believe in the dual nature of the mortal universe (being actual or physical reality) and the Celestial (being unlimited possibility, or, as our Order might better conceive it, the ultimate catalyst). The Celestial is the interaction between the certain and finite 'Is' of the physically existent and the non-certain infinite 'Un' of the Prime Reagent that are, I would suggest, the two opposites through whose interaction the entire "process" of Reality is made possible. Without the catalyst of change, the mortal world would be static, timeless matter that could not move or alter.

—Extracted from *A Modest Treatise into the Nature of Magic*, Penned by the late Gotthilf Puchta, Patriarch of the Gold College

own downfall, or if they did foresee it, perhaps they were unable to prevent it. It's possible they underestimated the growing powers and dominions of the Aethyr until these new Gods became too strong to control. Maybe the Old Ones destroyed themselves in some long-forgotten war, or they simply withdrew from the world of their own volition. Perhaps the truth concerning the disappearance of the Old Ones is buried with the remnants of their once great civilisation. In any event, when the Old Ones' civilisation finally came to an end, so too did the safeguards they had created to keep apart the raw transmuting energy of Chaos and the certainties of the mortal plane. With their passing arose the purposes and powers of Chaos.

— The Coming of Magic —

With the works of the Old Ones destroyed, the great portal they had constructed above the northern pole of the world that allowed them to step through the rift swelled outward until the binds that held back the Aethyr's transmuting energy finally collapsed. Tides of unrestrained Chaos, pure magic, vomited forth from these portals to sweep across the land, altering the very fabric and nature of the mortal world wherever it touched. But this transformation was a two-way process, for as this formless and random supernatural energy collided with the physical laws of the mortal universe, it was subjected in strange and unexpected ways to the laws of the mortal plane. Under the intense and opposite pressure of reality, much of this Chaos energy turned into the incredibly dangerous substance commonly known as Warpstone or Wyrdstone.

In the centuries after the collapse of the Old Ones' Aethyric gateways, many unnatural and terrible creatures spawned throughout the world. The lands in the immediate vicinity of the collapsed gates were so saturated with magic that some of the consciousness from within the Aethyr was able to take physical form and coherent purpose. These bizarre and nightmarish entities either took the forms and identities of the Gods, Daemons, and divine messengers that appeared in the traditions and religions of the mortal world's sentient races, or they took entirely random forms of their own choosing, only to be adopted as the new Gods, Daemons, and divine messengers of the races that slowly arose after magic came to the world.

Ulthuan and the Elves

Legends tell that with the collapse of the Old Ones' Aethyric portal, the mortal world was swamped with the Aethyr's transmuting energy. The highest peaks of the world's great mountain ranges disappeared into strange, glittering mists of raw magic, so strong they would have been visible even to the lowliest beast with no Aethyric sensitivity whatsoever. The stuff of dreams and nightmares combined in the very air, and the sun vanished behind a churning eerie cloud of eternal autumn twilight. In the areas most affected by the flood of magic, time began to flow strangely; travellers became lost for years though they thought they had been walking only hours.

But bizarre as these occurrences were, they were as nothing compared to the dark and terrible times that were to come. As more and more magical energy poured through the hole far to the north of the world, insanity and the mindless horror of Chaos entered the world with the Powers and Dominions of all the Daemon Realms following close at its heels. The long Golden Age the Elves had enjoyed since the Old Ones elevated them from their primitive beginnings was brought to an abrupt and nightmarish end.

Crops and forests were warped into new shapes neither plant nor animal and yet seethed with vicious awareness. Hideously mutated creatures, a blend of several different animals and other wholly unrecognisable things, spilled down from the north, and scores of Daemons and other indescribable monsters gathered to worship the greater Gods of the Chaos Realm that had spawned

them or controlled their existence. Eventually these monsters found their way to Ulthuan and slaughtered and consumed the helpless Elves with mindless enthusiasm. Although the Elves had a healthy population at the time, they were ignorant of war and unschooled in conflict, and so were unable to stand against the countless slaves and servants of Chaos. Armoured warriors burned sacred groves, vile mutants massacred entire villages and towns, and Daemons howled in the ruins of what had been proud and ancient settlements.

Aenarion and Caledor

But from amidst the terrible murk of that age there emerged one who would fight against the looming darkness and lead the mortal inhabitants of the mortal world to victory over Chaos. His name was Aenarion, greatest and most tragic of all heroes and leaders in the Elves' long history. It was Aenarion, known historically as The Defender, who first allowed the most powerful of the Elves' newly manifested Gods, Asuryan, to use him as a vessel. As well as being the greatest champion of his people, Aenarion became a semi-divine avatar of Asuryan's will. But because Asuryan was a manifestation of Elven dignity, culture, and self-belief, Aenarion fought against the divine and Daemonic forces of Chaos. As the war against Chaos raged on, Aenarion met and befriended the greatest Elven mage of the time, Caledor, who first tamed and saddled the great race of dragons, earning himself the name Dragontamer. With this most trusted friend and advisor at his side, Aenarion took the battle to the creatures of Chaos, banishing them from Ulthuan. But it was a brief respite. The northern Chaos Gate continued to spew its darkness across the world like a giant haemorrhaging ulcer.

After nearly a century of research and experimentation, Caledor managed to divine the source of the Chaos invasion and devised a plan to contain it. He had learned of the Old Ones' great gateway far to the north that connected all realities. He also learned that this gateway had collapsed, breaking the boundaries between worlds and releasing powerful surges of the Aethyr's transforming energy. This energy rushed through the network of smaller gateways dotted across the world, saturating and corrupting the mortal realms, and it was through these lesser gateways that the creatures of Chaos could move so quickly across the land.

Caledor realised the only way to truly defeat the creatures of Chaos was to starve them of the energy that sustained them. Closing the Old Ones' fractured portal was a feat beyond even the combined might of all Ulthuan's mages. Instead, Caledor devised a plan to gather these energies into a great Aethyric vortex that would suck the storm of magic from the mortal world and drain it back into the Chaos Realm.

Yet Aenarion opposed this idea and declared it impossible. As the tide of magic rose across the world, so too rose the power and influence of the Gods and Daemons. Despite his physical strength and nigh indomitable will, Aenarion was eventually

"...and so it was the collapse of this "Gateway" to the shadow realms beyond, or at least the Elves suggest, that led to the making of the world as it is today. The vast area of instability created by its collapse enabled many of the sentient fragments of the mortal world's dreams and nightmares that existed within the Realm of Chaos to manifest themselves to some degree upon the physical plane. These entities were then free to pursue their incomprehensible whims and compulsions with the mortal inhabitants of our world.

Ulthuan's most ancient texts described how most of these entities were small, wild things—beings we might now recognise as the Fay or Faerie, the various sprites, aquatic nymphs, dryads, and elemental beings of the natural world. Yet there were also other larger and more powerful entities that began to appear after the collapse of the Old One's gateways. These larger entities, creatures of thought and magic, had no physical shape of their own, and they took on forms dictated by the fears, beliefs, and expectations of the mortals they began to prey upon.

In the same way, the simple deities the elder races had created across the millennia suddenly stopped being mere concepts or items of faith and became actual beings with immense powers and independent identities—they truly were the first Daemons, the first Gods."

—Extracted *The Elder Races*, Penned by the late Supreme Patriarch Volans.
Translated into modern Reikspiel by Patriarch Verspasian Kant

"Although most Humans, possessing souls that are both dim and flickering, have a very poor sensitivity to the Winds of Magic, a minority like those of us gathered here today, are for whatever reason more sensitive to this energy and possess souls that shine like beacons to those with the eyes to see them. People such as this are potential wielders of magic, and if they are trained correctly, they are able to consciously control and use magical energy to affect, and even remake, aspects of the Mortal Universe, just as we Magisters of the Imperial Colleges do."

—An extract from the third letter to the Colleges of Magic, written by the first Supreme Patriarch, Volans.
Translated into modern Reikspiel by the current Patriarch of the Order of Light Magister Verspasian Kant

consumed by the desires of the deity that possessed him. It didn't matter that Asuryan personified much of what was good and beautiful about the Elves as a race, he was still a God. And just as with the Gods of Chaos and their Champions, eventually Asuryan's will and purpose consumed those of his vessel. Asuryan's own power and influence would be muted if Caledor's plan worked, so it seems Asuryan played a prominent role in Aenarion opposing Caledor's plan.

But in time, Aenarion was consumed entirely by feelings of duty towards his people, taking all their sorrows onto himself. With the murder of his wife and disappearance of his children, stacked on top of his horror at the genocide wrought against his people, Aenarion eventually walked the path to oblivion. Against Caledor's warnings and indeed all sanity, Aenarion drew from its shrine the Sword of Khaine, the God of Violence, War, and Murder, thereby opening himself to become a vessel for the war-God's power and will. No mortal frame, however mighty, was designed to contain the conflicted spirits of two opposing deities, not even Aenarion's. With the opposing spirits of the two Gods within him, Aenarion was driven to the edge of insanity. He threw himself against the armies of the Chaos Gods again and again, his followers becoming ever more brutal and bloody handed, just like the war-God that now possessed their mighty king. But Caledor Dragontamer knew that the Elves could not win by determination and strength of arms alone. For every servant of the Dark Gods that were slain, ten more were ready to take its place, while each Elf warrior that fell was irreplaceable.

The Great Vortex

Caledor could delay no longer. Against the will of his king and friend, Caledor gathered the greatest mages of Ulthuan, assembling them to perform a ritual that would create the Vortex upon the Isle of the Dead, right at Ulthuan's heart. Somehow, the minions of Chaos received word of the ritual and decided to stop it. All the forces of Chaos gnawed at the spell walls Caledor and his fellow mages had erected around the island. Despite resenting his friend for going against his wishes, Aenarion had been left with no choice. He assembled his armies and moved to defend the Isle of the Dead.

The battle was long and terrible, thousands dying on either side of the conflict. Dragons and Daemons roared and bellowed as the battle raged; while at the heart of the Island, the Elven mages chanted the lengthy spell to create the Vortex. The Winds rose to a deafening scream until even the sounds of battle were smothered beneath it. Coloured lightning slashed the churning sky, and the world itself seemed to shudder. At the height of this turmoil, the wind dropped, and for a moment, all was calm. Then the mountains shivered and great walls of energy leaped between earth and sky, converging upon the Isle of the Dead. Boiling clouds of eerie light drew together and began to swirl in the sky, rushing down and inward over the Isle, vanishing in on themselves like a whirlpool.

The corrosive powers drawn to the Isle killed the Elven mages, one by one. The least powerful and experienced fell first; their

brains combusted, and their flesh and bones dissolved into coloured mist. The surviving mages spoke the last syllables of their ritual spell, and with a blinding iridescent flash, the Isle of the Dead vanished from view. The ritual had been a success, though a bitter one. The Vortex had been created, and the tides of magic were ebbing from the world, leaving foul Daemons and other creatures of Chaos stranded and dying, like fish out of water. But the price for the Elven mages was high; their spell had stranded them and the Isle outside of time, trapped for all eternity in the last moment of their ritual.

— The Empire and the Suppression of Magic —

Many thousands of years later, after the Elves' protracted and bloody war with the Dwarfs and eventual withdrawal from the Old World, the land was largely abandoned to the Orcs, Goblins, and savage Human tribes. In those distant times, Humans were but fur-clad savages, barely distinguishable from Orcs in the eyes of the departing Elves. These primitive tribes of Humanity remained largely divided until the time of Sigmar Heldenhammer. Sigmar initiated and led the campaign that united the warring tribes of men. He created bonds of friendship with the declining race of Dwarfs by rescuing the Dwarf High King, Kurgan Ironbeard, from a band of raiding Orcs.

In those earliest of days, the people of Sigmar's Empire had little to do with magic or spellcraft. Most believed all such sorcerous matters were inherently dangerous, unwholesome, and probably evil. This attitude stemmed from the fact that the few Humans sensitive to magic had no idea how to safely use it, let alone use it safely. In fact, many of these primitive Wizards fell victim to the corruption of Chaos, slipping into madness, or found themselves jerked into the Realm of Chaos.

The Dwarfen Influence

Another significant factor in the Empire's distrust of magic and spellcraft may well have been a product of its long association with the Dwarfs. The Dwarfs have little-to-no sensitivity to magic and are unable to perceive it as Elves and some Humans can, let alone weave it into spells. And so the immensely conservative Dwarfs have adopted an attitude of suspicion and distrust towards magic. This attitude was obviously intensified during their long and terrible wars with the Elves, where the Elves wielded magic and cast spells as though born to it.

Because of the ties of friendship between Sigmar and the Dwarf Kingdoms, the Dwarfs took it upon themselves to civilise the Human tribes, teaching them techniques of stone masonry and metallurgy far beyond the primitive grasp the Humans had at the time. Along with these technological and scientific advances, Humans doubtlessly picked up various cultural beliefs and practices from their Dwarf mentors. Among these acquired beliefs may well have been the Dwarfs' acute distrust of magic users and spellcraft. Although, this distrust did not include the marvellous works of the Dwarfs' own Runesmiths or the holy men and women of the Human tribes who periodically worked magical effects through ritual and prayer. Like the priests of the present day Empire, such mystics of the past were regarded as communing with the Gods. Supernatural effects wrought by such people were examples of the Gods working miracles through their devoted servants, and it was worlds away from the dangerous witchery practised (intentionally or otherwise) by the unfortunate few who could feel and manipulate the raw Winds of Chaos. Or, that was the perception of the Empire's good citizens.

The infamy of those poor unfortunates, who descended into madness and physical mutation because of their wild and untrained magical abilities, spread throughout the Human tribes until Sigmar declared that such people were clearly cursed. Sigmar had faced many sorcerers and Daemons in battle, and he had been severely wounded by Nagash, the Great Necromancer. His experiences, along with the firm council of his Dwarf allies and his own faith in strength of arm and honest toil alone, probably convinced the first Emperor that the taming and cultivation of his empire, a readiness for war, and the building of fortified towns of stone and timber were the true concerns of his people, not magic and spellcraft.

Magic and the Cults of the Empire

With Sigmar's passing into legend, the attitudes towards magic soured. Among many of the priests, there was a growing concern about magic, especially in regard to how it could corrupt the physical form. Magic was an unclean force responsible for the birth of mutants, the existence of Beastmen, and the source of many ills. It is the nature of man to fear and condemn that which he does not understand. Furthermore, as most users of magic doubled as cultists of the Ruinous Powers, directly suppressing the use of magic seemed a logical step in securing the early Empire from the threat of Chaos.

In time, this attitude infested many of the other cults in the Empire. It could not be denied that where the preachers of Sigmar worked their fiery cleansings there were less mutants, fewer blights, and virtually no outbreaks of Daemon plague.

Magic use was banned by tradition and civil law for centuries, and at various times specifically condemned by the leaders of religious cults. Dire consequences were threatened for those discovered practicing "wychery," and even worse saved for those who actually used their "sorceress arts." Over time, the number of magic users sought out and burned began to grow. Increasingly, Priests were discovering that a good burning

served to protect their flock, remind folk of their religious duties, and provided decent entertainment for the winter months.

In many cases, anyone who had tried to protect these witches was also put to the torch, just in case. Doubtless, thousands of innocents were slain during this "burning time" in a growing religious fervour that lasted right up to the rule of Emperor Magnus.

In rural areas of the Empire, one could always find local herbalists, fortune-tellers, charm-makers, folk-healers, and hedge wizards that depend and thrive upon superstition and ignorance. Yet despite the fact that these sorts of practitioners are barely considered magic users, the Empire's fearful, superstitious peasants made it so none were ever completely safe from zealots in their communities. Many were driven from village to village or tortured and burned by frightened mobs or even the Emperor's Witch Hunters.

Those few who did study magic and the ways of spellcraft, or worse, who worshipped the Gods of Chaos, did so in utmost secrecy. Invariably, these individuals were from wealthy or noble backgrounds, embarking upon their studies out of boredom or to pursue some advantage in commerce, politics, or open warfare. Most were born with a natural sensitivity to magic in some way. Such wealthy and powerful figures were better able to hide their studies (if not always the effects of them) from the public eye and had the resources to gather forbidden tomes of arcane lore and other magical items to enhance their abilities.

The Seekers of Secret Knowledge

Throughout the persecution, small groups of magic-sensitive individuals (usually from the wealthier classes) managed to find each other and experiment with magic in secret. Some even created their own faltering and limited arcane traditions. The exceptional few of these individuals and groups that did not fall to darkness or simply destroy themselves with their blind fumbling would emerge into the public eye from time to time, always when plague broke out or wars tore across the land, but these groups never lasted long. Even during the seemingly endless desperation and anarchy of the Wars of the Three Emperors, it was rare that civil or religious authorities would tolerate such occult groups for long regardless of how harmless they insisted they were or how much good they attempted to do. Inevitably, the groups and individuals that openly admitted having arcane skill or knowledge were eventually killed.

A few of these secretive attempts at creating a unified arcane tradition were noticeably persistent over the centuries, despite their dangerous failures and the witch hunters' bloody-minded efforts to destroy them. One of them, alchemy, even attained a small amount of respectability, once it shed all appearances of having arcane ties. Despite this small victory, attempts at rationalising arcane spellcraft were far from universal in identity or belief. Throughout the years of persecution, the attitude among those brave, foolish, or desperate enough to try and form a tradition of spellcraft was that of "whatever seems to work"—and of course this varied greatly.

The Lure of Darkness

It would not be far from the truth to suggest there was a strict and bloody-handed ban on magic use because the majority of magic users of the time turned to study the Dark Arts. Because there was no way to genuinely research magic and spellcraft within Imperial Law, the laws of the provinces, or in the laws and beliefs of the Empire's various cults, there was an element of self-fulfilling prophecy to the "burning times." Everyone was made to believe those who could use magic were unclean and wicked. Such beliefs caused those that were sensitive to magic and in the position to do something about it to decide it was better to risk turning to the Dark Arts. If doing so gave them a chance to protect themselves from the persecution of the Empire's cults, what did a magic user have to lose? Subsequently, many believed if a realised sensitivity to magic meant they were already doomed to a witch's pyre and damnation, they had nothing to lose by studying the Dark Arts or even worshipping the Dark Gods themselves.

So then, the Aethyr is basically a contradiction, as its existence and nature appear to be in direct opposition to what nearly all mortal scholars think they understand about the universe. Therefore, many scholar-Wizards of the Imperial Colleges of Magic insist that it is self-defeating to try to define the Aethyr in terms that are not symbolic and abstract because, unlike the Mortal Plane with its facts and physics, the Aethyr is a state of metaphysics containing all things.

One could view the Aethyr as infinite potential, a state where absolutely everything (conceivable and otherwise) is possible but not necessarily probable. Possibility and potential are key parts of reality, woven into every single aspect of the Mortal Plane, from the smallest to the largest, from the inanimate to the animate, and from that which cannot be detected by the senses to that which can. For indeed, the words "possibility" and "potential" are used to describe something otherwise immeasurable—whether that's because the things they stand for lack any dimension or existence on their own to measure or whether it's because they are truly infinite and therefore beyond all measure.

So "potential" and "possibility" are the names Humans have given to abstract concepts. But the existence of the Aethyr as both a parallel reality and a force could be taken as a suggestion that potential and possibility describe concepts with no physical dimension, time, mass, or measurable energy of their own. Perhaps it is logical to suggest that they, like the Aethyr, also exist in another manner within every single part and aspect of the Mortal Plane as the most basic catalysts for existence. More than this, one might argue that it is the Aethyr that is the existence, spring, and well of all potential and possibility, and Chaos, what we have called magic and Aethyr, is typical and raw potential made visible.

Perhaps, then, calling the Aethyr a realm or even a place is too limiting. The Aethyr has the potential to be a place, state, or thing only because the Aethyr might actually be infinite potential; therefore, it encompasses and contains all possibilities (including that of being a place and realm), but it is at the same time not only just a place, state, or thing. To ask where the Aethyr is would be like asking where infinity is or when eternity is. One could point absolutely anywhere and be correct but only in the most limited sense.

Yet if the Aethyr is not just a place and has no permanent physical dimensions and no comprehensible positioning within the mortal universe, how is it that the Winds of Magic come from the Aethyr? Does this not suggest that it is in fact a place of some kind? Although it is doubtful that anyone can say accurately and honestly that they fully understand the Aethyr, one can say with certainty that the Aethyr does exist in some inexplicable way since Collegiate Wizards perceive and use its energies almost daily. And, as the Colleges' beliefs and academic investigations seem to reveal, there is some kind of rupture in the Aethyr far to the north, beyond the Troll Country and the Chaos Wastes.

Maybe, to use limited terms, if one were to step through that rupture it wouldn't lead to a place at all, but instead it would retreat into one's own mind. Or perhaps to enter the Aethyr is actually a process of making oneself spiritually inside-out? Some accounts suggest that passing into the Aethyr is to enter the collective waking dream of the mortal universe, and such an act causes one to abandon all fact and certainty, essentially becoming a contradiction or myth. Others insist that the Aethyr is absolute uncertainty—absolute and unfulfilled potential waiting for a catalyst that will allow it to realise itself.

Those who believe in this last option view the Aethyr as the ultimate changer of things but not a definite "thing" itself. Possibly, once beings from the Mortal Plane tap into the Aethyr, they give this theoretical raw reagent something to react with. But because the Aethyr has no definite, existing, physical reality of its own, one could say that anything existing on the mortal plane, no matter how abstract, debatable, and insubstantial, is more "definite" than the Aethyr is.

This could explain why some consider the Aethyr a kind of "collective subconscious mind" for the mortal universe. Indeed, many of the great Magisters of the College of Light seem to have held this view and have written fascinating proposals exploring the possibility that the Aethyr is a storehouse and manifestation of all thoughts, emotions, memory fragments, and beliefs of all living beings upon the Mortal Plane. It could be said that the most immaterial things (those that cannot be measured, captured, or contained) generated within the Mortal Plane are thoughts and emotions. But it is precisely because they are immaterial that they find their way so readily into the Aethyr. Maybe they slip through the cracks in our absolute and fully realised reality and somehow into the Aethyr.

To expand on this idea, as even thought and emotion are more definite and real than the potential reality of the Aethyr, and because thought and emotion are the two most readily available things from the Mortal Plane to be found within the Aethyr, they have become the two greatest and most readily available compounds that the Aethyr's unrealised potential can react with.

—Extracted from 'A Modest Treatise into the Nature of Magic',
Penned by the late Gotthilf Puchta, Patriarch of the Gold College

— Magnus the Pious & the War Against Chaos —

Over the two millennia since the disappearance of Sigmar, secret covens and cults sprang up across the Empire. In the dark of night in almost every city and major town, members practiced both their own dangerous forms of spellcraft, the rites of summoning Dark Magic, and Daemonology. In those days, it took little more than the mere mention of witchcraft to bring down the wrath of the Witch Hunters and their burning torches and vicious warhounds.

Yet of all the wars and trials that have plagued the Empire, one stands above all others in its grievousness and horror—the Great War Against Chaos, or as it is sometimes called, the Great Chaos Incursion, fought and won by the stout-hearted men of the Empire and their allies against the Daemon-worshipping hordes of Asavar Kul.

In the dark centuries before the turn of the second millennium after Sigmar, the Empire teetered on the edge of extinction. Centuries of bitter civil war had torn the heart the nation, and the once proud realm of the Emperors fell into anarchy and misrule. Four of the provincial Elector Counts declared themselves the rightful Emperor, each as resolute in his claim as the next, and the armies of Marienburg, Talabecland, Middenheim, and the Reikland marched their endless wars, leaving only destruction, poverty, and famine in their wake.

The Winds of Magic

But blowing from the north came the Winds of Magic, growing with intensity in the days leading up to the third century of the second millennium, saturating all the land with the raw power of Aethyr. Throughout the Old World, the many creatures of Chaos multiplied and became bolder, emerging from the deep forests and descending from the mountaintops, raiding and burning towns and villages. These raids might easily have been stopped at their beginning, if only the provincial Electors had allied to drive them back. But in their arrogance and distrust of each other, they did not. And so the Chaos raids grew into wars and the provinces of Ostland and Ostermark were laid to waste.

Warriors from the lands of Norsca and beyond, driven south by the rising tide of Chaos in their own realms, ravaged the coasts of the Empire and Bretonnia, and marauding bands of the black-armoured Chosen of Chaos were seen as far south as Hochland and Middenland. To make matters worse, the disunity and foolishness of the Imperial Lords of those dark and terrible days allowed fierce hordes of Orcs and Goblins to plunder along the Empire's borders completely unopposed, having been driven west by the growing power of Chaos.

Events culminated in the summer of the Imperial year 2301. Dire omens of disaster were observed all across the Empire. Wells that had previously served towns for generations were said to have suddenly dried or overflowed with noxious slime. Mysterious blights or plagues of insects wreaked havoc among the crops. Cattle and other livestock succumbed to disease or gave birth to screaming monsters. It is even said that fish grew wings and flew from their rivers, and pigs were observed to stand upon their hind legs and walk like men. The land was gripped with fear and hysteria.

The End is Nigh!

Caught in the middle of so much horror and bloodshed, it seemed to the ordinary folk of the Empire that the end of the world was at hand. Many fervently turned to the Gods as a last hope for salvation, and the Empire's cults, particularly the Cult of Sigmar, grew increasingly powerful as the terrified populace flooded into its temples. Yet even as these countless thousands flocked into the arms of the Gods, many others—the despairing and the outcast—found comfort in the embrace of older and darker Gods. Despite the edict forbidding the practice of sorcery, more and more magic users were reported to the authorities each passing day. The fires of the witch hunters lit the night sky, yet the use of magic persisted.

The insane servants of the Chaos Gods knew their time was nigh, and emerged from their hiding places in all the towns and cities of the Empire, seizing their chance to take control. Against the twisted fanaticism and Daemonic allies of the dark servants, the unprepared militiamen of these ill-fated towns did not stand a chance. Able citizens fled their homes; those who remained were hunted like animals through the streets.

The Tide of Chaos

In the far north, the Chaos Gates bloated outward with irrepressible energies, disgorging the dark shadow of the Aethyr so that it spilled southwards, engulfing the Wastelands and absorbing them into the Realm of Chaos. Before this irresistible tide marched the armies of Chaos, and as they moved ever southward, their numbers grew. The mightiest champions of Chaos and their warbands joined the monsters from the Northern Wastes, bringing with them armies of marauders from the borders of the Troll Country. In the deep forests of the Empire, Mutants and Beastmen gathered together and readied themselves for war.

Between the Middle Mountains and the High Pass, many leagues to the north of Praag, emerged an unholy horde of the Chaos Gods. It is said to have been the largest army to ever wage war on the Old World. Some numbered it as a hundred thousand strong. Others put the figure two or three times higher. This dread army marched southward and ruination followed at its heels.

As autumn approached, even the greatest capitals of the Empire fell into anarchy. Outlying farms, villages, and towns were

abandoned to the marauding servants of Chaos, and a constant stream of refugees flocked into the already overcrowded cities. Even in the prosperous region of the Reikland around Nuln and Altdorf, things were not well. Monsters roamed the Reikwald forest, and ships were attacked and burned as they travelled along the province's great river. In the streets of every city, fanatics and prophets of doom preached their unpleasant brand of redemption. Many desperate citizens listened and, believing their world was ending, joined these bands of flagellants and world-weary doomsayers.

In Nuln, a powerful coven of Tzeentchian Sorcerers emerged from hiding and led bands of howling cultists and Daemons against the forces of weary authorities. Some men, those driven to the edge of madness by starvation and fear, submitted to what they saw as the inevitable rule of Chaos and threw in their lot with the sorcerers, turning against their own brothers and sisters. Witch hunters and preachers did their best to rally the people against these followers of the Old Dark, and there was open warfare in the streets.

A Sign in the Sky

Huddled in sewers and burnt-out houses, the terrified people prayed for salvation, prayed for a sign that they did not stand alone against the gathering darkness. Almost exactly two thousand three hundred years after the death of Sigmar Heldenhammer, the prayers of the people seemed to have been answered. A sign appeared in the night sky—a twin-tailed comet, the ancient symbol of the Empire's divine founding father, arched across the heavens in fiery glory. But what could this sign mean?

The answer came in the form of a fiery young man intended for the seminary of the Cult of Sigmar from the city of Nuln. His name was Magnus, the youngest son of a noble family. With his great foresight, passionate speeches, strength of arm, and unshakable faith, he gathered to himself an army of followers and led them to victory over the worshippers of the Dark Gods, shattering the might of the Sorcerers' coven and purging every trace of them from his city.

Elsewhere, however, the forces of Humanity were not victorious. The Chaos horde laid waste to the northern part of Kislev before moving southwards along the foothills of the World's Edge Mountains, heading relentlessly towards the heartland of Kislev and the thriving city of Praag where the terrified citizens prepared for war. Thousands flooded into the city walls from the surrounding countryside, bringing with them what little livestock and grain had survived the near-constant plagues that had overwhelmed the land. But it was not enough. Soon Praag's brave peoples were starving, and in their weakened condition, many succumbed to the heinous visitations of Father Nurgle.

Yet rumour reached the embattled Kislevites of a heroic war-leader from the south. A man called Magnus who was bringing an army north to their salvation. Indeed, over the passing weeks and months, the flock of Magnus of Nuln had grown ever stronger. He had gathered to him an army of all kinds of men: loyal devotees of Sigmar and various other cults, mad-eyed zealots, ordinary citizens, and professional soldiers from the armies of the provinces. Recognising in Magnus a leader they could all follow, or indeed realising that in such dangerous times they had no choice but to follow him, the Elector Counts of the Empire pledged him their unconditional support and led their troops to join him.

The Desperation of Magnus

But still, hope was a rare commodity in those unpleasant days, and despite his great faith in Sigmar's Might and the strength of Imperial unity, desperation crept into Magnus' heart. Every day he read reports carried to him by outriders or untied from the legs of messenger pigeons. Each of these reports told tales of horror and described the sheer scale of the nightmare forces arrayed against him. He wrote in his war journal (now held in the Emperor's private library at the Imperial Palace), that although he knew to the core of his being that the good men and women of the Empire could eventually prevail over any mortal foe, could they do so against the monsters and Daemons of Chaos…?

Magnus knew he needed allies—allies that offered something his own armies lacked.

After countless centuries of avoiding the Old World, in the two thousandth and first year since Sigmar's death, almost exactly three hundred and one years before the Chaos Incursion, the Elves of Ulthuan had returned to the lands of Men, opening relations with the Empire. Over the previous three centuries, the higher ranks of Imperial society came to learn that many of the legends concerning the supposedly mythical Elves were actually true. Amongst them were the stories concerning the magical nature of this elder race. Magnus wrote in his journal that though he was reluctant to do so, he felt he had no choice but to ask the people of Ulthuan for aid.

He kept his doubts secret to all but his oldest friend and closest confidante, Pieter Lazlo, and bade him sail the trade route to Lothern in Ulthuan, the one city to which the Elves had allowed Humans access. Lazlo was to carry a letter from Magnus informing the Ulthuan's Phoenix King of the dire situation facing the Old World and pleading for aid. Lazlo set sail from Marienburg with a handpicked crew on the ship *Sigmar's Hope* (called by its own crew the *Forlorn Hope*). The ship was imperilled from the outset. The weather was the worst in living memory, and the Marienburg harbourmaster pleaded with them not to set sail, afraid that they would sink before they even reached the sea. But Lazlo and his crew knew if they did not risk death now on the high seas, they would surely die a far more terrible death later when the forces of Chaos overran the Empire. They departed.

Into the Storm

Savage storms lashed their vessel as it crossed the Sea of Claws and on into the ominously named Sea of Chaos. Here, a wave as high as the walls of Altdorf fractured their main mast, and while they struggled to repair it, their ship was blown leagues off course. It was a sad, battered ship that eventually limped into Lothern's harbour, the crew weak with malnutrition and scurvy. The sight that met their eyes did little to lift their flagging spirits. They sailed past the great lighthouse of the Glittering Tower, seeing that the massive white structure had been blackened by smoke with many of its thousand lamps shattered. The Lothern Straits were crowded with the shattered wreckages of once elegant ships and the bloated bodies of the drowned. The Elven pilot that came on board to guide them through the mightily fortified Emerald Gates told Lazlo that Lothern had survived a great siege, broken but days before. The Dark Elves, said the grim-faced pilot, had returned to Ulthuan once more and their armies and Daemonic allies even now ravaged the towns and countryside further inland.

At this news, Lazlo's heart filled with despair. Would the Phoenix King offer aid to the Empire when his own people were under siege? As his ship arrived at Lothern's mighty docks, he could see Ulthuan's armies gathering to march north. As an official representative from the Empire, Lazlo was escorted to

meet with the emissaries of Ulthuan's monarch. He told them all he could of the situation in the Old World and gave them the sealed letter entrusted to him by Magnus. The emissaries took the news and Lazlo's letter to Finubar, the Phoenix King, as he discussed strategy in his war room with the archmage Teclis and his brother Tyrion, the Everqueen's champion.

A Plea Answered

Though King Finubar knew the dangers that would face Ulthuan if the Old World fell to the Powers and Dominions of Chaos, he knew he could not spare any troops to send back with Lazlo. The Dark Elves had almost overrun Ulthuan, and if they were not expelled, his people would fall. Hearing the call of destiny, Teclis volunteered himself to go to the Old World with Lazlo and offer what aid he could to Humankind. He knew that should the lands of men fall to the Chaos Gods, then Ulthuan would inevitably follow. So it was that Teclis answered Lazlo's plea, and two of his brother mages, the Loremasters Yrtle and Finreir, threw in their lot with Magnus and the armies of the Humans.

Lazlo took the archmages to the Imperial city-state of Talabheim where Magnus gathered more troops to his cause. Teclis' centuries of experience and sage advice made him invaluable to Magnus from the start. Although Magnus was disappointed that Lazlo had not succeeded in bringing a military force back with him, Teclis explained that strength of arm alone would never be enough to halt the advance of Chaos. Teclis and his brother Loremasters explained to Magnus the need for Humans to learn how to use magic safely in order to combat the Aethyric enemies they would be facing in the coming weeks and months. A devout Sigmarite, Magnus was filled with doubt at the archmages' words, but he trusted his instincts and believed that there was no evil in the Elves that stood before him. More than this, they had lived for centuries longer than he, and wisdom almost seemed to exude from them as a tangible aura. If they said they could teach those Humans sensitive to magic to use it to defeat the minions of the Dark Gods, then he could not dismiss such an invaluable power, not facing what he faced.

Magnus's Consent

So Magnus agreed. He made the Loremasters promise that should any of their Human protégés begin to show even a glimmer of corruption, the archmages would destroy them. In a tone that sent chills through all present, Teclis stated that heedless of such a promise, any tainted creature that came near the Loremasters would be obliterated more completely than any Human could ever truly understand. Magnus did not doubt his words.

So it was that the influence of the archmages changed the course of the Old World's war against Chaos.

— The Gift of Spellcraft —

With the authority and permission of Magnus and the more grudging support of those subordinate to him, the first and perhaps most profound deed of Teclis and his brother mages was to offer amnesty to the hedge wizards and petty magic users that existed in the Empire at that time and to seek out as many as possible. Word was sent by galloping outriders to every part of the Empire they could reach, offering a full pardon and training to any and all that knew or suspected they had an affinity or ability with magic. For some, they experienced strange dreams, compulsions to journey to Altdorf as if some force compelled them. There, if they submitted themselves to Teclis' judgment and training and agreed to fight in the coming war, they would not be harmed by any of the Empire's other powers or agents. They would be under Teclis' protection and the protection of the Great Uniter, Magnus of Nuln.

Teclis' Purge

The Elven mages' incredible skills and profound sensitivity to movements of the Aethyr enabled them to sense even the smallest conjurations by the pettiest Human spellcasters for leagues around them, thus allowing them to find potential magic users by themselves. Using their arcane knowledge, the Elves could traverse the lands of the Empire with supernatural speed and uncover many of the primitive or misguided magic users who were forced to live in secrecy. Yet there were others who made their way to Talabheim of their own accord, handing themselves over to Magnus' authority in desperate hope. With barely a pause, Teclis and his two companions eradicated any witches and warlocks corrupted beyond any hope of redemption.

Teclis left alone the priests and clerics of the Empire's cults, despite his sensing a great aptitude for magic in many. The holy men and women of the Empire were adamant that they had no power or wish to manipulate magic, insisting any miracles their prayers might bring came directly from the deity they worshipped. It is said Loremasters Yrtle and Finreir were amused by these claims, but Teclis merely nodded and allowed the issue to drop. The priests he had approached could already work magic with faith and rituals without learning the arcane spellcraft that Teclis offered. The great archmage saw no reason to inject doubt into their hearts by pressing his point.

Teclis and his brother mages began to instruct their Human students in the ways of spellcraft much to the horror and disapproval of the many templar orders of the Empire, most notably the Witch Hunters. Indeed, many people and long-standing Imperial authorities were aghast that men should be permitted to embrace the sorcerous arts. But Magnus, Voice of Sigmar, Great Uniter of the Empire, and Last Hope against the Chaos Hordes, ordered that it should be so. Magnus had the backing of the Theogonist and Electors, so the witch hunters were held at bay.

The Gift of Knowledge

So it was the Empire's base magic users and those slightly more refined practitioners of secret and not-too-corrupted arts (learned in distant lands or through private experimentation) that studied the rudiments of the arcane lores Teclis and his fellow mages had to teach. Time was against them, so Teclis, Finreir, and Yrtle taught relatively simple offensive spells—fireballs, lightning bolts, and ear-splitting noises. But he also taught spells of healing to cure the injured on the battlefields and other such skills that would prove useful against the dread legions of the Dark Gods.

Two from amongst the Loremasters' many protégés excelled beyond all others, and their names are remembered to this day with awe and respect: the hot-headed Friedrich von Tarnus, shamed commander of the Corroburg Greatswords and future first Patriarch of the Bright College of Magic, and of course the most powerful and educated of all Teclis' students, the man known to history as Volans. Alongside their Loremaster mentors, these two played a vital role with the other fledgling Imperial spellcasters in defeating the armies of the Dark Gods and scouring the Empire of the taint of Chaos.

In many battles, the Elven archmages and their Human protégés showed their willingness to spill their own blood in the defence of the Empire, and all of them took grave wounds during that terrible war. Loremaster Yrtle himself fell in battle, beheaded by some clawed fiend of Chaos even as he incinerated it with the fire flashing from his hands. He was buried in Ostermark with all honours.

Saviours of the Empire

Following the Empire's victory in the final battle of the Great War at the very gates of Kislev, the power of Chaos gradually ebbed away. Daemons began to melt back into the Realm of Chaos, helped along by the vicious spells cast at them by Teclis and his Human students. Once the darkness had withdrawn from the land once more, the city of Praag was levelled and rebuilt, though ever afterwards it has remained a haunted city where the dead are said to rest uneasy in their graves.

So it was that the new breed of Magisters was hailed as the saviours of the Empire alongside Magnus himself. For his part, Magnus was made Emperor, and under him the provinces were united under one rule for the first time in centuries. If the Elector Counts of the time had any doubts about installing the dark-eyed minor noble and ex-seminarian to the throne of Emperor, they kept their thoughts to themselves. The people of the Empire had chosen their leader and would not be denied.

— Founding the Colleges of Magic —

Over the next three centuries, 'The Great Reconstruction" as it is known, the Empire worked to rebuild itself following ages of civil war and the destruction meted by the Chaos armies. Even though those Emperors who would follow were shadows of Magnus, a sense of pride and responsibility spread through the land. Altdorf, on Magnus' insistence, revised its citizenry laws adding thousands of new taxpayers to their already impressive populace. With victory against the hordes of Chaos, Magnus ushered in a new era of peace and prosperity.

A New Beginning

Change was everywhere, but none were prepared for what would happen next. Upon his ascension to the throne, Magnus asked Teclis and Finreir to help him create an institution where Imperial citizens might be properly trained in the full secrets of magic and spellcraft. The new Emperor had witnessed firsthand the usefulness of controlled magic driving back the forces of Chaos on the battlefield. He stated the Empire could not allow itself to abandon an asset as valuable as magic, especially in the face of his uncertainty as to whether the forces of Chaos had truly been defeated or just driven back temporarily.

At first, Finreir advised against this, claiming the secrets of magic and spellcraft were not meant for Humans. Humans and Elves had come to blows in the past and would probably do so again. Teclis, however, took a longer view. He reasoned the safety or doom of the Old World lay in the hands of the Humans of the Empire, for their lands were the most populated and they held the greatest kingdoms and mightiest armies on the continent. As even grudging allies to the Elves, the Humans could prove an important safeguard in any future war against the Chaos Gods and their minions. The Elves no longer had the strength to win such a war alone. Even more importantly, Teclis told Finreir, if the Humans were unable to resist the physical and spiritual predations of Chaos, they might also fall to the Dark Gods one day, and what then? Ulthuan, and perhaps even the entire globe, would be finished.

After much private debate on the matter, Teclis' wisdom eventually prevailed, and so he and Finreir founded the Eight Orders of Magic in Altdorf per Magnus' request. For the good of the Empire, Altdorf was chosen as it was close enough to Magnus' seat of power in Nuln for him to keep an eye on the budding Orders, but not so close to him that should they implode they would drag him down with them before he could react.

In the Summer of 2304 IC, Magnus announced that Altdorf would house the new Orders of Magic. Riots erupted on the streets and people fled when the High Elves worked their arts to alter the nature of Altdorf to accommodate the new College buildings. Though people would eventually return, they found their city much as it always was, but also vastly different.

The magic used to alter the fabric of the city made the city unmappable, and 'dorfers were left to navigate its labyrinthine streets by relying on landmarks rather than a sense of direction. This led to further rioting, but martial law ensured the populace, though grudgingly, accepted the new order.

Once established, the new Orders of Magic began courting the Guilds and their leaders. It seemed the Wizards wasted no time in getting involved in the complexities of Altdorf politics. The Grand Prince, who distrusted these new developments, established a separate state of citizenry, the 'Magister,' to curb the growing power, while complex trade laws, voting rights, and rules of land ownership served as a stopgap measure to control the Wizards' alarming influence in the city.

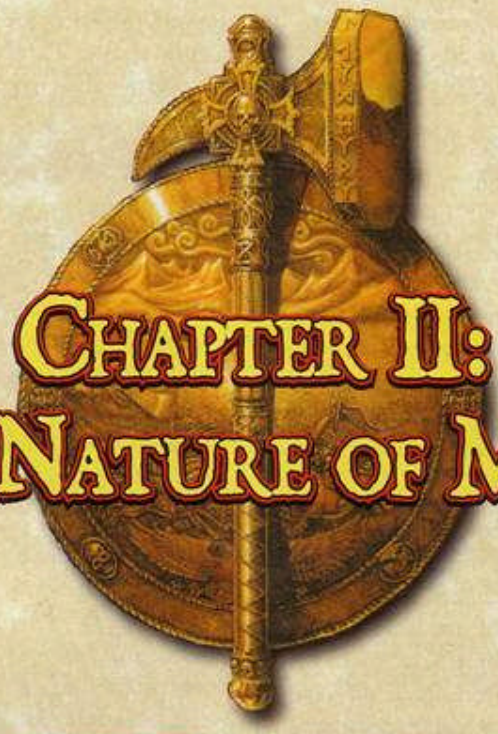
Over the next several years, the Wizards and the nobility of the city jockeyed for control, engaging in a complex dance of negotiation and intrigue. Though with each decade, the Orders carved a little more power for themselves, and even now, it is fashionable among the city's elite to keep a Wizard in their courts. It remains to be seen what the future holds for this impressive political force, for many Wizards have the ears of the most mighty and powerful, moving through all levels of society, unimpeded.

The Colleges Today

Though the initial steps to forestall the Colleges intrusion into imperial society worked, make no mistake, the wizards still retain their interests in the political maneuverings, being sure to stay within the bounds of the laws. Since the first heady days of their founding, Magisters and nobility alike have jockeyed for control, engaging in a complex dance of negotiation and intrigue. And with each decade, the Magisters take a little more power for themselves, expanding their influence at all levels.

Aside from forging a place in the Empire, Wizards have been careful to cultivate their image within the populace. They present themselves as servants of the Empire, and are quick to remind people of their role in saving the Empire from the terrible Chaos Incursion. By painting themselves as heroes, the burnings and widespread intolerance towards their kind has slowed and an atmosphere of acceptance blooms in the cultural centres. In fact, so accustomed are people to the presence of sanctioned Wizards, it is becoming customary for nobles, Empire wide, to keep a Wizard in their courts.

In effect, the Colleges of Magic are fast becoming a major player in the political arenas of Altdorf and beyond. While the Magisters stay above the machinations of ambitious nobles who would profit from the recent difficulties that resulted from the cataclysmic conflict in the north, many suspect that the Magisters employ a vast network of eyes and ears, to watch and listen to the political currents at work. It remains to be seen what the future holds for this impressive political force, for many Wizards have the ears of the most mighty and powerful, moving through all levels of society, unimpeded.



Chapter II: The Nature of Magic

It's been said that the ability to use magic appears in a scant few. Some have even professed that perhaps one of a thousand have this ability, though such numbers are hotly contested and debated by a great many who think they know something of magic. In truth, while magic is pervasive, seemingly everywhere, there are but a few with the resolve, talent, and will to bend the Winds to serve their purposes.

— The Source of Magic —

Wizards are careful to guard the truth of magic's source. The reason is that Wizards really don't know what causes magic. Of course, all Wizards know about the Winds of Magic, but what exactly propels them, from where they originate, and how Wizards tap into this power are all subjects of ceaseless debate. Those amongst the different Orders of Magic who study the theories of magic believe there are no true universal laws within the Aethyr—everything within is subject to sudden, random, and extreme change. Yet when the Aethyr's energy, or magic, leaks into the mortal world from beyond the Northern Wastes it becomes bound by the laws of the mortal universe.

What knowledge there is about the source of magic derives from Teclis and Finreir's teachings. They explained that magic is not part of the mortal world at all. Rather, it is an intrusion, being the very paradoxical stuff of Void. They explained that magic has one ultimate source, a Great Beyond that the most educated of their students, Volans being foremost amongst them, referred to as the Aethrian or the Aethyr. Despite the Human Magisters' inclination to speak of the two differently, the Elven archmages hinted this Aethyr was the Chaos Realm that the priests of the respective Cults of Ulric and Sigmar had always opposed.

The Magisters were deeply disturbed to learn they were in fact playing with pure chaos as their persecutors had so long insisted. Teclis assured his protégés whilst all he had said was true, the priests and clerics of the Empire were still too simplistic in their dogmas. The nature and morality of magic is infinite shades of grey, rather than simple black and white. He told them that although manipulating the Aethyr's energy into spells was not in itself an evil act, or one that would serve the Chaos Gods directly, he also cautioned that the risks of being seduced by the Daemon Gods, or simply warped by the Aethyr's power, were more pronounced for those who utilised the power of Chaos.

The teachers explained raw magic burst into the world far to the north, across the Troll Country and beyond the Chaos Wastes, through a kind of tear in the "fabric" of the mortal plane of existence. There is little documentation outside of a few ambiguous references explaining what Teclis taught concerning this tear, though it seems likely Teclis considered it was enough for the Humans to know that the tear existed and it was the source of all magic in the world.

When magic manifests in the mortal world, it refracts into eight separate, identifiable parts or colours. It's said that these winds blow across the world, towards the equator. The further north one travels, the more potent the magic. Conversely, the further south one travels, the weaker the magic. While called winds, they are not in fact distrubances of air, but rather disturbances

in the Aethyr. Like the air currents of the mortal world, these Winds of Magic ebb and flow, sometimes faintly, and at other times, quite strongly. In fact, when the Winds blow the strongest, they often foreshadow a Chaos Incursion. Whether a link between the Winds of Magic and the tides of the Realm of Chaos exists, who can say?

— The "Winds" of Magic —

There are many conflicting theories among the different Orders of Magic as to why and how the random energies of the Aethyr fall into reasonably consistent laws in the mortal world. Most of those who study the phenomena agree that wherever and whenever the immaterial meets the material, some kind of hybrid of the two is created. When the raw metaphysical stuff of the Aethyr leaks through the Chaos Gates, it becomes perceptible as eight separate aspects to those with the appropriate senses.

The eight separate aspects, made up of different and consistent colours, known to the Imperial Colleges of Magic as the Winds of Magic. These are not literal winds. Rather, they are made up of the immaterial substance of magic, dispersed at different speeds and in different amounts. Each aspect of this refracted magic has an associated colour and is drawn to different things in different ways. Each different "Wind" is associated with different kinds of spellcraft that have their own distinct "flavours."

Although "Winds" is the most widespread term given to them, that name is not necessarily the correct term. The Magister Alchemists of the Gold College often refer to the Winds as the "Aethyric Humours," while the Hierophants of the College of Light sometimes refer to them as the "Paradigms of Magic," or even the "World Dreamings" as the Shaman of the Amber College refer to them. The Winds are experienced in many different ways, both among the sanctioned Magisters of the Empire and amongst wild and untrained spellcasters of the world. Those who study and practice magic know the Winds variously as concepts, moods, vibrations, fluxes, tides, spirits, forces, and colours. Aethyrically sensitive people often "feel" magic in slightly different ways depending on the nature of their particular magical awareness, and will often express their descriptions of magic in terms familiar to their personal experiences and cultures.

Regardless of the differences in personal experience, it is worth noting that the association of specific colours with the Winds of Magic is consistent amongst all traditions of arcane spellcraft. Although those sensitive to magic often perceive the Winds initially in radically different ways, if they survive long enough to hone these perceptions, they will gradually come to "see" the different Winds as possessing distinct and consistent colours.

The Imperial College's system of magic use is powerful, stable and successful when compared alongside any other Human tradition of arcane spellcraft. Its ideas have influenced even non-sanctioned and downright illegal magic users—Hedge Wizards, Witches, Black Magisters, Necromancers, and Warlocks—over the last few centuries.

The Eight Winds of Magic

There are eight separate Winds of Magic, each defining an Imperial College of Magic. As described, Wizards use only one Wind to drive their spells.

Hysh: the White Wind

The magic of this Wind is based within light, including all the uses that light can be put to, and all the abstracts that light sometimes represents to mortals. It could be described as the magic of illumination and enlightenment. The Wind of *Hysh* is used by the Wizards of the Light Order (also known as Hierophants) to create spells of dazzling brilliance, healing and Daemonic banishment. It requires the total focus of will and an absolute determination of mind in order to channel and bind into a spell. *Hysh* is perhaps the most difficult of all the colours of magic to bend to one's will.

More so than any other of the Winds of Magic, *Hysh* is intangible, diffused, and all permeating—making its Lore and study one of the most complicated paths within the Orders of Magic.

The domain of *Hysh* is not so much that of knowledge and facts as those of wisdom and truths—a subtle but important definition. Thus, those that study *Hysh* must first become Philosophers and students of the mind before they may comprehend its true glory. *Hysh* gathers about candles, lanterns, and those of true hearts and natures. It is also attracted to harmonious actions like chanting and singing, and Hierophants are careful to make much use of such good vibrations in their rituals and spells.

Azyr: the Blue Wind

Azyr is said to be a manifestation of the Aethyr's reflection of inspiration and that which is out of reach. The magic of this Wind is based upon knowledge of the unknowable and the manipulation of the skies. This Lore of the Heavens (also known as Astromancy) is practiced by Magisters of the Celestial Order to divine the future and pluck the strands of fate.

Azyr has few temporal boundaries and supposedly reaches into all the possible futures as readily as it floats across physical distances. After passing into the mortal realm, *Azyr* is said to be drawn into the upper portions of the heavens, becoming a haze of eerie cloud, visible only to those who posses witchsight (the ability to actually see the Winds of Magic). This association with the sky gives Celestial Wizards their power over Storms,

As people sensitive to magic, all Magisters will agree the Winds can also be sensed and felt in other ways, from vibrations of varying frequency somewhere deep inside our minds, to acute and distinct emotions, or strange scents, tastes, or other sensations. But with the training that is necessary for us to perceive and use the Winds with utmost care and control, the most Aethyrically sensitive have always also come to see the Winds as the eight colours.

According to the experiences and research of the Colleges, it appears all living creatures have some slight and natural ability to draw upon the Winds. This ability is most often unwitting and has little or no visible effect. When some effect is noticed, it is easily and most commonly put down to such notions as luck, chance, coincidence, or something entirely external and supernatural.

Loremaster Teclis of Ulthuan trained our ancestors in the arcane arts to perceive these colours as they flow across the world, then draw them to ourselves in a controlled manner and bend them to our will. Perhaps, as Magister Volans theorised so long ago, the reason Human Magisters cannot safely utilise magic in the same way and to the same degree as the powerful mages of Ulthuan is because Humans perceive the Winds as separate colours. Human visualisation may be a limitation of our minds. Whatever the case, Teclis, in his wisdom, decreed Imperial spellcasters should limit their experimentations to one of the eight Winds. He perceived our ability to control and contain more than one of the Winds is severely limited. It seems the separate Winds do not join back together easily, and unless the mind and will guiding the magic is both strong and subtle, the magical energies can very easily slip out of control.

Those Human Magisters who have gone against all they have been taught and who have tried to manipulate all of the Winds of Magic together fall into two general groups. The first are comprised almost entirely of those who have had their magical abilities burnt out of them, or who have been stripped of their sanity, or have died in the attempt (or indeed any combination of these three). The second group is those who have had a greater success at spellcasting using more than one of the coloured Winds of Magic. Invariably, the members of this second group are seduced by the Dark Arts, with the resultant acute paranoia and insanity that tends to follow.

Just as Loremaster Teclis taught, channelling and weaving more than one colour of magic into a spell is terribly dangerous. How many sanctioned Magisters of this good Empire have witnessed petty hedge wizards and witches who have over-extended their reach, pulling to themselves a blind mix of several colours of magic in order to power a spell to avoid capture and pacification, only to suffer spontaneous physical mutations or even the inadvertent summoning of a hostile Daemonic entity?

Far too many, I fear.

—Extracted from the introduction to the *Summa Magica*, Penned by various contributors 2503 I.C. printing

flight, and mighty hurricanes. As the Blue Wind blows from the timeless realms of the Aethyr across the distant sky, it supposedly appears as a clouded window through which Azyr's Magisters can predict certain events. It apparently can be sensed by the manner in which the permanent celestial bodies are distorted by the drifting cloud of *Azyr's* impermanent and temporally distorting blue light.

The magic of *Azyr* leads its practitioners to become dreamy and unearthly, with a calm, comparative demeanour. These gentle effects may lead some to believe that the Blue Wind is an easy thing to master—not so, for one glance into the eyes of a Celestial Wizard reveals the burning power of *Azyr* and the terrible foresight it brings. It is this foreknowledge that is the true test of Astromancy, for if you look into the future you must live with what you see.

Chamon: the Yellow Wind

Chamon is a manifestation of the Aethyric abstract and reality of logic, the desire to quantify, the desire and need to learn and instruct, and the wish to implement learning to practical or tangible ends. The Magic of *Chamon* is alchemy, the art and science of transmutation, creation and investigation. Known amongst the Wizards that study *Chamon* as the "Lore of Metal," much of its spells are to do with change—rusting new metal to old, turning one metal into another, or enchanting it to become more effective.

Chamon is supposedly attracted to dense material and particularly metals. It is said the heavier and denser the element, the greater *Chamon's* attraction is to it, which may account partly for the reason why gold and lead are so often used in magical experiments—one as a magical conductor and the other as a magical insulator.

Chamon is also the Wind of logic and experimentation, thus it also grants spells that protect and encourage such—from aiding the student in their experimentation to drawing insanity from the cluttered mind (useful, considering one so often leads to the other). The so-called Gold Wizards who use *Chamon* are affected by this logical bent, becoming rather dry and scientific in their ways, rigid and yet strong. Darker whispers indicate that those who weave *Chamon* can in fact cause their own transmutation, from flesh to gold.

Ghyran: the Green Wind

Ghyran is often described by Imperial Magisters as the Aethyr's momentum towards growth and the need to nourish and be nourished. *Ghyran* is Aethyr's echo and mirror of fertility and the nurturing aspects of mortal life. This brimming energy has

"The Dream of the Wild is found in the hunt of the predator and in the desperate energy of its prey. It speaks in the howl of Brother Wolf and the cry of Brother Eagle. Its touch is not felt upon the walls and turrets of civilised Men, but its growl is felt in the deepest of forests and upon the most jagged of peaks where only the free and wild dwell, and the Truth of Nature is prime, not the Lies of Man."

—Attributed to Setanta Lobas, Magister-Patriarch of the Amber College.

granted the spells of *Ghyran* their title as "The Lore of Life." Concerned with healing, curatives, and the magic of plants, these powerful spells are wielded by the Jade Wizards with great respect. Known by common folk as Druids, these Magisters wax and wane with the seasons as they are closely tied to the land and its spirit—the Wind of *Ghyran*.

Ghyran is said to fall down upon the mortal world in a manner similar to rainfall upon the earth. Those with witchsight claim to be able to see *Ghyran* form into pools and swirling eddies of green magic that gradually form into rivers, flowing across the land like water, though unbound by physical laws. When the Winds of Magic blow most strongly, *Ghyran* flows across the lands like a great tide, sinking into the soil and drawn to the rivers, waterways, lakes, and springs of the mortal world. Its energy is attracted to water particularly and saturates the earth with its life-giving power. It is drawn up through the roots of all plants it comes into contact with, feeding all living things, and encouraging growth.

Ghur: the Brown Wind

Ghur has been called the Aethyr's wild and bestial spirit. *Ghur* is used by the feral Amber Wizards to shape spells of beastcraft and communion. In strange shamanic rites, these Magisters can call *Ghur* into their bodies, allowing it to shape them into wolves and ravens, clawed savages and gentle horse whisperers. It is known as a savage wind, the antithesis of civilisation and domestication, as primal and unreasoning as it is devoid of malice.

Ghur is attracted to animals and wild places in equal measure, retreating from the ordered existence of man and his cities. This is reflected in the misanthropic ways of the Amber wizards—shunning civilization for the wild mountains and moors, when the Wind of *Ghur* blows free.

Aqshy: the Red Wind

Aqshy is the Aethyr's fusion of the experience and notion of passion, in its widest possible sense. Fire in all its forms is the essence of *Aqshy*'s Red Wind. The pyromantic spells of *Aqshy*—known as the Lore of Fire—are among the most powerful and direct spells known to Human Magisters. Bolts of flame, blades of fire and terrible infernos all lie within the power of a Wizard of *Aqshy* (usually known as a Bright Wizard).

Aqshy also holds dominion over the hot emotions: brashness, courage, enthusiasm, dynamism, exuberance, vehemence, aggression, and excitement. This aids the spells of the Bright Order, and also shapes their natures, for *Aqshy* sears and moulds the mind of its Wizards to reflect its own passionate, impulsive nature. Bright Wizards may conjure up courage or a commanding presence with the aid of the Red Wind, but the patience and still wisdom of, say, the Light Order, is beyond them.

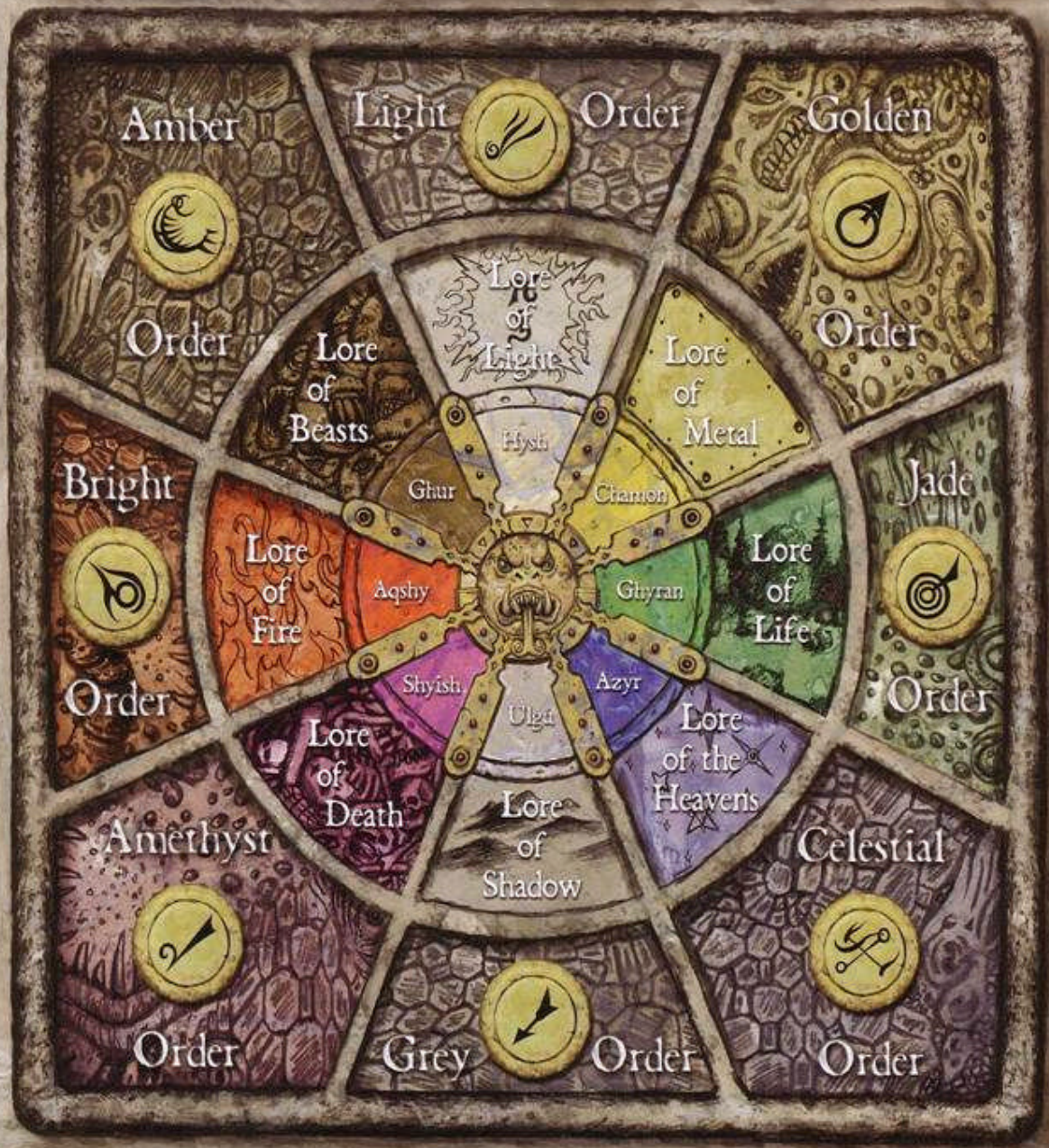
Aqshy tears across the world as a searing wind, felt only by those who are sensitive to magic. It is attracted to passion, argument, excitement, and vehemence; in fact, to any who are experiencing any kind of heat—emotional, physical, or both. Empirical heat

Musings on the Winds

It is an interesting question as to whether the perception of these Winds as eight separate colours is a result of the function of the parts of the mind that perceives it. The separate Winds may not actually have any colour of and in themselves, but the mind is structured in such a way that the separate Winds are interpreted as having specific and consistent colours. Or likewise, the appearance of the Winds as separate colours might be a product of some kind of perceptual conditioning, taught by Teclis of Ulthuan to the more primitive spellcasters of the Empire and then re-affirmed and deepened through the evolving dogmas and expectations of each new generation of Collegiate spellcasters. It might then be the expectations of the Magisters who draw upon the Winds that makes them appear within the mind's eyes to have a specific colour.

Many novices to the Orders of Magic have asked why it should be that Aethyric energy should have any colour at all, especially considering the random and shifting nature of the non-place that spawns it. Over two centuries ago, Magister Patriarch Volans theorised that the reason Humans see the distinct colours of the Winds of Magic is because that is the optimum way Humans perceive them. Perhaps those born with Aethyric senses are inclined to interpret the energy of transmutation visually as distinct colours? It's an interesting train of thought.

The Winds of Magic



"It is a vision of beauty! Of absolute wonder! It is so bright that it burns my mortal eyes as well as my immaterial ones! It shines like mother-of-pearl lit by a thousand suns, scouring me with absolute brilliance and yet filling me with indescribable elation. How tempting it is to reach out for it, to try to grasp it and weave it as I do the purity of Hysh. And yet I know that were I to try, it would be my end, for even gazing upon it with the unseen eyes of my Gift, I am brought low and must close myself off to its glory after but a fleeting moment. How I long to stand for even the shortest time in the body of our great master and mentor, Loremaster Teclis, and be thus enabled to reach out at touch the radiance that is Qhaysh..."

—Extracted from the private journals of Volans, First Supreme Patriarch of the Orders of Magic

seems to draw the Wind of *Aqshy,* agitating it into an aggressive vortex. *Aqshy,* then, could truly be described the flame that warms the heart and lights fires in our bellies.

Ulgu: the Grey Wind

Ulgu is the Aethyr's reflection of and reaction to the experience of being lost or confused. This Wind is full of unseen depths, plots, shadows, and illusion. Grey Wizards weave *Ulgu* into elaborate spells that wreathe them in its mysterious presence. This Lore of Shadows contains spells of darkness, invisibility, shadowy death, and panicked bewilderment.

Ulgu appears to those with witchsight as a thick, impenetrable fog rolling across the earth, invoking a sense of mistrust and confusion in ordinary people who pass through it. *Ulgu* is drawn to the natural mists and fogs of the mortal world, where it hangs upon the quiet chill of the air, wrapping all in smoky shadows. *Ulgu* is also drawn to deceptions, mystery, and illusions. Dawn at an ancient stone circle will likely see strands of *Ulgu* slinking betwixt the monoliths, gradually flowing away as the light of day, and the time of *Hyish,* grips the land.

Ulgu works subtle changes upon those who call upon its powers—rendering them as mysterious, puzzling, and fleeting

High Magic and Tower of Hoeth

In the High Elf Kingdom of Ulthuan, on the eastern shores of the Sea of Dreams lies the realm of Saphery. At the heart of this land is the much fabled White Tower of Hoeth, the shrine of the Elven God of Wisdom of the same name. This is the greatest repository of arcane wisdom in the world, compiled down the millennia by the Tower's Loremasters—the greatest mages and scholars of Ulthuan, and therefore the world—who have dedicated their lives to the pursuit and documentation of knowledge, wisdom, and truth. Built on the orders of the Phoenix King, Bel-Korhadris the Scholar King, more than twenty centuries before the current era, this ivory-white structure thrusts more than a mile into the air above the surrounding forests, a feat made possible only by the incredible magic of Saphery's archmages. The Tower stands at the point of a particular confluence of the coursing magical energies of the Great Vortex, a fact lending the Tower a greater strength than any creation of mere brick and mortar.

The White Tower is visible tens of miles away, a sharp white needle of marble thrusting up into the sky. Its approaches are guarded by rings of illusion and mazes of spells, which mean only those people whom the Loremasters want to approach the Tower may find the true path towards it. It is said that those who seeks wisdom and learning will find it at the Tower, but those who seek power for its own sake will become lost in Hoeth's spell-mazes for the rest of their days.

Here the High Elves learn and study High Magic, the only spellcraft that uses the Winds of Magic in harmony. Teclis, the same mage that helped the Humans of the Empire found the Colleges of Magic, is now the High Loremaster of the White Tower and he presides over some of the mightiest wizards in the world.

High Elves utilize color magic akin to that of the Colleges of Magic, but to them such spells are minor magics taught to apprentices. In other words, the greatest wizards of the Colleges of Magic would be considered but whelps in the Tower of Hoeth. It is for this reason that High Magic is not detailed in *Realms of Sorcery.* Not only is it beyond the scope of most *WFRP* games, it is also impractical for Player Characters in typical campaigns. Those wizards lucky enough to find their way to the White Tower would not be seen outside its walls for decades, so while aspiring to study at there is a great character goal, its achievement would effectively mean the retirement of the character.

GMs who want to feature high magic in their games should use it as a story element. It should be portrayed as both powerful and mystical, something beyond the scope of what most Imperial Magisters can even imagine. Remember that the aid of only three High Elf mages in the Great War Against Chaos was a priceless gift to Magnus the Pious and absolutely crucial in the enemy's defeat.

as the spells that they call upon. The Grey Order of Wizards use this to their own unknowable ends, acting, hopefully, for the greater good beneath the veil of shadows *Ulgu* provides. It is hard to remember the face of a Grey Wizard—harder still to track his steps. Those that have tried have returned confused, moon-struck, or occasionally dead.

Shyish: the Purple Wind

Shyish is the Aethyr's manifestation of the passage of time and of the certainty of endings and death. *Shyish* is also like the immaterial mirror of all trepidation in the face of the unknown, and all sentient life's fear and terrible awe of death. *Shyish* is also an embodiment of reverence and respect—of the aura that mortals project onto those things they consider sacred or special.

Shyish is formed by the realisation of the transience of life, of memories of days gone by, of mortal acceptance of the day that is currently lived, and of longing for the days that may come. Indeed, *Shyish* is the murky place where all these concepts meet.

Shyish is sometimes described as a puppet of the passage of time. It blows from the past, because the past has ended and is gone, through the present, because endings and the expectation of death are intrinsic parts of the living of life, and into future, for the future leads inevitably towards endings and death. Some have equated *Shyish* with destiny, for it doesn't control what was, is, or shall be, but instead permeates and reflects these things with absolute intimacy.

Shyish blows strongest wherever death must be faced or endings take place. It is drawn to battlefields where men must embrace or submit to their deaths; soldiers must accept the possibility of their own demise as part of their daily life. *Shyish* lingers around the gibbets of execution and hangs in the silence of graveyards where mourners gather in longing and reminiscence. It is said to be strongest in times of most obvious transition—at dawn and dusk, for one is the end of night, and the other is the end of day. Its times are Spring and Autumn, as well as the Summer and Winter equinoxes, which mark the longest and shortest days of the year and therefore the beginning of the end for each of the seasons.

— Combining the Winds of Magic —

For the most part, those seeking mastery over all the Winds of Magic are doomed to madness or destruction. Humans lack the mental might to blend the different Winds and so explore fragments of True Magic, always paling before the might and majesty of the Elven Wizards. Still, there are ways to tap magic in its rawest form. Dark Magic offers the unschooled and the reckless the means to achieve great power at a greater cost.

High Magic

High Magic, also called True Magic, is the art of using all of the Winds of Magic. Exclusive to High Elves, spells from High Magic are powerful, beyond the ken of Human minds and Human ability. In fact, the spells Teclis taught the Human Wizards were but minor spells of True Magic. Teclis' Human students revealed they lacked the finesse at manipulating anything more complicated than what could be achieved through a single Wind. The reason is because High Elves are better suited to sensing the ebb and flow of the Winds of Magic better than any other race, anticipating dangerous changes before they occur.

The Use of Qhaysh

Spells using Qhaysh use elements of many or all the Winds of Magic at once. High Magic is far more versatile than all other forms of magic, and spells woven from it are certainly among the most powerful, as well as being amongst the most difficult to cast. The great Mages of Ulthuan can balance all the different Winds of Magic they channel directly into a spell, ensuring there is little or no magical leakage. The archmages and Loremasters of Ulthuan have mastered the art of grasping and refining the separate Winds of Magic and weaving them so finely and so carefully that they can create spells of flawless and massively powerful effect. This balancing and precisely measured use of the Winds of Magic is Qhaysh, or High Magic, as used by Ulthuan's mages, and is the most potent form of magic and spellcraft.

While High Magic is a potent force in the Old World, it is beyond the means of most characters to ever attain. Elf Wizards adventuring in the Old World work towards mastering the fundamentals of magic and those who do return to Ulthuan to be ushered into the teachings of True Magic, spending decades, if not centuries in study and meditation.

Dark Magic

Untrained, unknowing, or irresponsible magic users who do not care or have the ability to develop the incredible sharpness of mind required to weave Qhaysh from the Winds of Magic may choose a more direct, immediate, and dangerous path for their spellcraft. Such spellcasters may channel all available magic around them into their spells, regardless of the different parts in the surrounding environment, and focus it into a far less specific spell. Such spellcraft is less spell construction and more abrupt acts of absolute will. Those who wield magic in this way do not carefully sculpt and tweak the Winds of Magic so much as simply grab the Winds and force them into the effect required through harsh and bloody-minded determination. This form of magic is called Dhar, or Dark Magic.

High Magic and Dhar

In the Old World, High Magic is not a thing in its own right, like any of the separate eight Winds of Magic. It is instead the process of using the Winds of Magic in a balanced, focussed, and safe way.

In a similar manner Dark Magic—or Dhar—is usually the result of careless, instinctive, and grasping use of multiple Winds of Magic. It is manifested through most hedge wizards and witches (who don't really have a clear understanding of the energies they use) as an unbalanced, unfocussed, and dangerous mash of elements from all the Winds of Magic in a particular area. It is turned into a rudimentary (though often quite powerful) spell through the self-belief and force of will of the caster.

To be this clear-cut, however, is not in keeping with the nature of magic, thus there are reversals to this law of logic. Of these, True Dhar, or true Dark Magic or Black Magic, is the most terrifying and dangerous. This vile force is a thing in its own right—it is Dhar that has come into existence by itself. It is elements of all the Winds of Magic crushed together and stagnated. This perverted magic can be deliberately drawn upon by powerful and often megalomaniacal beings to charge immensely powerful and dangerous spells.

The spells forged from Dhar are like a club wielded by a Norscan raider, crude, terrifying, and apt to strike down anyone and anything in an indiscriminate manner. By way of contrast, the spells of High Magic are like the arrows of the High Elves—precise and awesomely effective. The foul magic created through the use of True Dhar are quite unlike either of these two forces. To use Dark Magic to accomplish your aims is akin to throwing down all conventional arms and summoning a Daemon of Chaos to slaughter your enemies.

Dark Elves and Dark Magic

Dark Elves choose to use True Dhar because it requires more will and absolutism to wield than High Magic, which requires tranquillity, focus, and patience. At the bidding of the insane Witch King himself, the Dark Elves have bent all their arcane knowledge to creating throughout Naggaroth an environment where True Dhar can form more easily than almost anywhere else in the world. If there is little or no True Dhar in their vicinity, then Dark Elf sorcerers like Malekith and Morathi are able to channel and crush together all the Winds of Magic, focussing them perfectly to create an entirely intentional manifestation of Dhar that they can utilise as they please.

Dark Magic is similar to High Magic in that it blends the various aspects of many different Winds, but it differs in that it is corrupted, polluted even. Where Colour Magic and True Magic are controlled, Dark Magic is wild and unpredictable, crudely drawing on a number of winds, often pulling too much, resulting in terrible and unexpected side effects.

Spells of Dark Magic are potent because they use all available magical energy in an area. But this also releases a lot more unguided and partially activated magical residue into the material world. This undirected magical residue can manifest itself in all sorts of unwanted ways and with often unintended side effects. The side effects can manifest as summoning of Aethyric entities, physical mutations, or psychological alterations.

True Dhar

But Dark Magic can form of its own volition through Human spellcraft. Collecting in bleak places, near lodes of warpstone or corrupted lands, it is this form that many of the Orders of Magic refer to as True Dhar. Dhar that forms by itself is the most terrifying and dangerous of all Aethyric energy manifest upon the mortal plane.

Like the eight individual Winds of Magic, True Dhar is separate and exists outside of mortal interference. Dhar is a careless mix of all the colours of magic in an area, used for maximum and swiftest effect. True Dhar, however, is not just the process of using the pure colours of magic in an unbalanced way; instead, it's an independently existent stagnant pool of all the Winds of Magic. True Dhar, then, is perhaps best described as the result of all the colours of magic in a particular area swirling and merging together under the pressure of physical reality, coagulating and stagnating in a metaphysical sense. Within True Dhar, none of the eight colours of magic retain any independent identity.

Theories on Formation

Although those who study this heinous form of magic regard it as a kind of corruption of settled and undisturbed magic, they are not absolutely certain as to how it forms, even if they feel certain as to the why. The most popular theory, presented by the combined works of the Light and Gold Colleges, is that just as there are areas of the mortal world where the Winds of Magic are particularly dynamic, and there are also areas where the Winds of Magic cease to blow regularly but where the Great Vortex of Ulthuan doesn't touch strongly enough. In these areas of isolation, the colours of magic slowly combine

into immaterial pools. It is in these areas where True Dhar is thought to begin forming by a process that could be described as Aethyric stagnation.

This darkest magic could be described as magical energy that has become trapped within particular parts of the mortal world where it cannot leak out or be stirred up by either the Great Vortex or the Aethyric Winds and has lost its creative vitality. True Dhar could be seen as Aethyric energy that smothers physical things, breaking them down into their component parts, only to crush them into a new form. Once this true Dark Magic has formed, no amount of agitation or use can ever purify it again—it remains perpetually soured, dark, and destructive.

The Substance of Destruction

While a Magister might argue that mortal-engineered Dark Magic is no more evil than High Magic is good, True Dhar, on the other hand, could be seen as something that is almost entirely bent towards deconstructing, suppressing, and dominating physical things. However, by mixing Dark Magic with other Winds, various darker methods of magic are produced, such as what results when Shyish and other Winds are blended to create Necromancy.

True Dhar is said to be drawn to those beings who seek ill towards other beings or the world at large. True Dhar promotes an absolute vision of destruction and dominance where other magic promotes cycles of extreme adaptation and creation. This means that Dhar and True Dhar are the most destructive of all Aethyric forces, used knowingly by only the most power hungry or insane spellcasters—like the Druchii (Dark Elves) or perhaps the greatest practitioners of Necromancy.

The Price of True Dhar

But the price of tapping into True Dhar is high indeed, for not only is it just as hard to use and focus into a spell as is True Magic, but it is also far more likely to consume the one who uses it. To those with witchsight unfortunate enough to have witnessed it, True Dhar is said to flow like sluggish tar, and any being it is drawn to will have their minds and souls slowly drown in its black and sticky depths. Where High Magic is the

combined magical energy of several Winds used with a total tranquillity of mind, an acute sensitivity of will, and focus of intention, and where mortal-created Dhar is multiple Winds of Magic used without subtlety, determination, and often blind self-belief, True Dhar is very different indeed.

True Dhar must be actively wrestled into shape, requiring supreme strength of mind, a megalomaniacal self-confidence, and an absolutism of will and purpose that only Humans of true or borderline insanity could ever hope to posses. Even the most sane and balanced person exposed long enough to the malign energy of True Dhar will become psychotic, absolutely self-obsessed, and completely uncaring of other living creatures.

— Earthbound Magic —

Each of the Winds of Magic flows around the world. Their powers and influences wax and wane in strength as they move, depending upon what they come into contact with. Each of these Winds disperses in a subtly different way from the others, some quickly and thickly, others slowly over wide areas. They are often drawn to or repelled by different things, sometimes creating hotspots of magic (like the Athel Loren), and other times creating null-zones where there is almost no magic at all.

Whatever their patterns of dispersal, the Winds of Magic permeate and are absorbed into almost everything in the world with which they come into contact. The degree of this absorption and its effect varies hugely depending on the particular Wind in question and the object or thing it is permeating.

Living tissue can absorb considerable amounts of Aethyric energy, while other materials (sometimes lead, others obsidian) are magical nulls. So with this exception, almost everything that the Winds of Magic touch is saturated by their power to some degree or another, creating an ambient hum of magic everywhere in the Old World.

The closer one travels towards the Chaos Wastes and the source of the Winds of Magic, the greater this saturation becomes, and the more obvious its effects upon the mortal world. Mutation is rife amongst creatures and plants. Nature itself is warped and changed and the very physical laws that govern reality begin to break down. Worst by far, the more magically saturated the environment, the more frequent and profound are the physical manifestations of various Chaos Realm entities. The further one travels from the world's poles towards equatorial regions, the weaker the ambient hum of magic becomes.

There is no upper limit on the amount of magic a physical thing can be saturated with. A tree could absorb a certain degree of magical energy without any noticeable effect, but if this absorption continued, the tree would start to manifest supernatural traits. It may start to produce fruit or flowers where it never had before. In time, these fruits and blossoms might become endowed with diverse magical properties. If the level of magic in the area continues to increase, and the tree absorbs more magical energy than it loses to the suction of the Great Vortex, it might start to manifest even wilder supernatural traits like mobility or even self-awareness. Eventually, the tree will start to lose any stable physical coherence and dissolve into a churning mass of constantly shifting matter and energy.

This does not mean everything the Winds of Magic touch has the capacity to store magic indefinitely. All magic leaks slowly out of all things as it is drawn away by the Great Vortex in Ulthuan. This Vortex is the only thing that stops the world from becoming so saturated with magic that it becomes an extension of the Chaos Wastes, or even just a wider portal to the Aethyr itself. The reason the northern Chaos Wastes remain eternally warped and bizarre is because the Winds of Magic blow so strongly and consistently there, perpetually renewing the amounts of magical energy that saturate the environment far more quickly than the Vortex can draw away.

While there is no maximum quantity of magic that a mundane object might be able to contain, there is no guarantee that the permeating magic will stay until tapped into by a magic user. The magic permeating something can drift/leak/be drawn away by a proximity to leylines, henges, and the Great Vortex. The level of magic left in most physical objects, areas, and things will gradually lessen if the Winds do not blow over and through them regularly.

Only items that have been especially prepared and manufactured by skilful Magisters or Runesmiths are able to store magic safely for any length of time. Indeed this is the whole basis of runecraft and what makes it so special—it can attract and store the Winds of Magic with excellent stability and for long periods. With mundane things like grass or rocks, magic can drift out just as easily as it drifts in. Runes, on the other hand, are designed to store magic within the item they are carved upon. The runes only release the magic under the direction of the wielder and only according to the parameters of the runes storing the magic.

Because mundane things like grass generally have a very low ambient saturation of magic, it is exceedingly difficult for a magic user to draw enough energy out from them to power anything but the most minor of spells. Additionally, once ambient magic has been drawn out of the surrounding environment (as opposed to directly from the Winds themselves), it takes a while for that mundane object to be re-saturated.

Waystones and Leylines

In the centuries following the creation of the Vortex, the people of Ulthuan set about restoring and extending the network of massive menhirs and obelisks that criss-crossed their island continent and all the continents of the world. The best guess is the first of these lines of obelisks had been erected by the near-mythic Old Ones countless millennia before as both a means of travelling across the world in an instant and also to manage the trickles of magic they had used to shape the world to their design. These various obelisks (referred to most commonly as Waystones, although they are also referred to as Fay Stones, Elf Stones, and many others) lay upon fault-lines in reality, either natural or somehow created by the interference of the Old Ones. After the first war against Chaos and the disappearance of Aenarion and Caledor, the Elves harnessed these Leylines to act as an aid and focus for the Great Vortex itself. Aethyric energy was already drawn to these Leylines to power the Old Ones' network of minor portals. The Elves took it upon themselves to study and alter the Leylines so that would act as a kind of boost for the Vortex they had created—the energy drawn to them redirected towards Ulthuan and the Great Vortex.

In time, the Dwarf Kingdoms learned from the Elves of the Great Vortex and the nature of the lines of Aethyric power that criss-crossed the world. They were still recovering from the horrific predations of Chaos and were gaining an understanding of the vital importance of draining magic out of the world. The Dwarfs used their own considerable understanding of how to bind magic to objects through runecraft to extend and improve the Waystone network. The Elves and Dwarfs erected many thousands more Waystones across the world along existing Leylines, connecting to and enhancing the stones and lines created by the Old Ones. In time, these hybrid lines of Old Ones, Elf, and Dwarf arcane artisanship came to be the focus of truly massive amounts of magical energy and became integral to Ulthuan's Vortex system.

Much later, the savage tribes of Humans that had begun to migrate across the Old World came to believe that the Waystones (or Ogham as they referred to them) had been placed by Gods and spirits. They began to erect their own crude standing stones in mimicry of the more ancient ones. Many of these stones were little more than markers of great battles or the resting places of chieftains. There were many others that the early Humans, sensitive to the flows of magic, erected over existing lines of power, or places contaminated by warpstone and so on. Most of these Human-built stones and Henges were endowed with great religious significance and were often places of meeting, worship, and sacrifice.

To this day, from continent to continent the majority of these obelisks and the Leylines they rest upon draw the Winds of Magic into themselves, then guide these energies in a great spiral towards Ulthuan and the Vortex. Throughout history, magic users of all kinds have both wittingly and instinctively built their dwellings along these lines of Aethyric power. Many places of great arcane disturbance can be found where two or more of these lines intersect. These intersections form important hub points, or Henges, in the Ogham network, where several different Leylines will meet and the flows of magic will join and be focussed through an even larger line. Although they can be found across the mortal realms, the greatest concentration of Henges in the Old World can be found in the foothills of Karak Eight Peaks, within Athal Loren and the Laurelorn Forest, and all across the misty isle of Albion—where the word "Ogham" is said to originate.

Ulthuan is the destination and focal point for all the channelled magic that is drawn along the world's many Leylines. It is also the destination for the raw Winds of Magic

Upon the Mortal Plane the potential for change from one state to another is locked within every single thing that exists. Yet within this realm, bound as it is by Natural Law, potential is limited along relatively specific lines—an acorn can grow only into an oak, not a bird. But magic can change all of this. For magic, by its very nature, picks apart the natural laws of the Mortal Plane, and this is, I believe, because it is the force of raw potential itself. With magic flowing through it, an acorn could grow and change into almost anything, as it is saturated with the momentum of boundless potential.

Yet everything that enters and exists upon the Mortal Plane is surely bound to some degree by its laws and restrictions, even the broiling potential that is magic. As the wholly inexplicable forces of the Aethyr seep into this world, loose purpose and form is somehow forced upon it, refracting it into eight distinct humours—although precisely how and why this might happen I do not yet know. Those blessed and cursed with the Aethyric vision can see this energy as layered mists of colour, building into boiling, turbulent clouds and multihued storms or rivers where the barriers between the Aethyr and Mortal Plane are particularly tenuous, as indeed it is far to the north around the Chaos Wastes.

—Extracted from *A Modest Treatise into the Nature of Magic*.
Penned by the late Gotthilf Puchta Patriarch of the Gold College

that blow across the known world from the Northern Wastes. As a result, Ulthuan is the focus of titanic amounts of magical energy, as the Winds of Magic and the focussed magic of the Leylines converge upon its shores and gradually form into the Great Vortex itself before draining out of the world and back into the Aethyr. Should the Waystone and Leyline network be damaged enough, the fine balance of energies may well collapse and consume Ulthuan in a holocaust of raw power, turning it into another Realm of Chaos.

Corrupting the Waystones

Magic users of all kinds choose to build their temples, residences, and laboratories above intersections in the Waystone network where they can tap into some or all of the facets of magic flowing through them. Part of the arcane genius of the Leylines is that they keep the Winds of Magic concentrated and flowing in a dynamic fashion. A Magister of the Order of Light would be able to tap into and draw upon the energies of *Hysh* far more easily as it is focussed along a Leyline.

Leylines are also a very attractive prospect for those that draw upon mixes of the colours of magic, either in the clean form of High Magic or in the dangerous form of Dark Magic, because all colours are present as they flow along the Leylines. Certain powerful and entirely corrupted warlocks and necromancers have found ways to corrupt the Leylines as they pass through Henges. If the exit path of magic entering the Henge can be blocked or destroyed, then the magic flowing into the Henge will be trapped within the stone circle itself, unable to move onward and unable to leak out into the atmosphere unless tapped into directly by a magic user. Such a thing is terrible, for not only does it risk destabilising the delicate balance of the Great Vortex, but it also means that the magic contained within the Henge will gradually combine and stagnate into that most dangerous of all Aethyric energy, Dhar.

Whilst there are some naturally occurring areas that lead to the combination and stagnation of magic into True Dhar, these areas tend to be flukes and are generally temporary, lasting anywhere from just a couple years to a couple of centuries. However, if a Henge can be corrupted, magic continues to flow into it indefinitely, never leaving unless actively drawn out by a spellcaster. This would mean that the Henge would have an ever-growing and ever more stagnant and destructive supply of Dhar, killing all life within proximity to the Henge and perhaps even coalescing slowly over the millennia into Warpstone.

This kind of Henge is truly a necromancer's dream. It is magic (or soul fire) trapped wholly upon the mortal plane and yet cut off from the flows of magic and the dictates of the Aethyr's denizens. That is, energies unable to wildly warp and mutate the physical world around because of its containment.

All sanctioned and sane Magisters in the Old World and beyond will do everything they can to prevent the corruption of the Waystone network and its Henges, even if most of them do not perfectly understand how the lines work. In fact, it is not unknown for Magisters on official College business, or even marching to war with the force to which they have been seconded, to delay or suddenly abandon their mission if faced with the horror of a magically blocked or corrupted Henge. The Magisters may attempt to destroy the Henge altogether—though Elven mages would look upon such an endeavour as insane and even more dangerous than leaving the Henge corrupted. An Elven mage would not stop working until the Henge returned to normal.

Warpstone

Warpstone is solidified magic and is a hideously dangerous substance. Although it is solid and has density, mass, and dimension, Warpstone is not made of any of the elements of physical existence. It is entirely its own thing. The Orders of Magic believe that if left undisturbed in an area long enough, Warpstone, like magic, undergoes a transformation from the pure substance in first appears as, to an even more destructive and dangerous tainted form. Warpstone is rare and important because it is the bridge between the material and the immaterial—it is a stuff of both pure magic, and physical existence.

The extraordinarily rare substance of Warpstone was discovered by the Empire and was given the nickname "Wyrdstone" after the destruction of Mordheim by a large meteorite of the stuff around five centuries ago.

In Warpstone, all the colours of magic become temporally and physically manifest in such a way that any sentient creature can see it, touch it, and utilise its power simply by holding it or standing near to it and concentrating. But Warpstone is incredibly dangerous because it actually leaks magic into the surrounding environment, saturating everything around it with its energy.

This saturation manifests in the forms of spontaneous mutation, the warping of solid forms, the manifestation of dreams, memories, fears, various psychoses, and other random and supernatural happenings. In this way, the effects of the physical presence of Warpstone are the same as the ill effects that come from using Dark Magic, only much more acute. The presence of Warpstone always causes these manifestations, unless stored in a thick magically null box or some other magically null container.

No one is entirely sure how Warpstone came into existence. One theory offered by the Loremasters of Hoeth suggests Warpstone was a substance first created by the pre-historic Old Ones to power their inexplicable arcane devices, like the Chaos Gates. The Loremasters theorise that when whatever catastrophe overtook the Old Ones, the great power source was ejected from its place between both the material and immaterial universes.

Pure Warpstone, then, is thought to be all the Winds of Magic made into a solid with an extremely random and dangerous influence over all things it touches. In addition to leaking magic into the environment, Warpstone actually draws the Winds of Magic to itself so they swirl around it like a mini-vortex. Depending on the size, age, nature, and positioning of a chunk of Warpstone it can play all manner of tricks upon those with witchsight. Some Wizards have reported becoming blinded by the foul rock, while others claim the substance causes ripples in their visions.

Once Warpstone comes to rest upon the mortal world, it attracts to itself the Winds of Magic, sucking them into its core and crushing them together. The longer this goes on, the more dangerous and tainted the Warpstone becomes. The Golden Order regards Warpstone that has sat upon or within the mortal world for any length of time as tainted and increasingly dangerous. Such ancient and tainted Warpstone (as was used by Nagash the Black during his blasphemous experimentations so many millennia ago) cannot create any effect other than ones that are destructive or dominating in nature.

The longer Warpstone resides on the mortal world, the more it absorbs and crushes the Winds of Magic into itself, in essence becoming solidified Dhar instead of solidified High Magic. Such ancient and tainted Warpstone may have less facility to work bizarre and wondrous miracles than it would to manifest horrific and hideous change or mutation. Ancient Warpstone is very bad news and is sought after and used only by the most powerful and insane Human magic users. Terrible immortals and semi-immortals like vampires and Dark Elves, or the Chaos mutants known as Skaven, also pursue Warpstone for their own wicked ends. However, whether freshly arrived upon the mortal world in the form of a meteorite or whether it has rested deep in a mountain for millennia, Warpstone is best avoided at all costs.

Availability of Warpstone (a.k.a. Wyrdstone)

Although there is a reasonably high demand for the stuff, Warpstone (or Wyrdstone as is its more common name throughout the Empire) is amongst the rarest and most staggeringly valuable substances in the world. The chance of finding some is very slim. The most common reason that some misguided fool would seek Warpstone has to do with the legends dating back to the time of the destruction of Mordheim that claim Warpstone can serve as a catalyst in the transmutation of base metals into gold. This possible usage for the stones has become the primary obsession of those who seek it, for many are willing to pay princely sums for stones that will make them an even larger fortune.

There are those who continue to seek the stones for their more arcane uses. Each and every one of the Imperial Colleges teaches this is a fool's gambit, being exceedingly dangerous and distracting from the study of true and constructive magic. Wyrdstone is raw and uncontrolled magic, and few who seek to

High Elves and Power Stones

The mages of Ulthuan have been creating stones of solidified magic for millennia. Their abilities at doing so far surpass anything that Human Magisters could hope to duplicate. Elven power stones are absolutely flawless and can be of almost any size. The enchanted sword that Loremaster Teclis forged for himself at the time of the last Great Chaos Incursion is fabled to have had eight such gems upon it; one for each of the Winds of Magic. Only such a powerful Elven archmage as Teclis would be able to unlock the power of such a weapon without causing great harm to himself.

use it do not learn to fear its power instead. For every folktale of a harvest that doubled, there are two about the harvests that rotted in the field when exposed to the strange glow of the stones. For every tale of a dog that learned to speak amusing anecdotes like a man, there are many darker tales of animals that turned into gruesome and savage man-beasts. The tales of magical healings are mixed with many of mutation and death brought on by exposure to the stones.

Other Magic Stones

Although Warpstone is forbidden by law and tradition of the Colleges of Magic, this has not stopped many of the Colleges experimenting with ways to store amounts of pure magic for future usage. Although every one of the Colleges practice some form of runecraft, Human Magisters are far from expert in the ways of binding magic to items through means of runes. Unlike the Dwarfs, Human runecraft tends to have a limited effect and lifespan, and so is not therefore the best way to store large amounts of magical energy.

It was the Golden Order that first theorised power from a single Wind of Magic could be isolated and forced under an intense and artificial pressure, making it into a tangible "stone" of that colour of magic. This stone would not have the raw and dangerous power of Warpstone, as it would only posses the powers and predilections of one of the strands of magic, not all of them. It would be of manageable power and not blinding to Magisters.

It was the third Patriarch of the Golden Order, Magister Patriarch Theodor Habermas, who first succeeded in devising a way to fold a strand of Yellow Magic in upon itself again and again, somehow imposing physical laws upon it, until eventually is became like a glistening yellow mist, then a sparkling yellow liquid, then eventually a kind of semi-translucent golden stone that shone with an inner light. The properties of this stone were marvellous, for it could be used in different quantities as a reagent for any alchemical experiment, and could also be used to power certain devices and magical implements used by the Magister Alchemists of the Golden Order.

The Philosopher's Stone

Patriarch Habermas regarded the stone he had created as the ultimate facilitator of the studies of his Order, and so named it the Philosopher's Stone. Since that time, all kinds of wondrous capabilities have been ascribed to the Philosopher's Stones of the Golden Order, including an ability to turn base material into gold and even grant immortality. These stories are patent exaggerations, but this has not kept privately studying alchemists from trying to

Table 2–1: Power Stones of the Colleges of Magic

The magical stones of power that the Imperial Colleges very rarely manage to produce for their own usage have many different names. Here follow some of the most commonly used:

Stone Name	Wind	Magic College
True Sapphires	Azyr	Celestial College
Endstones	Shyish	Amethyst College
Ghost Amber	Ghur	Amber College
Lumen Stones	Hysh	College of Light
Fire Rubies	Aqshy	Bright College
Goldstone	Chamon	Gold College
Crystal Mist	Ulgu	Grey College
Vitaellum	Ghyran	Jade College

reproduce the Philosopher's Stone using non-magical alchemical means alone—an impossible and fruitless venture.

Such is the power of the stories surrounding the Philosopher's Stone that the Golden Order now refer to compressed nuggets of yellow magic as 'Goldstones' instead.

Over the centuries since the Patriarch's breakthrough, leading Magisters of other Colleges have found ways of achieving the same end with the other Winds of Magic. The Bright College has managed to find a way of compressing Aqshy into what it calls Fire Rubies, which they have been known to set into rings, staffs, and the hilts of weapons along with an activation rune. These items are amongst the most powerful, destructive, and rare items in the Old World, as are any and all magic items produced by the Colleges of Magic.

Creating the Power Stones

Each College has its own way of creating stones of power like those mentioned above, though the basic principle of doing so is one of imposing physical laws onto a small fragment of a Wind of Magic. It is important to note that only the most powerful and experienced Magisters of the Orders can even attempt to create stones of power. They do so only rarely as it is one of the most exacting and exhausting endeavours that a Magister can embark upon. The complex rituals and processes involved in doing so take anywhere from weeks to months. As a result, very few items would have such a stone attached to it, and only full Magisters (Master Wizards) and Wizards Lords would be likely to posses one. For more details on Power Stones, see **Chapter Seven: Magical Tools**.

— The Study and Use of Magic —

Magic saturates everything in the mortal world to varying degrees and has done so for countless millennia. As a result, most of the races that exist have evolved alongside magic and with magic permeating the very fabric of their beings.

Magical Aptitude

In theory, every living being is touched by magic whether they know it or not. Those who manage to touch the Winds of Magic back, utilising its power, tend to do so subconsciously. Such people are not even so powerful or focused as Hedge Wizards, but they may be more lucky at playing dice, or the opposite, existing under a cloud of perpetual bad luck.

In simple terms, just as almost any Human may learn how to swing a sword, almost any Human could, with enough time and effort, be trained to perceive the Winds of Magic as they blow down from the distant north. The further north one travels, the more likely it is that the Human inhabitants of the region will be able to perceive the Winds. However, just as not everyone has the same aptitude for swordplay or soldiering, so too not everyone has the same aptitude for magic use and spellcraft. In fact, very few people possess such an aptitude. Although any Human can theoretically be trained to perceive, if not use, the Winds of Magic to some degree, this is a little known fact—if it is known at all. With incredibly few exceptions, the only people who go on to study magic or practice spellcraft are those who have demonstrated an uncommonly advanced magical sensitivity or have manifested supernatural powers, intentionally or otherwise.

A large part of the reason that there are comparatively so few Magisters of any skill within the Empire is perhaps due to the sheer complexity involved in casting anything but the most minor spells. Very few Humans ever even dream that they might have an aptitude for magic and spellcraft in the first place, because they sense nothing of the Winds of Magic. If they do, they are told they are mad because of the strange flickering colours they see and strange sensations they feel. Most who are sensitive but without direction may begin to doubt their sanity. Very few people who suspect they might have an affinity for magic would ever choose to admit it to themselves, let alone anyone else.

The Difficulties of Using Magic

Spellcraft is as much an art as are sculpting or painting. It is a terribly involved and intensive academic study that requires from its student the ability to think laterally, to have considerable skills of reasoning and a superb memory. Only the most mentally agile and naturally talented individuals who are also dedicated and driven to the pursuit of excellence ever have the patience to become even mediocre Magisters. These few view the study and use of magic and spellcraft as an obsession or almost priestly vocation, not just a career choice.

Even the poorest Human soldier can be handed a sword, and they will know that they must hold the hilt to swing the sharp edges of the blade. Yet with magic, it is not obvious to those who do not fully understand the Winds what constitutes dangerous and safe activities. In all matters of arcane magic and spellcraft, one must know exactly what to do to avoid some kind of dangerous fallout. Even the slightest miscalculation in grasping magic can result in mutilation, mutation, insanity, or death.

Using magic is like trying to grasp a naked, razor-sharp blade that is alive in some way, thrashing and twisting in one's hands from the moment it is grasped. Everyone would have the potential to learn how to hold such a blade, but only the very strongest, determined, and naturally dextrous would keep their fingers long enough to be able to put any theories of how to use it into practice.

Learning how to manipulate magic safely is nothing if not hazardous.

The Aethyric Senses

In addition to the usual five senses of sight, scent, touch, taste, and hearing, there are three further types of senses all trained Magisters possess and other untrained people might posses in some way. These senses are those that allow a Human to become aware of the unseen world, the immaterial world, which magic occupies. Although the senses can be sporadic and fleeting in some untrained magic users, sometimes giving a strong effect and sometimes giving none at all, no magic user can simply turn them off. The more training a magic user has in the arcane arts, the clearer these senses become, and the harder it is to ignore them.

Intuition or Aethyric Attunement

Intuition is the simplest and most common of the Aethyric senses. It is also the most easily ignored. Although everyone feels it from time to time, most shrug it off as foolish or irrelevant. However, intuition is the most commonly observed gateway of Humans to all Aethyric sensitivity. Aethyric Attunement is a very real form of Aethyric awareness. Chances are if a person experiences a sudden flash of unexpected insight, gets goose bumps, or shivers though the day is warm, then that is probably a demonstration of an intuitive response to some kind of activity in the Winds of Magic.

Intuition is the sixth sense. It is the ability to feel the Winds of Magic. Whether it is refined and developed or not, it is an individual's inborn ability to sense the various movements, disturbances, and "flavours" of the Winds of Magic as they move around or through that individual. Very few people who feel these otherwise intangible movements of magic know or understand what they are feeling or know it is due to an immaterial force external to themselves, rather than just some passing feeling brought on by indigestion or lack of sleep. Intuition is most often mistaken for some feeling other than what it is—the perception of the Winds of Magic.

The more developed it is, the more likely one will be able to feel when a spell is being cast or some other Aethyric disturbance occurs. However, just because this person can feel the spell being cast, it does not mean he knows what is happening—he knows only something is happening.

Commonplace intuition is the Sixth Sense Talent and does not signify a noticeable ability with or awareness for magic. However, in some people this sense is more highly developed, perhaps by some freak of nature or because of the particular psychology, beliefs, or personality of the individual. When this is the case, this heightened intuition is expressed as the Aethyric Attunement talent.

Depending on the experience of the magic user, Aethyric Attunement can manifest itself as anything from a faint shiver when the PC is in proximity to a magical object or someone casting a spell, to a very specific physical and/or emotional reaction that is dependent upon the strand of magic being used. For instance, when in proximity to *Aqshy*, PCs with Aethyric Attunement might become restless, irritable, or aggressive. They might become physically warm or even hot. They might imagine they can smell brimstone or ozone.

The same applies to the other Winds. Check their entries (see pages 33-37) for the kind of emotions and physical processes that each of the Winds of Magic are drawn to and promote.

With regard to all forms of Dark Magic, any PC with Aethyric Attunement in proximity to it feels an edge of panic and of creeping dread. This does not necessarily apply to the one using the Dark Magic, because his or her mind is invariably flashing with coloured lights and rushing with a sense of incredible power.

Magical Sense and Witchsight

"Witchsight," sometimes referred to as the seventh sense, is the term widely given by Collegiate Magisters to the ability to actually see the Winds of Magic. In some ways, this term is negative, as no trained Magister would ever accept being called a witch and certainly do not consider themselves as such. However, the term is older than the Colleges themselves and has entered the common vernacular of most Magisters alongside less degrading terms such as "spirit-sight."

Using Witchsight

Witchsight can be a valuable tool in heightening the tension in a game. As any character who can cast spells has this ability, which strengthens and becomes more disturbing with the more power they accumulate, GMs can use witchsight to foreshadow events. For instance, if the characters move through an area in proximity to a lode of Warpstone, a Wizard in the group might see piles of roiling maggots, blood seeping from the trees, red clouds dancing in the sky, odd patterns in the grass or worse, all of which point to some approaching danger. Furthermore, GMs can use witchsight to provide clues toward solving a particular mystery. For instance, in a particularly brutal murder scene a character with witchsight might see a glimpse of the killer's face as it really is—say, twisted by Khorne's dark will.

In short, witchsight is a GM tool. As it is fickle, and unpredictable, characters can rarely harness this ability to exploit it. At your (the GMs) option, you might allow Wizards to use witchsight to sense magic, requiring them to succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test. If the character fails the test by 20% or more, the character sees something he shouldn't and gains 1 Insanity Point. In such instances, this can be useful for giving the party an important, but missed, clue.

Any person possessing witchsight sees the world as if through two types of vision superimposed upon each other. With his normal mundane sight, the Aethyrically sensitive person sees like any other Human does. With his witchsight, the person actually sees the Winds of Magic to some degree, either as swirling clouds and rivers of churning coloured energy, or as manifestations of their own thoughts, memories, emotions, expectations, beliefs, and fears and those of the people around them. The common expression of witchsight in untrained magic users is as strange shapes and flickering lights just at the corner of their vision. Depending upon how strong one's witchsight is, one may be able to see the movements of magic and magically charged items and beings, even in the dark or if one's eyes are shut, blinded, or missing.

Some people with the most developed witchsight are able to see the entire world even without their eyes, perceiving with perfect clarity the souls, thoughts, and intentions of all living beings around them, seeing how magic swirls around and through them and all other things in the world. Witchsight may never be turned off and even the greatest Magisters with all their discipline have trouble ignoring it. This is part of the reason why Magisters and other magic users with witchsight are so eccentric, if not plain mad. Those with it are surrounded by a world of swirling magical colours, plainly visible thoughts, dreams, and nightmares, flashes of future and past events, auras, and any number of other arcane and bizarre visions.

Unlike Sixth Sense or Aethyric Attunement, witchsight (or Magical Sense) cannot simply be explained away as just a feeling. It is either considered madness by most people of the Empire, or else people with the witchsight actually believe they are seeing physical things existing around them. Those who were born with witchsight grew up believing that seeing coloured auras around living creatures is entirely normal—they may also be convinced by family and friends who do not posses a similar talent that they are haunted or tormented by Daemons. In a sense, these friends and families are correct, for these things do exist almost everywhere, although these things are almost never visible and can only very rarely interact with the mortal world.

Channelling

Channelling is sometimes called the eighth sense by Imperial Magisters. It is questionable whether Channelling is truly a sense (even an Aethyric one), or whether it is an in-born or learned ability. Essentially, this is the most dangerous of all the Aethyric senses, because it is this one that allows someone to actually manipulate the Winds of Magic. This can manifest itself in countless ways, from minor Poltergeist activity around the affected person, right up to Daemonic possession or spontaneous combustion. Whatever part of the mind or personality that allows a Human to interact with magic is more highly developed in a person who can channel. The effect is they can actually draw to themselves, focus, and direct a Wind of Magic, focussing and making the energies have a tangible effect upon the environment around them.

Naturally, people with this ability in small villages or very superstitious and pious regions often find themselves on the receiving end of a lynching or witch-hunt. For one untrained in such matters, it is almost impossible for them not to create supernatural effects around themselves unintentionally. If this was not dangerous enough, unwitting magic users can often harm themselves or be harmed by some Aethyric entity that they either have created through their own fears or have attracted by their uncontrolled use of magic. Just as someone who can channel may touch magic, so too can the embodiments of magic touch them in return. Many are the stories and folktales of people troubled by violent Poltergeists and Daemons who were invisible and intangible to all except their victim.

There is no fixed order in which a Human may have the three Aethyric senses. Some have one or two of them, very rarely someone might have all three without any training. Those individuals who can channel without having either of the other two Aethyric senses are unfortunate indeed, for it is doubtful

that they will ever know how and why it is that they seemed so cursed by misfortune and supernatural creatures. Sadly, these few are the ones who are most readily and frequently targeted by the Sigmarite Holy Order of Templars, as their apparent corruption is the hardest of all to hide and the most dangerous to those around them.

Spells and Magic

There are many different kinds and methods of spellcraft in the Old World and beyond, from the Magic (wizardry) of the Empire's sanctioned spellcasters, to the nightmarish Sorceries of Chaos servants.

Magic is a force unique and is entirely its own thing. It is not an amalgam of other, predictable and understandable forces that appear within the mortal realms but is instead an entirely unnatural thing coming from the immortal realm of the Aethyr. In one sense, magic is the very stuff from which the Aethyr is made. It must be kept in mind that the Winds of Magic Human Magisters perceive is Aethyric energy as it manifests itself within the Mortal Universe. Magic has the power to change both matter and thought, both body and mind, because magic transcends the usual boundaries between the material and the immaterial. As the power of fire is to burn and consume, the Coloured Winds of Magic that blow down from northern climes is not a movement of air or gas, but the movement of the vital and uncaring energy of transmutation.

To counteract the dangers that come as a part of magic use, successful magic users use a multitude of methods to sculpt it into shape. Although there are some people who can sculpt the Winds of Magic through lengthy ritual and the absolutism of their faith in a particular God or concept, or through the sheer force of their towering egos, these are still quite general in effect. There are few, if any magic users who can create a controlled magical effect without using some kind of formula or spell.

The Arcane Tongues

Despite the fact that the Winds of Magic are drawn to physical things and seek to interact with them, they are still random and uncertain in their nature and effect. Although will and intellect can channel magic into a spell, magic is so diffusive and powerful it takes very specific and crystalline thoughts, concepts, and directions. Magic not so fully controlled might leave a loophole through which it can seep out and therefore ruin the spell or leave an uncontrolled magical residue behind.

The image of a Magister swathed in the shifting robes of his order and chanting the syllables of some strange and arcane language is famous throughout this good Empire. I imagine that there are some living within our Empire's great cities or who have marched with the Empire's armies who have met or seen a spell-caster such as I describe, while the peasants and farmers of the countryside will undoubtedly know of them from a thousand folktales and legends.

And yet such is the commonality of this image in literature and folktale, it seems somewhat odd to me that so few seem to question it. We non-Magisters seem to take it as written that spellcasters must use strange and arcane languages to cast their spells; but why is this? Why do spellcasters of all kinds use strange and occult languages to enact their conjurations? Is Reikspiel not sufficient for spellcasting, and if not, why not? And why must they speak their incantations at all?

According to my esteemed colleague and friend, Magister Patriarch Verspasian Kant of the College of Light, a spell is the process by which a Magister, sorcerer, or any other magi -user, binds Aethyric energy to his will and sculpts it into a definite form with a specific purpose. Magister Kant maintains that a spell, at its most basic, is the imposition of mortal will and certainty upon the infinite possibility and uncertainty of Aethyric energy (most often called magic). For, he says, the Aethyr and the 'energy' that forms it, could be likened to the metaphysical existence of infinite, unfulfilled and largely unrealised potential.

Magister Kant goes on to say that it is precisely because of the Aethyr's complete antithesis to the Mortal Realms that its energies are drawn to the certainties of its mortal opposite. Indeed, Magister Kant believes that the one certainty of the Aethyr is that as a natural product of its existence it seeks to draw its opposites, reason, purpose, and certainty unto itself, and thereby fulfil, the unrealised potential that it is formed from. This is demonstrated most obviously when Aethyric energy seeps into the Mortal Realms and acquires for itself laws and provisos that it almost certainly does not posses within the infinite uncertainty of the Aethyr, such as its refraction into the eight colours of magic as soon as it crosses the strange boundaries between the Immaterial and Material Realms.

But just as Aethyric energy is drawn to, and seeks to interact with, the physicality and actuality of the Mortal Realms, it also pulls concept unto itself, and so it is that spellcasting can come to be. So in a sense, I think Magister Kant is suggesting that the art of binding magic and casting a spell is the art of imposing a definite idea or concept upon the primal broiling mass of possibility that is the Winds of Magic, with the goal of harnessing that force to achieve the specific end that is encapsulated within the concept of the spell.

—Extracted from the Liber Chaotica by the hand of Father Richter Kless, Declared insane

If a spell could be considered a kind of container, then magic naturally flows towards the weakest point in the container. Spells must be absolutely precise in structure and specific in purpose, a bit like a legal document where the wording is precise in order to assure there is no chance for misinterpretation. Without this level of specification, magic leaks out of the conceptual container that is the spell and at best creates detrimental side effects.

To prevent this from happening, most spellcasters use incredibly specific formulae to bind and weave magic into spells—formulae that leave little or no room at all for the magic to leak free. Even priests and clerics use long and convoluted ritual prayers and blessings that draw and focus the Winds of Magic in particular ways. This does not take into account the effect their faith has on the magic or the whims of Aethyric beings. But still, the principle is there.

In order to create these flawless conceptual containers, languages have evolved that are so specific and so incredibly deep in their subtleties and wide ranging in their vocabulary that when used in an exacting enough way, reduce the possibility creating a spell that is not exact enough to prevent magical leakage.

The Language of Magick

The Imperial Colleges uses a language commonly referred to as Magick (or less frequently *lingua praestantia*) to enunciate their spells. *Lingua praestantia* is said to have been developed with and for them by none other than Loremaster Teclis of Ulthuan himself.

Though it is said to be an even more complicated language than the tonal language of distant Cathay, Magick is still only a simplified version of the High Elves' own language, Eltharin, mixed into a kind of dialect with the academic language of Old Reikspiel. Eltharin, though incredibly more complex in structure and massive in vocabulary, is fabled in High Elf culture to be a devolved and very simplified version of the language spoken by those ancient, Godlike beings the High Elves remember as the Old Ones. When the High Elves enunciate their own spells of such magnificent power and breadth, they do so in their own arcane language, *Anoqeyân,* which is the closest surviving mortal language to the words spoken by the Old Ones.

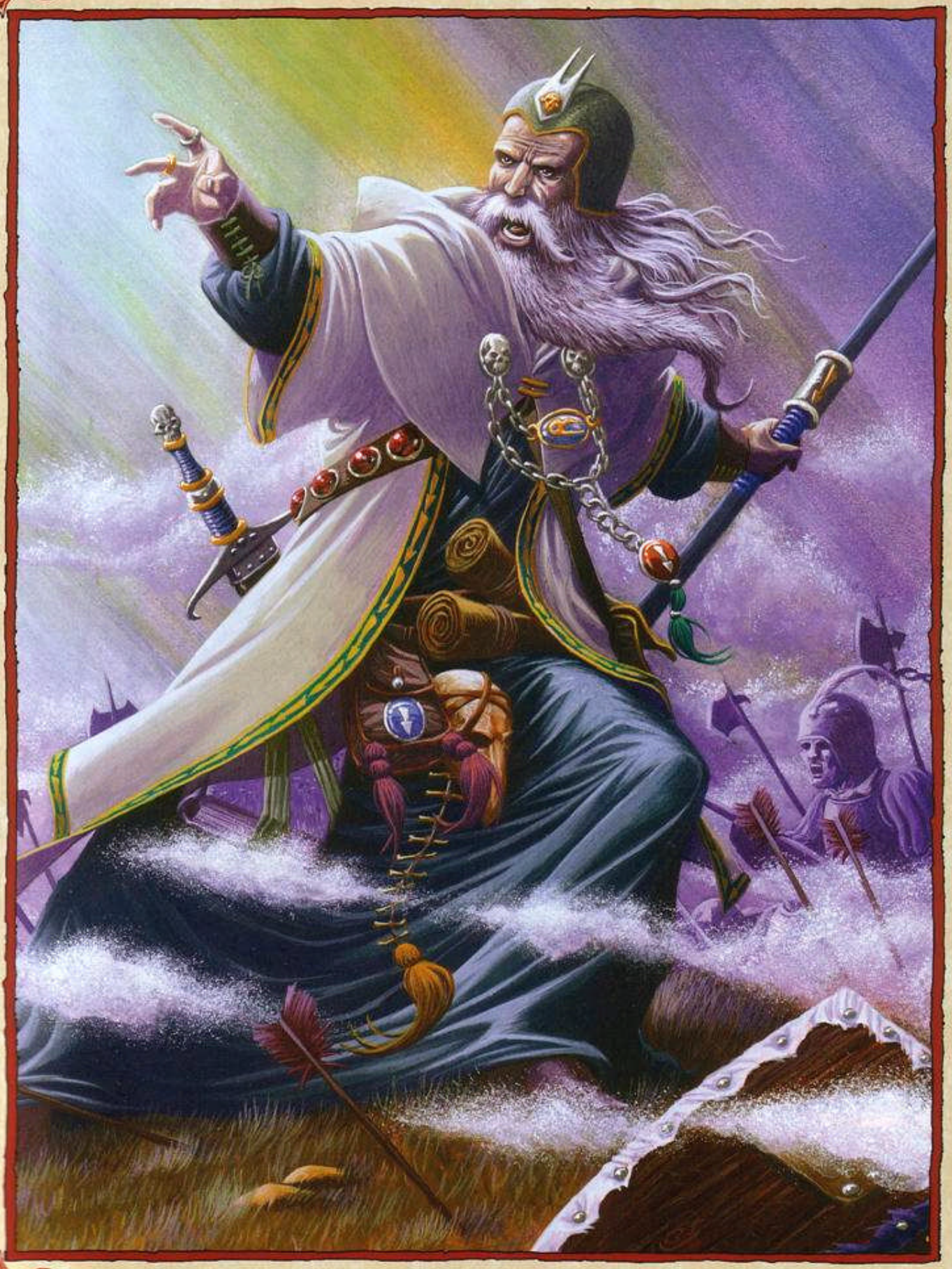
Many blasphemous texts, written in centuries and millennia past, share vocabulary and grammar with the arcane language of the High Elves. Indeed, there are similarities between many of the oldest arcane languages, the languages of some elder races (like the Dwarfs and Elves), and the corrupt and caustic languages spoken by the shaman and Sorcerers of the Daemon Gods. The Witch Hunters would be even more concerned than they already are if they learned that the language the Empire's sanctioned Magisters use to cast their spells is related to both the language of the Fey Elves of Ulthuan and to the hellish languages of Sorcerers and Daemons, most commonly referred to as the Dark Tongues.

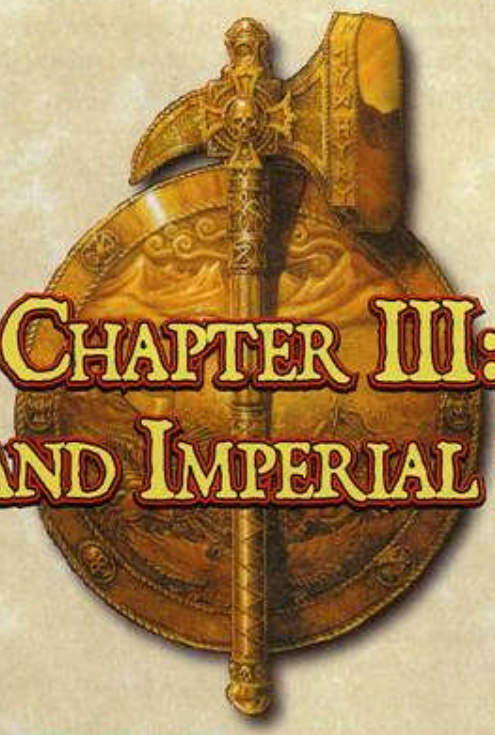
Many scholars use this example to argue that all the various tongues of the Old World are descended from the speech of the Old Ones. The "prime language" theory has many adherents—for many are quick to point out, the various languages of the Old World are so closely related they can scarcely be defined as separate tongues, more as highly developed dialects of a single "Old Worlder" tongue. Thus a Reiklander can make himself at least basically understood by a Bretonnian, Tilean, or even Estalian (though why he would want to is another matter). However, there is considerable debate amongst the scholars of the Colleges of Magic as to whether the prime language of the Old Ones existed at all, or even whether the Old Ones existed!

The inner circle of Magister Lords at the College of Light hold the great Old Ones were the first and only beings to fully identify and quantify everything. That is, they catalogued every single thing, state, and process within the mortal universe, and almost every single thing, state, and process that was possible through and in the Aethyr. In addition to this, the Magister Lords also believe that the divine tongue once spoken by the Old Ones now has a life of its own, expanding with every dream and every thought of any and all mortals and immortals.

It follows that if there was a prime arcane language, from which even *Anoqeyân* descended, it would supposedly have a word or phrase to express every single concept and possibility, and every combination of concepts and possibility, that exist within creation without regard for temporality.

Naturally, few outside of the White Tower of Hoeth could comment with even passing authority on these theories, and they have never chosen to. Just as Eltharin is a simplified version of the Elves' arcane language, *Anoqeyân,* the arcane language of the Imperial Colleges is a devolved form of Eltharin. Yet possessing knowledge of even a simplified version of Anoqeyân would denote an ability to grasp and verbalise concepts and processes that are otherwise inexpressible through any other Human language. Magick's the pre-eminent language of spellcasting in the Empire precisely because it is exhaustively specific.





Chapter III: Magic and Imperial Society

Whatever can be said about the nature of magic, history has shown the people of the Empire three things are abundantly clear—it is a real and present force in their world, it is immensely dangerous, and it is power, both as an abstract and as a physical reality. Someone who can wield magic could potentially do great good for the world. Yet, if power corrupts, and if absolute power corrupts absolutely, then the power gathered by magic to its user is potentially more dangerous, more insane, and more callous than the secular power of any normal mortal—tyrant or otherwise.

Many would-be Wizards have set out with the noble intention of creating a better world. But, as the saying goes, the road to the Realm of Chaos is paved with good intentions (well, that and skulls…). The vast majority of magically sensitive people who choose to experiment with their powers spend their last miserable hours in some dank cellar, their ears straining to hear the approach of the Witch Hunters bearing torches or worse, huddled within a hastily drawn pentacle awaiting the icy touch of some malign entity they have inadvertently summoned with their dabbling in the occult world.

Yet within the Empire, there are successful spellcasters of prodigious skill who are respected as well as feared for their mastery of the arcane arts. They are the Wizards of the Imperial Colleges of Magic, and they alone amongst the practitioners of arcane spellcraft are sanctioned by Imperial decree and by the Cult of Sigmar. All other arcane spellcasters are branded witch or warlock and are invariably burned if discovered. Such is the price when fear, superstition, and political expediency merge, as indeed they have in the Imperial edicts and their views on magic use.

— Perceptions of Magic & Spellcraft —

Most people of the Empire, whether they are peasants, landowners, townsfolk, merchants, scholars, or nobles, are deeply suspicious of anything concerning magic. Any supernatural events or effects that appear on the face of things to be relatively benign are usually connected with something very bad happening in the long-term.

While very few within the civilised parts of the Empire have had any direct contact with the energies and servants of Chaos (and are happy to kep in that way), everyone has heard folktales about evil Wizards and the powers of darkness told by the fireside through long winter nights. Furthermore, any citizen who regularly attends services at the temples Sigmar or Ulric has heard their priests warn of the evils of Chaos and the undoubted horrors of witchery.

No matter how upright and respectable a magic user might be, and more importantly, whether civil and religious authorities officially sanction him, the majority of Imperial citizens will always be suspicious, if not overtly frightened by his presence. But though the use of magic is widely considered within the Empire a frightening and exceptional thing, it still plays a reasonably prominent part in the ordinary lives of the Empire's people, though they might not realise it.

Gods, Daemons, Spirits, Ghosts and so on are utterly real. They are not old myths. Countless superstitions revolve around placating them, gaining their favour, or escaping their clutches.

Rural Peasantry

By far the majority of the rural peasantry in the Old World would not even think to question where magic comes from. For peasants, magic is simply a natural, though unsavoury, part of the mortal world, and they do not bother to think much how it works and why it is there any more than they ponder the force of gravity. Country folk would be as horrified by what they saw as sorcery or witchcraft as any Imperial citizen. Furthermore, rural peasantry wouldn't have much of a grasp or a care about what constituted a spell and how it was any different or any worse from the "country craft" of local healers or charm makers.

The more rural the area, the more hazy become the lines between superstition, arcane spellcraft, and religion. For instance, it is a commonly held belief across many of the Empire's provinces that spirits live in cornfields, and that they are driven out or killed when the corn is harvested. So the last sheaf of the harvest is plaited and woven into the shape of a little man or woman and then decorated with ribbons. This is then regarded as a habitat or resting place of the spirit of the crop, or sometimes even the embodiment of the spirit of the grain itself. The farmers keep the straw doll safe over the winter months, and feed it to their cattle and horses, come the spring. Their belief is that feeding the straw doll to the animals guarantees fertile ground for their next year's harvest.

The practice seems innocent enough. It isn't uncommon for widely spread farms and villages to perceive no difference between the straw doll ritual and making offerings or sacrifices to the spirits of land and nature. In fact, it is pretty common for rural communities to have a special relationship with the land and their environment. The spirits may include the Gods, but also various minor entities like Naiads, Dryads, Faerie, and others of folktale tradition referred to as "the Fay." These rituals and offerings are a combination of tradition, religion, petty spellcraft, and consorting with magical creatures that the better educated in Imperial society have carefully separated and compartmentalized over the centuries.

The use of various charms, both physical objects and spoken rhymes, is commonplace across the rural Empire, whether these are to assure good luck, or protect oneself against the "Evil Eye," or even to encourage fertility, love, or romance. There are also many folk healers and fortunetellers across the Old World, some actually having a genuine, though subconscious, talent. Others simply kid themselves and those who come for their help. In some regions, such charms and practices are considered normal and entirely different from magic use. In the eyes of some witch hunters and the peoples of less rural and larger towns, such activities may be considered a form of Witchery, and the people responsible might be in a considerable amount of trouble.

> *"Don't accept gifts from wizards, that's what my father always said. No matter how wondrous they seem, you always regret them in the end."*
>
> — Rudel, Altdorf Burgher
>
> *"Best to burn 'em all. 'cept the fire wizards. Them yer need to drown."*
>
> — Old Hob, Averland Peasant

Townsfolk

Generally speaking, the larger the town, the less bound the majority of its inhabitants are to the land and the less fearful they are with regards to the vagaries of nature and the wilds. Townsfolk beliefs are built more upon the teachings and dogmas of the organised cults of the Empire than on the folk traditions of the country. Such townsfolk invariably view the existence of magic in the terms that their various priests dictate to them, which again is largely reliant on the opinions of the individual priest. So magic might be considered curse from "Elder Days," or a force found only within "evil" people, or it might be the direct intervention of Daemons and wicked Gods in mortal affairs, or indeed any number of other explanations.

Magic users who practice their arts in towns and who are seen doing so may well face more of a backlash than they might expect, depending on the vehemence of the local clerical community.

Citizens of the City-States

Imperial citizens are not all the same. However, in the very largest towns of the Empire, city-states such as Altdorf, Nuln, Talabheim, and Middenheim, the attitudes of the inhabitants are more cosmopolitan and open-minded. The Wizards of the Imperial Colleges of Magic are seen more frequently in the city-states. For their part, the citizens tend to be more concerned with making a living and surviving the hustle and bustle of these sprawling metropolises than worrying too much about superstitions. This isn't to say that city folk do not believe in magic or that they are blasé about it. In fact, they generally are more concerned in the matters of here and now, and leave matters of the rights and wrongs of the use of magic to the authorities and the cults that care about such matters. This being said, few citizens would choose to have any direct dealings with a Magister, and even fewer would want to be a witness to any of their strange sorceries.

Some of the more educated classes in the Empire, such as the wealthy, the well-travelled, and the well-read, might have an inkling that magic is not implicitly evil though its use is extremely dangerous, both

physically and spiritually. Some might also be aware that magic is not energy natural to the mortal world, like gravity or light, but that it actually comes from somewhere else.

The majority of the Empire's diverse peoples, especially the servants of the Cult of Sigmar and the Cult of Ulric, see little differentiation in the potential for harm between the "foul witcheries" of the Old World's various Warlocks or sorcerers and the sanctioned spellcraft of Imperial Collegiate Magisters. Thousands of years of superstition, paranoia, and fear are hard to dispel.

— The Gift of Magic —

The number of magic users in the Empire has always been difficult to determine. Human sensitivity to magic is not necessarily something passed down the generations or shared amongst family members. Humans with absolutely no magical sensitivity at all can give birth to someone who turns out to have an acute sensitivity, or indeed vice-versa—although this is less common. Wizards have researched this topic since the foundation of the Colleges of Magic and estimates vary widely. The most learned agree that perhaps one child in a thousand has the potential to become a spellcaster.

Some Wizards have observed when the Winds of Magic rise drastically, as they did during the Great War against Chaos and more recently during the Storm of Chaos, there appear to be more cases of people who become spontaneously sensitive to magic and who can even manipulate its power, both knowingly and unknowingly. While some argue that this can only strengthen the Colleges of Magic, others point out that the forces of Chaos will surely benefit just as much, if not more.

"Successful" Magic Users

No one in the Empire is blasé about arcane magic and spellcraft. It is never taken for granted by Humans. Fear of the "Enemy Within" (the subtle corruption of Chaos) is an implicit part of Imperial culture and is most often considered to be anyone who wields magical power. All people of the Empire are superstitious, the peasants of the Empire's rural areas being the most cripplingly superstitious, while the educated, affluent intellectuals of the major cities being the least. But all are superstitious and rightly paranoid to a degree when it comes to magic and spellcraft. There is a persistent and permanent horror of mutation and damnation because of it, vigorously set forth by the Cult of Sigmar. Some, predominantly in city-states like Altdorf, may brush aside talk of magic with a smile and a throwaway comment. This is not due to any true lack of concern but rather because it makes them nervous just talking about such. No one wants to attract either witch hunters or evil spirits with idle chitchat. Those who are consistently unfazed by magic and spellcraft are probably hiding something or are ignorant, insane, or evil.

Generally, magic users in the Empire fall into two groups: the legal and the illegal—the Collegiate Magisters of the eight Orders of Magic and everyone else who dares to dabble.

Hedge Wizards

Collegiate Magisters call anyone who uses a very basic and ad-hoc form of largely self-taught spellcraft Hedge Wizards. It goes without saying that these so-called Hedge Wizards will probably never call themselves as such, preferring any number of humble or sensationalist titles (from healer, to Wisdom, to Elementalist, and so on). If not immediately condemned by their peers as witches, hedge wizards are most commonly referred to as "wyrds" across the length and breadth of the Empire. Collegiate Magisters tend to refer to self-taught petty magic users who practice in secret and yet come from wealthy and educated backgrounds as "magickers."

There is no tradition of hedge wizardry, although there are some conventions of practice that are rumoured to have survived the centuries of persecution in some form or another. The most famous is perhaps the so-called Elementalist skein

Thanks to the foresight of our great emancipator, Emperor Magnus, that freed us to study the arts of spellcasting. Thanks, too, to the wondrous teachings of our founders, the great Loremasters Teclis, Finreir, and Yrtle, we of the College of Light know that Aethyric energy, or magic, is the fundamental substance of all Gods, acceptable and unacceptable, and that magic in itself is neither good nor evil. It simply is. It can be harnessed for good or for ill, but unharnessed magic is simply the blind energy of transmutation.

So the connection between magic, the Gods, their religions and their clerics, is entirely fundamental. Indeed, though many outside the hallowed walls of this great College, including many of our allies within the Cult of Sigmar, would denounce my words as heresy, magic was used by the clerics of the Empire, even while those same clerics condemned the hedge wizards of bygone years for practising petty witchery. After all, what are the miracles regularly performed by our Empire's priests and clerics if not a form of spell? And how do those prayers manifest as miracles except through the energies of magic?

Since the founding of the Colleges of Magic, we Magisters have been able to counter and dispel many of the harmful "miracles" performed against us. I believe that we could not dispel these "miracles" if they were not magical invocations of some sort.

For centuries, the clerics and priests of this Empire had the monopoly on the use of magic, using it uniquely for the intentions of their Gods and cults—whether that was to heal the sick and bring a bountiful harvest or to keep their congregations obedient. Since the end of the Great War, we Magisters have changed the politics (and perhaps theology), around this old balance of power because we do not need the intervention of Gods or Daemons to work our "miracles." We manipulate magic as a potter manipulates clay—with practiced skill and concentration, not through prayer and faith.

So, just to make clear, although the blessings and miracles of the Empire's clerics are a different kind of magic manipulation from the spellcraft of Magisters such as ourselves, it is a spellcraft none the less. I believe that the difference between the two is one of choice and personal control. A cleric's prayer calls upon theosophic or divine magic, while our own spells weave strands of raw, or arcane, magic in the form of the Eight coloured Winds.

We Magisters are taught to see, harness, and manipulate the separate Winds of Magic into specific spells. We are responsible for the entire process. If anything goes wrong, it is because of our own inexperience or lack of control. When a priest prays to his or her deity for divine aid, the "miracle" performed through the priest is due to the direct intervention of the invoked deity or one of its servants. Since miracles and spells are both manipulations of magic, the effects of Arcane and Divine magic are pretty much the same. The difference is that a Magister manipulates the magic himself, while a priest asks his or her deity to manipulate magic into a specific "miracle." Few, if any of these priests understand this process much beyond the fact that they have prayed to their God and their God has answered.

The priests and clerics who can utilise divine magic do not need to know any spellcraft or arcane art. For that reason alone, the connection between clerical miracles and Wizardly spellcraft has never been made openly. The clerics simply prayed to their Gods with humility and great faith, and, if feeling inclined to do so, these Gods provided the miracles that were asked of them. As long as the clerics and the other devotees of any particular God continued to show suitable respect and obeisance to their deity, prayers could be answered and miracles would be wrought just as they are today.

Of course, because these miracles are performed through the priest or cleric by a deity, there need not be any risk to the priest himself unless the deity in question is particularly ruthless. The miracle is either performed or it is not, as the case may be. Users of arcane magic, on the other hand, will always bear the brunt of any failures they make while utilising their spellcraft, because spellcasters are the ones who are holding and controlling the magics being used, not some all-powerful Aethyric entity.

All those who would use magic of a non-divine origin must be practiced and knowledgeable Magisters if they are to wield magic safely and produce any miraculous effect. While we Magisters use those elements of the Aethrian that come to us through the Chaos Gates in the form of the Winds of Magic, priests and clerics actually reach into the Aethrian to summon their magics, or miracles. So what is it that allows not magically inclined people, as indeed the majority of the Empire's clerics are, to communicate with the entities of the Aethrian, and more, bid those entities to perform miracles on their behalf? How is it that a devout priest with no magical training can perform feats that a Magister could perform only after months, or even years, of faithful study and practice? Therein lies one of the great secrets of our world—a secret that reveals something fundamental about the nature of magic, the Gods, and the connections between mortals and the Aethrian.

Ask yourselves, how do spellcasters actually bind and control magic? We possess the ability to perceive and touch the Winds of Magic in some way. That we possess this ability does not necessarily imply that we know how to use it, any more than any ordinary Human born with two eyes and two hands can read or write without first being taught. Magisters control magic through the use of techniques and formulae that have been discovered through logical deduction and controlled trial and error across the centuries. On the other hand, priests and clerics are able to perform miracles solely by merit of the strength of their beliefs and faith.

I am sure it has not escaped any of your notice that the more genuinely pious and faithful the cleric, the more successful his or her prayers for divine miracles and blessings seem to be. Have not the Theogonist of Sigmar and even Emperor Magnus himself been known to perform the most startling of feats? I, the elected Supreme Patriarch of the Colleges of Magic, trained by mighty Teclis himself, must stretch myself to replicate any of them, from Magnus's ability to banish the greatest of Daemons, to his recorded ability to dispel sorceries of some of Tzeen'eth's most powerful sorcerers—all because of his genuine and absolute faith in the might of Sigmar Heldenhammer.

Why is it the instinctive beliefs and emotions of clerics are just as successful in controlling magic as the considered, practiced and logically deduced enchantments of the diverse Magisters? Because, my brothers and sisters, although the Aethrian itself has existed since the beginning of time, all momentum, identity, and personality within the Aethrian has been formed by the thoughts and feelings of mortals. That is, the Gods themselves are the creations of mortal experience. Although we mortals are at the mercy of Gods and Daemons, they are still our creations and not the other way around.

If all Gods and Daemons are manifestations of the mortal world's thoughts, dreams, and feelings, then could this not explain why they react so readily to the faith of those who worship them? Could it be that some or all of the Gods actually need the faith of mortals to maintain their unique identities? They could be drawn to particularly strong demonstrations of faith, both to feed off of it and to encourage even greater levels of faith in the believer.

This could perhaps explain why the servants of Chaos are often so much stronger in their spellcraft and wield more powerful magics than we Magisters of the Empire. These Sorcerers can both manipulate the Winds of Magic as we Magisters do and also have an immense faith in, and a direct link to, their Daemonic Gods. Indeed, this could help explain the frightening power of those sorcerers who are dedicated to the Daemon God Tzeentch, for their God is the first and greatest God of the study of magic. In addition to their almost priestly powers of supplication, the Change Lord's Sorcerers also posses a divinely inspired knowledge of spellcraft that often far outstrips that of all other spellcasters.

Even though this might be true, I do not believe that we, the Magisters of the Imperial Colleges of Magic, should follow their example and choose for ourselves Gods to wholly dedicate ourselves to and beg favours from, to use in conjunction with our own arcane spellcraft. Nothing in this life or the next is free, and whilst I am willing to trust in my own abilities and limitations, and accept any errors I make while weaving my spells, I do not wish to trust the continued benevolence of a deity whose need for my faith and dedication might far outweigh my own need for His or Her aid.

—FROM MAGISTER VOLANS' THIRD LETTER TO THE COLLEGES OF MAGIC.
EXTRACTED FROM THE LIBER CHAOTICA, COMPILED BY RICHTER KLESS

of hedge wizardry, which, according to Collegiate Magisters at least, is dangerous and misguided nonsense, completely misidentifying the source and nature of magic. Certainly no College of Elementalism has been sanctioned by civil or religious authorities, and the witch hunters are nothing if not determined in their pursuit of what they view as "self-aggrandising witches."

It is not likely that there was ever a formal school of Elementalism in the Empire, legal or otherwise. It would be almost impossible to have such a centralised institution without word of it leaking out and attracting the hounds and firebrands of the Witch Hunters (and probably the interest, if not wrath, of the Colleges of Magic). By merit of the fact that the hedge wizards have misidentified the source of magic, any so-called Elementalists would certainly end up drawing upon the Winds of Magic in uncontrolled and uneven amounts, and therefore use Dark Magic.

Magisters of the sanctioned Orders of Magic privately admit weak levels of magic can be drawn out of mundane things to create low level and petty spells. In fact, such Magisters sometimes draw upon it themselves to power the pettiest of spells. This suggests to those with the wit to see it that if there are hedge wizards and petty magickers hidden across the Old World who have somehow learned how to draw on this very low level and relatively safe "ambient" magic, in a consistent and structured fashion, they might make good protégés for the Colleges of Magic. In truth, Collegiate Magisters often go

out of their way to follow-up any rumours that might come to their ears concerning such Elementalists with a mind of convincing or coercing them to join one of the Colleges of Magic. After all, anyone who can learn a dependable and relatively safe method of Channelling magic, even such weak and petty magic as the "ambient" magic that saturates the earth and sea, could prove to be a promising apprentice or a potentially very dangerous enemy should he ever be corrupted by the dark powers of the world.

If any such Elementalists are found, they will be given the choice of being tested to join one of the Orders of Magic, or executed, or worst of all, Pacified (for more information, see the definition of Pacification on page 69).

Witches

Witches are Hedge Wizards who have survived practicing their homegrown arts without going completely insane or dying. They have a broader repertoire of spells to work with and they invariably have begun to dabble in areas best left alone. In other words, by merit of their ignorance as to the workings and ways of the Winds of Magic and stable spellcraft, they have begun to use Dark Magic without even realising it. As a result, Witches' spells are more diverse and bit more powerful than the petty spells of other hedge wizards and those lesser spells of the Colleges of Magic, possessing elements of many of the Winds of Magic and even some of the Dark Lores. The spells of witchcraft tend to be of a similar power as the lesser arcana of spellcraft as taught at the Colleges of Magic. However, using such witcheries that are a blend of dark magics inevitably takes its toll upon the Witch's mind and soul.

Witches tend to err on the side of amorality rather than immorality, walking a fine line between really basic spells and being corrupted entirely by use of Dark Magic or the promises of Chaos.

Warlocks

Warlocks represent the very few Witches that do not submit themselves to the judgement of the Imperial Colleges, or get caught by the Witch Hunters, or combust by means of their own dangerous magic. Warlocks are experienced spellcasters who knowingly use Dark Magic to power their spells and have become corrupted by its energies and probably seduced by the whispered promises of Daemons. Essentially, a Warlock is a Witch who is very aware of the dangers of using Dark Magic, but does not care—in fact he relies upon it. These vile magic users actively seek to study the ways of Chaos and to become proficient in the arts of summoning and controlling Daemons, often referring to themselves as "Daemonologists."

Since Warlocks use Dark Magic so frequently and summon the nightmare entities of the Chaos Realm, it is apparent that

"Gods answer the prayers of the pious and punish everyone else, an' priests are more pious than anyone!"

—COMMON ATTITUDE OF PEASANTS ACROSS THE EMPIRE

"Listen well m'boy, for it's heresy ye be risking with ye foolish ideas! The servants of the Gods—bless each an evr'y one of 'em—are empow'rd t'act for their deity as need demands. Theirs are not skills for fash'ning dev'lish humours into foul Witchery! Not like those mage-isters from t'capital! There be no sim'larity twixt 'em at all, an may ye tongue turn black for even thinkin' it!"

—THE OBSERVATION OF A LANDOWNER FROM A FARMING COMMUNITY BEYOND THE OUTSKIRTS OF ALTDORF.

"Ha, no! I wouldn't know how to do what some of those priests can! I don't lead a devout enough life. I mean I go to the temples on the right days and offer the right sacrifices if I have to go travelling, but there are far too many fine wines and even finer ladies in this world to spend too much time in prayer. I say give the Gods exactly what they require in order for one to live a life free from divine interference and leave it at that!"

—THE OPINION OF A WEALTHY YOUNG STUDENT FROM ONE OF THE UNIVERSITIES FOR YOUNG NOBLES AT TALABHEIM.

"Priests call upon the theosophic power of Gods through their prayers and supplication. That is divine grace imbued with the purpose and will of the deity that bestows directly upon the faithful. It requires no education, awareness, or use of 'magic' on the part of the priest or cleric. Once a supplication is made by the priest, in the form of a prayer or ritual sacrifice perhaps, the deity will answer the prayer if the priest is worthy, in a manner that the deity sees fittest. If the prayer is answered, then the deity in question will reach into our mortal world through His or Her mortal servant, being the priest, and enact such miracles as are required or deemed necessary."

—A LONG-WINDED EXPLANATION OF MIRACLES GIVEN BY A PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AT THE SEMINARY OF SIGMAR IN NULN.

"These 'miracles' that your Human priests believe to be demonstrations of the direct intervention of Gods are just spells of another kind. Aethyrically sensitive priests channel quite unwittingly elements of the Aethyr's Winds through convoluted rituals and great faith, and then shape it with their conscious and subconscious expectations. Just as the Gods themselves are created and shaped by mortal endeavours and expectations, so are their blessings."

—ASCRIBED TO A LECTURE BY LOREMASTER TECLIS HIMSELF

they pose a very real danger, both to those around them and to themselves. They have towering egos and iron-like will, are almost certainly mentally unstable, suffering from acute paranoia and possibly megalomania, and have knowingly and willingly sought out and embraced the Dark Lores of Chaos magic.

While one could embark upon the life of a Warlock and use the Chaos Lores using Dark Magic alone, invariably these wicked spellcasters become enamoured with the promises and flattery of the Daemon Gods of Chaos themselves. The Warlock (or Daemonologist) often starts to worship one or more of the Chaos Gods, perhaps becoming either the Magus of a Chaos Cult or a true Chaos Sorcerer. Over time, the magic they use becomes further tainted and influenced by the specific drives and desires of the God(s) the Warlock worships.

NECROMANCERS

Those few Human magic users who are not consumed completely by the entirely toxic power of Dark Magic or Warpstone become some of the most dangerous creatures to walk the World. They follow in the accursed footsteps of Nagash, the Great Necromancer himself, who created the foul art of Necromancy so many millennia ago. Among those who use magic illegally, few are as reviled and hunted as are Necromancers. Being men and women, who, for whatever reason, eschew the teachings of the Colleges of Magic to learn the dark arts of sorcery, to forestall death, and gain power from unlife. The magic users manipulate Dhar to extend their lives and to conquer death, violating the natural order. While most Necromancers utilize rituals, there is a specialised list of spells that set these unscrupulous spellcasters apart from other renegades.

For most Old Worlders, Necromancers are living (or occasionally un-living) proof why Wizards should never be trusted. Of course, few common folk make a distinction between renegades and sanctioned users of magic, but whispers of souls being wrested from Morr's gates to do the bidding of a Wizard is enough to warrant a warding sign against evil or to whip a crowd into a frenzied mob. Civil unrest and rioting aside, Necromancers must contend with being hunted by zealous priests, Magisters, and Witch Hunters, and one misstep can mean an agonizing death on the witch pyre.

Even worse than the enemies they must evade, Necromancers find themselves changed and altered by the Dark Magic they wield. Over extended use, many Necromancers develop physical afflictions, gaining a cadaverous appearance, exude a foul stench, or descend into madness. These transformations, along with the Undead with which they surround themselves, pushes them further and further from the accepted society. The life of a Necromancer is invariably a lonely one.

So, with such forces arrayed against them, one might wonder why anyone would ever take the first steps onto the path of Necromancy. Perhaps the likeliest reason is that death is every where in the Old World. From the terrors haunting the Drakwald to the rampant plagues that crop up in the most unexpected places, life is fleeting. Even more though, mortality is something in the forefront of ever person's mind. They represent it in their décor, their banners, their armour, and even in their lucky charms. Relics culled from martyrs and religious figures are some of the most prized possessions, and most people carry a bone or lock of hair taken from a corpse to ward off bad luck. And while many resolve themselves to a life of grim misery, a few reject the hand fate deals, and take their lives and deaths into their own hands.

Collegiate Magisters

Collegiate Magisters are those magic users and other magically sensitive people who have had the wherewithal, good fortune, and money to be able to join one of the eight Orders of Magic. They are a diverse bunch with different outlooks and subtly different teachings from each other. Yet theirs are the most advanced and most stable forms of arcane spellcraft practiced by Humans in the Old World. They are also the only sanctioned users of arcane magic within the Empire.

Clerics and Priests

Some clerics and priests of the many temples and shrines of the various Gods of the Empire can call upon real "miracles" through what they claim and believe to be the direct intervention of their deity. Because of this, they are not considered to be magic users or spellcasters by the Empire's diverse people.

Other Magic Users in the Old World

There are other kinds of magic users existing within the Old World (Cult Magi, Chaos Sorcerers, Bretonnian Enchantresses, and the Ice Mages of Kislev to name but four). Some are generally benevolent, some otherwise, and some not even Human.

— Studying Magic and Spellcraft —

Few youngsters would ever even think of studying magic. If they do, it is just a child's idle fantasy and quite meaningless in the grand scheme of things. There are, however, exceptions. Few people in the Empire ever suspect that they might have an aptitude for magic. Aside from this, becoming apprenticed to a Magister to study magic is viewed everywhere as a bad idea. Any brave or foolish youngster who insists that he wants to be sent to Altdorf for an apprenticeship, probably risks being sent off to a strict religious boarding school or being given more backbreaking work in the fields. Most of the Empire's more rural peasants don't even know about the Imperial Colleges beyond a few folktales about the time of Magnus. It's unlikely that a youngster would be aware that there is even an option to study to become a Magister, let alone want to be one.

Magisters' Offspring

The Imperial Colleges of Magic normally regard celibacy as the ideal. However, there are some Magisters who not only pursue personal relationships but also welcome children into their lives.

The Amethyst College and the College of Light are strictly celibate Orders. It is both forbidden to form unique relationships with man or woman by the laws of their Orders. It is also rumoured that the individual Winds embraced and pursued by these two Orders steals from their brethren the very desire and will to form such relationships. The Gold and Celestial Colleges have no laws forbidding personal relationships, but the Magisters of these Colleges tend to be so

wrapped up in their studies that it is almost unheard of for any of them to marry or have offspring. No one really knows much about the beliefs and rules of the respectively misanthropic and highly secretive Amber and Grey Colleges when it comes to the matter of relationships. However, the Jade and Bright Colleges have no restrictions on such matters, either by internal rules or external influence.

Part of the core of Ghyran's Aethyric preference is the desire and drive for natural fertility and growth, which includes the raising of families. It's not unheard of for male and female members of this Order to actively embrace the natural urges that Ghyran promotes. The children they have and raise almost always then go on to join the Order. As for the Bright College, the Red Wind of Aqshy promotes passion and a desire not to be held back by rules and convention. There are some Bright Magisters in history who have been known to have raised their own offspring, though in a very tempestuous and often unhappy familial relationship.

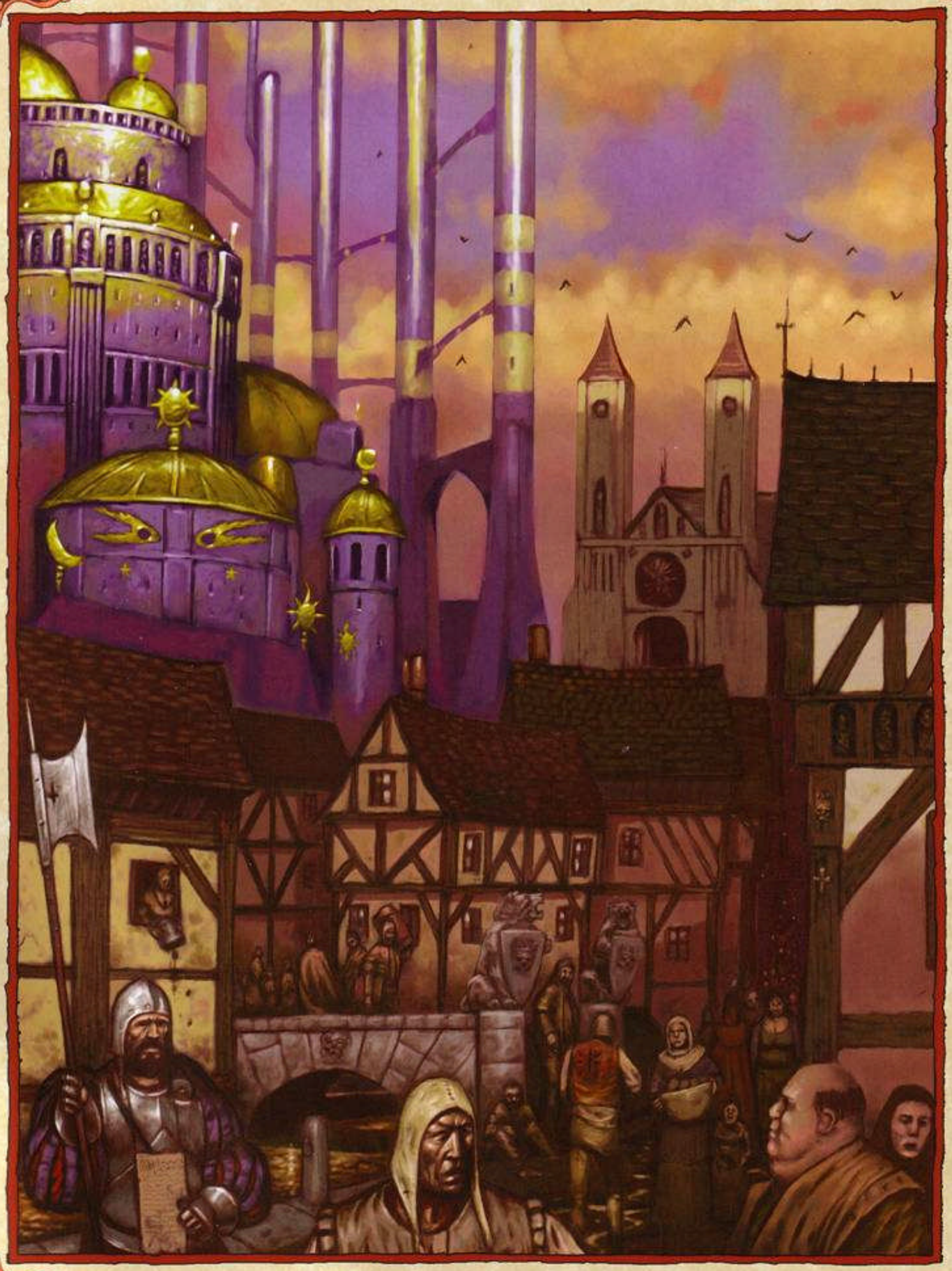
Hedge Wizards' & Witches' Offspring

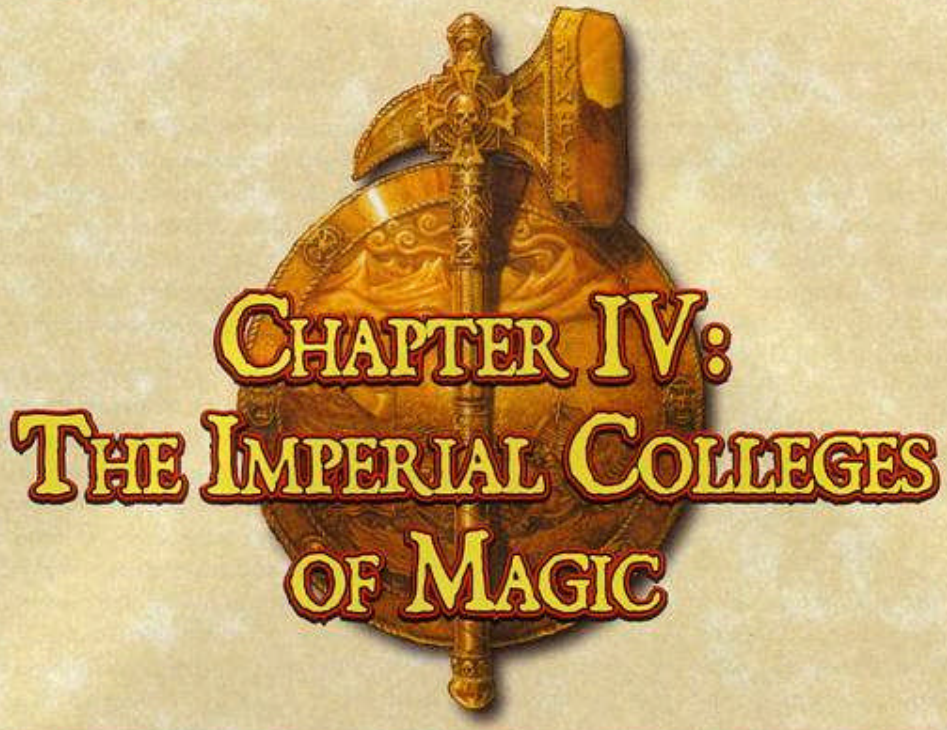
It's more likely for the mostly peasant hedge wizards and witches to have children than it is for the Collegiate Magisters. Hedge wizards and witches form traditions by passing down their knowledge to their children. Teaching their children, however, presents a tremendous risk. A youth being taught "shaky" magic by a parent may be more likely to make a mistake. However, those children who survive the education tend to grow up more confident and powerful in their dangerous art than their parents. Throughout the Empire there are many tales of families of witches, sister Hags, or Daemon-possessed children who kill their neighbours and eventually even their parents.

Spontaneous Manifestations of Power

There are a few people born to ordinary families who suddenly manifest what appear to be magical powers. Most parents in the Empire are so superstitious that they would probably regard the supernatural occurrences as a demonstration that he child is possessed by a daemon. They would most likely seek out an exorcist to "cleanse the taint" from their child. This is the most pleasant fate for a child like this. It is not unheard of for some frightened parents in rural areas, or towns lorded over by particularly hell-fire and brimstone type priests, to simply kill the child and make it look like death by misadventure. Though forbidden by law and holy writ, infanticide is not uncommon right across the Old World.

There are some, from the few born with sensitivity or manifest it later in life, who are in a position to attend the Colleges of Magic. The Colleges offer formal and fully sanctioned training in the arcane arts. Though their lives may be hard and filled with risk, those students of the Colleges might have far worse fates.





Chapter IV: The Imperial Colleges of Magic

The seats of arcane learning in the Empire are the storied Colleges of Magic—but there is a subtle difference between the Colleges of Magic and the Orders of Magic, though most people in the Empire that know of them use the terms interchangeably.

The Orders and the Colleges

The Colleges of Magic are places of learning and political institutions, with physical buildings and a collection of apprentices, Magisters (a title indicating a Wizard is full member of a College and therefore licensed to practice and teach magic), and various servants. The Colleges have centralised buildings to allow the Emperor to contact the Patriarchs, or at least senior members, of the Orders of Magic when he needs to.

The Orders of Magic are the lores, personalities, philosophies, ideals, rituals, traditions, and goals that the Colleges impart to their apprentices. But the Orders are also far-reaching, highly secretive societies with distinct identities and agendas. Imperial Magisters claim that the essence of their Orders are not found in buildings or dusty tomes but in the actual pursuit, manipulation, and embodiment of the Winds of Magic that lie at the heart of their Orders' Lores.

A Magical Education

Despite the Colleges in Altdorf being the centres and storehouses of magical learning and artefacts in the Old World, they are unlike the Empire's mundane universities. Apprentice Wizards do not live like university students, attending lectures and going out drinking in the evenings. The Colleges have apprentices who come to learn the secrets of the College's Lore, but they may rarely, if ever, leave the confines of their College unsupervised.

The Colleges are also places where people who are bound by a similar fate (being sensitive to magic in a world that despises such people, and having common interests and studies) come together to share knowledge and expand their skills. The Colleges are places of deep learning, and scholars of magic meet there to discuss complex and mysterious arcane matters. Or some poor soul found to be attuned to the Aethyric tides might choose or be impelled to go to the College, both as a means for the Colleges to control that person and also to learn from him by studying his talent. Someone who is not a Magister of a College and its associated Order, or a person with no arcane knowledge to share and who is not sensitive to the Winds of Magic, could not walk in and demand to be taught the magic of that Order, regardless of his wealth or social standing.

Beyond the Colleges

But Imperial Magisters do not only reside within the College building of their Order; the majority are scattered across the known world. For this reason, apprentices are often taken on by individual Wizards not living near Altdorf or the Colleges. These Magisters maintain regular correspondence with their College or Order to exchange knowledge and maintain some unity.

— Situating the Colleges —

The seats of all the Colleges of Magic are in, or very close to, the city-state of Altdorf. Altdorf is located where the great Reik and Talabec rivers meet before heading out to the Sea of Claws, making Altdorf the hub of the three other great trading cities in the Empire: Nuln, Talabheim, and Marienburg. Because of its location, Altdorf is one of the largest, wealthiest, and most populated cities in the Empire. Altdorf's position within the Empire is further secured by the fact that it is the capital of not only the largest and wealthiest province in the Empire, but the Empire itself because it's the seat of the current Emperor. Finally, Altdorf is also the seat of the Theogonist of the Sigmarite Cult, the famous Imperial Engineers' School, and the Colleges of Magic (the only bodies in the whole Empire permitted to study and practice magic).

As the home of the Imperial Colleges, Altdorf sees more Wizards and magic use than anywhere else in the Old World. As a result, the citizens of Altdorf are slightly more accustomed to witnessing demonstrations of magic than others in the Empire. Though folk of other city-states disapprove of magic use, Altdorfers make it a point of pride to treat magical events the same as mundane ones—an overstated attitude. It is true that Altdorf's citizens generally don't flee screaming in terror upon seeing a Wizard or witnessing some minor, or even more impressive, demonstration of Collegiate magic. But an observant person would note the onlooker's jaws tightening or their somewhat too-fast and nonchalant dismissal of such demonstrations as unimportant.

Few sane people in the Empire are ever truly dismissive of magic. Although the people of Altdorf are more accustomed to seeing magic use, there is also a strong element of keeping up appearances to foreigners and each other. Even if a veteran soldier witnessed a Pyromancer wielding a sword of pure fire at the recent breaking of the siege of Middenheim, he would still find it a rare, spectacular, and alarming sight if he were to see it again on the streets of Altdorf. But determinedly pretending there is nothing at all remarkable about such things is a practice that even the poorest Altdorf beggar indulges in, as long as it seems safe. It isn't as if the citizens have much choice—the Colleges of Magic are centred within their city after all.

— The Development of the Colleges —

For the first few decades of their existence, the Colleges of Magic were required to do little more than learn and master their crafts. During this time, and for the entirety of his life and Imperial reign, Emperor Magnus was the sole person and powerbase to whom the Colleges answered to, though the students' loyalty was to Teclis. This arrangement was made because Magnus did not trust anyone else in the Empire not to be biased against the fledgling Colleges, and no one else in the Empire really trusted the Colleges enough to want to be involved with them.

In addition to this, despite the fact that the Chaos Incursion had welded the Imperial provinces together by force of necessity, the provinces still had centuries of bitter hostility and warfare behind them; the bloodshed and misery of the Age of the Three Emperors was still fresh. Magnus believed that if any of the Elector Counts managed to get over their fear and distrust of the new Imperial Magisters, the Counts would use them to launch a new and devastating attack upon an ancient rival. So contact with the Colleges was tightly restricted, the Magisters staying within the bounds of their Colleges as much as possible, and everyone else staying outside.

As the years passed, new laws and treaties were drawn up, dictating specifically when and how an Elector Count could call upon a Magister's aid. This was supposedly a sovereign right of all the Electors of the Empire, but it was the hardest to legislate. It was decided that each Elector should pursue his or her own treaties with the Colleges of Magic without fear of political bias or other unfair advantages. As long as the Colleges and their Magisters adhered to the Articles of Imperial Magic laid down by Emperor Magnus and his advisors, there would be no chance of the Magisters ever allowing themselves to be swept into a destructive civil war. After all, a Magisters' first loyalty was to the idea of the Empire as a unified political power and nation, even though it was often not unified at all. Therefore, Magisters were within their rights, and even expected, to withdraw from any treaty or contract that brought them into conflict between Electors looking purely for political gain.

This ensured that Imperial Magisters could only be deployed in the wider interests of the Empire and not for the sake of the Electors' petty rivalries. Of course, this has not been foolproof, as nothing ever is. Some Electors have had family members and loyal servants who have become Magisters of one of the Orders of Magic. Despite sworn loyalties to Colleges, some have become involved in border disputes and minor battles between rival provinces. However, no Imperial Magister has ever taken sides in a major civil war or triggered one.

It is clear to scholars in the modern Empire that Magnus was looking ahead long term while drafting the Articles of Imperial Magic. With a few notable exceptions, the majority of the early Magisters of the Imperial Colleges were retrained hedge wizards of uneducated, peasant backgrounds. They were clearly not expected to seek contracts as advisors to nobles or as diplomatic envoys for the Emperor.

However, Magnus realised as the decades passed, the education, sophistication, and political awareness of the Magisters would develop. The responsibility to report all magically sensitive

people to the Colleges applied as much to scholarly, noble, and mercantile families of the Empire as it did the peasants. It was often much harder for a highly visible scholar, noble, or merchant in one of the Empire's populated cities to hide such abilities. Even if they were able to hide them, once the choice of attending the Colleges arose, it was far safer and convenient to go to the Colleges for an education than continue to hide. The noble and mercantile families also generally believed they had much more to lose by being accused of witchcraft than any mere peasant whose life is worthless.

So nobles, merchants, and various professors and scholars were often the first to submit themselves or their magic-sensitive offspring to the Colleges for training. These educated and often well-travelled individuals brought to the Colleges an understanding of politics, diplomacy, warfare, and even etiquette that were otherwise not taught to any great degree at the Colleges. These notions were then passed on as the scholars, nobles, and merchants became Magisters and took on their own apprentices.

As has been mentioned, only the Colleges are permitted by Imperial edict to study the secrets of magic. As a result, Collegiate Magisters are the only legitimate and officially sanctioned spellcasters in the Empire. The dominant religious body of the Empire, Sigmar's Cult, recognises the Colleges' right to exist and practice, albeit grudgingly. Because the Colleges do exist and are legal, the Empire's cults sometimes feel a deepened passion and justification to search out, prosecute, and burn users of Dark Magic who exist outside of the Colleges.

To many extremists, there is absolutely no excuse for anyone not of the Colleges to demonstrate strange powers of any kind, at least according to the order of Holy Order of the Templars of Sigmar, commonly known as witch hunters. All people possessing Aethyric ability, if loyal to Sigmar's Empire and Cult, are required by law to immediately surrender themselves to the authority and judgement of the Imperial Colleges of Magic. Otherwise, they can be condemned as practitioners of Dark Magic and burnt.

— The Colleges Today —

It has been about two and a half centuries since the Colleges were first created under Magnus' orders. In that time they have thrived, gradually expanding their knowledge and expertise in the use of magic and increasing their political footing throughout the Empire. Despite their relatively small size, the Colleges and their related Orders are among the Empire's great powerbases in the current era—though few would realise it, because the Orders are careful to maintain a low profile.

The Colleges and their Orders have the sole licence to practise and study magic in the Empire, and they jealously guard that right. They have treaties and contracts with nobles and powerful merchant houses across the Empire. Despite this, the Colleges remain under the microscope of the Sigmarite Cult and its Witch Hunters. Fear and distrust of magic are still prevalent throughout the Empire, and rightly so. Many of the old religious and civil authorities of the Imperial provinces regard the Orders as highly suspect, if not a direct threat. Conspiracy theories abound.

Although Magnus did not intend for the Colleges to churn out Battle Wizards, the most powerful spells Teclis and Finreir had taught to the budding Orders of Magic were most useful for battle. Though the Colleges, even from their earliest days, had an abundance of petty and lesser spells for more general use, it took over a century before the Colleges had accumulated a wider range of arcane knowledge.

Today the Colleges of Magic have a much wider reach, and their interests stretch to almost every corner of the Empire, with initiates, properties, libraries, contracts, and treaties, and in some cases even small guild and chapters houses, scattered throughout the realm. Emperor Karl Franz has presided over and encouraged the expansion and success of the Imperial Colleges, becoming their most generous and politically powerful advocate and patron. As Emperor and Elector Count of the Province of the Reikland, and Prince of the fabulously wealthy city-state of Altdorf, Karl Franz has sought to further strengthen the ties between himself and the various powerbases situated in his capital. Though certainly not as powerful as the Cult of Sigmar, the Colleges of Magic have become great political powers in their own right, despite being directly subordinate to the authority of Emperor.

The Colleges are subordinate to the emperor in three ways. First, they exist within the walls of Altdorf (with the exception of the Amber Brotherhood). Therefore, the Colleges' initiates are officially citizens of the city-state of Altdorf and subject to its local laws and the rule of its Prince, Karl Franz. The Magisters of Ghur have the seat of their Order within the wild Amber Hills beyond Altdorf, which means they are officially citizens of the Reikland and therefore subject to the rule of Karl Franz in his role as the Elector Count of the Reikland.

Second, the Colleges are bound by the Articles of Imperial Magic to give their loyalty to the Emperor regardless of whom he is or where he resides—and in the current era, the Imperial crown rests very firmly with the princes of Altdorf. Third, the Emperor bestows the largest financial endowments of any other noble upon the Colleges. So with few exceptions, their continued existence with the interests they have, to a degree, relies on imperial funding. As a result, any of the Colleges will supply Karl Franz with whatever is in their power whenever he asks for it without hesitation or charge, both as their duty and in good political sense. Many of the other Electors have protested the close ties between the Emperor and the Colleges of Magic and are often resentful of the partial treatment the Colleges give to the Altdorf Prince, not that their protests count

for much within the Colleges' walls or to the secretive Orders that the Colleges front.

Under the last Supreme Patriarch of the Orders of Magic, Thyrus Gormann, subtle pressure was applied to the Empire's College of Electors to allow him to join their number and be allowed to cast a vote in the election of all future Emperors. This was vehemently opposed by all the Electors other than Karl Franz and the Elder of the Moot who stayed reasonably neutral in the matter. It is a given that the Supreme Patriarch would almost always choose to back the Princes of Altdorf with any vote he is granted, which would give the Prince (who is also the Elector Count of the Reikland), five secured votes, along with his own and the Sigmarite votes.

The Sigmarites opposed this on a matter of principle, and the other Electors condemned it because of the staggering advantage it would give the Reikland Count in all elections. While the Elder of the Moot admitted that such a thing would indeed unbalance the electoral system further in favour of the Reikland, he also saw no real difference between the Patriarch having the vote and the Sigmarite Theogonist and his two most senior Arch-Lectors having them, or indeed Ar-Ulric having a vote. Although the idea was never pursued actively, gossip and whispers continue about the issue within provincial courts across the Empire.

Though he does not currently have a place in the Electoral system of the Empire, the Supreme Patriarch of the Colleges of Magic is the permanent representative of the Orders in the Imperial court. He is the prime advisor to the Emperor in regards to all matters magical, arcane, and anything else the Supreme Patriarch perceives as his duty to advise upon.

The Articles of Imperial Magic

Having been advised by Loremasters Teclis and Finreir, Emperor Magnus knew all magic came from the same nightmare Void as the Daemon Gods of Chaos—just as he had been told throughout his Sigmarite upbringing. But Magnus also realised that just as Human spellcasters had proven useful on the battlefield against the servants of Chaos, they could also aid the Empire in far more profound and long-term ways if they were trained well enough and watched closely by other authorities.

A few months after his return to Nuln from Kislev and his victory over the Chaos Hordes, Emperor Magnus ratified and made law in the presence of all the surviving Electors his wartime decree that had lifted the ban on the controlled use of magic and the practice of spellcraft. Though there was some resistance to his decision, particularly from the Theogonist of the Sigmarite Cult and the High Priest of the Cult of Ulric, all protestations were swept aside and the law was passed through Magnus' powers of persuasion, force of will, and his political influence in the wake of his stunning military success against the blasphemous Northern Hordes.

The Imperial Colleges of Magic were formally created in 2304 I.C., as part of Magnus' sweeping reforms to Imperial Law. To free the Colleges to study and use magic, while also keep all the Empire's new Wizards under his control, Magnus drafted and passed (with the guidance and advice of Teclis, the Theogonist, the Ar-Ulric, and several respected nobles and generals of the Empire), the Articles of Imperial Magic. These Articles defined the foundation of the Imperial Colleges of Magic that would garner the Empire with highly trained and dependable Magisters who were sworn to defend it if need be. The Articles also re-instated a partial ban on magic by defining anyone not a member of one of the new Colleges found wilfully using magic to be a "practitioner of dire witcheries" and stating they should be exiled or put to death for the good of all.

The Articles granted the Magisters of the newly formed Colleges "permission to perform magical research and practice thaumaturgy (magic) for the good of the Empire and within its bounds and territories." The Articles were binding to all Imperial authorities as well as the Colleges, and any illegal or unprovoked attack against the Colleges (though not necessarily individual Magisters) was also to be considered an attack upon the Emperor himself and, therefore, treasonous. Yet the laws and rules of the Articles were even more binding to the initiates to the Imperial Colleges, who would have to adhere to all of them under pain of death—and if an entire College broke with them, that College's right to exist and practice magic would be revoked.

There are many more Articles in addition to those listed above, including restrictions on how much political power a Magister may acquire, what positions of state authority they can occupy, and under what circumstances. The Articles also list such matters as appropriate conduct for Magisters and their apprentices within everyday society.

There are many grey areas in the Articles of Imperial Magic that have been exploited by both the Colleges and the witch hunters across the last two centuries to the benefit and detriment of both of these great power-blocks. Debates as to the exact definition of "good reason" as referenced in article 6 and "favourably" in article 8 are both good examples of the loose meaning of the Articles. Some Magisters have found themselves in considerable trouble for using magic to light a taper in a public place, while others have got away with turning down a request from and Elector on the basis that they have offered what they deemed a "favourable" alternative, which the requesting Elector did not view as satisfactory.

It seems unlikely that a shrewd and politically engaged leader like Magnus the Pious would fail to see the flaws and limitations in the Articles he drafted. There is some debate as to whether ambiguity came into the document as a result of continuous constitutional and political wrangling between the numerous

The first obedience of every Magister must be to the ideals and laws of Sigmar's Holy Empire of which these Articles form a part; then to he who is rightfully elected Emperor of Sigmar's Holy Empire; then to the Supreme Patriarch of the Colleges of Magic; then to the laws and ideals of their Order; then to the Patriarch of their Order; then to the authorities that each Magister may be required to serve in the course of his duties; then to other superiors within their Orders.

No Magister may obstruct in malice or for financial or political gain the rulings of the Emperor, nor may they seek to overthrow him for these reasons.

Every Magister of said Colleges must adhere to the laws of Sigmar's Holy Empire, regardless of the province, region, or city-state, just as any loyal citizen must, except that the Magisters alone shall be permitted to study magic and perform such spells for the good of the Empire.

The Colleges are free to study, document, practice, and experiment with the arcane forces of magic that are present in this world, provided they adhere to the restrictions laid down by Teclis of Ulthuan, keep the good of Sigmar's Holy Empire in their hearts and minds, and obey the Articles of this document.

The Colleges may bestow as they see fit upon all their own initiates full rights to study, document, practice, and experiment with the arcane forces of magic that are present in this world and also take apprentices to themselves to pass on such knowledge and wisdom as may be part of their Lore and for the good of the Empire.

No Magister may cast a spell or enchantment outside of the theatre of war and in public view without first being requested to by the Emperor, the Electors of Sigmar's Holy Empire, or another legitimate employer as defined by the Articles of this document. All spells and enchantments cast without these permission may only be done so with and for demonstrably good reason.

No Magister may ever study the Forbidden Lores of the Daemonic Powers, nor the unholy ways of Necromancy, nor any other sorcery or witchcraft that utilises the wicked powers of Dark Magic. Any Magister found disregarding this Article is guilty of an Abominable Act and is both Heretic and Traitor and will be put to sword and fire immediately.

The Colleges must respond favourably to any reasonable request for specific service from any Elector of Sigmar's Holy Empire.

The Colleges must be ready to render service to the armies of the Emperor and the Electors of the Empire upon request, unless such service aids in the seceding of an Imperial province from the Empire, or unless such service is intended to cause overt harm to the Electoral System, or to the authority of the Emperor who resides upon Sigmar's Throne, or to the unity of purpose and identity that marks Sigmar's Holy Empire, as indeed it was so sorely afflicted throughout the dark centuries of the False Emperors.

The Colleges must grant upon request protection for all such diplomatic missions and any other tasks of defence or warfare as are required by the duly elected Emperor of Sigmar's Holy Empire.

All Magisters may expect to receive accommodation, benefits, respect, and fair treatment, as would befit any noble of Sigmar's Holy Empire, while in the employ of the Electors of Sigmar's Holy Empire.

Magisters are permitted to pursue agreements of employment with any persons or organisations: civil and religious, public and private, noble and mercantile, providing their employers are not enemies of Sigmar's Holy Empire or the people and that will not lead to the breaking of any of these Articles.

All Magisters are required to seek out magic users as may exist within the bounds of Sigmar's Holy Empire to ascertain their suitability to join one of the Orders of Magic, or else report them the Holy Orders of the Templars of Sigmar, or else destroy them if they prove to be of immediate and grave menace to Sigmar's People.

All Magisters are required to render such aid as is deemed necessary to the Holy Orders of the Templars of Sigmar, should said Templars provide satisfactory proof that the servant of malignancy they face is beyond their capacity to capture or destroy without magical means.

All Magisters are required to exert themselves to seek out and counter such destructive and anti-Imperial machinations, practices, peoples, and creatures that are beyond the means of civil authorities and Sigmar's Templars to counter, but yet still serve the Daemon Gods or advance the corruption of Imperial citizens through any sorcerous or infernal means. This shall be the prime concern and purpose of the Colleges, their Orders and the Magisters belonging to them, and to fail in this duty is to render void all the Articles of this document and make obsolete their permission to practise arcane arts without hindrance.

—Articles 1-15 Extracted from the Articles of Imperial Magic From the hand of Emperor Magnus In the year 2305 I.C.

powerbases of the time, or whether Magnus had intended for there to be some flexibility in the interpretation of the Articles, to assure that no one group could monopolise power or authority after his death.

For example, Magnus also both reaffirmed and limited in the Articles of the so-called Obsidian Edict of 2004 I.C. in which the Cult of Sigmar claimed the sacred duty of hunting down and wiping out witchcraft, necromancy, daemonology, sorcery, and Chaos-worship in the Empire. It was reaffirmed in the sense that Witch Hunters were acknowledged as a social force—possessing a prime mandate to track down, try in a court of law, and even execute Witches, Warlocks, Necromancers, Mutants, Chaos worshippers, and other renegades, but they were forbidden from pursuing sanctioned Magisters of the Orders of Magic or their apprentices, unless asked for aid by a legitimate spokesman of a College to track down a Magister that had turned traitor, or unless the witch hunters were witness to an abominable act by the hand of a sanctioned Magister.

The Witch Hunters were also required to turn over any magic user age twenty-five years or less to Collegiate authorities, providing the magic user was not guilty of daemon worship or witchcraft and had not committed an abominable act.

Of course, the Articles did not create exact boundaries of interest and influence between the witch hunters and the Orders of Magic, nor does any of it assure or enforce cooperation between them.

— Imperial Magisters —

Non-insane users of arcane magic of any skill in the Old World are quite rare—more so than one might expect. The few sane manipulators of the Winds of Magic tend to be the Magisters of the Orders of Magic, yet even they are eccentric and certainly strange by any ordinary measure.

The title "Magister" was created to prevent Wizards from becoming too wealthy at the behest of the Burgomeisters. In essence, they are vassals of their order and so they cannot manage business or own extensive property. Instead, a Magister's College functions like a Barony, and its Wizards are in service to it. However, over the generations, Magister is also an honorific, one which suggests that the individual has mastered of a particularly difficult art (in this case the art of magic), whose learning and position makes him or her superior in some ways to others. The title also refers to the possession of a kind of licence from their College and Order allowing them to practice their art and teach it to others. Anyone bearing the title Magister is considered a full brother or sister of the Order whose Lore they study and whose laws they obey.

Despite the respectability of their titles, the arcane spellcraft, or magic, as taught by and to Imperial Magisters, is still widely regarded as dangerous, against nature, and blasphemous by devotees of almost all of the Old World's acceptable religious cults. So although few would speak out against a sanctioned Magister, few would also want to share the same radius as a Magister, given the choice.

Not all Magisters are required to stay at the College buildings in Altdorf. In fact, the majority are required to leave in order to pursue their duties and contracts across the Empire. Many prefer to continue their studies elsewhere, sometimes in private or within one of the lesser guilds or libraries of their Order scattered throughout the Empire. Other Magisters are required or invited to join the courts of Electors or other nobles, perhaps by treaty, commercial contract, or familial ties. In such positions, a Magister might work as an advisor, an emissary, household protector against malignant magic, or even as a mentor for offspring that have been identified as possessing an Aethyric aptitude.

It is worth noting the contracts pursued by the Orders of Magic are very expensive, meaning only the wealthiest merchants and nobles will ever be able to afford the services of a Magister (unless of course he is a family member, an old friend, or has some other reason to give a free or reduced-rate service to the employer). There are also Magisters who turn their back on major commercial contracts, particularly amongst the Jade and Amber Orders. Amber Wizards tend to accept smaller contracts

with villages and farmsteads for payments that cover their basic needs. Some Magisters travel the Empire or the world on the business of their Order or the Emperor. A few disappear and are seen only once or twice a decade if at all.

There are some Magisters, the most dangerous of their kind, who exist on a kind of permanent secondment to a military body (like the Reiksguard for instance), training with them in battlefield tactics and the strategies of war.

Battle Wizards

A scant few Wizards spend a portion of their training on assignment to an Imperial military body, joining a famous city regiment or even a chapter of Templar Knights. Not only do these secondments allow the Magister to get a feel for the people and organisations they will be a part of, it also gives the officer classes of the Empire's armies an idea of a Magister's capabilities in battle, so their expectations of what Magisters can do are reasonable. During this time, these Magisters learn how to best integrate their spellcraft with a large body of fighting men—a very different prospect from learning how to duel one-on-one with another Magister. They learn how to become a "force multiplier" for the men on the ground, assisting ordinary soldiers in their combat duties and offering magical support where required.

More senior and skilled Magisters who have studied the secrets of battle magic more extensively are often expected to regularly serve with the Empire's military. These Lord Magisters are more than just force multipliers, but forces in their own right. Although they endeavour to work closely with the armies they march with, they invariably pursue their own whims and goals in battle. Though these Lord Magisters may not act in strict concordance with the tactics of the armies' officers, the efforts of these princes amongst Magisters are always welcomed though also rather feared.

Among these talented Wizards, there are a few with a steely nerve and unmatched talent which are selected and groomed to become Battle Wizards, masters of "battle magic." This approach to magic involves particularly destructive spells permitted to be used only on the battlefield. Exceptionally powerful, they can cast spells that evoke terrible windstorms, rain fire on armies, and some say even call down stars from the sky to destroy the Empire's enemies. Developed to answer the Empire's need for improved support against the Chaos incursions, the art of Battle Magic are some of the most closely guarded secrets in the Old World.

Battle Wizards occupy a special place within the Colleges of Magic and are rarely permitted to interact with Imperial society. Rumours abound about how Battle Wizards are mad and incredibly dangerous, held in lead-lined rooms until such time they are needed. Regardless of the swirling myths, Battle Wizards are extremely rare and vary in ability depending on their allegiance to their particular College. Though they differ in

"Battle Wizards are nothing more than weapons. They are rare, thank Sigmar, and they are more powerful than other Wizards. For our good and in respect to Sigmar's Word, these foul creatures are kept locked in the bowels of their College buildings, only to be released under the strictest controls and supervision in those times when the pure steel and honest sweat of Sigmar's chosen people face the Powers of the Old Dark. Where the loss of any good citizen's life is loss to the Empire, the loss of some Collegiate filth is not. Let the damned destroy the damned with their own weapons, so long as Sigmar's people are saved from the contamination of Chaos."

—Johann Nider, Templar of Sigmar

"It is commonly known amongst academics and scholars that all Wizards are insane, and so it seems likely that those that are dedicated to battle are more insane than most. I'm sure they are kept confined somewhere out of harm's reach, only to be trundled out when some lord or other wishes to flex his muscles. This suggests that Wizards of wealthier and therefore better-educated backgrounds might have the good sense to shy away from studying the more dangerous magic of their Order, preferring instead to dedicate their studies to more esoteric areas of investigation."

—Dr. Randolph Kuhlpeper, Lecturer of Recent History, University of Talabheim

"The idea that these war-Wizards are kept 'safe' because they are so volatile is patently ridiculous! All Wizards are war-Wizards by the very definition of their being! Every single one that we might see upon the streets of Altdorf or coming to and fro their 'College' buildings are powder-kegs simply awaiting a match! Offering continued patronage of these damnable 'Magisters' is the worst idea of any Emperor, living or dead. What? The windows are open? Then close them man! Close them! You never know when they might be listening!"

~ Lord Melched Eisener of Altdorf

"Those Apprentices that do not have absolute control over their hearts and minds are not permitted to train in the arts of battle magic, regardless of how well they might draw the immaterial Winds to themselves. Only those fully accepted Magisters who have shown considerable focus of mind and superb ability to wield great quantities of Aethyr safely will be considered for anything more than the most basic training in battle magic, but also, and most importantly, only those who are amongst the wisest, most intelligent, reasonable and loyal of all Magisters will ever be chosen to become Battle Magisters and senior members of the Order. No Order would be so foolish as to allow any but the purest and wisest to wield such powerful spellcraft. That way would lie carnage, despair, and the end of the Orders of Magic..."

~ Paulo Elias, follower of the Second Circle, The Order of Light

"Believe me, there are many profound safeguards built into the training and instruction of our dedicated Wizard warriors. They will not turn traitor."

~ Dietmar Gulonsson, Magister of the Celestial College

"I believe it to be a bit of both. Some are the dedicated Battle Magisters who are exceedingly powerful but appear to be regarded as somewhat unreliable by their peers, perhaps in the sense that they may have short tempers. I remember this to be the case with at least one Pyromancer seconded to my regiment. He was watched closely by a companion who seemed to be of higher rank, and possibly power, within his Order. However it must be said that I have met other Magisters of prodigious battlefield power and prowess who have in their dealings with me also proven to be men of great wisdom and honour, very controlled and with profound senses of duty. These types must certainly have been ear-marked for greatness in their Orders, if, indeed they were not considered great already."

~ Kurt Helborg, Commander of the Reiksguard

the types of destructive spells they wield, they are all uniformly focused, capable, loyal, and resolved. Who else would be chosen to study more than one or two spells of an arcane war craft that allows the user to kill with a few words and call down meteorites with a wave of his hand?

Magisters that posses all the right attributes and skills needed to become more advanced in the arts of battle magic, and therefore those who are likely to advance swiftest and furthest in their Orders, would not only learn how to cast dreadful and destructive spells but would have to learn to do so under very distracting and high-pressure circumstances to simulate the chaos of a battlefield.

Black Magisters

The term "Black Magister" is the phrase used by the Orders and witch hunters to describe Magisters who either go rogue, turning their backs on the Articles of Imperial Magic, or who knowingly utilise Dark Magic, or both. This is not a common occurrence, but a few Black Magisters are infamous throughout the Empire.

Black Magisters do not have to have embraced the Chaos Gods, nor must they have begun studying the arts of Daemonology or Necromancy. All it takes is for them to flee their Order and refuse to practice and respect its traditions or intentionally and persistently experiment with more than one Wind of Magic at a time. These traitorous acts will earn the Magister the relentless hostility of his prior Order.

Black Magisters know and accept they have disobeyed the Articles of Magic and have broken faith with their Order. They have been instructed from day one as Apprentices that breaking with their Order is the most terrible and illegal act possible and that using Dark Magic is insanely dangerous. These acts are against the spirit and letter of the law and are morally lacking. So if a Magister takes the rare and extraordinary step of starting to use these malign energies, he would either willingly embrace his new title of Black Magister or reject any title whatsoever.

Whatever the case, Black Magisters tend to look down on their old brethren as narrow-minded, misguided fools who wilfully hold back from exploring the true nature and power of magic. These renegades tend to look even more starkly on self-taught

Battle Wizards and *WFRP*

In *WFRP*, becoming a Battle Wizard for the Empire is far beyond the reach of the typical character. They are capable of wielding incredible power and command great respect in the Empire. And so, there is no Battle Wizard career. Should you wish to develop a Battle Wizard career and spell list, feel free, but realise that the life of these characters are exceptionally short and unpleasant.

Using Black Magisters

Black Magisters are any Magisters who experiments with multiple Winds of Magic and/or who knowingly choose to use Dark Magic. For most intents and purposes, Black Magisters are similar to Witches but with better training manipulating magic and possessing a wider variety of spells. Regardless of whether a Black Magister starts off using Dark Magic or not, he will inevitably be drawn to do so.

Black Magisters are typically Journeyman Wizards, Master Wizards, or Wizard Lords.

(or, at least, non-College trained) witches and hedge wizards, whom they consider ignorant and trivial dabblers worthy only of contempt and destruction.

Black Magisters who do not flee their Order and practice their dangerous and illegal arts in secret would be among the most subtle and powerful of all Magisters to be able to do so without being discovered. They would probably need divine or daemonic aid to hide their corruption from their peers if they reside in the College buildings of Altdorf (as was the case with that vilest of all traitors, Egrimm van Hortsmann).

— The Penalty of the Law —

Anyone found practicing spellcraft outside of the Colleges of Magic and their Orders is guilty in the eyes of religious law of witchcraft, or worse. The punishment that the witch hunters have devised for this crime is death by burning—the only sure way to destroy taint of Chaos, or so they believe. All manner of horrific and rather painful measures may be taken before the burning to ensure that there is no possibility of spell casting, escape or cursing the folk who are performing the "cleansing." In the north of the Empire—where folk are known to be rather direct and excitable—nailing offenders to a tree and burning them is the standard way of disposing of a witch, while in the South far more civilised (and painful) methods are in use.

Arcane Justice

Although any Watchman or agent of civil law may theoretically arrest someone accused of witchcraft (any non-Collegiate magic use), many Watchmen would consider doing so quite a risk. They are not paid much, and who wants to risk being cursed? Instead, it's more likely he will simply try to shoot the offender from a distance or inform the local chapter of Witch Hunters, the local cult Priest, or some other religious authority. A fair trial must be given to anyone accused of practicing witchcraft, and this is usually the case in more civilised and reasonable towns. But if the accused seeks to evade arrest too passionately, shows his true colours as a Chaos lover, or uses magic to defend himself or harm others, then the witch hunters or other religious authorities will not bother apprehending him. They will just kill him and burn his corpse.

Aside for the obvious moral treacheries of hedge wizards and witches, it is a very brave or very mad individual who would bring charges of witchery or an abominable act against a Collegiate Magister without exceptionally damning proof. Such charges must be made according to law and be well founded, especially within the great cities of the Empire. After all, Imperial Magisters are protected by Imperial law and their Orders wield considerable political power and influence, both overt and covert. If such charges are brought against a sanctioned Magister in rural areas where political influence over lords and burgomeisters means little, the accuser must be sure he is exceptionally well protected. Ordinary citizens have few defences they can rely on when confronted by an enraged magic wielder, especially a trained Magister of an Imperial College.

Pacification

If a Magister infringes the Articles of Magic or his Order's own constitution, it is a matter for the Colleges to deal with; although, the Witch Hunters often try to lay claim to this responsibility. The Colleges do not take this duty lightly; to do so would be the first step to their own corruption and downfall.

Punishment can range from flogging to exile, to execution, or worst of all for a Magister, Pacification.

Pacification, as opposed to execution, is a punishment reserved for those Magisters who are found guilty of Gross Misconduct, Traitorous Acts, and most of all for Defaming the Good Orders of the Colleges of Magic. Essentially, if a Magister embraces the Dark Arts, rejects his Order and College, becomes a threat to the Empire at large, and even more importantly, does something to focus the frightened eyes of the Empire's public on his actions and therefore the College and Order to which he belongs, College authorities always seek to have that Magister captured alive. Death is too good for such traitors. The public's fears that the Colleges do not police their own well enough, or even that the Colleges should not be permitted to exist at all, need to be addressed very visibly.

Pacification is the worst possible punishment for a Magister, and it takes considerable effort to achieve. Not only is it spoken of in dire tones to young apprentices, the actual processes involved are kept a closely guarded secret. All Wizards are aware that it involves a type of Aethyric gelding—a cutting away of the part of the soul capable of seeing and casting magic. It is unclear as to whether this involves removal of actual flesh, but the very thought of a sundering of the soul is enough to make all but the most thick-headed recoil.

As Wizards progress within their Order, this apprentices' tale is ornamented somewhat with additional facts. Each order seems to have slightly different and conflicting rumours about the process of this mental mutilation—including what happens to the poor unfortunates afterwards. The Amethyst Order simply maintains that the soul in question is allowed to die in accordance with their loudly screamed wishes. Other Orders maintain darker tales of tormented souls entombed within their own skulls or used as fodder for those daemons it suits the Light Order to consort with. Some believe the fires of the Bright Order's flaming towers are fed by more than the wind of Aqshy.

Screaming Lord Reichthard

Throughout the history of the Orders of Magic, only six poor fools have committed acts terrible enough to warrant the punishment of Pacification. The first such miscreant was Magister Lord Reichthard, a master teacher, pyromancer, scholar, and respected member of the Bright Order. While no comment, writing nor record of his abominable acts remains to this day, the tale of his punishment remains in constant circulation.

The tale is far too bloody and horrific to be recounted here save to tell that Reichthard's screams lasted sixteen days before they were silenced. Occasionally the more impressionable apprentices may claim sightings of the gibbering, broken shade of Lord Reichthard, but this is usually dismissed as the drunken antics of Journeymen Wizards, looking for amusement.

Magisters discovering such antics invariably treat the matter with the utmost seriousness, demanding that the Journeymen descend to the furthest cellar of the College and make their apologies to a certain strangely shaped piece of rock. Laughing students invariably return solemn and dedicated to remaining in the bounds of the Lore.

Pacification is known to have been performed only six times in the history of the Colleges, as most traitors are either captured and killed before they do anything to attract the public gaze, or the public never realises that the evil sorcerer sacrificing their children to daemons was once a Collegiate Magister. As a rule, Black Magisters tend to stay out of the public eye even more than warlocks or sorcerers, meaning it is fractionally easier for the Orders to track him down without having to make a graphic example of him to appease the witch hunters and the public at large.

Pursuing Traitors

When it comes to the pursuit and capture of traitorous Magisters, the Orders look to their own offices to deal with the problem. If possible, no Order is willing to reveal to the world sometimes one or two of their numbers go bad. Besides, there are few people or authorities within the Empire who have the arcane skills needed to hunt down and destroy such traitors.

If a Magister of any particular Order is revealed to have turned to Chaos magic or the worship of a Dark God, his former Order will silently mobilise all available resources to capture or, more likely, kill him. If such a task proves impossible for one Order alone (a rare occurrence, though not an unprecedented one), then it is possible for an Order to approach another for aid. This holds particularly true for the Light, Gold, and Celestial Orders; the others tend to be too proud, too secretive, too cynical, or too personally involved in the problem to care much for outside help.

The reason an Order of Magic would agree to help find a Black Magister of another Order, without making the hunt public and keeping it secret from the witch hunters, is because each and every one of the Orders know of the public's general fear and distrust of spellcraft. If it were known that a trained Magister of one of the Orders had fallen to darkness, the Collegiate system as a whole would risk coming into irreparable disgrace. Many religious and rival political organisations would jump on any opportunity to condemn the Colleges out of all proportion; hence, it must be avoided at all cost.

Exiles & Wandering Magisters

All Magisters are considered responsible for the behaviour of their apprentices, past and present. So if a Magister strays from the path, their old mentor (if he still lives) will also be examined and punished with anything from exile to execution for his former protégé's crimes, unless some explanation can be given.

This is a purely internal affair for the Orders, and they rarely, if ever, see a reason to involve any external authority. There are two reasons why this law exists and why it is enforced so strictly by the Orders upon their members. First, if an apprentice or Magister breaks the law in spectacular fashion or is found to have turned to darkness, then targeting that apprentice's or Magister's master as equally responsible is the only way to legally satisfy the requirements set out in the Articles of Magic. The master of the traitor must pay to spare blame from the entire College and Order to which he belonged. The second and most important reason for this condition is to ensure that all Magisters are careful of whom they teach their arcane arts to and are thorough in their observation and instruction of their apprentice. It also means that Magisters will take personal responsibility to track down a runaway apprentice or rogue Magister or face the fullest penalty of the law themselves.

Some respected Magisters whose apprentices (old or current) have broken serious laws are fortunate enough to only be exiled by their Order from Altdorf or the Reikland, or at worst, the lands of the Empire. This is obviously far better than execution or Pacification, and it means the brothers of his Order will still regard him as one of their number, even if they cannot accept him as part of the College's highly visible political body. Such exiles usually find their way to Marienburg, the city-states of Tilea or Estalia, or even Bretonnia (though it is quite risky). Because they are still on friendly terms with their Order, they are welcome to share in the resources and learning of their Order, a fact that irks many Witch Hunters but is beyond their

ability to prevent. Loyal Magisters that have been banished due to the acts of former apprentices still serve their Order, and therefore the Empire, indirectly. They often send back reports on the nations they reside in, and their abilities generally assure that they can attain employment in positions near authority and so are often in perfect positions to spy on their new employers.

Other exiled Magisters choose to travel the world seeking wisdom to further enhance their own skills and the learning of their Order. Some Magisters have made their way to such far-flung places as Kislev, Norsca, Albion, the Border Princedoms, Araby, and even, or so it is rumoured, distant Cathay and Nippon. Whatever these wanderers learn, they record all of it to parchment so that one day they may take it to the secret libraries of their Colleges to share the knowledge they have acquired with the brothers of their Orders.

— Religious Devotion —

Although beliefs vary from Order to Order, all Imperial Magisters tend to take a more practical and less superstitious view of the divine—probably because of the early influence Teclis and Finreir had on Collegiate belief systems.

All Magisters are aware of the existence of the many Gods and daemons, wholesome and otherwise, and do not underestimate the enormous power and influence these entities have over the mortal world. However, although they are careful not to offend these Gods and Daemons and even make offerings to them as and when it is deemed necessary and appropriate (as with the Amethyst Order and Mórr), Collegiate Magisters tend not to directly worship or offer their personal devotion and dedication to any of the Gods. It is a fine line between making respectful observances to the Gods and actually worshipping them, as a priest or another devoted citizen might, but it is one that Imperial Magisters walk.

In times of need, some of the Empire's Cults have approached various Orders—in an entirely unofficial way—to request aid. This has resulted in some tentative relationships between the cults and the Orders. As a last ditch attempt, player characters in dire need might find aid based on the following lines:

- **The Light Order:** Some links to the Cult of Shallya, particularly when it comes to possession and matters of Daemonolgy.
- **The Celestial Order:** Rumours of Verenan scholars consulting with Celestial Seers have neither been denied or confirmed. Likewise, those that worship Morr in his aspect of the God of Dreams have been known to turn to the Celestial Order.
- **The Gold Order:** The Order has made overtures towards Dwarf Runesmiths and priests with little success, as they are jealous guardians of their secrets. The Altdorf press has insinuated some links with Ranaldian tricksters in a recent scandal involving vanishing Gold, but this is unlikely to be true.
- **The Jade Order:** Close links with the Cult of Taal and Rhya, as well as certain rural Shallyan cults. Those who follow Mannan often find themselves oddly at peace whilst around Jade Wizards, but this has never been formalised into any type of compact.
- **The Amber Order:** Occasional links to the Cult of Taal, and to a lesser extent Rhya. The Amber Wizards will stir themselves to aid the wild places and often find common cause with these cults as a result of this.
- **The Bright Order:** While it often provides Battle Wizards for the Imperial forces, this has curried little favour for the Bright Order—even with the Cult of Sigmar. Relations with those of Mannan are positively awful as it has been claimed that the patriarch of the Bright Order referred to the Sea Lord as "a watery, damp squib of a little God."
- **The Grey Order:** They Grey Order has no known ties to any religious Cult.
- **The Amethyst Order:** Links with the Cult of Morr are very strong—as one would expect.

— Bestowing Legitimacy —

There is no written licence that sanctioned Imperial Magisters must carry around with them. The fact they have been accepted into one of the Orders and trained by them is enough to satisfy the demands of the Articles of Imperial Magic. There are various signifying tattoos, brands, emblems, and items the apprentices and Magisters of an Order must wear or carry to signify their membership to their College and Order. And this is proof enough for secular and religious authorities of all major cities and towns, though villages in rural areas are unlikely to recognise these marks, emblems, and items.

With the Colleges being mostly self-policed and self-supported, it's in their best interests to keep track of all of their members and make sure they stay loyal, stay in contact, and send funds (10% of all earnings, unless they are a Lord Magister) every year to the closest body owned by or representing their Order. These funds go to the maintenance of the College buildings, the upkeep and training of apprentices who are based at the Colleges (instead of with a Magister living elsewhere), and they fund the Colleges' other unpaid duties and goals across the Empire.

Overall, a member of any of the eight Orders must keep his Order informed of where he is going and what he is doing. If he enters a town or city where there is a guild or chapter house belonging to his order, or even just another Magister of his Order, it is considered good practice and a mark of due respect to make himself known. There are some mystical ways that each College can keep track of the movements of their members, but how this is done is a secret unknown to outsiders.

Foreign Magic Users

Legitimate spellcasters from Kislev and other foreign regions travelling through Imperial territories pose problems for Imperial authorities. The Articles of Imperial Magic are not binding to foreign spellcasters, but regional and religious laws are. Since Witch Hunters only find those people who reveal their magical abilities or who have no control over them, a foreign spellcaster would be able to get around easily if they do not cast any spells where they can be seen.

It is worth remembering magic use is forbidden in the Empire regardless of who you are or where you are from, unless you are associated with one of the Colleges and unless you have special permission from cult and state authorities (so rare it's almost unheard of). Fortunately, the immediate neighbours and allies of the Empire do not have traditions of spellcasting and arcane magic in the sense that the Empire fears, and so their spellcasters are generally tolerated. For instance, despite their name, the Ice Mages of Kislev are regarded as priests rather than Wizards by Imperial authority and tradition. The same is true for the Bretonnian Damsels of the Lady.

Marienburg is the exception in that it is free from Imperial law and its burgomeisters have been known to encourage magical experimentation within the bounds of their city. This has had mixed results, ranging from embarrassing hoaxes that drained certain burgomeisters of considerable funds before being exposed, to horrifying failures where Daemonic possession, magical fires, and even violent and terrifying Poltergeist activity were caused by untrained practitioners. In fact, although Marienburg is widely regarded as the most tolerant and cosmopolitan of all cities and states in the Old World, it is also known to be a hive of illicit cult activity. Spies and other agents from Bretonnia, Tilea, Estalia, and the Empire operate throughout Marienburg and its environs, as do the Orders of Magic, often working to limit cult activity or control the skilled usage of magic.

The Colleges of Magic take a very dim view of lesser and more dangerous magical traditions being practiced so close to the hub of their own activities. They are rumoured to have a large number of agents and exiled Magisters in Marienburg secretly moving against other would-be spellcasters who try to establish themselves there, assuring that these lesser spellcasters do not receive the protection and sponsorship of the wealthy mercantile classes of the city.

— Collegiate Apprenticeships —

Most people who become apprentices do so in their youth, between the ages of ten and their early-to-mid twenties, for two reasons: youngsters tend to be submitted to Collegiate authorities as soon as they begin to manifest any strange powers and because learning how to effectively and safely use magic is a long, slow process. The earlier this process is started, the better. If a Magister has a child, he will either be sent far away never to see his parents or know of their abilities, or he will be raised in the traditions and spellcraft of the Order that his parents belong to—there is rarely any other choice.

Some untrained magic users have little choice but to apprentice later in life, though there are fewer practising Magisters who would be willing to take on an apprentice much older than mid-twenties, unless that apprentice showed particular skill, dedication, and loyalty. A lot of the work of an apprentice is menial labour, fetching and carrying, preparing ingredients, and learning tedious mental drills and formulas, not to mention various arcane languages and so on. Few adults are naturally inclined to perform such demeaning and mind-numbingly boring tasks for no wages beyond a bed, meals, and the promise of future learning. One might think that because the apprentice's College will check up on them regularly and claim at least 10% of all their earnings for most their lives older magic users would be discouraged from staying. But given their options: accept this situation, risk destroying themselves with uncontrolled magic, or have their tongues removed and be burned alive by witch hunters, few have much choice in the matter.

Although many apprentices are based in the actual buildings of the Colleges of Magic, each is tutored by an individual Magister of the College's Order; he is their mentor and master. Certain elements to do with the history of the Order, its duties and restrictions, and certain points and debates concerning the nature of magic and its use are sometimes taught as lectures to groups of apprentices. But the actual visualisation and handling of magic is usually taught on a one-on-one basis—especially by Colleges like the Amber and Jade, where almost all their spells and theory are taught through an oral tradition, hands-on demonstration, and experimentation.

Most Magisters will only take a couple of apprentices over their entire lives, though there are some who base themselves permanently in the College buildings, and their whole purpose seems geared towards teaching the arcane arts. In most rural regions of the Empire, it is unlikely to have more than one Magister covering a whole region, and he may be reluctant to take on an apprentice at all.

But if faced with someone with an aptitude that cannot be ignored, it is the Magister's duty to take on the apprentice, whether he wants to or not. He will then teach his new apprentice the magic learned from his own master. However, before this process can begin, potential apprentices must be deemed fit to learn the arcane secrets of magic.

Discovery or Application

There is no standard way to approach to the Colleges of Magic to become an apprentice, as many of the Colleges have different

"If, as I am hoping, you are all new and untried in the ways of the Eight Winds, hearken closely to the words I speak and hold them as fact. If, as is more likely, many of you have already tasted of the arcane Winds, or worse, have formed an opinion upon them, forget all that you think you know, for therein will lie your inevitable destruction. Heed me well, for I know of that which I speak.

I was once like you, though born far to south and east in the lands this good Empire knows as Araby. As with many scholars of my homeland, I was accomplished in the study of numbers and chemistry, and I was both a physician and herbalist of surpassing skill. Yet though I did not realise it for many a year, I was also gifted with a sensitivity to the Aethyr's Coloured Winds. I will not speak of the day that this gift and curse (for you all know it is both) was made manifest to my peers and I, for it is a day I have long tried to forget. What I shall share with you is that not long after that moment, I was approached by one of the Magister Alchemists of this most illustrious institution who, I later discovered, had come to my homeland to see for himself what secrets our sciences had revealed of the natural world and whether they could add anything to the considerable knowledge of his Order. After speaking with him for nearly a day and a night, I chose to travel with him across the world to this great city of Altdorf, to this very College, to beseech the brother Magisters of this Golden Order for the opportunity to prove myself worthy of being accepted as an apprentice to their College.

And now, some forty cold winters later, I am here to teach you the facts and practices that you will have to accept and adhere to if you wish to survive with sanity and soul intact as long as I thrive as a Magister in the service of this different nation's great and noble Emperor and avoid the fires of Sigmar's Templars. I do not anticipate that many of you will succeed."

—Haqiqah al-Hikmah, Magister Lord of the Golden Order

procedures and structures for such things. However, there are some internal agreements about searching for and processing potential recruits that bind all Wizards. Applicants to the Colleges can be divided into those that apply voluntarily, those that an existing Collegiate Magister or Journeyman discovers and compels to apply, and those that some other authority or agency compels to apply.

A stipulation of the order that granted the Colleges of Magic the right to exist was that every senior apprentice (Journeyman) and full initiate (Magister) must investigate any rumour of untrained and/or unlicensed magic use. It is the sworn duty of all Collegiate Magisters and Journeymen to investigate the abilities of anyone discovered using magic or practising spellcraft of any kind, knowingly or otherwise, who is not associated with one of the Orders. The Magisters must gauge their physical, psychological, and spiritual suitability for joining one of the Colleges of Magic. If the subjects are sane and not irredeemably contaminated by Dark Magic, it is the Magister's or Journeyman's duty to escort them to the nearest Collegiate property. Or they may take the untrained magic user under their own protection until the individual can be escorted to a Collegiate property, or, as a last resort, report their existence to the nearest chapter of witch hunters—something no Magister will do if they can help it.

Naturally, if the untrained magic user that a Collegiate Magister discovers is a dangerous witch or warlock, then the Magister must contain or eliminate the threat they pose by whatever means necessary.

Which College?

Generally speaking, applicants will feel drawn to whichever College most suits their character and talent, and this choice is invariably the right one—at least in those people who are already sensitive to, and perhaps somewhat manipulated by, the Winds of Magic. A preference for passion, physical vibrancy, and a fiery temper might attract the Red Wind to an Aethyrically sensitive person more than any other Wind. Although, it's just as likely that over-exposure to the Red Wind will make someone passionate, physically vibrant, and fiery tempered, so it is difficult to know which comes first or if it even matters.

The personality attributes that allow Magisters to judge whether an applicant is best suited to their College are easiest to see in the young. As Aethyrically sensitive people grow older, and perhaps start manipulating the Winds of Magic subconsciously, it is harder to see a clear-cut path in regards to which Lore they possess the greatest skill for. This difficulty is because all untrained magic users tend to utilise a cocktail of the Winds of Magic, which exposes them to the many different moods and predilections of the Winds of Magic, making their personalities more sporadic and prone to change.

A Magister confronted with an uncorrupted and magically sensitive young person who is not best suited to the Magister's own Order is required by Imperial law and his oaths as a Magister to send or drag the applicant to a representative of the College he believes would be more suitable, along with a letter of introduction where necessary.

Upon being accepted by a Magister, hopefuls become the first level of apprentice, known as an Apprentice. Once accepted, the Apprentice, or his family, is expected to either offer a substantial endowment to the College for upkeep during the Apprentice's entire time studying with his mentor. If he or his family have no money, they are expected to give anything and everything they can afford to the College, more as an act of total submission than for any real monetary worth that new Apprentice's meagre possessions may fetch. Those that cannot afford any upkeep at all will be treated as unpaid servants within the College or by their mentor, working to cook, clean, fetch, carry, and do the jobs that no one else wants to do—giving them more backbreaking work to do than Apprentices of more affluent backgrounds.

Additionally, every single Apprentice is expected to swear binding and enforceable oaths of absolute loyalty by the law of the land, all the Gods, and his own immortal soul to his new College, its Order, and his mentor. Some say these oaths are not just words; they actually bind the Apprentice to his master in supernatural ways. Considering the nature of the Orders of Magic, it is likely true.

Levels of Apprenticeship and Mastery

Although some Colleges recognise many different stages of expertise within their Orders (the Order of Light being the most notable) there are common levels that apply to all Wizards. These are listed below, together with common informal terms.

- **Apprentice Wizard:** This is a catchall for all levels of initiation, from the ignoble Apprentice and floor scrubbers to the about-to-be spellcasters. Apprentices are in the process of learning their craft and so have not yet selected an order. Apprentices are also called drudges, hopefuls, apprentices, senior apprentices, novices, you there*.
- **Journeyman Wizard:** These young Wizards are those who have just been initiated in their chosen order of magic. Though they learn the rudiments of arcane lore, they lack the experience and skill to cast these spells safely. Journeyman Wizards are also known as journeymen, journeyman apprentices, seekers, scrivenlings, lads**.
- **Master Wizard:** These Wizards have mastered the essentials and develop the means to cast most if not all of the spells in their chosen lore. Master Wizards are also known as Magisters or Sirs***.
- **Wizard Lord:** The most skilled and learned Wizards are Wizard Lords. Typically, they are called Lord, Lord Magister, or Master.
- **Magister Patriarch:** These wizards are the leaders of their Orders. At any given time, there is just one Magister Patriarch per Order. These Wizards are drawn from the best Wizard Lords of their Order, and as a result, there is no corresponding career.

*Due to the high failure rate, most College staff and instructors seldom bother to learn an apprentice's name, instead relying on gestures, shouts, and general terms to get them by.

** Should an individual survive to become a Journeyman Wizard, most who have day to day dealings with them will at least attempt to learn their surname. A Journeyman can expect to be referred to by their surname until they achieve the title of Magister (enter the Master Wizard career) and even then, some of their more elderly superiors may persist in the habit.

*** Depending on their temperament and Order, most Master Wizards will expect to be on first name terms with their equals and demand deferential titles such as "Sir" from their subordinates.

An Apprentice's Life

The life of any apprentice in any trade is one of hard work with only a little learning thrown in. The life of a Wizard's Apprentice is even harder than most because it also tends to be very lonely. Where apprentices to other professions may be able to socialise with people their own age, all Wizards' apprentices are expected to work and study so hard they rarely have any company other than their master.

This holds true even for those apprenticed to study at one of the Colleges of Magic in Altdorf. When not in a lecture, actively serving their mentor, or working with him on some spell or formulae, Apprentice are required to study alone in one of the Colleges' huge libraries or be cleaning or preparing ingredients for something. In every College, whether it is in a great building in Altdorf or in secret caves in the Amber Hills northeast of Altdorf, discipline is absolute, and the loyalty the Orders of Magic demand from and ingrain in their members must be total.

An Apprentice's first consideration must be the perfection of his ability to perceive and then touch the Winds of Magic. To that end, regardless of the way in which someone is innately able to perceive the Winds, they are always trained when they join one of the Colleges of Magic to actually visualise the Winds in their separate colours. Doing so enables them to control and manipulate the Winds consistently and effectively in the dependable tradition of Collegiate Magic.

In the early stages of apprenticeship, Apprentices are disallowed from casting spells without the presence and permission of their mentor; those who break this rules are punished severely (though never expelled), unless the spell was cast in the direst emergency, in which case the punishment will be more lenient. Of course, the danger is not great for these novices lack the experience to cast anything more than Petty Magic. If they are to get anywhere in their art without succumbing to insanity or worse, the potential mischief that could be caused by a group of Aethyrically sensitive youths with knowledge of even a couple of petty or lesser spells is too awful to contemplate. The last thing the Colleges need is groups of their Apprentices wandering the streets of Altdorf magically locking doors of public buildings or putting local watchmen to sleep while on duty. Apart from any immediate damage caused by such dangerous fooling around, the Apprentices would probably be lynched by a frightened mob or even Witch Hunters. Worst of all, such careless spellcasting could summon something more dangerous and horrifying than the Apprentices or their victims could imagine. Thus, Imperial Magisters keep a tight rein on their apprentices, assuring the concept of free time for an apprentice remains just that—a concept.

Runaways

Once accepted into an Order and having sworn his binding oaths of loyalty and allegiance, an Apprentice is bound legally and spiritually to his mentor. Though a Magister may not be able to know what his Apprentice is feeling or doing, an Imperial Magister will always know where his Apprentice is within a certain radius. For some Magisters this radius is only a few hundred meters, but for the oldest and most powerful

Magisters, this range can be a few miles. This means that it is nearly impossible for an Apprentice to leave a reasonable proximity of his mentor without his mentor knowing what direction he heads. This makes it exceedingly difficult for an Apprentice to flee his master, even if he manages to find a moment in his incessant study and work to contemplate flight.

Apprentices are also told that if they succeed in running away and evading their mentor, their names, descriptions, and location of their family home will be given to Witch Hunters. And the witch hunters will be far less lenient than the apprentices' own master.

Women in the Colleges of Magic

While there are no specific laws stating females are not admitted into the Colleges, thence into the Orders of magic, it cannot be denied that it is a rare occurrence. Some scholars who are given to ponder such things speculate peasants and the like are quicker to burn those women who do show some Aethyric ability. Likewise, some claim women do not possess the sensibilities to mould magic, or concentrate on their study long enough to gain the necessary languages, skills, and knowledge required to shape spells. While the former claim has more than a grain of truth to it, the latter is complete nonsense. Aethyric ability makes no distinction between the genders—indeed the Bright Order has a long outstanding prophecy of a female Battle Wizard without peer and is eagerly awaiting her arrival.

Female Wizards seem to gravitate towards certain types of magic—the Jade and Amber Orders being the most common—though this is by no means a hard and fast rule. Generally speaking, most colleges have little or no provision to accommodate women on their premises, meaning those few females apprentices are often given board in some long forgotten room or out of the way dormitory hastily converted to their needs. As those women that do gain entrance to the Colleges are often of noble or moneyed families, (who can afford the fees but not the scandal) they are not usually treated with any contempt, rather a cautious brand of confusion. Many College folk attempt to ignore the Apprentice's gender, hoping a serving woman or housemistress will deal with the delicate matters of clothing sizes, medicines and other such "women's business."

As a side note, it is worth noting several colleges have quite formidable and terrifying matrons dictating the domestic arrangements. While they have no magical powers, their abilities to manipulate Wizard Lords, remove stains, and feed veritable armies of picky spellcasters does border on the supernatural.

This means that very few Apprentice manage or even plan to escape their studies. And even the most surly and unwilling student (of which there are many), learns after his third or fourth failed escape attempt and ensuing punishments, or worse, after one of his fellow apprentices has been captured and burned alive by witch hunters, that it is best just to keep his head down and study to more quickly bring about the day when he is allowed to be free of his mentor.

Apprentices-in-Perpetuity

Apprentices who do not have the aptitude or strength of mind or spirit to become full Wizards, but are too dangerous to be allowed to simply return to the life they had before coming to the College, are required remain with their Order as Apprentices. These people will only ever master a few of the least spells, but if they serve long enough and loyally enough with their College they may be lucky enough to be considered a kind of Apprentice-In-Perpetuity and are given a freedom from their College that new and much less loyal Apprentices are not. The most skilled, long-standing, and loyal Apprentices will be pushed and pushed until they are skilled and trusted enough to be allowed the limited freedoms of full apprentices—sometimes even greater freedoms if they have served loyally for ten years or more.

Perpetual Apprentices make up most of those who work for the Colleges of Magic, their Orders, and the Magisters within them. They spend their days working for Magisters as guards, servants, and secretaries, doing many of the tasks that apprentices might do, though with greater responsibility and not such a harsh routine. For those of grindingly poor backgrounds, this life is not so bad. They learn how to control what little magical sensitivity they have, so they do not suffer from Poltergeists and such, and they are fed three times a day, given a clean place to sleep, and have the opportunity to be educated in academic arts.

The better-educated Perpetual Apprentices and those that come from wealthy backgrounds who show enough loyalty are often employed to become their Colleges' agents across the Empire, using their limited magical skills to detect and recruit potential apprentices for their College. Carrying papers identifying them as representatives of their College or posing as regular people, Perpetual Apprentices can travel anywhere in the Empire and beyond, unbound by the duties of Journeymen and full Magisters. These characters become agents and informers for their Colleges, and they can be found in almost any profession. Some of them run safe houses for Magisters of their Order, and others administer the libraries, guild houses, and College buildings. Some Journeyman Wizards of the Orders of Magic are given information detailing a network of loyal Perpetual Apprentices across the Empire that they may stay with if needed.

Those with only a slight magical sensitivity and who want to get rid of minor visions might sometimes ask to be fitted with lead

rings, bracelets, and other trinkets to further dampen what little ability they have, allowing them to be integrated back into the civilian world without anyone knowing who they truly work for or where their loyalties lie. This can and has been done, but only rarely.

It is not unheard of for young Journeymen who have found themselves down on their luck in a distant city to be offered a warm bed and food by a stranger who seems to know more about them than should be possible. These kind souls tend to be Perpetual Apprentices of the Journeyman's Order, and they are welcome faces in a world normally distrustful, if not openly hateful, towards users of magic.

Perpetual Apprentices are actively disliked and often targeted by witch hunters, because although the Orders of Magic go out of their way to protect these agents as much as possible, what they offer is far from the comprehensive shield enjoyed by Magisters.

There are many more Perpetual Apprentices in the Empire than there are full Magisters, as by far the majority of people with any kind of magical aptitude will not have the talents needed rise in rank. Just how many there are is unknown to all but the highest ranking Magisters of each Order.

Senior Apprentices

Apprentices who study long and hard enough eventually gain access to the deeper secrets of magic, becoming Senior Apprentices (the Apprentice Wizards career). They show such promise and dedication to their Order and studies they are permitted to travel parts of the Empire on missions for their masters. This is the first turning point in an Apprentice's life with his mentor and is recognition of the apprentice's final and true acceptance as the Magister's trusted protégé. Such Apprentices are relatively free to travel with written permission from their master and if the Magister judges that the journey serves some good purpose and offers a reasonable chance to learn something valuable. However, such journeys are not entirely free from supervision, as masters are known to tag along, either openly or at a discreet distance.

Apprentices who have not the skill or ability to proceed further in their studies to become Magisters are sometimes permitted to become much like Perpetual Apprentices and take new careers. However, the official protection of the Orders will no longer apply to them (as with Perpetual Apprentices), and they will always be bound to serve their Order in whatever way they can.

Journeyman Wizards

All Magisters know arcane knowledge is of no use without experience and knowledge of the world at large. So once Apprentices are deemed sufficiently experienced and trustworthy by their master, they must leave him or the College they are studying at to travel the world for a period of several years, during which time they are forbidden to return to within fifty leagues of their master or their College building. This period of wandering is known as "journeying," and a Magister's apprentice in this period is known as a Journeyman Wizard. No apprentice younger than late-twenties early-thirties has ever been released to become a Journeyman in the recorded history of the Colleges.

Only those apprentices who show considerable talent and dedication, both to their studies and to the good name of their Order, are ever permitted to become what amounts to the most common type of Collegiate Magister within the Empire—the Journeyman. Journeyman Wizards are usually given a small amount of money and sometimes the names and addresses of various Magisters and Perpetual Apprentices of the same Order in far flung parts of the Old World and beyond whom they may visit with the intention of learning further petty and lesser magic spells.

During this time of travel, the Journeymen must find a way to earn a living. The Journeyman must carry a letter from his master, stating the Journeyman's name, the name and address of his master, and what Order the master is affiliated to. It is likely the Journeyman will also bear some mark, tattoo, or item only senior Apprentices and Magisters of his Order can posses. A Journeyman found casting spells, even with his letter and other marks of his position and identity, will probably attract unwanted attention from witch hunters who see it as their duty to cause problems for would-be Magisters. It is important to remember that the Journeyman's master will still be punished for the transgressions of his protégé. Therefore, very few apprentices are accepted as Journeymen of their Order until their masters are absolutely sure that they are sufficiently responsible and trustworthy.

During their time as Journeymen, some apprentices take to adventuring. While this is character building, many masters generally disapprove of such dangerous and potentially highly visible pursuits. If their protégé wishes to experience excitement, they should do so by requesting a commission in one of the Empire's army regiments or chapters of knights, as is more befitting of an Imperial Magister. This attitude is particularly true for the Pyromancers of the Bright Order.

Journeymen and Careers

Keeping with the imagery of the Imperial Colleges of Magic, GMs may decide that once a PC has become a Journeyman he or she may choose another non-Magisterial (Wizardly) career, but he will still always be a Journeyman bound to their Order and on the path towards becoming full a Magister. They may return to their Magisterial career at a later date, even if doing so is not included as one of their current career exits.

Still, there are some Magisters who actually encourage their students to embark upon dangerous journeys and adventures beyond the bounds of Imperial authority, particularly within the Grey, Light, Green, and Amber Orders. For Journeyman, the good thing about going off into the wilderness looking for wisdom, exploring lost ruins, or hunting bands of dangerous outlaws or Mutants is that, away from civilization, they can practise casting spells without having to worry about Witch Hunters breathing down their necks or bands of frightened peasants trying to lynch them. However, they must still be wary of careless spellcasting, for the terrors of the daemon realm are never far from a magic user. Chaos patiently waits for an opportunity to feast upon the minds and souls of foolish or careless would-be Magisters.

Another important part of the journeying process is that the Journeyman Wizard earns and saves as much money as he can. These savings are necessary because before he will be accepted as a full Magister of his Order, he will probably have to pay for return entry into the College where his final training and full acceptance into his Order takes place. This fee is not cheap, and the Colleges are known to vary the cost depending upon the applicant. Journeyman the College's senior Magisters feel are not yet ready or worthy to be accepted as full Magisters quite openly have the price of entry hiked astronomically high, forcing the Journeyman to return to his travels. Yet a Journeyman who shows considerable skill, talent, maturity, and wisdom will be allowed to return to his mother College at the cost of whatever he can give, and that means everything he owns, including any rare items he has discovered during his travels. Some senior Magisters may return the more special or personal items taken from such Journeymen after he has been accepted as a full member of his Order; although, there is no requirement for them to do so.

It is unlikely a Journeyman will even consider running away from his Order, as those bearing doubts and uncertainties to their vocation as a Magister are not released as Journeymen, regardless of their skill. Journeymen are, for most intents and purposes, Magisters of their Order and representative of their College. There are few outside of the Orders who will immediately know the difference between a Journeyman and a full Magister. It is likely a Journeyman will be addressed as Magister by those who know enough to be aware of the title of fully sanctioned magic users in the Empire but do not know enough to recognise the relative inexperience of the Journeyman.

Upon the Journeyman's return from travels, his mentor can choose to send him off repeatedly if he feels his student still has more to learn. Although, it is likely that the Magister is also looking for some sign that the Journeyman has started to be altered by the magic of their Lore; that is the sign of true dedication and mastery. As a result, the period of study as a Journeyman may be for an indefinite period.

Becoming a Magister

At the end of his travels, decided at the master's discretion, a Journeyman Wizard returns to his studies with his master. During this period, the master discerns the level of arcane mastery and control his apprentice has, as well as whether he has become tainted in any way by Dark Magic. This process is long, but once the master is satisfied with his protégé's skill and purity, the Journeyman Wizard will be expected to travel (sometimes with the master, but more often without) to the master's home College (if they are not already situated there), to study the deeper secrets and more dangerous magic of the Order. The College is also the only place where an apprentice may be accepted as a full Magister and given all the rights, privileges, and duties of the Order.

If unaccompanied, Journeyman Wizards take an introductory letter and a full report from their master with them to the College, and they will be questioned at great length by the highest-ranking Magister present. Once the interviewer is satisfied, the Journeyman Wizard is given a bunk in a dormitory or even his own cell, and he begins an extensive study of his chosen Order and Lore. How long this period lasts is entirely up to the Journeyman. Once he feels ready, he may ask to be considered for acceptance as a full Magister of his Order.

If his request is accepted, the Journeyman will have his arcane skills pushed and tested like never before. The clarity of his arcane senses will be tested, as will his control, speed, and ability to channel the Order's distinct type of magic. Finally, his spellcraft will be tested through a series of trials, ranging from relatively easy tasks to a magical duel between himself and an examining Magister. This duel is not fatal, and the apprentice will not have to win, though he will be highly esteemed if he does. All the Journeyman must do is fight to the very best of his ability with determination, skill, and a will to win.

Magisters and Careers

As with Journeymen Wizards, to keep with the imagery of the Imperial Colleges of Magic, PCs cannot stop being Magisters and choose another career. They may work in other careers, but they will still be Magisters and will not be able to have it any easier than if they stayed as dedicated Magisters. They would also still be bound to their Orders and the Articles of Imperial Magic. As a result, should a Magister choose to become a Scholar or Explorer, he is a Magisterial Scholar or a Magister Explorer, and he may always choose to rejoin the Magister career progression by becoming a Lord Magister.

The Colleges are scrupulous about who they admit to join their Order, and they will reject anyone who does not match up to their standards of excellence. Such rejects must return to their studies with good grace until they are deemed ready to retry for full Magisterial status. This scenario is unusual because anyone good enough to have survived the training for so long without becoming corrupted or insane is invariably powerful.

An interesting point about Human Magisters is that the longer they embrace and use the one Wind of Magic that directs their Lore, the less able they become to draw on the other Winds of Magic. So although a Magister will still be able to see all the colours of magic (the colour of his own strand of magic will always seems the most vivid and dynamic to him), he will only be able to grasp the colour or Wind that his being has become psychically attuned to. By the time a Journeyman is accepted as a full Magister, this process will already have had a profound effect upon him, meaning that he would be unable to utilise another strand of magic even if he wished to. This is perhaps related to the reason why Magisters begin to reflect the attributes of the Wind they use over time. For example, Pyromancers of the Bright Order become ever more passionate and impatient, and Magisters of the Amber Order prefer to avoid contact with Humanity and feel at home in the wilds.

This state of affairs might also explain why so many fallen Magisters have turned to Chaos worship or Daemonology, as they would probably need divine or daemonic assistance to be able to grasp to any great degree a strand of magic other than their Order's own. There are, perhaps, a few Magisters who never lost the ability to grasp other Winds of Magic, but they would be rare individuals.

Records of all Apprentices, Journeyman Wizards, and full Magisters of the Orders are kept in each College, and they are open to inspection by the Magister Patriarch and the Emperor himself, and theoretically the Grand Theogonist. But it is rare that an inspection is called for, since Imperial Magisters rarely go rogue—or, at least, that's what Colleges want people to think. If an inspection is called for, it is usually at the request of the Grand Theogonist; although, this was exceedingly rare under the last Theogonist, Volkmar. But such a request is almost always to make a political point and is rarely carried through, such are the wranglings and dealings of the Imperial Court.

Once an Journeyman Wizard is accepted as a full Magister, he has reached the end of his formal studentship and is no longer bound to his master.

Lord Magisters

Within the Empire, the Lord Magisters of the Orders of Magic are powerful individuals. It is very rare for a Magister to reach this level of mastery, and those that do are rightly treated with the fear and respect given to the highest nobles. It is with good reason that Lord Magisters are sometimes referred to as the "Princes of Magic."

Lord Magisters are in many ways living symbols of their Lore. They no longer see the world as others do. They have dedicated their lives and souls to the Wind of Magic they study, and they embody their Lore and its energies in body, word, and deed. The world around Lord Magisters is rich with the colours of magic, which they see more clearly than the colours and shades of the normal world. A Lord Magister's physical attributes will even be changed by the Wind he has used for so long. For example, the Lord Magisters of the Order of Light have pure white skin and hair and eyes that glow very faintly with an inner luminance.

Lord Magisters are charged with preserving the purity of their Orders and go out of their way to seek out divergent practices or outright corruption, in addition to pursuing wholeheartedly the goals and purposes of their Order. They are still bound by the Articles of Imperial Magic and still serve within Imperial armies if there is no lesser Magister to take their place, if they have a specific agreement to do so, or if they are commanded to by the Patriarch of their Order or the Supreme Patriarch. Naturally, Lord Magisters of some Orders are more likely to want to serve in an Imperial army than others, like Pyromancers of the Bright Order.

Lord Magisters are often appointed as the heads of the various smaller chapter houses and guilds that belong to their Order, such as Lord Magister Heinz Meissner, Master of the so-called Ancient Library of the White Order.

— When Spells Go Wrong —

Spells can go wrong in many ways and for any number of reasons, but there are some relatively consistent symptoms caused by this. There are things in the cosmos and lurking in the deepest parts of the soul and darkest recesses of the mind that magic can release. The Winds can give form to anything within a man's heart or mind, his dreams and nightmares. Unfortunately, when a spell goes out of control or when it is tainted by Dark Magic, a window is often opened into the horror of a magic user's subconscious, and the nightmares lurking there can achieve physical presence.

Who can say whether these things are actual Daemons or manifestations of the fears of a magic user's psyche given shape by common myth, legend, and hearsay? Is there a difference between the two? Some of the more infamous predators of magic users are known throughout the Old World and posses some similarities with creatures described in the dark lores of the Daemon Gods. But whatever the case, it rarely matters to the one who sees them.

The Dark Hounds

The Dark Ones, Fury's Hounds, the Forge Dogs

These invisible hunters are said to be large soot-black war hounds with brass flanks and iron fangs. Entering the mortal world through flames, these monstrous creatures search out the one who summoned them, their scorching breath withering everything in their path as they close in on their prey. The smell of sulphur, broiling flesh, soot, and hot iron indicate their presence.

Attracted by: Pyromancy, Destructive spells

The All-Knowing Serpent

Wisdom's Asp, The Tempter, The Thorned One

Fevered artists and insane geniuses have attempted to describe the beauty of the Serpent's scales, its ivory thorns, or the depths of its terrible eye. None have been successful. The Serpent enters this world through mirrors and pools of still water, slithering after its victim with unnatural speed and grace. Those who have called its attention sometimes glimpse the Serpent's reflection just before it enfolds them. The shattering of mirrors and the skittering sound of its thorny scales are its harbingers.

Attracted by: White magic, Brown magic, Shadowmancy, spells of illusion

The Handmaidens

The Scarred Maidens, The Wyrdwomen

Said to be the souls of burned witches, the Handmaidens can be seen only by their victim. Coming from doorways, windows, and other portals, these feathered, blind shades smell their prey's fear and attack without mercy. Black iron nails are sometimes found in their victim's flesh once they are done. The sound of wings and the tapping and scraping of their claws indicate their presence.

Attracted by: Gold magic, Celestial magic, spells of transmutation and fortune

The Rotwyrms

Flesheaters, Wizard Worms

An erring Magister may call forth the Rotwyrms from any rotting or decaying matter that lies near him. Unthinking and unstoppable, these giant daemonic maggots wriggle towards their victim with terrifying speed. Not subject to physical laws, they can pass through any substance in search of their goal: the flesh of the Spellcaster. The stench of decay and the buzzing of flies indicate their presence.

Attracted by: Green magic, Purple magic, spells of the flesh

The Whispering Darkness

The Creeping Darkness, the Insane Night, the Soul Eater

Those who practice the dark arts are foolish because, no matter how successful they are, one day their minds, bodies, and souls will surely be forfeit. But the dangers of using Dark Magic are not just long term. The Darkness can get tired of waiting. It can emerge from any shadow or dark corner as a broiling, oily fog

Spellcraft in Play

Magic in the Old World is a wonderfully complex and quixotic thing, but as it is the stuff of Chaos, it doesn't follow regular rules. As a result, there are many subtle effects and spells in existence. We translate these variations into Arcane Lore, applying rules, casting numbers, and ingredients to establish a mechanism for using this information in play. But, given its essential nature, game masters should feel free to break the rules. Be creative, make your own spells and describe the tremendous magical effects that are the tools used by Elves, the mightiest of Wizards, other races, and even those who turn to Dark Magic. By inventing material as needed, you heighten the mystery of magic in the *Warhammer* world.

of utter blackness, whispering with a thousand voices. Some cry, some laugh, some shout, and some scream, but all are muted and desperate. The whispering cloud will broil across the floor towards the Magister who summoned it, its whispers becoming louder and filled with insanity, inspiring madness in all it touches.

Attracted by: Necromantic Spells, Chaos Spells, Hedge Magic, and any spells that effect intelligence or psychology

— The Imperial Colleges of Magic —

Teclis taught however dangerous it is magic can be controlled and purified by a trained practitioner. Men learned how the raw power of magic blew into the World in the form of eight Winds, which represented unique types of energy. For each Wind, Teclis founded a separate College and Order of Magic, and he and his brother Mage, Finreir, taught the first Magisters and Patriarchs. The wise Loremasters saw that the minds of men were unable to control the power of more than one Wind with any degree of safety, even with the most careful study. Thus today there are eight Colleges, which form the headquarters of one of the Orders of Magic by which Magisters are trained. See **Table 4–1: The Colleges of Magic**.

Table 4–1: The Colleges of Magic

Colour	Common Name(s)	Runic Name	Associated College/Order	Associated Lore
White	Light	Hysh	The Order of Light	Light
Blue	Celestial	Azyr	The Celestial College	Heavens
Yellow	Gold	Chamon	The Golden Order	Metal
Green	Jade	Ghyran	The Order of Life	Life
Brown	Amber	Ghur	The Amber Brotherhood	Beasts
Red	Bright	Aqshy	The Bright Order	Fire
Grey	Shadow	Ulgu	The Grey Order	Shadow
Purple	Amethyst	Shyish	The Amethyst Order	Death

The Order of Light

Lore: Light
College: The Order of Light
Common Names of Hysh's Magisters: Hierophants, White Magisters, White Wizards, the Order of the Wise, Exorcists.
Symbols: Serpent of Light, the Tree of Learning, the Tower of Isolation, the Candle of Enlightenment, the Arrow of Purpose, the Mirror of Self Knowledge and the Pillar of Wisdom.
Wind of Magic: *Hysh*

The Order of Light comprises those Magisters who study and wholly embrace the White Wind of Magic, *Hysh*.

Hysh is the magic of illumination and holy radiance. It is the Aethyric manifestation of light, including the uses light can be put to and the abstracts that light sometimes represents to mortals, like enlightenment and purity. *Hysh* could be seen as the light that banishes the darkness and keeps the unknown horrors of the darkness from our doors. Though diffused, *Hysh* can be compared to a constant and steady luminance completely opposite of Chaos' randomness. It is also said to be the most difficult of all the fragmented Winds of Magic to channel into a spell.

Overview

Hysh has many potent applications, and its Magisters are renowned for their abilities to heal, protect, and banish darkness—in both a literal and more occult sense. The White Magisters of *Hysh*, or Hierophants as they are sometimes known, are amongst the wisest and most disciplined of all Magisters, vehemently opposed to the Chaos in all its countless forms. Where *Hysh* is steady and constant, Chaos is random destruction, and where *Hysh* stands for controlled grace and self-understanding, Chaos promotes confusion, insanity, and a total lack of control. It is with good reason that the Magisters of *Hysh* are particularly renowned for their abilities to banish from the Mortal Realms the malevolent entities of Chaos.

White Magic

The nature of the White Order's magic is as hard to pin down as the magic that forms and drives it. The spells of the White Order tend to fall into three general groups: illumination, protection or healing, and abjuration.

The eight Imperial Colleges of Magic have taken their names, moods, and purposes from the eight Winds of Magic. A situation has arisen amongst even the chattering classes of this nation whereby the names of the Winds of Magic are often confused with the appearance or practices of the Magisters of the Colleges that study them. So there tends to be some confusion between the actual colour of any particular Wind, the common names that the populace at large might give the Magisters of any given colour, and the actual rune-names for the various Winds of Magic. It appears that this confusion has been worsened by the fact that these "colours" of magic are more than just shades and hues. They are the separate projections and forces of fundamental, un-sensed aspects (forces, physical things, abstracts or a combination of the three) of the mortal world.

For example, the Green Wind of Magic is the wind that is drawn to and given momentum by all forms of plant life and the process of growth. Its rune name is Ghyran, and yet the College of the Magisters that study and use Ghyran is often called the Jade College. To make matters even more confusing, in my exhaustive studies of this matter I have discovered that many scholars have written that the magic of the Jade College is the magic of Life itself, which is perhaps misleading because such a statement does not qualify what is meant by "Life" (clearly it cannot mean untamed bestial life, for that is the domain of an entirely different Wind), nor does it explain what uses this magic can be put to.

—Extracted from the Liber Chaotica, penned by Father Richter Kless, Order of the Torch.
Committed to the Frederheim Hospice for the Insane, 2520 I.C.

Illumination

These spells fall into two sub-categories: those of actual illumination (as in the creation of dazzling lights and so on) and the illumination of the mind (such as the ability to inspire or see through falsehoods). Hierophants are renowned for their mastery of light and brightness, and they are said to be able to bend any kind of luminance to their will in almost any way. Where the Pyromancers of the Bright Order create bright, burning fireballs and walls of flame, the Hierophants are able to concentrate light into a tightly focussed destructive force, which, although more limited than the destructive powers of the Pyromancer, is far more controllable and able to be directed because of it.

Healing & Protection

The Order of Light teaches the importance of the sanctity of existence and possesses a great wealth of spells dedicated to healing injuries and protection. This drive to heal and protect is geared more towards the preservation of the spiritual being of intelligent and sentient life, rather than a mortal's body, which is more the concern of the Magisters of *Ghyran*. Because of this, Hierophants are generally peaceful and non-violent, but they are not total pacifists like the sisters of sweet Shallya. Against the creatures and servants of Chaos and Dark Magic, the Hierophants are utterly ruthless, as devoid of compassion as they are of hate or fury for these creatures. To the Hierophants, the minds and souls of Chaos servants are filled with darkness, and the creatures' natural luminance has dimmed or has been extinguished altogether. And so, the Hierophants do not view such beings worthy of the gift of life and consciousness.

Abjuration

The abjuration practiced by Hierophants of the White Order isn't about summoning spirits and various Aethyric beings but is instead a form of extremely powerful and dependable exorcism. Where the exorcism practised by the priests of Sigmar or Mórr relies on invoking the God in question and the supreme faith of the exorcising priest, the exorcism practiced by the Hierophants relies upon their ability to focus the searing light of *Hysh* into the possessed person, driving the offending entity into the light of day.

However, the magic of *Hysh* has very limited success exorcising the spirits of dead people not overly tainted with Dark Magic. If *Hysh* is the light that banishes the darkness, it cannot banish a soul that is already luminescent, just lost. Daemons and spirits of the blackest magic, like wraiths, are another matter. The great Hierophants of the White Order are able to drive these creatures back to the darkness of the Chaos Realm.

Controlling Hysh

Because Hysh is the subtlest of all the Winds of Magic, it requires the total focus of will and an absolute determination of mind to channel and bind it into a spell. Hysh is the most difficult of all the fragmented colours of magic to bend to one's will. For this reason, the spells binding *Hysh* tend to be very elaborate and ritualistic, meaning that the Lore of Light is the hardest lore for a Human to master.

Master Hierophants combine the abilities of their Apprentices to draw upon the White Wind and focus it into a usable form that can be drawn into the Hierophants and channelled and sculpted by them into a spell. Many Light spells are so powerful they would obliterate any individual who tried to use them unaided. However, using the strength of a choir of trained Apprentices to control how much energy is focussed into the Hierophant and how quickly, Magisters of the White Order can create enchantments far beyond the powers of the other Colleges. However, not all spells of the Hierophants require the aid of Apprentices, only the most powerful or convoluted spells of the Order.

"The Aethrian is the Void—the final element of Existence—the intangible element that has no visible or quantifiable form in its own right. The Aethrian has no dimension, mass, or volume, and yet still it is everywhere. It has no substance, but all substances and every process in existence are implicitly linked to it. All magic and divination, regardless of its form or source, depends upon the manipulation of the Aethrian's raw energy, and through the manipulation of this energy, or magic, every other element, state, and process within the Mortal Universe can also be manipulated and changed."

—AN EXTRACT FROM MAGISTER PATRIARCH VOLANS' THIRD LETTER TO THE COLLEGES OF MAGIC

The Crusade of the White Order

Of all the aspects of magic the Humans were being taught to embrace, *Hysh* was the hardest to corrupt and therefore its users and advocates were more difficult for Chaos to prey on, making theirs the hardest existence of all. Darkness was simply the absence of light, so Teclis told them, and so they must take their light to the very darkest corners of the Empire the darkest corners of Humanity's soul and banish the shadows that dwelt there.

The Hierophants were to devote their lives to hunting down and casting out Daemons and evil spirits that plagued the lands and minds of men. They were not to follow the ways of Witch Hunters, slaying and burning all they found corrupted. Instead, the Hierophants were to destroy only the darkness within and save the man if possible.

Outside of their Order, the life of a Hierophant is a lonely one. They spend their lives travelling secretly from place to place, dealing with hauntings, possessions, and other supernatural phenomena caused by daemonic influence or Dark Magic. Because of the nature of their calling, the Hierophants often appear in places unexpectedly. If a possessing Daemon were aware of the Hierophant's presence too soon, it could cause harm to its host and flee to a new one.

The goal of the White Order is to rid the world of the taint of Chaos, Daemons, and Dark Magic—a never ending, largely thankless, and frequently terminal task. It is rumoured creatures and objects the Hierophants cannot destroy or banish are instead bound and captured. The Hierophants then trap the dark objects in a magical prison somewhere in the Empire, to which only they are the keepers.

Philosophy of the Order

The Magisters of the Order of Light are the most accomplished and insightful philosophers in the Old World; it's why they're called the Order of the Wise.

The White Order also studies philosophies that examine the nature of reality, including the pursuit and understanding the principles, relations, and nature of existence. In other words, the Hierophants of the of the College of Light are also metaphysicians of the highest order, studying the interactions between the Aethyr and mortal thought, and they seek to understand the nature of sentient existence.

Duties & Contracts

The White Order is usually good standing at the courts of nobles who live along the northern border of the Empire. Such rulers often seek the council of Hierophants because the White Order's wisdom and ability to see truth aids those who fear the contamination of Chaos, like the nobles of many of the Empire's northern regions do.

The Order of Light receives large financial endowments from the Emperor, and it's rumoured theirs is the largest granted to the Colleges of Magic or even the Engineers' School. Some

whisper this is because the Emperor knows the White Order's darkest secret, and if this secret is if exposed or destroyed, it could prove the undoing of Altdorf and perhaps even the Empire itself. Few know the truth of this.

Because their ability to banish the powers of darkness is legendary, Hierophants are often employed by the Imperial armies that fight against followers of the Daemon Gods. In addition, it is not uncommon for Hierophants to be asked to screen soldiers, militiamen, and sometimes even witch hunters who have had contact with the emissaries of darkness, to make sure none have been secretly harmed or corrupted by daemons. In the wake of the recent war in the north, the Hierophants find themselves exceedingly busy with such tasks.

Hierophants

Magisters of the White Order tend to dress in simple robes of pristine white. These robes often bear silver and gold motifs of the Serpent of Light and never seem to dirty or dull. Their ceremonial garments are more elaborate, consisting of pleated white robes with silver embroidery decorating the hems and little mirrors of supernaturally polished silver affixed to their belts and stoles.

Older Hierophants tend to bear the marks of *Hysh*, with eyes that seem to glow with a faint luminosity, or perhaps even have no visible pupils or iris, being just the purest white. Also their skin grows ever paler, along with their hair, until they are almost albino-like in appearance.

Mentality

The drives and processes *Hysh* encourages in Human minds tend towards the abstract and the contemplative, and the Hierophants of the Order of Light are philosophers and metaphysicians without equal in the Human realms.

They are not so much concerned with the accumulation of knowledge and facts like the Magisters of Chamon; instead, Hierophants seek wisdom and truth. Self-knowledge is one of the prime goals of every Hierophant. They tend towards a life of simplicity and beauty, seeking in themselves and the world at large Truth and the destruction of all that is dark and evil.

The longer they embrace the wind of *Hysh*, the drier and particular the Hierophants become. They begin to act with a calm and measured grace that seems devoid of emotion. They rarely seem surprised by anything, not because they are expecting an event but because surprise is a momentary loss of control and not something Hierophants wish to encourage in themselves or others. Extremes of emotion are believed to feed the Gods of Chaos whether intentional or not, and the Magisters of the White Order will do almost anything to avoid helping Chaos.

Apprentices

The Order of Light has more Apprentices than any other College. Formed into choirs, they are trained to keep up an unending chorus of incantations designed to attract and bind the White Wind to the very structure of the College building and into numerous energy-folds and arcane receptacles designed to hold its power. When not aiding their superiors in such rituals, these Apprentices maintain a constant chorus of purification spells sung in the College halls every day of every year, assuring that Dark Magic can never settle, form, or be used in or near the College. They must also ensure that the thousands of candles and lamps are kept lit, that the incense burners are full, and that the proper chimes and bells are all struck at the appointed hours.

In addition to those who come to their College willingly and those who are dragged by other authorities, senior Hierophants of the Order of Light scour the orphanages of the city once a year looking for children with any magical ability, offering them a chance to become powerful and respected. Most of the Apprentices enlisted as children never rise through the hierarchy of the College, possessing neither the power nor the drive to do so. They live in barracks and their lives are strictly

regimented, from their uniform white robes to their nourishing but repetitive diet. They are all taught many arcane chants and are instructed in all the skills that their master Hierophants require of them, but only a few of exceptional ability will ever be taught how to manipulate magic into spells themselves. For many Apprentices, accompanying their mentor during a military campaign grants a welcome break because even the strict discipline of military life is nothing compared to how they live within the College.

The College Grounds and Buildings

Much like the Bright Order, the Order of Light is mystically hidden within Altdorf. However, the way in which it's hidden differs significantly. There is no magical barrier surrounding the Order of Light and no spell hiding it from prying eyes. Instead, it is built where no less than six intersecting Leylines have created a location hidden within the folds of space. Even the Waystones that mark and guide the lines of magical space drift in and out of visible existence, appearing only a couple of times a decade, materialising briefly on street corners and in overgrown gardens when certain stars are aligned and Mórrsleib, the Chaos Moon, is full in the night sky.

To those who do discover its whereabouts, usually only possible by being shown the way by a Hierophant, the building is unlike any in the Old World. The College forms a gigantic pyramid, whose shape draws, concentrates, and retains the White Wind of *Hysh*. Within its walls, hundreds of Apprentices maintain the ritual incantations that echo throughout the Pyramid of Light, so the entire building actually seems to hum with radiant arcane power. Because of the high levels of *Hysh* saturating it, the white marble walls of the Pyramid are translucent, making the pyramid glow with the thousands upon thousands of lights burning within. It is an awesome sight, one few Altdorfers imagine being within their city.

The Order of Light can be found on the left bank of the Reik, an area that just a century ago was the home of many rising merchant families. Fortunes change, and the area is now lower class and sinking. The alleys and roads crossing the folds of space link up, but mapping them accurately is impossible; the creases in space created by the Order of Light mean the area cannot properly be represented in three dimensions, much less two. People who live there get used to finding their way around, largely on faith and instinct, and they try not to think too hard about its strangeness. Those who do are rumoured to either go mad or start manifesting a vague aptitude for magic. Unsurprisingly, there is a small safe house in the area where Sigmar's Templars keep a close eye on the locals.

The trick to reaching the College is to turn at ninety degrees to all six cardinal directions: up, down, left, right, front, and back, at the appropriate point in the road. Those corrupted by Chaos walk the path more easily as long as they know what to do, but they would be foolish to seek out the Pyramid of Light. All that awaits them there is immediate and unceremonious obliteration. It does not take long for apprentices to find the way automatically because the more often the way must be found, the easier it becomes to find it.

Once around the impossible corner, the stench of the streets vanishes, and the scene suddenly opens before a visitor's eyes. The alleys and streets now lead into a large square laid with white marble and sparkling slabs of quartz pavement. The centre of the square is dominated by the Order of Light, an enormous pyramid that at first glance seems to be constructed of pure light. Anyone with even a passing sensitivity to magic can feel the power humming in the square, sustained by the ritual incantations invoked perpetually within the College.

The wind of *Hysh* is particularly strong here, and the effects on spellcasting are profound. Magisters and spellcasters not of the White Order find it harder to grasp and channel their Wind of Magic here because of the saturating *Hysh*. However, Hierophants of any level of mastery will find their abilities greatly enhanced while they remain within the bounds of the Order of Light. Journeyman Apprentices to the Order are no more powerful within the Pyramid Square as outside it, but they face less risk using their magic.

Despite initial appearances, the pyramid is not made of light. Looking for longer than a moment reveals that it too is made of white marble and quartz, but all the lights shining within the College can be seen through the walls. Only the lights can be seen—even lights buried deep within the pyramid are clearly visible, but observers will notice the lights do not illuminate anything outside the College. The walls are not transparent, so those outside cannot see things or people inside. The lights inside somehow do not illuminate the dead stone of the square but do illuminate any living creature standing within the square.

The great doors of the Order of Light are fashioned from a magical silver alloy, polished to mirror brightness. They are surrounded by dozens of smokeless lanterns that burn with a brilliant white light and never go out. More lanterns are set into the doors, and as a result, the doors are bright even compared to the rest of the pyramid. Entry to the College is by invitation only, but anyone who manages to reach the door will always be given a polite hearing unless they bear the taint of Chaos, which, because the College is populated by Magister exorcists, does not have to be visible to the naked eye. If an unexpected visitor asks to speak to a particular Magister, and that Magister is in residence, a servant is sent to fetch him. There are very few Hierophants who will not come at least as far as the door. If the Magister knows the visitors, he is at liberty to invite them inside.

The interior of the Order of Light is decorated in white, pale gold, and silver, with countless huge, polished mirrors. Lanterns, candles, braziers, and other sources of light (all strangely smokeless and devoid of soot), are everywhere, and the pale surfaces of the Colleges internal décor reflect the brightness. There are no windows, but the corridors are

as brightly lit as an area in direct sunshine on a summer's day—and the temperature remains constant, neither too warm nor too cool. The perpetual incantations of the Colleges choirs of Apprentices can be heard everywhere, and even people devoid of any magical sensitivities can feel the power vibrating in the air.

The rooms of individual Magisters within the College are brightly lit and contain many books. Beyond that, there is a wide range of decoration. Hierophants have a diverse sense of beauty. Thus, their tastes can vary widely, though they tend towards simplicity and minimalism. Rooms are decorated in styles from across the Imperial Provinces, as well as Tilea, Estalia, Bretonnia, Norsca, Araby, and even more distant lands. The common factor of every room is that they are very well lit, spotlessly clean, orderly, and all furniture and décor is made from very light, if not white, materials.

As a general rule, all master Hierophants who want them may have rooms in the Order of Light, but Journeyman Wizards only get them if they are particularly well connected. There are guest rooms available for any member of the White Order for brief visits, and the common areas of the College include dining halls, as well as studies, libraries, sun rooms, rooms for contemplation and meditation, and even a few arcane laboratories.

The College is a good place to meet Hierophants but not much else. Sneaking around the Order of Light is impossible. There are no shadows; the light sources are deliberately arranged to ensure this. The interior of the pyramid is riddled with tunnels, rooms, and secret passages, and it is full of arcane symbolism important to the order, such as the Serpent of Light, the Tree of Learning, the Tower of Isolation, the Candle, and the Pillar of Wisdom. There are also bells, candles, and burners of white incense, which are tended at regular intervals by Apprentices. In addition, the Hierophants are more careful about unescorted guests than most Colleges. The only groups that could sneak about are those that include, or can imitate, a Hierophant.

Once inside the pyramid, it is very easy for the newcomer, novice, or interloper to become lost in its seemingly endless corridors. The pyramid extends hundreds of feet underground; the visible portion is only the tip of the immense structure.

Deep within the College, far beneath the pyramid, it's rumoured there are magically sealed vaults where dark artefacts and creatures are kept safe, protected by many twisting tunnels, traps, and magical fields. The story goes this was created by Teclis and Finreir as a repository and prison for many of the objects and creatures captured during the Great War that could not be safely destroyed, transported to Ulthuan, or banished. Supposedly, the most powerful and wise of the Hierophants work to keep these evils from the world, though whether any of these rumours are true is something that members of the Order of Light refuse to confirm or deny.

The Ancient Library

A few miles north of Carroburg, just outside the village of Tubingen, stands a fortified Manor House surrounded by a moat. This is the base of the Library and Repository of Wisdom and Magic, or the Ancient Library as it is better known. At first glance, it looks ordinary, but anyone with knowledge of warfare would notice its location is very defensible; a small force could hold this place for weeks if need be.

The Library exists to collect and study whatever material it can about the world's philosophical traditions and religions, and also the history and development of magic in the times before Teclis and the foundation of the Imperial Colleges. It was founded one hundred and twenty years ago by Lord Magister Heinz Meissner, a Hierophant of the White Order in Altdorf. Any Imperial Magister or Journeyman may visit the Ancient Library. Meissner and his staff welcome all who come with a genuine wish to learn, but he will ask for a donation towards the upkeep of the building. It is generally expected for visitors to give something.

Visitors will be shown upstairs to the Library itself, a huge, airy pine-panelled room, with four galleries spiralling up to a series of skylights. Unsurprisingly, the room is filled with row upon row of shelves of well-ordered and maintained scrolls, books, and papers, including the works of what appears to be almost every philosopher, seer, and theologian who has ever written in the Old World, and perhaps even beyond.

It is possible to find members of almost any Order here, reading or copying the ancient documents. It is also quite common to see philosophers, theologians, academics, and priests of a number of different religions at the library. Meissner will allow visitors to browse for as long as they please, and his staff will even offer them meals for a reasonable fee. Magisters of the Order of Light will be invited to stay the night free of charge if they wish; others will be allowed to stay for a small fee.

If a visitor gives the right pass phrases, Meissner will lead them down into the house's cellar and the rooms that lead off from it. This is where dangerous works of sorcery and witchcraft are stored, and it's the true reason for the library's existence. Meissner is a Lord Magister of the First Circle—the highest-ranking Hierophants of the White Order and protectors of its most terrible secrets. This group, who also call themselves the Guardians of Light and sometimes the Children of Teclis, study the ways and means of Chaos to better combat it, and the library houses a wealth of dangerous and forbidden works of Daemonology and Witchcraft they have gathered. The Library exists as the Hierophants' base where they investigate, destroy, or capture the works and creatures of darkness. The library and cells hidden in the cellar are bound by powerful enchantments of Hysh to keep the evil contained in the books from contaminating those that read from them.

Including Meissner, there are three Magisters who reside at the Library permanently and ten apprentices. There also tend to

be between three and six visitors in the secret cells at any one time—Magisters, apprentices, merchants, officers from the army, academics, politicians, and minor nobles—all one-time Apprentices of the Order who gather information and resources for the Library. The readers in the upstairs library are genuine scholars who know nothing of Meissner's true vocation or of the house's other occupants. There are usually between eight and thirteen visitors upstairs.

The Ancient Library is one of the central bases in the White Order's network that spans the Old World and contains many powerful people. It is not a separate organization from the White Order, but Meissner will still only reveal the library's secrets to one who knows the passwords and not just any Magister of the Order of Light.

Personalities

Verspasian Kant, Magister Patriarch of the Order of Light

Magister Patriarch Verspasian Kant of the White Order is a tall man of Tilean descent. Born in Miragliano, his merchant parents moved to Marienburg while Verspasian was still a young boy. Originally intending to follow in his fathers footsteps as a trader in antiquities, Verspasian showed more interest in the origin and history of the items his father sold rather than their monetary value.

It was only a matter of time before the boy discovered the library of Marienburg's main university. Though he was too young to pass himself off as a student, Verspasian managed to gain favour with motherly old librarian. Despite his father refusing to pay for an education beyond allowing Verspasian to learn how to read and write, the boy spent years reading his way through most of the books and scrolls the library had to offer, especially those concerning the ideas of great thinkers from across the world. Verspasian was enthralled by the quantity of words spoken and meanings found, all in the pursuit of truth.

Then came the day when his father's ailing business failed. Hard times followed. The tale turns tragic, ending in the death of his mother through sickness and the suicide of his father. Verspasian was sent to one of Marienburg's strict workhouses for orphan children where he stayed for a year, forbidden from leaving the premises, from reading, and from having any time alone.

After a year of appallingly hard work in miserable conditions, Verspasian was picked out of a line of other orphans to go to the Order of Light in distant Altdorf to study to become a Magister. Though he had never shown any supernatural abilities, the Hierophants who chose Verspasian sensed a latent, undeveloped Aethyric sensitivity and an inquisitiveness and passion for learning that could make him a valuable Apprentice to the Order. But Verspasian exceeded all expectations.

Apprenticed to Master Chanter Elrisse, a senior Magister of the Order, Verspasian quickly learned all the chants and invocations

required of him and much more. But this was a dark time. An apprentice called van Horstmann, two levels up from Verspasian when he first joined, began to rise meteorically through the Order, shocking and impressing the Masters with his skill and insight. Eventually Horstmann was made a Magister, and in another two years, he was accepted as a Lord Magister of the First Level. In time Horstmann, whom Verspasian had long respected as a role model, became the youngest-ever Patriarch of the White Order. Verspasian, who had striven to stay hot on van Horstmann's heels, was accepted as a Lord Magister of the Order less than a year later.

But all was not as it seemed. By chance, Verspasian learned Horstmann was a secret worshipper of the Daemon God Tzeentch, the source of his incredible rise to prominence. Verspasian felt utterly betrayed. All the respect and trust he had put in Horstmann over the years had been for nothing—worse, it had aided the powers of darkness to infiltrate the very upholder of light. But such was Horstmann's skill at turning the minds of others to his will, many within the College had been corrupted and could not be trusted. So Verspasian took the unprecedented step of going outside the authority of the Colleges altogether and approached the Grand Theogonist Volkmar, who had been surprisingly even-handed in his dealings with the Colleges of Magic, something unknown among Sigmar's Theogonists until then.

With Volkmar's help, the aid of the highest ranking and most experienced witch hunters, and his own considerable skills in White Magic, Verspasian managed to undo much of the damage wrought by Horstmann and drive him from Altdorf. After that, the remaining Lord Magisters of the Order elected him as their new Patriarch.

Van Horstmann, The Traitor

Van Horstmann is the most infamous, and perhaps most dangerous, of the Imperial Colleges' few known traitors, and he is the White Order's greatest shame. There was a time when Horstmann was counted amongst the brightest and most talented Magisters of the Order. He was the last occupant of the Patriarch's Throne at the Order of Light, before Verspasian Kant.

In his day, Horstmann was acclaimed as the youngest, most gifted Magister to ever preside over one of the Empire's Colleges of Magic. As he knelt down to swear his allegiance to the Supreme Patriarch, the Emperor, and the cause of the Order, no one guessed that his loyalties, and soul, had already been given over to a far more sinister master.

As an apprentice Chanter of the eighth circle of our Order, Horstmann served under the late and respected Master Chanter Alric, the Saviour of Apesto, who taught him many of the Order's ancient secrets. But all the time he served with the White Order, Horstmann was praying to the Gods of Chaos for the power and knowledge to surpass his peers, which explained his rapid progress through the ranks. By day, he studied the pure magics of Hysh, and by night he pored over the ancient manuscripts devoted to the tainted lores of sorcery that the Hierophants kept locked away within its libraries. The Daemons of Tzeentch no doubt whispered their timeless secrets into Horstmann's sleeping mind, and his powers grew strong.

For three years, the wicked Patriarch worked his evil. Seeds of corruption were planted in the hearts of many of Apprentices and Magisters, and many of the most promising initiates to the Order were lost in the shadow Horstmann cast across it. Such was his skill at weaving wicked magics, Horstmann was able to subtly alter many of the Order's rituals, redirecting their otherwise benevolent powers to his own ends. Most outrageously of all, Horstmann actually used the energies called down by the choirs of Apprentices to work away at the vaults beneath the Pyramid of Light—vaults that had remained sealed since the founder of the Colleges of Magic, Teclis of Ulthuan, had created them as a prison for some of the most terrible creatures and artefacts from the last Great Chaos Incursion. One by one, Horstmann defeated the vaults' magical locks to reveal the forbidden things they contained. It's impossible to calculate the damage done or the horrors unleashed upon the world by Horstmann before his evil was uncovered.

The discovery of Horstmann's corruption is a long, morbid tale with a terrible ending. Before he and his twisted Apprentices fled before the combined fury of Volkmar, the witch hunters, and those initiates of our Order who were still loyal to its honest principles, Horstmann managed to free the infamous Chaos dragon Baudros, from its prison beneath the Pyramid of Light, and upon its winged and two-headed form Horstmann took to the sky and fled towards the Chaos Wastes.

Reliable information about Horstmann after this point is hard to come by. It is known that he set about creating a citadel fortress in the Wastes, at the edge of the Screaming Hills. To these gleaming Silver towers he summoned many corrupted souls- many of them being the very College folk his machinations had so perverted. Some legends claim the first to answer his call were sacrificed to create the dread Banner of the Withered Eye- slayer of men and symbol of Horstmann's devotion to Tzeentch. Be this true or not, more power hungry pilgrims arrived at Egrimm's towers, ready to sacrifice their souls to become apprentice to the traitor.

Horstmann and his corrupted Apprentices formed the Cabal—perhaps the most infamous of any group dedicated to Tzeentch. The sorcerers of the Cabal bow only to Horstmann and only because he is the most powerful of them. The majority of the warriors who protect the Cabal are willing slaves to Horstmann and his Apprentices. They are ignorant men desperate for the chance to learn a fraction of their master's skills.

How anyone finds the Cabal to join it is a mystery. But once accepted, a sorcerer must swear binding magical oaths of loyalty to Horstmann, and his dark lord, Tzeentch. Once branded with Tzeentch's rune, the initiate can never rebel against the will of his masters under pain of being reduced to the state of a mindless spawn of Chaos.

Horstmann's Apprentices are everywhere, and nearly two thirds of all the Chaos cults in the Empire are either created indirectly by agents from within his network, are controlled by his Cabal in some round about way, or owe direct allegiance to him. Such plotting and scheming no doubt pleases Tzeentch, and he seems to have rewarded Horstmann greatly over the years, making him his most favoured mortal servant.

Suffice to say, Horstmann seeks to bring the Colleges of Magic under his sway and corrupt all the Empire's Magisters to the worship of his master. By doing this, Horstmann hopes to attract his divine master's eye and be rewarded with Daemonancy.

Volans, First Patriarch of the Order of Light

Little is known about the enigmatic and powerful Magister Volans. When Teclis called together all renegade magic users in the Empire, Volans was by far the most educated, skilled, and powerful to answer that call.

It is said he hailed originally from the lawless area known as the Border Princes, and when he presented himself to Teclis he was already in his fifties. To Teclis's surprise there was not a shadow of taint in Volans despite his admitted decades of practice and experimentation with magic. In fact, his exposure to magic seemed to have kept him young and vibrant, as he looked only about thirty years old.

Teclis soon learned the secret of his new protégé's success: Volans was one of the few, if not the only, Humans able to perceive all the Winds of Magic in their purest form, Qhaysh. His witchsight was so developed that all illusion and limitation had been stripped from his eyes, and he could see magic as clearly as Teclis himself. Remarkable as this was, Volans knew from his very earliest experimentation that although he could perceive all the Winds, he could not use them safely. His first few attempts at doing so ended in horror and almost spelled the end of his magical career before it began. Impressively, Volans dedicated his life's research to refining his ability to just see and touch the Winds of Magic, rather than manipulate them into spells—which is how he avoided corruption for so long.

Due to his immense skill and ability, Teclis chose Volans to study the White Wind, Hysh, and when Magnus asked Teclis to form the Colleges of Magic, the Loremaster knew immediately whom he would leave in control of the White Order and all the Orders of Magic as their first Supreme Patriarch.

THE GOLDEN ORDER

Lore: Metal
College: The Golden Order
Symbols: The Mortar and Pestle. Smithing Tongs. The Smoking Brazier. Forge Bellows. The Soaring Eagle. The Eagle's Wing.
Wind of Magic: *Chamon*

The Golden Order comprises those Magisters who study and embraced the Yellow Wind of Magic, *Chamon*. *Chamon*, Yellow magic, is attracted to metals in both ore and refined forms. The heavier the element or metal, in its natural state or otherwise, the more *Chamon* is drawn to it.

It has been suggested this attraction accounts for the almost magical effect gold has on even the most intelligent races, inspiring greed, violence, and sometimes war. Of all people and races, the Dwarfs seem most affected by gold, and some Magisters of the Golden Order have wondered whether the Dwarfs have some unknown affinity with Chamon. Dwarfs do, after all, pursue many of the same goals and interests as the Magisters of the Golden Order. The issue remains unsolved and perhaps always will.

Overview

The Magisters of the Golden Order are renowned practitioners of Magic, Runecraft, and Alchemy. Like most definitions in the Articles of Imperial Magic, "Alchemical Thaumaturgy" is a somewhat limited description of what Magisters of the Golden Order study and practice. It is true their studies and interests are mainly in the manipulation of chemicals, but they are also metallurgists and herbalists without peer.

Gold Magic

The magic, or spellcraft, of the Golden Order mostly involves manipulating metals, though they also have many spells to help with their studies and promote rationality. It's generally believed that the Gold Magisters can create gold from nothing; some claim to have seen them do it, but the Magister Alchemists of the Golden Order deny this. Though complex by any normal measure, it is easier for a Magister to change a man into a pig because both man and pig are living mammals made from similar elements. To do it, Magisters would only have to change the structure, not the materials themselves. It is an entirely different matter to change the basic element, the very stuff of an object, from one thing to another for longer than a spell's duration.

So gold is made of gold, and lead is made of lead and short of permanently changing the structure of these two (something beyond the skills and scope of any Human Magister), any gold transmuted by a spell will eventually revert to its original form. How long this apparent change lasts depends on the skill of the Magister and the strength of the spell, meaning it could last a day or a couple weeks. Obviously this can have some rather severe repercussions. A living creature that is transformed into gold for longer than a few minutes will be dead when it finally reverts to its original shape and substance.

Temporary transmutation spells are at the heart of the Golden Order's spellcraft. Their battle magic revolves around causing enemy weapons to rust, turning their steel armour into

unwieldy lead, or even changing their metal swords and maces into useless objects. Such spells need not be permanent, as long as they serve their purpose on the battlefield. However temporary they may be, practising and refining these spells are the foundation of the Golden Order's magic.

Some question the potential abuse the ability to create gold, even temporarily, opens to the Golden Order. But for a Magister Alchemist to do such a thing would break several of the Articles of Magic and would doubtlessly, if actually used to purchase goods, lead to public outcry when it eventually transmuted back into its original form. This dishonest act would defame the good Orders of the Colleges of Magic, a serious crime indeed.

Any Gold Magisters found guilty of abusing their skills by swindling retailers with gold that will change back into lead after a few days, are punished publicly. Although they are unlikely to be exiled or Pacified for such a crime, they will be flogged in a place and at a time where the public can view the punishment. Such things are incredibly rare, with only the occasional Apprentice, and even rarer Journeyman Wizard, trying to con people with fake gold.

Having said all this, Apprentices to the Golden Order are taught that discovering a means of and for True Transmutation is one of the prime goals of the Golden Order—whether it's lead to gold, nickel to iron, or copper to platinum. The Order also pursues the knowledge of how to smith the exceptionally hard metal gromril (the near-unbreakable metal mined and manufactured by the Dwarfs) and create the semi-magical alloy *ithilmar*, (the super-light metal that is as harder than the finest Human steel and is able to hold enchantments longer than almost any other metal). This research is one of the Golden Order's most closely guarded secrets, and the masters will go to almost any lengths to ensure that it is kept from the public, especially the Dwarfs and the Elves.

So in addition to being magic users of extraordinary skill, the Magisters of *Chamon* are also students of the sciences, seeking to explore the natural order of the universe, the unnatural orders of magic, and their effects upon one another. The Magisters of *Chamon* seek to find traces of the Aethyr they believe reside in all physical things and unlock its specific potential.

Alchemical Research

Magisters of *Chamon* are regarded as the finest and most accomplished alchemists in the Old World. They work closely with the Empire's engineers and gunnery schools, seeking to create more efficient forms of black powder and stronger, lighter iron alloys for the casting of the Empire's great cannons. They are also among the most capable manufacturers of magical weapons in the Old World, with the exception of the Dwarfs whose skills at weaponsmithing, magical or otherwise, eclipse even the greatest achievements of Humans.

The Alchemy practised by the Golden Order is a blend of magic and chemistry, though the College's Magister Alchemists regard it as a single field of study. Though Alchemy's greatest scholars spend much of their time searching for hidden secrets of the nature of existence, in everyday terms their Alchemy is mostly used for creating potions with specific magical properties—for metallurgical research and experimentation and for creating chemical reagents and explosives. Most spells used by the Golden Order's Magister Alchemists dismantle compounds, super-heat and super-cool elements, and create magical effects dictated and guided by blends of predictable and measurable alchemical compounds and their reactions.

Magister Alchemists tend to take a practical, scientific approach to their subject. Much of their work is not magical at all, but more concerned with chemistry. Although, the differences between magical ingredients and mundane ones are sometimes hazy. The Golden Order's Magister Alchemists regard the Aethyr as the Prime Reagent; it reacts with everything and can cause change in absolutely everything. So they are interested in using the tiniest controlled amounts of magic in very specific ways to see if any predictable rules can be observed, such as whether a particular change will occur the same way and on the same substance if exactly the same amount of magic is used in exactly the same way.

This is not quite the same as weaving magic into a spell, which is a Magister imposing his will and desire upon magic to form

it into something specific. In their research, the Magister Alchemists of the Golden Order do not seek to impose their will for a specific outcome onto a reaction between magic and some physical element because that defeats the purpose. They want to scientifically observe and record natural laws rather than create something from their own imaginations by using magic, something they regard as an art.

Because of the particular nature of their studies and because they are permitted and able to use magic to aid their investigations, the Magister Alchemists of the Golden Order have made advances in alchemical theory far beyond those of any other Human civilisation in the Old World. Whereas the mundane alchemists of the Empire still harbour such traditional views as the Four Elements of Existence (Earth, Air, Fire, and Water), the Gold Magisters have used their magic to discover deeper physical truths.

Over the last two centuries, the great Magister Alchemists of the Golden Order have deduced all physical existence is made up of far more elements than the four of folklore and traditional science. Senior Gold Magisters have discovered and recorded what they refer to as the "True Elements" of existence: the simplest substances that all matter and gas can be broken down into. Through their obsessive analysis and magical experiments, the Golden Order's Magister Alchemists have identified about ninety naturally occurring elements. They have also created a further sixteen compounds that are mixtures of True Elements and various Aethyric elements they have either released from within the elements or have bound to them (though *gromril*, *ithilmar*, and True Transmutation are still out of their reach).

Obviously, only Lord Magisters of the highest rank and experience are aware of these magnificent alchemical discoveries. Most initiates to the Order, not to mention the majority of its Magister Alchemists, still entertain various superstitious notions as to the elements of existence and the possibilities of science. Only the very greatest of these students of Magic and Alchemy will ever learn otherwise.

Rumour has it some of these great secrets have been stolen from the Golden Order in the past, most visibly when a pamphlet was released over ninety years ago by members of the Guild of Physical Alchemists discussing and mocking the "fantasies and delusions" of the "mystics and Wizards" of the Golden Order. The few facts revealed in this pamphlet about the Golden Order's studies were jumbled and poorly explained, but it was clear to the Lord Magisters of the Golden Order that these mundane alchemists had read or heard something of the Golden Order's secret researches. Over the next few months, the people who wrote and printed the pamphlet met with terrible accidents in their laboratories: two gassed themselves with noxious fumes, one irreparably damaged his face and eyes in a minor explosion, and two more died in a fire that gutted only their laboratory and no others. Nothing was ever proven against the Golden Order, but afterwards, overt criticisms of their work dropped to a murmur.

Alchemical Thaumaturgy

When Teclis and his brother mage Finreir were deciding which of their many Human protégés should dedicate themselves solely to the Yellow Wind of Magic, they chose the most studious and analytical of the hedge wizards and petty magickers. To the surprise of many, the great Elf mages also sought as many herbalists and alchemists in the Empire as they could find, despite few of them showing any aptitude for the magic Winds and that they had been forbidden from practicing anything that the authorities deemed too close to witchcraft.

Of these mundane alchemists, only those who sought to answer the prime question of the nature of existence or create real alchemical wonders chose to join with Teclis and his Gold Magisters. To those who had dedicated their lives to trying to find ways to transmute base metals into gold or creating a universal solvent, what Teclis offered sounded too important an opportunity to miss.

So Teclis began to show his students and many others the safest and most stable ways to isolate and manipulate their chosen Wind of Magic. These lessons were all similar for the apprentice Magisters of all the embryonic Orders, as the perceiving and channelling of magic is similar regardless of which Wind is used. But as this process went on, the apprentice Magisters slowly began to share the characteristics and drives of the Wind they used. At first, this concerned Teclis and Finreir, but they decided this was only way a Human could grow in the arts of magic without becoming corrupted by Chaos. By becoming "possessed" by their chosen Wind, the Human Magisters became less likely and able to draw on other Winds and create Dark Magic as a result.

The inexperienced Yellow Magisters, or Gold Magisters as they began to refer to themselves to the Elves' mild amusement, became obsessed with rationality and experimentation. So Teclis and Finreir laid down the guidelines of how to integrate mundane alchemical research with magical manipulation. He told them that the Winds of Magic permeate all things in the mortal world and how an ambient and low-level hum of magic exists in almost everything because of it. He taught them how different strands of magic were attracted to different things and that through careful investigation and experimentation their different Aethyric elements could be extracted. But these elements would not just be small amounts of yellow, green, or light magic, but tiny strands magic that had altered and in turn been altered by the thing they permeated.

Discovering how these elements react with the things they posses, Teclis explained, could allow the Gold Magisters to create magical effects while using only small amounts of the Yellow Wind to activate them. It also meant the Gold Magisters could use tiny parts of the other Winds of Magic that saturated mundane things and elements, not through direct manipulation (which could lead to the creation of Dark Magic), but by

using mundane chemical reactions that used *Chamon*, the Yellow Wind, as their reagent. Through this method, the Gold Magisters would be able to make potions and compounds whose active magical ingredients were traces of a Wind other than Yellow; hence, they can create potions that have magical effects related to Winds of Lores other than their own.

So it was that the most exacting alchemical magic of the Golden Order was born.

Over the centuries, the wisdom and investigations of alchemists and herbalists from all over the Human world has been incorporated into the studies and practices of the Golden Order. The ancient herb-crafts of many the Empire's own hedge wizards and folk healers have been accepted, analysed, and refined. Great scholars from Araby brought an immense wealth of alchemical learning to the College when they came to the Empire to join the Magister Alchemists of the Golden Order. These travellers brought extensive knowledge that had been passed down and refined, generation after generation, from the days of ancient Nehekhara. In more recent decades, the Magister Alchemists of the Golden Order have begun travelling further and further (some say even to distant Cathay), seeking any and all knowledge concerning alchemy, metallurgy, and medicine. The senior Magisters of the Order spare little expense to acquire ancient and foreign texts dealing with these matters.

The more the Gold Magisters learn as an Order, the more they need to learn—such is the drive and fascination the Yellow Wind inspires. Today, the Golden Order holds the secrets of making, refining, storing, and/or using runes, acids, alkalis, mundane and magical reagents, poisons, antidotes, medicines, magical elixirs and potions, combustibles, explosives, alloys, purifying agents, pigments, dyes, and even soaps. Suffice to say the Golden Order has become the foremost centre of Human expertise in all matters from mathematics and runemaking to brewing.

Small wonder, then, that the Golden Order is reckoned to be the wealthiest of all the Colleges of Magic.

Duties & Contracts

The Golden Order is the wealthiest of all the Colleges of Magic, but in many senses, they have to be. Because the College requires so many raw materials and substances to carry out its research and train its Apprentices, they are the net consumer of all raw and refined chemicals and compounds in the Empire.

The Golden Order has, over the last two and a half centuries, come to own the majority of respected alchemical schools and guilds across the Empire. These have become a kind of pre-College training ground for would-be Magisters where the lowest level Apprentices can perfect their basic alchemy skills by learning how to extract and purify chemicals and compounds from raw materials, and how to manufacture basics like pigments, inks, dyes, soaps, and glues. The more experienced and skilful of the mundane alchemists (those close to being accepted as being full apprentices to the Golden Order) produce large quantities of antidotes, medicines, and fine spirits and wines in between their more arcane studies. All the above, from the pigments to alcohol, are sold in bulk to merchants, noble houses, and other large organisations that know they can rely on the quality of products purchased from the Golden Order.

Only the Empire's legitimate armies are permitted to benefit from the Gold Magisters' expertise at making war substances like black powder and the resin and pitch mix that produces liquid fire.

Different Magister Alchemists specialise in different areas—some are more like chemists, dedicating their studies to the creation of potions, elixirs, and strange Aethyrically charged chemicals. Others run forges, smelting mundane and enchanted ores. Yet there are many different areas of study and expertise in the Golden Order, and almost every science, material and immaterial, is studied and practised to some degree within its walls.

The Gold Magisters work closely with the Imperial Engineers' School and gunnery schools, always trying to create more efficient forms of black powder amongst other things. As the most capable Human manufacturers of magical weapons on the continent, the Gold Magisters' endeavours sometimes end up in the hands of powerful generals and nobles on the larger battlefields of the Empire where Imperial armies fight against foreign invaders, revolutionaries, secessionists, and the various beasts and creatures of the world that threaten the Empire. In battle, the scarce and highly valuable items manufactured by the Golden Order are usually distributed only to commanders and soldiers who might have special missions to fulfil. Other than these, the only people likely to be able to afford, or be permitted by law, to carry such enchanted items are those crucial to preserving Imperial lands and culture, such as nobility.

Magister Alchemists

While in their College and working on their experiments, even the greatest Magister Alchemists of the Golden Order wear simple clothes: leather aprons, gloves and sometimes skullcaps, and goggles or glasses. Essentially, they dress in a way suitable to protect them from heat and acid burns, just as any alchemist or metallurgist would. But this does not mean that the Magister Alchemists always dress this way. Their art and College tend to make Magister Alchemists quite wealthy, and when it comes to state occasions, or when mobilised for war or some other activity beyond the bounds of their College walls, the Magister Alchemists try to create an awe-inspiring impression on all that see them.

Their robes are cut from the finest materials, tastefully embroidered with heavy gold thread and brocade. The preferred

colours and tints reflect the name of their Order and the colour of the Wind of Magic they have dedicated themselves to, gold and yellow.

The oldest and most experienced of the Order's Lord Magisters sometimes wear exceptionally elaborate and finely crafted articulated gauntlets of a gold alloy, as well as gold masks. These items often spawn rumours that the Magisters are slowly turning to magically articulated statues of pure gold, that they are hiding a lifetime of burns and scars from their experimentations, that they are simply copying their current Patriarch, or even that the items are purely for show as a slap in the face to normal citizens who have to earn an honest living.

Mentality

Though they are Magisters and therefore users of magic, Magister Alchemists tend towards a hyper-rationality. They are extremely logical individuals, desiring to quantify and measure as much of the physical world as they can. They are born teachers and lecturers, apparently driven to instruct, but equally they are obsessive students who wish to implement what they have learned to practical and concrete ends.

The psychological types of the Gold Magisters vary immensely from intense scholars obsessed with their next breakthrough, to studious mathematicians, patient and burly weaponsmiths, cultured artisans, and enigmatic geniuses: few in words but great in intellect. Perhaps due to the amount of time they spend in their laboratories breathing noxious fumes and heating volatile substances over open flames, there are some Gold Magisters who appear as little more than distracted crackpots. But only the foolish underestimate a Magister of the Orders of Magic.

Magister Alchemists are urban individuals; few of them ever live far from a city, partly because of the difficulty of obtaining the necessary supplies, but also because they are more likely to be blamed by ignorant peasants for blighting crops or frightening the cattle.

Apprentices

As with all the Colleges of Magic, long before an Apprentice is permitted to learn much of spells and how they are cast, they must first study and understand the theories of what magic is and how it works, spending long hours learning all the many dangers of magic and spellcraft and the history of their Order.

With few exceptions, the Golden Order tends to only accept apprentices with a background in alchemy, metallurgy, or herbalism, or those with a truly exceptional gift with the Yellow Wind of Magic. As such, the Golden Order recruits mostly from the smaller schools and guilds of alchemists they control throughout the Empire.

Just like their mentors, senior Apprentices are expected to take part in alchemical and magical research, discussion, and criticism. Those who embrace and study *Chamon* find themselves drawn to teaching as well as acquiring knowledge, which mean that it is standard practice throughout the Golden Order for senior apprentices to teach the basics of various alchemical processes to newer apprentices.

Views of the Public

Magister Alchemists are generally more accepted by the public than Magisters of other Colleges, since the public can see and use many of the Golden Order's works—or, at least, the works of their lowest Apprentices. Since the magical workings of the Golden Order are hidden behind closed doors and because the

College produces many substances with practical uses, they are treated with moderately less fear and hatred than the Magisters in other fields. However, Magister Alchemists are still viewed with suspicion by most people because their laboratories often emit smoke and strange vapours, lights, vibrations, and they occasionally explode.

Some towns have regulations against the practice of alchemy of any kind within their walls. Although few alchemists would admit it, this regulation can be quite sensible in crowded urban quarters. Before the fame and respectability of the Golden Order spread, they were forced to do their experiments in the slums, or in secret, or even outside the city walls where their smells and fires could do less harm, even in cities where alchemists had some influence on the local council or ruler.

The College Grounds and Buildings

The Golden Order is the most financially successful of all the Colleges of Magic. Because it manufactures goods desired and needed by commercial, civil, and military establishments, the Golden Order earns a considerable amount of money, which, when added to the large endowments given by lords and merchants hoping to curry favour with the Magister Alchemists, results in the Gold Order being one of the wealthiest organisations in the Empire.

Unlike the buildings of the other Colleges of Magic in Altdorf, and contradicting the considerable wealth that its members can call upon, the buildings of the Golden Order are not rich, flamboyant, or mystical from the outside. They are more like several great and conjoined laboratories and foundries with many furnaces and tall chimneys, which belch coloured and sometimes bizarre, glowing smoke and steam into the air. The building is five stories high at its tallest point, and it's a jumble of towers and courtyards with a maze of passages, laboratories, dormitories, forges, and reception halls. Near the back of the building, overlooking the River Reik from the fourth storey, are the private rooms of some of the great Lord Magisters of the Order, including the newly renovated laboratory of the Magister Patriarch himself, Balthasar Gelt.

It is much to the relief of the citizens of Altdorf that this College is not near the centre of the city but on the perimeter, by the River Reik. The fast-moving waters of the river have been diverted through well-protected underground channels to meet the needs of the laboratories and forges within, cooling the foundries and turning water wheels of uncertain purpose. As the waters flow back out to the river, they sometimes run with fantastic colours, likely after an elaborate, arcane experiment deep within the bowels of the College.

Unlike some of the other Colleges of Magic, the Golden Order's College building is not hidden from view. Even so, few go near it because of the evil smells and thick vapours that perpetually surround it, vapours that Magister Alchemists appear unaware of and impervious to. Despite these circumstances, a small crowd of beggars often drift around as close as they dare to the College gates, even though the College's guards sometimes chase them away. The beggars never try to solicit anything from those they think are Magisters but do beg from everyone else that goes to and from the College building. The College tends to receive many wealthy and important visitors, and the word on the street is that if you can tolerate the occasional clouds of noxious fumes and do not mind being too close to where witcheries are used, there are rich pickings near the Golden Order.

Contradicting its utilitarian appearance from the outside, the College's formal reception rooms are luxurious, having rich carpets, heavy velvet curtains, deep, comfortable couches, and gilded statues of previous Patriarchs of the Golden Order. At the very centre of the College is a massive library with thousands of books dealing with everything there is to know about physical and metaphysical sciences, especially alchemy, metallurgy, and herbalism, as well as copies of the latest research papers of alchemists from across the world. Most of the books in this library are hand-copied—the market for them doesn't justify the cost of printing—and many rare volumes in this library could sell for hundreds of Gold Crowns to a specialist buyer.

Beneath all this and in other wings of the College are dozens of laboratories full of strange devices and corridors scorched and pitted by spilt corrosives and molten alloys. These are where the Magister Alchemists of the Order do all their research into the realms of alchemical magic.

The laboratories are long, well-lit rooms. They may have rows of windows or skylights to let in as much light as possible and let out the numerous noxious vapours that build up inside. Some of the College's Magister Alchemists working on particularly risky experiments do so in lead-lined cellars to control accidents. There are always workbenches in the laboratories and at least one furnace. If there is only one furnace, it is invariably of a two-chamber design, suitable for extracting ore, mixing, and purifying alloys. All the laboratories have good ventilation but still posses a noxious chemical odour.

The laboratories tend to be cluttered with shelves of equipment and racks of bells jars and other containers. These containers are generally made of glass or ceramics and are either made by a Magister Alchemist or specially commissioned from skilled craftsmen. This equipment includes, but is not limited to ceramic tiles and jugs, a bellows, several copper or brass cauldrons, a collection of stills, a mortar and pestle, at least one alembic, a water-bath, an ash-bath, an extremely large lamp, dishes, beakers, jars, phials, filters, strainers, ladles, stirring rods, and several pairs of hinged tongs of various sizes. There will also be glass bottles containing hundreds of chemicals in the form of liquids, salves, and powders. These supplies are considered the absolute minimum equipment for a working alchemist.

Apprentices to the Golden Order will spend the body of their apprentice lives actually studying in the College building, as

opposed to with one mentor wherever that mentor lives. Yet many Gold Magisters keep their own households in the city and only come to the College to teach, study, and experiment. All the same, despite its massive size, the College's dormitories are overcrowded.

All apprentices are expected to spend their waking hours working in the laboratories as an assistant to a Magister and studying in the College's huge library. As most Apprentices will have already been taught alchemy to a reasonable level in one of the lesser schools of mundane alchemy run by the Golden Order, apprentices will be expected to know the names and component parts of most of the chemicals the Magister asks for. Besides learning how to perceive and channel magic, as is the most pressing concern of all full apprentices to the Colleges, they will be expected to quickly learn all the beliefs of the Golden Order.

Personalities

Balthasar Gelt, Magister Patriarch of the Golden Order

Every seven years, representatives of the eight Colleges of Magic meet to decide who will reign as the Supreme Patriarch for the next seven years. This is an important decision, because the strand of magic used by the winning Patriarch will blow more strongly through Altdorf for the College that supplies the Supreme Patriarch. Theoretically, any Lord Magister of any of the Orders can take part in the contest to decide who the next Supreme Patriarch will be, but because the individual Patriarchs of each Order are also the most powerful, few others ever try to take part. The contest to determine the dominant College of Magic takes the form of a violent contest of spellcraft between the existing Supreme Patriarch and the challengers, one at a time. The contest is held within the strict bounds of the hallowed Obsidian Hall. The current Supreme Patriarch is Balthasar Gelt.

Balthasar made his first appearance in the busy port of Marienburg some fifteen years ago, having bought passage on a merchant ship coming from his native land in the Black Gulf. Because he paid for the journey with gold he had transmuted, Balthasar quickly left for Altdorf before the effects wore off. The Golden Order was his destination.

Since his childhood, Balthasar had been fascinated by alchemy, and because he was from a wealthy family, he was able to travel throughout Araby, Tilea, Estalia, and even the Border Principalities learning everything he could on the matter from anyone who would teach him. In time, it became clear that his fascination for alchemy, and particularly the idea of True Transmutation, had blossomed inside him to become a natural empathy for the Yellow Wind. Eventually, he learned of the Empire's Golden Order who were said to be the finest alchemists in the Old World and Magisters of surpassing skill. Hearing fate calling him, Balthasar decided to travel to the Golden Order.

Balthasar's extensive knowledge of alchemy impressed the Gold Magisters immediately, but it was his natural talent with Chamon that startled them most. Few untrained magic users drew upon only one strand of colour magic without first being trained how to do so, and yet young Balthasar was doing just that and with remarkable control. He was accepted into the College immediately.

Discovering the secret of True Transmutation was the driving force of Balthasar's apprenticeship, and sustained by his immense knowledge on matters alchemical and by his natural talent for manipulating the Gold Wind of Magic, Balthasar rose swiftly through the ranks of the Golden Order, quicker than anyone in the College's history. His inquisitive intelligence and open-minded approach made Balthasar popular with both the College and the lesser alchemist guilds scattered around Altdorf and the Reikland.

Then came the day of his accident. For reasons he has never revealed, his private laboratory was seen to fill with an intense golden light followed by an ear-shattering explosion that only gutted his chambers without even shaking the papers in adjoining rooms. Whatever happened, Balthasar survived, though he locked the doors to his chambers and refused to let anyone treat his wounds. In just a day he emerged from his chambers apparently well, yet covered head to toe in robes and wearing a golden mask—robes and mask he is never seen without these days.

Some say that his entire skin turned to gold, others swear that he is horribly disfigured, and others yet whisper that he has received the curses or blessing of the Chaos Gods and now hides his malformations beneath his mask and robes. Nobody knows exactly what happened to him and many of his colleagues have not acted in quite the same way towards him since.

Whatever happened, the accident did not reduce Balthasar's will to succeed in his research, nor did it hamper his powers. On the contrary, he has risen to the position of Supreme Patriarch of the Colleges of Magic, defeating Thyrus Gormann in the ritual duel and replacing the prominence of the Bright Order with his beloved Gold, all before he was a Patriarch of his own College. Since then he has, of course, secured his position as Patriarch of the Golden Order as well, when his immediate predecessor, Magister Patriarch Feldmann, simply vanished one year before the Colleges of Magic were mobilised to resist the so-called Storm of Chaos.

Since Balthasar's ascendance to Supreme Patriarch, the Yellow Wind of Chamon blows strongly through Altdorf. Balthasar has proved a highly rational councillor for the Emperor, a wise ruler for the Colleges, and a valuable asset to the Emperor's armies, winning him greater influence at court and the respect of his Magisterial peers.

Gotthilf Puchta, One-time Patriarch of the Golden Order

Magister Patriarch Puchta is famous in nearly every College of Magic, as it was he who penned the influential (and enormous) book on magical theory known somewhat misleadingly as *A Modest Treatise on the Nature of Magic* over one hundred years ago. Copies of this massive tome can be found in most of the Colleges of Magic and even in a few private libraries of Magisters and wealthy nobles. It is not a book of spells but of solid and complex theory, analysing the nature of magic, the Chaos Realm, and other such esoteric and occult matters.

Although not as famous among the public as Magister luminaries Volans or von Tarnus, in Collegiate circles, Gotthilf Puchta is one of the most respected Magisters to have ever lived.

The Wizards and Alchemists Guild

Over the two centuries since its inception, the Golden Order has come to dominate and even own all the most respectable schools and guilds of alchemy within the Empire. Most famous of all the Golden Order's lesser guilds is the locally named "Wizards and Alchemists Guild" in Middenheim.

The Guild is the oldest place of organized learning for alchemists in the Empire and has a formidable reputation. Founded as the "Guilde of Alkemie" sometime between 1200 and 1600 I.C (the records are hazy and somewhat contradictory), it was the focal point for alchemists from all over the Empire who wanted to deepen and broaden their understanding of the sciences for nearly a thousand years. In the early days, alchemy was far less developed or understood, and its theories were a jumble of primitive chemistry and herbalism, dominated by superstition, occultism, and elements of hedge wizardry. Yet the Guild was renowned as a place of learning and science, and few outside of it really new or cared what went on within it.

The Guild has had many vicissitudes in its long history, and the Graf of Middenheim forced the guild members to bend all efforts solely to the betterment of his city rather than the deepening of alchemical understanding. With the coming and eventual defeat of the Great Chaos Incursion, and when Teclis was asked by Emperor Magnus to teach the secrets of magic to the Empire, there were some in Middenheim who were outraged that the Emperor chose Altdorf to be the seat of learning for what they saw as a new and better funded College of alchemy: the Golden Order. It may have been a political decision on the Emperor's part, strategically placing the Colleges at the centre of the Empire, midway between Nuln and Middenheim and under his own watchful eye and that of the Grand Theogonist in the heartland of the Sigmarite Cult.

The period following Teclis' inception of the increasingly famous alchemical thaumaturgy of the Golden Order saw great turmoil with Middenheim's Alchemists' Guild. With the Magister Alchemists of the Golden Order breaking new ground in Altdorf and many of the alchemical theories of previous centuries being proven incorrect, a major reorganization of the Guild was called for. By Imperial edict

and persistent pressure from various cults, all elements deemed magical were purged from the teachings and practices of the Guild. But without access to the closely guarded secrets of the Golden Order, the Alchemists' Guild found that it was being left behind and increasingly ignored. Magisters from the Golden Order began to appear in Middenheim, invited by nobles and merchants. Even the Graf himself installed a Magister Alchemist in his court. Things looked bleak for the Guild, and it found itself demoted to teaching apprentices the rudiments of alchemy.

Eighty years ago, the Guild was finally forced to close its doors. Few alchemists of any skill chose to study or teach at the Guild when they could apply to one of the schools controlled by the Golden Order, and the Guild certainly was not attracting wealthy students or endowments like it used to. It could no longer to pay for the upkeep of its ancient, sprawling buildings. This appeared to be just what the Golden Order of Magic had been waiting for. Representatives from the Golden Order approached the one-time owners of the Guild's land, saying that they were interested in buying the property to renovate and refit it with new laboratories. They even said that they would employ the old alchemist scholars to teach initiates the basics of alchemy.

The reason for this sudden interest was because Middenheim was so far away from Altdorf and was quite difficult to reach to reach, making it hard for the Golden Order to service Ulric's great city to the degree they desired. So indebted were the old alchemists of the Guild and with nowhere else to go, they had little choice but to accept.

Upon hearing of the Golden Order's plans for the old Guild buildings, senior Magisters from the Celestial Order approached the Golden Order to come to an agreement never before reached between two Colleges of Magic. The Astromancers of the Celestial Order had the same problems servicing Middenheim as the Golden Order, but the Astromancers were also interested in establishing observatories in Middenheim because of its commanding position high atop a mountain and yet well defended from wandering beasts and bandits. After wrangling over the funding and building of the laboratories and observatories and the jurisdictions of the two Colleges' Magisters who would work and live within the old Guild buildings, the Colleges reached an agreement and built the Guild of Magisters.

Now the Guild has sprawling laboratories within its compound and needle-like observatory towers of the Celestial Order's Astromancers thrusting high above the city. The main building is three stories, built in a grand but eccentric style, with a pillared entrance rising all the way to the roof. A large library is on the first floor along with research laboratories for alchemists. The Guild has permanent accommodations for the senior Magisters that reside there as well as a large dormitory where Apprentices to both the Celestial and Golden Orders bunk. In addition, over a dozen rooms are available to Magisters of either Order who are visiting Middenheim but have no accommodation of their own or even just those who prefer company who won't look at them as if they were a dangerous animal, as indeed most of the citizens of Middenheim do.

Still remembering the old days and somewhat in ignorance and awe of the Magisters who descended upon them, the people of Middenheim came to refer to the Guild as the "Wizards and Alchemists Guild," and the name has stuck.

Over the last eight decades, the newly restructured College has thrived like never before. Once again it has become a focal point for young alchemists, and it is second only in size, respectability, and power to the Golden Order in Altdorf. The Guild has the best facilities and libraries of arcane lore outside of Altdorf. Many use the Guild as a stepping-stone on their way to the Imperial Colleges in Altdorf, the Gold and Celestial Magisters residing at the Guild are permitted to take apprentices, though only the College at Altdorf has the authority to accept apprentices as full Magisters.

The Guild building was damaged during Archaon's recent invasion of Middenheim, and extensive renovations are underway. Since the breaking of the Northmen's siege, the Guild has been approached by the Magisters of the Bright Order who, upon the request of the Graf of Middenheim, wish to fund much of the Guild's renovation in return for barracks and training grounds of their own within the sprawling property. Negotiations continue, but it seems likely that the Bright Order will be welcomed.

Personalities

Albrecht Helseher, High Magister of the Guild

Helseher is a Lord Magister of the Golden Order. He is the administrator of the Guild, and he is who Magisters of the two Colleges come to for a room or if they wish to use the facilities of the Guild. Helseher appears to be in his early sixties, and his skin seems to have taken on a slightly metallic sheen in certain lights. He is slightly above average in height, gaunt, and simple in appearance. He has a long mane of black hair, greying slightly at the temples, and he has piercing eyes of a startlingly vivid blue. His eyes and his long, delicate-but-strong fingers are the two things people remember after meeting him. Helseher dresses with a lack of vanity that verges on carelessness; when not dressed in the leather overalls and apron of the laboratory, he favours free-flowing garments in black or grey, which allow him maximum freedom of movement.

Helseher is more concerned with his alchemical studies than anything else, and he rarely leaves his apartments and offices in the Guildhouse. Consequently, he is little seen by the public who regard him as a mysterious figure to be feared.

Janna Eberhauer, Guild Deputy

Magister Eberhauer is only in her late thirties, but she is already an accomplished Magister. As per the agreement with the Celestial and Golden Orders, the High Magister's deputy must be of the Celestial College, and so Eberhauer is an Astromancer.

She looks much younger than her age. She is tall and statuesque, with a tumbling mass of auburn hair reaching to her shoulders, hazel eyes flecked with amber and a few freckles across her cheeks and the bridge of her nose. She is always well-dressed, favouring practicality and classic style over the more ostentatious tastes of her Order. She looks quite unlike anyone's expectations of a Magister. Intelligent and friendly, Eberhauer has the great gift of being able to put people at their ease, which she finds useful for gaining information that they might not otherwise disclose. She does not air her own opinions too readily, however, and often sounds ambivalent, quite deliberately.

THE JADE COLLEGE

Lore: Life
College: The Jade College
Symbols: Coil of Life, the Spiral, the Triskele, the Oak Tree, the Oak Leaf, the Sprig of Mistletoe, the Sickle.
Wind of Magic: *Ghyran*

Ghyran is the Green Wind of Magic, and it is the Aethyr's momentum towards growth and the need to nourish and be nourished. *Ghyran* is nurturing, it is fertility, and it is the Aethyr's echo and mirror of life.

Ghyran precipitates in a manner similar to rain upon the mundane earth, where those with the witchsight can see it form into pools and swirling eddies. These pools and streams of sparkling green magic gradually form into immaterial rivers, flowing across the land in a way similar to water, though unbound by mortal laws. When the Winds of Magic blow most strongly, it is said that *Ghyran* flows across the lands like a great tide, sinking into the soil or else drawn to the rivers, waterways, lakes and springs of the mortal world. For whatever reason, its energy bonds particularly to water and saturates the earth with its life-giving power—for this reason, the power of *Ghyran* is highly concentrated in rivers, lakes, and springs, and therefore within vegetation and other living things. *Ghyran* is drawn up with water through the roots of plants it comes into contact with, feeding all living things, both encouraging and feeding off of growth. If the Winds blow particularly strong, the streets of every city become awash with *Ghyran's* flows, running across the cobbles and flagstones in search of organic matter, like an immaterial stream that the common man neither sees nor feels.

Overview

The Magisters of the Jade Order study the Lore of Life, fuelled by the Green Wind of Magic, *Ghyran*. Agrological Thaumaturgy, roughly translating as "Soil Magic," was the limited and rather dry term given to the Lore of the Jade Order in the Articles of Imperial Magic. Bear in mind that when the Articles were written, the effects and preference of individual Winds of Magic embraced by the Colleges of Magic had not fully manifested themselves, so the distinction of the arts were sometimes missed in the names given to them. Jade Magic, or Druidism, is concerned with all agriculture, flora, and the flows and seasons of fertility in the countryside and in all natural living creatures (including Humans). It could also be called water magic or earth magic.

Jade Magic

Jade Magic, or the spellcraft of the Lore of Life, comprises spells that concern themselves with the change of the seasons, agriculture, fertility, growth, soil, earth, and water. These spells are powered by the Green Wind of Magic, *Ghyran*, which has inspired many hedge wizards and petty magickers in the past, including the much fabled Elementalists (of water and earth), and of course Druidism. All of these clumsy gropings at *Ghyran's* power can now find themselves perfected and made manifest in the Lore of Life as taught by the Jade College.

It is said that *Ghyran's* Magisters, or Druids as they are sometimes known, are the most sensitive to the natural life-cycles of the countryside, and so spend little time within the confines of the Empire's great cities. Such is their skill with, and love for, the forces of nature and living things, *Ghyran's* Magisters are often called upon to cure crop blights or bring nourishment to barren soil. They can make dead earth fertile, cure blights, encourage fertility in Humans and beasts, and it is even whispered that they can cause wild and unstoppable growth of creatures and plants if they so wish. Yet these Magisters also have the ability to control flows of water and the very earth beneath their feet. In battle, Jade Magisters can call forth steaming geysers in the ranks of their enemies and even cause the earth to split under their feet.

The Druids of the Order of Life are taught to live in natural harmony with the countryside, cultivating it in sustainable way that is as beneficial to the land as it is to those that live off of it. Because these Magisters are so closely tied to floral life throughout the world, their own magical strength tends to wax and wane as the seasons do, being vigorous in Spring, most powerful in Summer, waning over Autumn, and weakest in Winter—although their powers are also said to flourish in rainy weather.

Druidism—The Lore of Life

"Druid" was the traditional name given to those strange men and women of legend and myth who were said to be the first holy

people of Humanity. Some of the oldest folktales in rural parts of the Empire explain that the Old Gods of Taal and Ulric adopted tribes of Men as their own, and the Humans of the Old World gave reverence to the spirits of the land and nature as the "Great Mother." But this was not a religion like the worship of Ulric or Sigmar, rather it was a profound respect for the Mother as an abstract (not sovereign deity) of the natural forces of the world.

Whether this represents an older understanding of the divine as practiced by the Empire's ultimate ancestors, or whether it is simply just a different style of worshipping Gods that developed over the millennia, remains unclear. What is certain is that the Druids of ancient times were the keepers of tradition and the seasons, and they custodians of the sanctity of Nature. Druids were said to lead all tribal rituals, which were held within groves of sacred trees or more commonly within great stone circles that the Druids supposedly erected.

Whereas it is possible that these original Druids were more than just legend, they certainly did not erect all the great Waystones and Henges that lie scattered across the Old World, for these were the works of the most ancient Old Ones, the Elves to channel magic out of the Old World and towards the Great Vortex of Ulthuan. Be that as it may, it seems likely magically sensitive Humans might have become aware of the massive amounts of energy coursing through these stones and took them as focal points of the earth's natural energies—in a sense true and yet off-the-mark.

When Teclis gathered all the petty magickers and hedge wizards he could find within the Empire, he also found scattered and philosophically devolved remnants of the Druidic tradition that remained in the most rural parts of the Empire, having survived countless centuries of persecution and the rise of newer more active faiths. Of these few, not all came willingly, but once Teclis showed them the pure energies of *Ghyran*, those that had any magical sensitivity at all and a true connection with the seasons and nature, perceived that the purity Teclis was offering them was the ultimate path of their calling. Two-thirds of those Teclis approached went with him.

Within one hundred years of the founding of the Colleges of Magic, sightings of Druids were reported in various rural spots all across the Empire. But though they seemed to fit the description of the legendary Druids of old, these new Druids belonged to the Order of Life and were Magisters of the Green Wind of Magic. And there are rumours that another, far older form of Druidism survives on the misty isle of Albion.

Ghyran's Magister Druids gather in ancient groves at Henges and intersections of Leylines, promoting the free flow of the energies within the lines, encouraging the nurturing power of *Ghyran* in areas contaminated by Dark Magic and combating the blights and famines inflicted upon the Empire by the Lord of Decay.

Duties & Contracts

The Magister Druids of the Order of Life do not pursue contracts in the same way as many of the other Colleges. Not only are they unconcerned about such things, they are hardly in a position to pursue them. Although they do have a College building in Altdorf, the Magister Druids of the Order of Life prefer to live and run their affairs from very rural and regions and do not possess an identifiable centre where contracts can be brokered.

Fortunately, the College building of the Jade Order is largely self-sufficient, built on the intersections of Leylines particularly heavy with Ghyran, so the Magisters need not spend much money maintaining it. The endowments given to it by Karl Franz (both in his capacity of Emperor and in his more state-centric role of Prince of Altdorf), are enough to cover the expenses of maintaining the guards and any upkeep for the outer wall. The main official duty of the Jade College's Magister Druids is to ensure the farmlands of the Empire stay fruitful and productive. This is a very important job considering the number of natural and unnatural blights that affect the Empire, especially in the north. Huge swathes of the Old World are contaminated with trace elements of warpstone dust, which can have detrimental long-term effects on the landscape. The Magister Druids are careful to make sure the natural and Aethyric pressures on the countryside remain in a constructive balance.

The main unofficial duty of *Ghyran's* Magister Druids (albeit one that ties in with their other duties), is to protect the Leylines that run through Imperial territories and the Henges they meet at, ensuring their energies flow cleanly and quickly. As part of this task, the Magister Druids hold seasonal rituals at the great Henges of Eyvberry, Muttersfeld, Fruchtbarfelsen and numerous other smaller stone circles throughout the Empire to encourage the energy travelling through the Leylines to stay vibrant. But these rituals also serve a dual purpose of drawing out controllable elements of *Ghyran* from the Leylines and allowing it to disperse throughout the surrounding countryside in a manner that encourages the healthy and abundant growth of plants.

In times of war, word will be sent to the College building in Altdorf and the few Jade Wizards who remain there on a rotational basis will respond. If too few of *Ghyran's* Magisters are at the College to serve the needs of the call, then those present will send out magical familiars to others of their Order and even leave secret markings upon Waystones that they may pass while they march, all of which will draw further aid to the campaign as needed. Normally the Jade Wizards' duties are to ensure the good physical health of soldiers and see that the land provides them with all they need—an army marches upon its stomach, after all. However, the Magister Druids are also said to be able to gather intelligence of enemy movements by listening to the Empire's waterways and forests.

Jade Wizard

Jade Wizards tend to wear robes and clothes woven from cotton and wool and dyed in greens of all shades. Their clothes tend to be decorated with the symbols of their order (the spiral, triskele, oak leaf, etc), and they often go barefoot so that they can feel Ghyran's energies beneath them as they walk. Each carries a sickle, small or large, which is the badge of a full Magister amongst his Order. They often also weave corn, flowers, or other greenery and vegetation into their clothes and hair, making them look as though they are about to attend a harvest festival.

Sometimes they carry staves of living wood, such as hazel, oak, yew, or some other tree the individual Magister regards as special sacred.

Lord Magisters of this Order reputedly have greenery growing within their hair.

Mentality

The Magisters of *Ghyran* are the most attuned to the countryside of all the Orders of Magic and are only marginally more likely to be found living in cities than the Shamanic Magisters of *Ghur*. They love nature and living things, and especially rain. Because they tie themselves so closely to the ebb and flow of the natural world, the powers of the Magister Druids tend to wax and wane with the seasons.

Druids of the Order of Life are always hale and hearty sorts, full of energy and surprising humour, far from the usual dour image and reputation Magisters garner. They are interested in agriculture of all kinds and are experts at growing anything possible in a sustainable way. They take their responsibilities with nature very seriously and oppose with absolute venom the followers of Nurgle who bring only corruption and decay. They also abhor all kinds of Necromancy and Dark Magic, for these are against life. The Magister Druids have little trust for the Magisters of *Shyish*, who are concerned only with endings.

Unusually amongst the Orders of Magic, there are just as many female Druids as male ones, perhaps even more, but then this is perhaps to be expected from an Order that chooses to live in small communities of their own. It is common amongst *Ghyran's* Magisters for men and women of their Order to have children together, whom they always raise into the Order like themselves.

Apprentices

The majority the Jade College's Apprentices tend to be the offspring of existing Jade Wizards, forming a kind of isolated Druidic caste. However, rural hedge wizards with a particular affinity for the magic of growth and fertility will often attract the Order of Life to them. As money is not a consideration for the Jade College, they do not worry about how much apprentices can pay them. The land supplies them with all they need, and money has little use to them. However, initiates are bound to the Order by oaths that involve wild magic and the shedding of blood under the light of the Chaos Moon, so only the truly committed are accepted into the Order of Life.

Teaching the Lore of Life is affected by the seasonal flow of *Ghyran*. From the first new moon after the autumn equinox until Mondstille (the winter solstice), the studies of *Ghyran's* apprentices and Magisters concentrate more upon the theory and lore of the Order, because *Ghyran's* power is relatively weak at this time.

The Order is most active from when the moon Mannslieb is first full after Mitterfruhl (the spring equinox) and continues for two periods of the moon's waxing and waning. This is the Order's most active period, and Apprentices are plunged into a day and night learning frenzy, where spells are taught through the oral traditions of the Order and practice. At the end of the session, all the Order's Druidic communities hold great festivals within certain groves or Henges.

During this celebration, Apprentices who have become adept enough to be accepted as Senior Apprentices are given a copper sickle and those that become Journeyman Wizards are given a sickle of pure silver as symbols of their status. This is always done unexpectedly, and none of the Apprentices know who will get their sickle and who will not. There is no examination; the senior Druids of any community meet to discuss which of the candidates are ready. During the night, while the candidates are involved in semi-ritualised

dances and singing, a master will suddenly appear dressed as the Green Man or the Earth Mother and will hand the successful apprentices a sickle. At the end of the festival, the various students leave to practise their magic and journey over the summer. Those that wish to become full Magisters of the Order must travel to Altdorf by Sonnstill, the summer equinox, where he or she will be tested by the Lord Magisters (or High Druids) that gather there for their yearly assembly. Those that pass the stringent and often dangerous tests of the High Druids will be given a gold sickle and will be accepted as a full Magister Druid of the Order.

In summer and winter, only a handful of Magisters reside at the College. In summer, most of Ghyran's Magisters are either serving time with the Empire's armies or are practising their arts in the countryside somewhere. The city holds little allure to them.

Views of the Public

Of all the Orders of Magic, the Order of Life is perhaps the least unwelcome. This is not to say that the public doesn't still fear their practices (they do), but when a Jade Wizard appears in a rural area, the crops are likely to be bountiful, the livestock fruitful, and the women of the village more likely to conceive or have an easy childbirth. For these reasons *Ghyran's* Magisters are, at the very least, respected.

Besides their usual distrust and dislike of any and all Magisters, people in large towns and cities tend to regard these Magisters as backward in the way they dress and act, and probably insane. Because it's unlikely that many of *Ghyran's* Magisters will ever be seen in the Empire's cities (with the exception of Altdorf), the issue rarely comes up.

The College Grounds and Buildings

The Jade College is the focus and ideological centre of the Magisters who study the Wind of *Ghyran* and the Lore of Life. It is surrounded by an immense wall, unbroken by windows or towers. The wall is over sixty feet high and is taller than any of the surrounding merchants' houses. It is built of brick, and the outer face is glazed green, with a College symbol set into every block: a spiral, a triskele, or an oak leaf. The wall is roughly circular, but actually forms the first ring of a clockwise spiral, about 200 yards around. Thus, at one point the face of the wall steps 20 feet backwards. The only entrance to the College is located here, a simple oak door set in the base of the wall.

The door is guarded at all times by four heavily armed and armoured warriors chosen to represent the different stages of life. One is young, another in his prime, the third in middle age, and the fourth old. Despite their appearances, all are highly skilled and capable fighters, prodigies or veterans of the arts of and in combat and war. If they sound the alarm, any Magisters inside will come to their aid.

Magisters of the Order are allowed to enter the College without any questions and may take one or two friends. A Magister trying to take a large group in would be asked for his reasons, but almost any reason would suffice. All others need to demonstrate that they have business in the College. As with most of the Colleges of Magic, a request to meet a particular Magister leads the guards to send a messenger to see if that Magister wants to see them, and if he does he will come to meet them at the gate. People are not allowed to wander into the College on a whim.

Those allowed into the College find that the spiral continues on the inside. To their left, the inner face of the wall is lined with buttresses, and ivy and other climbing plants grow all over it. To their right, a line of trees and shrubs forms an almost natural-looking wall. The path itself is grassed over. As visitors walk around the path, they find that the stench of the city is replaced by the clean scent of nature, and the sounds wind in the trees and the distant flow of water replace the noise of Human bustle. Perceptive visitors might realise there are few animal sounds within this strange oasis, and even more aware visitors might realise that the outer wall is still to their left, so that they are actually no further from the city than they were immediately after passing through the gate. Nevertheless, it sounds and smells further away.

After a single circuit, the trees and shrubs replace the wall on the visitors' left, and the right hand side of the spiral becomes more varied; sometimes trees and shrubs, sometimes patterns of stones, sometimes pools and streams of clear water. The ground rises in small, artificial hills, creating constantly-varying scenery recalling that of various parts of the Empire.

The Jade College seems to be substantially larger on the inside than on the outside, and it can take well over an hour to walk to the centre following the path. However, once past the first inner circuit, it's possible to take shortcuts, which lead to the grove of trees which form the heart of the College.

These trees, predominantly oaks with a few ash, oak, yew, birch, chestnut, and sycamore among them, have been shaped by the magic and patience of the Magisters into a living hall. Branches and leaves form walls and floors, and at the centre of the grove a circle of mighty oaks form the walls and pillars of a great domed chamber, where the College gathers when it must take counsel together. In the centre of this circle of oaks is a huge Waystone (faintly green-tinted), carved with complex swirling patterns. Around this are many smaller rooms, which are used by members of the College when they choose to stay here. The Jade College has very few permanent residents, and even they change their rooms quite frequently, so most rooms are the same, furnished with carefully shaped branches and upholstered with moss.

There are rooms where rainwater flows constantly down branches, pooling briefly in a bowl formed of ivy leaves before flowing away. In others, trees and vines twist through the wall, bearing fruits and nuts at all times of the year. The College has a library where scrolls of its Lore are cradled in its own niche in the trunk of an enormous tree, reached by walking up sturdy branches. Yet the majority of the College's Lore is carved in runic and symbolic form upon vast oak tree trunks and standing stones within the Colleges confines.

Much of the interior of the Jade College is devoid of animal life, and there are few Magisters there at any time (especially in summer and winter). However, only a foolish visitor seeks to start any violence within the Jade College, because the trees and vines are said to come alive to capture and restrain all such aggressive interlopers.

Jade Magisters on business in Altdorf will spend much of their time within their College building, finding it more congenial than the city streets. As such, a visitor may bump into a Magister while walking in the College's gardens. Even in rainy weather, there are paths sheltered by trees for those who know where to look.

It is very hard to break into the Jade College, not that anyone other than the most insane cultist or foolish adventurer would even try. Anyone spotted climbing its forty-foot-high walls will probably be spotted and would be in considerable trouble with the Watch. Also, the plants in the College are more aware than normal shrubbery and notice any intruders. However, they only pass this information to the Magisters if they think to ask, which means if a visitor can come and go without raising suspicions, he is relatively safe. If the Magisters investigate, however, a full description is easily available from the plants the visitor hid behind. If such an interloper is discovered by a Magister, he may find himself spending his last days as a bush or interestingly shaped hedge.

Personalities

Tochter Grunfeld, Matriarch of the Jade College

The current Matriarch Magister of the Jade College is Tochter Grunfeld, also known as the Jade Mother. Unlike most of the other Orders of Magic, it is just as likely for the prime position of the Order of Life to be a Matriarch as a Patriarch. Grunfeld was elected to the position of Matriarch of her Order after the death of the previous Matriarch, Magister Arburg, who was killed in the early days of the recent war against Archaon's hordes.

Grunfeld is about tall with a pleasantly round and well-tanned face. Her hair is free flowing and white, and it seems to all who see it to have ivy growing within it. Her age is hard to place, as is the case with many Magisters of her skill and experience, but she is known to have been operating in the region around Wurtbad in Stirland for at least six decades. She is the mother to eight offspring and every one of them has been brought up within the Order and are now full Magister Druids.

It is said she spent much of her life combating the creeping blight spreading down from the dark and polluted lands that lie to the north east of Wurtbad. When the wind blows from that direction, it brings with it traces of warpstone and the chill of the grave, contaminating the fields and forests of the otherwise luscious region. It is rumoured that Grunfeld has plans to move her community even further northeast to tackle the problem at source.

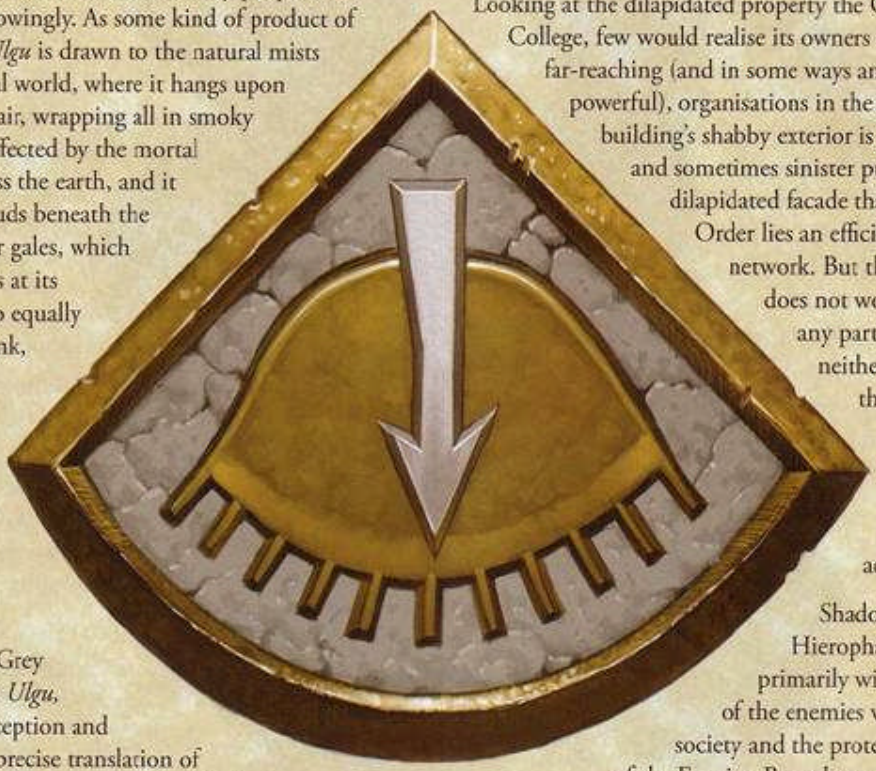
The blighted land known as Sylvania awaits her just beyond horizon with all the expectancy of a freshly dug grave.

THE GREY ORDER

Lore: Shadows
Symbols: The Sword of Judgement, the Cowl, the Coil of Mist
College: The Grey Order
Wind of Magic: *Ulgu*

Ulgu is the Grey Wind of Magic, and it is the Aethyric reality of the sense of being lost or confused. It is the immaterial force of disorientation and it is natural deceptiveness. It is puzzlement, perplexity, and it is paradox. *Ulgu* embodies all senses of obfuscation, bewilderment and mystification.

To those with witchsight, *Ulgu* is said to appear more like a thick and impenetrable fog broiling across the earth, invoking a sense of mistrust and confusion in ordinary people who pass through it unknowingly. As some kind of product of its Aethyric nature, *Ulgu* is drawn to the natural mists and fogs of the mortal world, where it hangs upon the quiet chill of the air, wrapping all in smoky shadows. It is most affected by the mortal winds that blow across the earth, and it rears into mighty clouds beneath the influence of storms or gales, which is when Grey magic is at its strongest. Yet it is also equally potent in the still, dank, and threatening fogs which bring a chill to the air, and bathe everything in boiling grey shadows.



Overview

The Magisters of the Grey Order have embraced *Ulgu*, the Grey Wind of deception and obfuscation. A more precise translation of the legal definition of the art as described in the Articles of Imperial Magic, "Cryptoclastic Thaumaturgy," would be magic and spellcraft whose practices and affects are secret and hide what really is.

Grey Magic

The Lore of Shadows is a magic formed from the drives, purposes, and predispositions of the Grey Wind. It is the lore of illusion, confusion, and concealment. It is commonly referred to as Shadowmancy.

Shadowmancy, then, is the catchall term given to describe the arts of illusionism, which is the branch of magic dealing with the deception of the senses. The Grey Order's Shadowmancers seem to bring nightmares alive and the sweetest dreams into reality. They are masters of appearances and sculpting lies.

Naturally, Shadowmancy offers great benefits on the battlefield, where the number of friendly troops can be made to appear far fewer, far greater, or far more fearsome.

However, the secret role of the Grey Order's Shadowmancers is far more sinister.

Duties & Contracts

Though Shadowmancers are required to serve in the state and provincial militaries of the Empire, just like Magisters of every other College, being mobile force-multipliers for the army is not their prime or even most suited role.

Looking at the dilapidated property the Order calls its College, few would realise its owners are one of the most far-reaching (and in some ways among the most powerful), organisations in the Empire. Yet the building's shabby exterior is a front for secret and sometimes sinister purposes. Behind the dilapidated facade that surrounds the Grey Order lies an efficient and ruthless spy network. But the Order of Shadows does not work for the nobles of any particular province, and neither do they work for the Emperor himself—at least, not in a direct or political way, though they often serve as advisors.

Shadowmancers, like Hierophants, are tasked primarily with the persecution of the enemies within Imperial society and the protection of the ideals of the Empire. But where the Hierophants are predominantly exorcists, seeking out and aiding only those who are possessed by daemons or the very darkest magic, the Shadowmancers serve as diplomats, spies, and even assassins, tasked with finding and eliminating the networks of illicit organisations that work away in the shadows undermining the acceptable civil, military, political, and religious structures of the Empire. In this work their spells of persuasion, distraction, concealment, and deception are of considerable worth.

Yet this means that they often risk coming into conflict with the Witch Hunters who view all "licensed witches" as untrustworthy and too involved in the witch hunters' own affairs. Little do the Witch Hunters or any other great authority in the Empire realise seeking out corruption within organisations that often appear (or are in fact), above the law is just one of the Order's many self-appointed jobs.

With their mastery of shadows and illusion, and with their ability to divert attention, they can easily infiltrate organizations, get into and out of buildings without being seen, kill people and make it look like someone else did it, and generally confuse and perplex the public at large. The Shadowmancers are relatively few but they are effective.

It is almost impossible to identify a Magister of the Grey Order if he specifically does not want you to. That harmless old man with the travelling theatre company; the young woman who performs hackneyed illusions in the town square for money; the travel-stained Magister with the group of rowdy adventurers in the corner of the inn; the new initiate to some daemonic cult; the beggar, priest, merchant, noble, diplomat, or that battle-weary soldier—the Shadowmancers can appear as almost anyone.

The only non-Collegiate authority the Grey Order is theoretically answerable to is the Emperor himself, but in effect this is not as clear cut as it would seem. The Shadowmancers serve in war as is their duty as stipulated in the Articles of Imperial Magic. However, Volans, the first Patriarch, and the subsequent Lord Magisters of the Grey Order (led currently by Magister Patriarch Reiner Starke), forbade that the Grey Order should ever sell their skills to aid the various political manoeuvrings of the Elector Counts and other governing bodies. Their goal was to oppose Chaos in all its forms, not to unduly influence the internal political struggles of the Empire. An Emperor could be forced to abdicate, or worse, may fall to the seductions of Chaos and would then stop being an ally and become a potential enemy to the Empire. It was deemed unwise to let the full truth of the Order's abilities and activities get into the hands of a potential enemy; so the Emperor, the Electors, the religious authorities, the Merchants' Guilds, and burgomeisters of the Empire know little or nothing of the clandestine activities undertaken by the Shadowmancers right beneath their noses.

But the Shadowmancers' work is never done. There are many powerful people within the great organisations of the Empire who are Chaos cultists themselves with considerable resources to hamper and block the Shadowmancers' otherwise secret activities. This is partly why the Order is so diffused around the Empire—the more centralised they are, the easier it is to restrict them and follow their movements.

Shadowmancers can be found in service of important officials, merchants, and nobles, whether these groups realise it or not. The Lords of the Grey Order assure all Magisters of their Order are bound very tightly by the Articles of Magic and by the Order's own very strict rules. Shadowmancers may only practice their spellcraft for the benefit of Imperial society and are expressly forbidden from using their magic for their own profit or solely for the political or financial profit of their patrons. All Shadowmancers must take vows of poverty and are not permitted to accumulate property or wealth not of direct and practical use to their cause. Any breaches of the many strict rules laid down by the Order are prosecuted very harshly and vigorously.

The Order of Shadows has killed or Pacified more of its own members than any other of the Orders of Magic, and this is more of a reflection of the zero-tolerance of rule breaking and corruption within the Order rather than a demonstration of their Magisters' untrustworthiness.

Shadowmancers

When not disguised, the workday robes of the Grey Order are, unsurprisingly, shades of grey. They often wear voluminous cloaks with deep hoods and scarves to cover their faces. Their bodies beneath their robes are often lean and hard from a life of near-constant travelling and free from all excess.

The symbol of the Lore of Shadow is the Sword, and true to this symbol, the Shadowmancers usually carry swords, often concealed beneath their cloaks. They are competent fighters. Older Magisters of the Grey Order also tend to carry gnarled wooden staffs.

Mentality

Shadowmancers seldom stay long in one place. They are restless, curious and independent individuals and their character and duties mean that they spend most of their lives travelling from place to place. Due to the nature of their duties, the journeys Shadowmancers embark upon are often undertaken under the cover of darkness, and therefore nearly always seem to imply some evil purpose or ulterior motive to the few ordinary people that witness them. Shadowmancers do not talk easily of their deeds, or much of other matters, for they are aware of the suspicion with which they are viewed by their fellow men, and prefer to remain inconspicuous and discreet.

The Shadowmancers are renowned for their practicality. A grave sense of responsibility and a sharp mind are prerequisites for potential apprentices to their Order. The Shadowmancers prize diplomacy and the skills of debate and rhetoric, especially for those times that they choose to become involved in disputes, where they take the part of open mediators. The history of the Order of Shadows has, with very few exceptions, been one of great asceticism, skilful diplomacy, and absolute opposition to all things associated with the Dark Powers.

Magisters of the Grey Order may rarely be viewed as honest individuals, but they are incredibly loyal to their Order and the Empire as a whole. Teclis chose the most dependable and honourable of his Human protégés to study the Grey Wind because he knew full well the temptations that would soon come their way.

The symbol of their Order is a reminder to them as scholars of magic that seeking knowledge and wisdom is not enough in itself. They are worthless if not actively used to better society.

Apprentices

Due to the nature of their activities, Shadowmancers almost never take on apprentices who are out of their teens. The longer a person has been free to wander the world, the more hooks the world can sink into them–or so believe the Grey Orders Magisters. Also, being a very suspicious lot, they almost never accept applicants to their College, each Magister preferring instead to travel the Empire and find apprentices for themselves; preferably young people who have absolutely no expectation of it.

Since Shadowmancers have to move around quite a lot, they often take their Apprentices and apprentices with them as they wander across the Empire. This means that apprentices to the Grey Order tend to have more experience of the world as their master would like them to see it, thus predisposing them to follow in their master's footsteps when the time is right.

Views of the Public

Of all the Orders, the Magisters of the Grey Order are the most deliberately secretive, and the least easily recognised. They are not trusted or liked by common folk, who believe them to be sinister and scheming–even more so than other Magisters (with the possible exception of the Order of Shyish). For this reason, they are sometimes referred to as 'Trickster Wizards', though they actually call themselves Grey Guardians. Their powers, though considerable, do not lend themselves well to the favour of common folk, being bound as they are in spells of concealment, illusion, confusion, and occasionally, unseen death.

The College Grounds and Buildings

The Grey Order is a worn and shabby stone building, seemingly ill positioned in the back alleys of Altdorf's poorest and most disreputable district, which is scattered generously with dubious bordellos and violent taverns. Even the Watch prefers to keep away unless in considerable force, and no honest citizen would ordinarily risk entering such a den of rogues and cutthroats. But the Shadowmancers are no ordinary citizens.

The College is not a large building, neither is it strikingly dissimilar to those that neighbour it. Its members come and go by any number of secret entrances situated in surrounding streets, and legend has it that there are myriad hidden routes connected to the College, both above and below ground, that stretch right across the city, protected by powerful spells of misdirection. Perhaps unsurprisingly, no outsider has ever found such routes.

The building itself is a modest-sized stone building, ancient and crumbling. It is not an impressive sight, but there is something distinctly eerie about the walls, with their missing stones and stained and moss-covered windows. The roof has noticeable holes in it and seems to let the rain in. Birds nest in the eaves and the single ruinous tower is home to a family of white owls.

The inside of the College is almost as decrepit as the outside, with erratically spaced gargoyles on the walls. The rooms appear as unused chambers that echo to the sound of a footfall. There is one laboratory with some ancient-looking alchemical equipment. Spider webs stretch from the alembics to retorts, and there are old bird nests in fractured old bell jars. The place seems long abandoned.

Some say that there is a great library somewhere on the premises containing many rare and curious volumes of lore, and secrets of members of many of the dark cults in the Empire. However, unless a Shadowmancer, no one entering the College could ever hope to find this library, if it exists at all. Rumour has it that no one who has entered the College uninvited has ever emerged again, hence the reason the building is left alone by the criminal element of this rather seedy district.

Sometimes faint, eerie lights can be seen moving behind its darkened windows at night. These are probably just scare away curious citizens and give the place an air of eccentric mystery; but then, who knows for sure?

Shadowmancers are itinerant wanderers and there are few in residence in the College at any time. What actually takes place within the building's crumbling halls is anybody's guess.

Personalities

Reiner Starke, Magister Patriarch of the Order of Shadows

Very little is known about Magister Patriarch Starke and it is uncertain as to whether what is known is in any way accurate. He is said to be a serious man and is reputed to be quite tall, gaunt, and grey-haired with a short well-trimmed silver beard. His age is hard to put a fix on, as he sometimes seems of a great and venerable age, and yet other times he seems to be a fit-looking man in his late thirties. His eyes, however, are always piercing and grey as a storm cloud. A stare from him is enough to make all but the strongest-willed look away first. It is said that when he wishes, he has an engaging smile and a twinkle in his eye. Yet despite his generally imposing presence, Starke is reputed to be a fine teacher of magic and his apprentices have all respected him as no other.

Starke is ruthless in his dealings with those he sees as the enemies of the Empire and is prepared to sanction almost any means to ensure what he sees as the protection of the Empire. In the more backward country districts he is sometimes mistaken for a Witch Hunter and yet at other times a warlock. If he finds himself in a village or noble household where the people don't seem properly devoted to Sigmar (something he sees as one of the most important unifying factors of the Empire), Starke thinks nothing of taking steps to restore their faith, using intimidation, lecture, and of course, magic. Needless to say, visits to the Temples of Sigmar increase once Starke has passed through the area.

THE CELESTIAL COLLEGE

Lore: Heavens
College: The Celestial College
Symbols: The Comet, the Crescent, the Eight Pointed Star
Wind of Magic: *Azyr*

Azyr is the Blue Wind of Magic. It is the Aethyr's reflection and metaphysical drive of and for inspiration and all that which is out of reach. *Azyr* is imagination and the desire to emote. *Azyr* builds upon abstracts, and seeks to find, or even create, certainty within the unknowable. It finds and creates meaning and narrative for and within things that are without meaning or narrative. *Azyr* is the drive and need to explore the unexplored and express the inexpressible.

Azyr has few temporal boundaries and reaches into all the possible futures. *Azyr* is light and insubstantial, and after passing into the mortal realm it quickly dissipates into the upper portions of the heavens, becoming a haze of eerie cloud, visible only to those who have witchsight.

Overview

The Magisters of the Celestial Order study the Lore of the Heavens, which in its widest sense is "Astrometeorological Thaumaturgy," the magic of the stars, the upper atmosphere, and the weather. The Magisters of the Celestial Order are most commonly referred to as Astromancers, and they are prognosticators, astrologers, and seers without Human peer. These potent wizards also have power over the weather and over various other meteorological phenomena.

It is certainly for these reasons that *Azyr's* Magisters are known for their greatest preference for sky and star gazing, and for this reason the Magisters of the Celestial College are sometimes called "Celestial Wizards" by some of the less educated folk of the Empire.

Celestial Magic

The magic of the Celestial College can be very roughly divided into three areas: prognostication, control over meteorological phenomena, and the most dangerous, manipulating the future through curses.

Astrological Prognostication

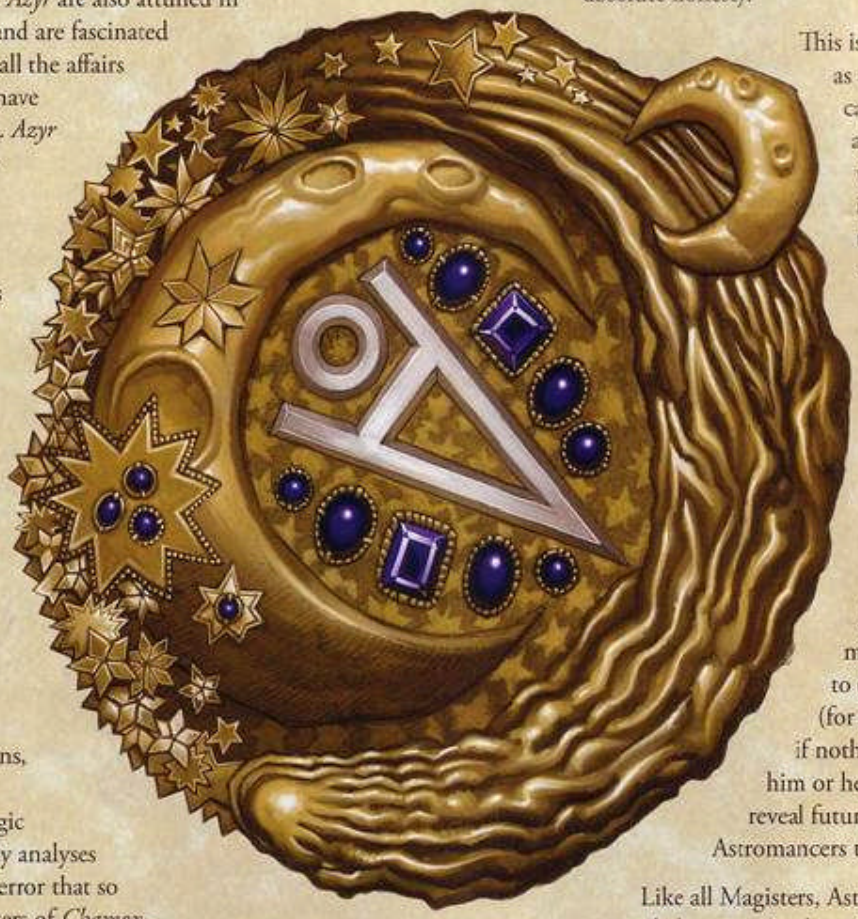
This is the arcane art that tries to decipher the most likely future of mortals by examining the interaction of the Blue Wind of Magic, *Azyr*, and the light of various celestial bodies, including moons, stars, comets and meteorites. It is frequently termed Astromancy—divination by the stars.

As *Azyr* blows from the timeless realms of the Aethyr across the distant sky, it supposedly appears as a clouded window through which *Azyr's* Magisters can predict certain events, apparently by the manner in which the permanent celestial bodies are distorted by the drifting cloud of *Azyr's* impermanent and temporally distorting blue light. Yet even though this is a mystical art, it apparently requires many mathematical processes like geometry and statistical analysis to read the messages hidden in the heavens. It is for this reason that the Magisters of the Celestial College are exceptionally skilled mathematicians, and in this they share commonalities with the Magisters of *Chamon*.

Astromancers create instruments of exacting calculation and measurements, such as astrolabes. Yet it is not just the upper heavens that can be utilised to foresee the future. The Astromancers of the Celestial College are also exceedingly adept meteorologists, and through the application of this science they can forecast weather conditions, and so they manufacture barometers, heliographs, hygrometers, anemometers, and so on of incredible accuracy and exquisite artisanship.

Astromancers gaze at heavenly bodies through the shimmering haze of *Azyr's* blue light, documenting the various images and movements that can be seen where astrological conjunctions and constellations meet with the Aethyr's a-temporal wind. They must study long and hard to be able to learn how to interpret the formulae and hazy images that offer glimmers of the future, and they must also master the principles of time and the almost infinitely complex nature of cause and effect. In time they become adept at seeing the parts played by the hands of Destiny and Chance on the mortal world.

Magisters attuned to *Azyr* are also attuned in some way to future and are fascinated with divination and all the affairs of those things that have not yet come to pass. *Azyr* is the epitome of the pursuit for omens and knowledge of the future and its Magisters are experts at interpreting dreams, the casting of runes and indeed all manner of prognostication. They are oracles and seers, fortune tellers and diviners with few equals within or without of the Empire. Yet also, *Azyr's* Magisters are also great theoreticians, dealing more with profound leaps of logic rather than the steady analyses of arduous trial and error that so fascinates the Magisters of *Chamon*.



Meteorological Magic

Such is their understanding of the processes of the atmosphere, Astromancers also have many spells to control the weather, or, at least, air pressures, movements of air, and even lightning itself, calling it down upon the heads of their enemies.

Fate Manipulation

Perhaps the most alarming of the Astromancers arcane skills lies in their reputed ability to change the future, in the sense that they can actually change someone's fate for the worse if they are skilled enough and if they so choose. How they do this is a secret known only to them, and perhaps the High Mages of distant Saphery. As it is, their power to curse and bring misfortune to their enemies is a cause of great alarm amongst certain elements of Imperial society.

Duties & Contracts

The very wealthiest and most important people seek the Astromancers of the Celestial College in the Empire, in a kind of love/hate relationship. Few nobles would not wish to know how the future turns out for them, either in the short term or long (or both!), but there is nothing in the Articles of Imperial Magic or in the Celestial College's own Rule that forbids telling people their fortunes, if that is what they wish. However, the Astromancers are required to tell all of that which they see with absolute honesty.

This is a double-edged sword as the Astromancers cannot always direct what areas of the future they will see. So they may indeed be able to see the future in such a way as to win a noble some political influence, but they are just as likely to foresee the day, hour, and style of that noble's death, and they would be obligated to tell all they had seen, in person.

As a result, though many noble houses seek to contract an Astromancer (for the sake of appearances if nothing else), few pressure him or her too closely to reveal future events. Resultantly, Astromancers tend to be quite wealthy.

Like all Magisters, Astromancers can be seconded to serve in the military throughout their life and as need dictates. As one might expect from an Order of prognosticators, few experienced Magisters are ever surprised or unprepared when the call comes.

Astromancers

The Magisters of the Celestial College use midnight blue as their prime colour of decoration, and they will normally wear pendants, rings, earrings and brooches in the shape of stars and moons, etc. Due to their unusual wealth, Astromancers can afford to have the very best robes, and everything they wear is of the richest materials and best tailoring.

It is said that as an Astromancer advances in his field and comes ever closer to Azyr, his eyes turn wholly blue and glow with a soft light.

Mentality

While the Magisters give the impression of knowing everything before people say anything, this is not, in fact, the case. They know when people are about to speak, but not always what they are about to say. It is, therefore, possible to surprise them. Astromancers tend to be dreamers and are very scholarly. The shifting possibilities of the future have more relevance and are more real to them to them than is the present.

They tend to look up to the heavens a lot with contemplative looks on their faces.

Apprentices

There is a rigorous program of examinations for advancement within the Celestial College, beginning with an entrance examination to establish the new Apprentices' academic capabilities. Very few applicants with any Aethyric talent are turned away no matter how they do on this exam (it is really just for the Magisters of the College to ascertain what level to start their new apprentices' education at). Those few that are turned away might be sent on to the Order of Light with a letter of introduction—the Hierophants are always looking for more Apprentice chanters to fill their choirs.

Apprentices will be assigned to a master, whom they are expected to obey absolutely. Those based in Altdorf are then assigned quarters within the College building and are expected to live there at all times. They cannot leave the College without permission. As well as their studies, Apprentices are expected to help the masters in their observations, which will give them plenty of chances to learn how to adjust the great telescopes in the domes. All Apprentices are expected to be neat, hard working, and punctual.

The towers' domes are cleaned of bird droppings and other debris every evening by the College's Apprentices. This unpleasant duty is handed out as a punishment to Apprentices who are disrespectful, or who perform poorly, or dress inappropriately, etc. The regular need for cleaning ensures that someone is always nominated for this task. The College's masters maintain that these duties instil an appropriate sense of humility in the Apprentices and humility is important to all who wish to study the Winds of Magic and not fall prey to the whispered promises of Chaos.

Once Apprentices have advanced to become full Magisters, they may take on Apprentices of their own and pursue independent researches. They are presented with a small telescope, which they will carry at most times. Many Astromancers choose to live in their College for their entire life, leaving the building only when called to the battlefield. The main exceptions to this involve individuals who travel to observe unusual astronomical events.

Views of the Public

Most people do not really know how to react to the Astromancers. On one hand, the natural fear and distrust of anything to do with magic makes people generally nervous around the Magisters of the Celestial College. However, the curiosity that almost everyone has with regards to what the future might hold tends to draw some braver folk to the Astromancers—some even ask for their fortunes to be told. Rarely are the Astromancers so cruel as to look, or worse, tell them.

The College Grounds and Buildings

The Celestial College lies close to the centre of Altdorf, not that far from both the Imperial Palace and the Great Temple of Sigmar. However, despite the bustle around the College, almost no one ever notices it.

The Celestial College is not invisible, nor is it disguised by illusions. Instead, the spells that protect the College subtly prevent people from looking in the College's direction, or from paying any attention to whatever they do see. Clouds and mist intervene at crucial moments, and the wind blows flags, awnings, and light pieces of rubbish across the line of sight to the College's spires. People who live and work in the area know that there is something in that spot, but they have no clear memories of it or interest in finding out. Most assume it must be a residential building, or a private warehouse, or some other structure that they have no interest in.

However, someone who knows roughly where the Celestial College is and is deliberately looking for it can find the entrance. Yet even such a determined person as this will rarely think to look up, or around, and do not even pay attention to the details of the door. Thus, if even the most determined non-Wizards approach the College it is rare they will notice anything other than the door itself.

Of course, people attuned to the vagaries of magic are often immune to this effect and can see the College in its full glory. When such people point the College out to bystanders, the effect is partially overcome for a while. People with only the mundane senses will quickly lose interest and revert back to not bothering to look in that direction at all and thinking that there is nothing important there. Indeed, for the brief moments they were aware of the College, they do not take in any details of it.

For those who can see it, the College is one of the most spectacular sights in Altdorf. Sixteen slender towers, each built from blue and white stone, reach high into the heavens. Far taller than the spires of the Great Temple of Sigmar or the towers of the Palace, they thrust out of the huge main body of the blue-stoned College. Each is topped with a glass dome, which glitters in sunlight and shines faintly from within at night. About a hundred and sixty years ago, the Patriarch of the time built the first domed tower on the western corner of the building. This sparked off the Time of the Towers, in which the masters of the College built greater and higher towers, leading to the profusion of towers and observatories that can be seen today. However, once the number of towers reached sixteen it was deemed by the Lord Magisters of the College that there were towers enough, and no more were built.

The towers are linked by numerous walkways and gantries, also built in blue and white stone. The windows of the towers and the main building are all wide, and every study and living quarter in the College has skylights, windows and balconies from which Magisters and Apprentices may observe the heavens.

The College's main door is four yards square, divided into four sections and finished in black metal. Dots of silver are spread across it, forming a map of a night sky, albeit not the sky visible above the Old World. No one is ever kept waiting at the door. The doorkeepers always seem to know when someone arrives and open the door a moment before they knock. In most cases, the general purpose of any visit is known, but rarely the specifics. Thus, if visitors want to speak to a Magister, the doorkeeper will know it, though not necessarily which Magister. This prescience is partly the result of careful observation, but also partly magical. The doorkeepers would only make a mistake if a powerful spell is concealing the visitors' purpose. Hostile visitors are either ignored or threatened with the barrel of a blunderbuss thrust through a port in the door, depending on the persistence and severity of their hostility.

Within the College is a cobbled courtyard that gives access to the many towers, whose myriad windows overlook the interior of the College. There are no signs to show which door leads where, so novices are prone to getting lost. Inside the building are libraries, living quarters and observatories. The air has no scent inside the College, like the clear air at the top of a mountain. Although they are a little confusing, the corridors and courtyards of the College tend to have a calming effect on most visitors. Small libraries and observatories can be found all over the place. Visitors are allowed to go to a Magister's room unescorted, and servants appear to repeat directions just at the moment just at the moment visitors might realise that they do not know which way to turn at a junction. Magisters who want to receive guests invite them in the moment they arrive outside the door, without waiting for something a knock. It is worth noting that many of the Magisters at the College tend to spend their days sleeping and their nights at the top of the crystal towers, studying the stars.

The College is somewhat unsurprisingly an excellent place to meet Celestial Magisters. All senior Magisters have their own private rooms, which are furnished in their own style. Mostly, this tends towards a celestial theme, and most rooms contain at least one large telescope and an astrolabe.

Although the visitors may assume they are constantly watched while within the College, they are not. Instead, the Apprentice staff and Magisters know when visitors need assistance, and turn up at that moment. The Celestial College would make most ordinary people very nervous, particularly if they have something to hide.

Sneaking into the College would require more attention to one's surroundings than anyone without magical senses could manage. Even those with such senses fall foul of the magical warnings that the inhabitants get. Guards rarely appear to apprehend interlopers. Instead, servants happen to go to work exactly where such interlopers wanted to hide, or they appear round a corner at inopportune moments. Often, the servants do not know why they are there at that time—the enchantments of the senior Magisters and the effects of Azyr simply arrange things so that they are.

Someone with extremely strong concealment magic of some sort (like a Shadowmancer perhaps), might be able to overcome some of these obstacles, though the lack of cover and general stillness of the College makes it difficult to move around without attracting some attention. Visitors without any magical assistance

cannot sneak around the College at all, as there is a servant always standing right in front of them, looking straight at them.

Personalities

Raphael Julevno, Magister Patriarch of the Celestial College

Magister Julevno was born in Nuln, the son of an actress and (or so his mother thinks) a mercenary from somewhere in Ostland. Julevno never once saw his father as he was growing up, nor, for that matter, did his mother. Julevno was twelve years old when he started to have visions, flashes of things that would then happen hours, days, and even weeks later. By his fifteenth year these visions came to him constantly in such a blur that his mother thought him mad. It is a testament to the boy's strength of mind that he was not.

As far as his mother was concerned, Julevno had been more than enough trouble to her for the last fifteen years and she believed her acting career had taken its toll because of him. Seeing her chance for a new start without her nuisance son, she contacted the local workhouse and asked them to pick up the "lunatic" boy. But through his visions Julevno saw what was to happen, and he fled his mother and Nuln altogether, living as a beggar in the small towns and villages beyond the city.

Around that time Julevno began to have a new vision, only this one repeated itself time and again. In his dreams both waking and asleep, Julevno kept seeing a massive blue building with sixteen glorious spires. At that point he didn't understand its relevance, but it was calling to him. And the city of Altdorf was where it was calling from.

It was a rainy autumn day when Julevno finally stumbled through the streets of Altdorf towards its great centre. Though no one around him seemed to pay them one glance, Julevno could not take his eyes from the glistening blue towers that reached so high above the city; the same towers he had seen in his dreams. By the time he reached the College's great door, Julevno could barely walk, he was so tired and malnourished from walking nearly non-stop all the way from Nuln. As he reached the first step leading to the door his legs finally buckled and he collapsed. At that exact moment the door ahead of him opened, and a tall man with a plaited white beard and brilliant blue eyes stepped out.

"Ah there you are." He said, "We've been expecting you."

Suffice to say Julevno was accepted into the Celestial Order. His natural affinity for Azyr, the Blue Wind, was truly exceptional. He saw visions of the future in his head without even needing to gaze into the heavens or use any equipment at all. The Magisters could not turn him away.

Julevno was a fast study, and he rose to the position of Magister in just thirteen years (a very short time for the Celestial Order), and at twenty-nine he was the youngest fully accepted Astromancer in living memory. He was fifty when he caught his first glimpse of Archaon and the Invasion he would lead against the Empire, and just a year later he saw a vision of the death of the then Patriarch of his Order, Stern Glanzend. When he took his worry to the Patriarch, he found that the ancient Astromancer already knew. He had seen his own death many times before, and he was ready to face it.

Before he left for Middenheim, Glanzend had told Julevno that he was to be the new Patriarch. All the Lord Magisters of the Order had foreseen it. Though he had never spoken of it, Julevno had seen this as well and could not refuse. Since that day he has wondered many times about how the Patriarchs of his Order are chosen. The Lord Magisters foresee who from amongst their number it will be and then simply formalise things by electing that person.

But if they had not seen him, Julevno sometimes muses, would they have elected him? Or conversely, perhaps they only elected him because they had seen him, and was this not a paradox? A self-fulfilling prophecy? Which came first, the vision that decides the Patriarch, or the would-be Patriarch's own destiny that informs the vision? Was it Fate or some other agency that decided who would become the Patriarch of the Astromancers?

These troubling thoughts have caused Magister Patriarch Julevno many sleepless nights.

THE AMETHYST ORDER

Lore: The Lore of Death and Spirit
Symbols: The Scythe, the Hour Glass, the Amethyst Skull, the Thorny Rose
College: The Amethyst Order
Wind of Magic: *Shyish*

Shyish is the Purple Wind of Magic, and it is the Aethyric certainty of the passage of time, of endings and of death. *Shyish* is the most mysterious and terrible of all the wholesome forms of magic, being as it is the metaphysical projection of trepidation in the face of the unknown and all sentient life's fear and terrible awe of death. Yet *Shyish* is also an encapsulation of reverence and respect—of the non-divine aura that mortals project onto those things they consider sacred or special.

Most profoundly, *Shyish* is said to be formed by the realisation of the transience of life, of reminiscences of days gone by, of mortal acceptance of the day currently lived, and longing for the days that may come. Yet also it is said to be the belief that there is something larger than Human life—the knowledge that creation itself is permanent, even if all things within it are not. *Shyish* must be the dusty murk where all the above concepts meet.

Shyish is most often described as a puppet to the passage of time. It blows from the past, because the past has ended and is

gone, through the present, because endings and the expectation of death are intrinsic parts of the living of life, and into future, for the future leads inevitably towards endings and death. Some have equated *Shyish* with destiny, for it does not control what was, is, or shall be, but instead permeates and reflects these things with absolute intimacy.

Shyish blows strongest wherever death must be faced or endings take place. It is drawn to battlefields where men must embrace or submit to their deaths, and because all soldiers must accept the possibility of their own demise as part of their daily life. *Shyish* lingers around the gibbets of execution and hangs in the silence of graveyards where mourners gather in longing and reminiscence. It is said to be strongest in times of most obvious transition—at dawn and dusk, for one is the end of night, and the other is the end of day. Its times are spring and autumn, and yet also the equinoxes of both summer and winter, for they mark the longest and shortest days of the year and therefore the beginning of the end for each of the seasons.

Overview

The Magisters have embraced the Purple Wind of *Shyish* practice Cessationary Thaumaturgy. This term was adopted in the Articles of Imperial Magic specifically because using the term "Necromancy" would have been ill advised and somewhat inaccurate.

Amethyst Magic

It is true that Magisters of the Amethyst Order have power over the dead and the power to cause death. They can steal the soul of their enemy or suck away his life, leaving nought but a flesh and blood husk. These Magisters are reputed to even be able to see spirits and souls as they travel between this world and the next and are said to be able to communicate with them, after a fashion.

The most powerful amongst Magisters of Shyish are rumoured to be able contact the spirit world and whatever remains of the souls of the dead within the Aethyr. These spirits may sometimes be encouraged to speak through Shyish's Magisters, for they have a degree of mastery over spirits both benign and otherwise—although this ability ends, or so they say, when that soul is devoured or embraced by one of the many Gods or daemons of mankind.

Once a man has grown to full maturity and the point has been crossed where growing up is replaced with growing old, the Magisters of Shyish are said to be able to actually see in a noticeable and measurable way his slow demise as death claims him in tiny increments, second by second, hour by hour, and day by day. They see the approaching end of all things that live.

There are those who wrongly accuse the Amethyst Magisters of dabbling in necromancy, but this is not the case. At least not entirely. Necromancers defy death and despise endings, while the Order of Shyish accepts death and embrace endings. Despite this, the Order of Shyish remains tainted by their apparent association with the powers of darkness. Yet there are some similarities between the magic of the Amethyst Order and the dark arts of Necromancy. Only the spiritualism and spellcraft of the College can be practised without causing the detrimental psychological, spiritual, and even physical effects of Necromancy. Having said this, Amethyst magic can never reach the levels of raw power achieved by the corrupt and cold-hearted Necromancers.

The Order

The Amethyst Order is among the most introverted of the Orders of Magic. After the Shadowmancers, the Brethren of *Shyish* is the most successfully secretive organisation in the Empire. This serves to increase the public's already considerable fear of *Shyish's* Magisters.

No other College can match the austerity, asceticism, and discipline of *Shyish's* Magisters, not even the Hierophants of the Order of Light. As Teclis impressed upon the first Magisters of this Order three centuries ago, their magic rests upon the line most easily crossed by short-lived Humans, a line that once crossed can only lead to darkness, suffering, and misery. The Brethren of *Shyish* (as they call themselves) hold the power of life and death in their hands. With a gesture they can squeeze a man's heart inside his chest so that he dies of seemingly natural causes, or they can delay his death almost indefinitely. They can cause a man to wither and die in a matter of moments, and the greatest of them can even steal his soul and lock it away if they so please.

The most experienced Magisters of *Shyish* become minor avatars of the magical paradigm that they have embraced and so have no fear of endings and are completely fearless of growing old or dying. To the young and new Magisters of the Amethyst Order after the Great War, Teclis stressed the level of caution and responsibility with which they must practice their magic. The more they would learn about the nature of death, the greater the control *Shyish* will grant them over it and the greater will be their temptation as short-lived Humans to delay or even escape their own inevitable end. As with any of the strands of Magic, embracing Shyish over a long period of time can extend a Magister's life considerably (in fact especially with *Shyish*), but still the temptation to turn to the Black Art of Necromancy, intentionally or otherwise, is a distinct one for more inexperienced Magisters of *Shyish*. So it was, and is, that the Amethyst Order is utterly ruthless towards any initiates who draw upon Dark or Black Magic.

Whether they are corrupted or not by their action, they will be expelled from the Order as soon as their actions come to light, and then they will be obliterated so that not even dust remains.

Along with their extremely careful selection process for initiates and constant indoctrination and supervision of apprentices, it is very rare for a serving Amethyst Magister to go renegade. Four times in the last two centuries the Lord Magisters of the Order have banded together to hunt down and kill one of their colleagues. When these hunts were conducted they were done so in utter secrecy. No one knew or suspected what had happened; not the witch hunters and not even the Shadowmancers of the Grey Order. Each time one of their Order turned traitor, the Lord Magisters of *Shyish* have pursued and persecuted them with unparalleled relentlessness and absolute intolerance. They covered all traces of the traitor's crimes, destroying his works and eradicating all memory of him. Robbed graves were filled and buried before anyone could notice, mysterious deaths were blamed upon natural causes or common footpads, and the sudden death of houseplants, ivy and even moss across whole city quarters were blamed upon early frosts or some unknown parasite.

Whether the chase took days or years, none have escaped the combined wrath of the Lord Magisters of the Lore of Death.

Yet these measures are only fitting to the crimes they are designed to combat. Renegades from the Order of *Shyish* can become powerful in the arts of necromancy. Although spiritual corruption seems to represent the most obvious threat of *Shyish's* Magisters to those outside the Order, the greatest threat from the Magisters of the Amethyst Order comes from the threat of morbidity and madness. While the Magisters of many Colleges have their eccentricities, the madness of an Amethyst Magister is a truly terrible thing—and a

more likely occurrence than moral or ideological corruption of an Amethyst Magister.

Though he is unsure and cannot prove anything, Magister Patriarch Reiner Starke of the Order of Shadows believes that the massive defensive counter strike from the Bright Order that destroyed the area around the Bright Order eighty years ago might in fact have been initiated by magic wielded in a confrontation between a deranged Amethyst Magister and the Lords of his Order. Whether this can be proven or not is not Starke's interest, and besides, he would never speak his suspicions even if they could be proven. The Bright Order is proud and combative, and he suspects that the Order of *Shyish* is more deadly than even the Magisters of the other Colleges expect. He will do nothing to risk prompting a war amongst the Colleges. Altdorf would certainly not survive it.

Duties & Contracts

The Amethyst Order is expected only to garner Imperial armies with battle Magisters as and when the need arises.

Local authorities and very wealthy families who live and operate around the land once known as Sylvania in north-eastern Stirland often seek to employ *Shyish's* Magisters. Such is the malignancy of that dying and warp-dust saturated land that many people believe the dead rest uneasily in their graves there, and Vampires are said to stalk the night. True or not, the skills of the Amethyst Order are highly valued by the desperate, the paranoid, and the terrified, and the Magisters view it as their sacred duty to undo all the works of necromancy and dark magic.

Magisters of Shyish

The colour of the robes worn by Amethyst Magisters is deepest purple, though many wear jet-black. Magisters of this Order often carry a razor-sharp scythe instead of a staff, yet this scythe is not of the unwieldy variety used for harvesting wheat, but is instead an elegant object designed for combat and as a symbol of the Magister's Order. The belts of *Shyish's* Magisters are often hung about with bleached Human bones that symbolise the transience of life. These bones are often carved with occult runes and the various emblems of their Order, like the hourglass and the thorny rose; symbols by which the people recognize them.

Regardless of how they looked when they joined the Order, the austerity of life at the Amethyst Order and the hours of study assure that all initiates become lean and pale before very long. All members of the Amethyst Order and its associated Order are clean-shaven from their scalps to their toes—they are as hairless as bleached skeletons.

Mentality

The Magisters of the Amethyst Order have an affinity with death and endings of all kinds. Indeed, they are renowned in more recent folklore for a philosophy of initiating no events or projects, unless it is to end them. Theirs is invariably the final say.

As they grow in power and experience, *Shyish's* Magisters become ever more silent, although not necessarily overly sombre or miserable. They have no expectations of life and so cannot be disappointed by it. Generally the Brethren of *Shyish* are content with their lot and though they may speak only rarely, theirs is a very dry and dark wit.

Magisters of this Order are devoid of ambition and it is probably because of this that none of their number has ever become Supreme Patriarch, despite the fact their greatest Lord Magisters would stand an excellent chance of defeating all other challengers for the position. If tasked with hunting one of their fallen brothers, Magisters will become grim and absolutist, as devoid of mercy as they are of fear.

Apprentices

Amethyst Magisters accept few Apprentices, and those wishing to learn Amethyst magic must pass stringent tests and make serious vows.

The Amethyst Order expects Apprentices to hand over all their worldly wealth and possessions upon joining the Order, including all rights to any future inheritance, at the time of entry into the College. In some circumstances a new member may be allowed to keep certain possessions, but this is very rare as the College instils in its apprentices the idea that joining the Amethyst Order is, like death itself, a passage from an old life that must now be cast away and forgotten.

There are an inordinate number of ex-seminarians from the priesthood of Morr who have joined the Amethyst Order. It is not that uncommon among those who feel drawn to serve Morr that they may in fact have a particular sensitivity to the Purple Wind of Magic. When this happens, the would-be priests often see its churning energies descend upon their services and rituals, a process that priests lacking witchsight cannot, or do not wish to, explain. Those that manifest signs of power not bestowed upon them by their God directly through prayer and ritual are deemed either to be cursed or unsuitable candidates for Morr's priesthood. Such rejected and disenchanted individuals often find themselves drawn to the sepulchre building of the Amethyst Order. If they heed this call, they are set upon an inevitable path from that can rarely, if ever, be deviated from.

The teaching methods are apprentice-based, but other than this nothing is known of the internal workings of the Order's system of education.

Views of the Public

Magisters of the Amethyst Order are shunned by the folk of Altdorf and the Empire as a whole. Yet even so, there are those who secretly crave contact with departed loved ones or with those dead whose secrets they wish to learn. Yet the Amethyst

Magisters will be forever tainted by their apparent association with the black art of necromancy.

The College Grounds and Buildings

The Amethyst Order is the seat of those Magisters who study the Lore of Death, and it fully looks the part. The building stands overlooking the vast and supposedly haunted cemetery of Old Altdorf, where, in the time of the Red Plague, thousands were buried with more concern for haste than ceremony. The main temple of Morr in Altdorf is only a few streets away and the area around the two institutions is filled with establishments of a solemn nature, such as undertakers, masons, and lawyers. There are very few homes, as not many people are willing to live in such depressing and ill-omened area; not even the poor and homeless. Those who do live here tend to be somewhat eccentric, but rest assured no practitioner of necromancy would be so foolish as to live this close to two concentrations of his most relentless and dangerous foes.

The College itself is built from dark stone in an elaborate gothic style that speaks of an earlier age. Windows and doorways are topped with pointed arches, many windows are tall and narrow, and statues stand in niches scattered across the face of the building, while gargoyles brood at the eaves of steeply pitched roofs. Numerous narrow towers rise from the bulk of the building, each one ending in a steeply pointed spire, which is home to hundreds if not thousands of bats. Every day at sunset these creatures pour from the College, looking like living smoke against the red of the setting sun.

The bats are about the only sign of life. People are rarely seen entering or leaving the College building, and there are those in Altdorf who swear that they spent a whole day watching the College without seeing a living soul. Even at night, lights are hardly ever seen within the building, although reports of pale, ghostly glows apparently moving from one tower to another without descending the stairs, are common.

The entrance to the Amethyst Order always stands open, a stone portal with one pale grey pillar and one black pillar, and a lintel carved with the symbols of the College with an hourglass in the centre, flanked by deep amethyst skulls, with thorny roses twining around the whole. A scythe is carved into each of the upright pillars. While the doorway is not an exact copy of the tomb portals at found around the temples of Morr, it is close enough to remind most Old Worlders of death and mortality.

While most people stay away from the College, the open door is an irresistible temptation for some, so it is not impossible to find people who claim to have been inside, especially amongst more adventurous street urchins. Those who report their experiences all tell very similar stories. The air inside the College building is dry, dusty, and still, with slight hint of myrrh. There is no scent of rot, and the smell of the city is left far behind as soon as you pass through the door. There are many dark corridors, hung in black and deep purple draperies, where the dust lies thick on the floor,

to be stirred into choking clouds by the feet of the intruders. Doors lead off from it, but all lead into empty rooms, where dark, heavy furniture stands abandoned, wreathed in cobwebs. While the explorers occasionally find the shrivelled corpses of spiders, rats, bats, and other vermin, but they never see anything alive.

The College looks as though it has been abandoned for years. The whole place is mantled in an eerie silence, and even those explorers brave enough to shout have found that their voices sounded muffled, and seemed to be swallowed up by the building. Small shrines to Morr, in his role as God of death, stand against many walls in most rooms, and this unnerves visitors more than anything else. The longer people stay within the College the greater their feeling of dread becomes, until finally they leave, usually at a run.

A few tell a different story. After wandering for a while, they turned a corner to be confronted by a Magister dressed in purple robes and bearing a scythe. The few who tell this story all started their training with the Brethren the very next day and are all now Amethyst Magisters themselves.

Those who are invited to the College, or are delivering messages, know to wait outside. There is a large tarnished brass bell by the door and if it is struck a cowled steward will emerge from the shadows within. Those bearing messages must entrust them to the steward, who will see them delivered. Those with business with a Magister must wait while he is brought. The steward never steps beyond the threshold of the College. If impatient visitors push past him, he vanishes as they step inside and they find themselves in the abandoned building described above. Those who remain outside see their companion disappear into the shadows, but the steward remains visible.

Only initiates to the Amethyst Order can enter the College proper without aid, and they can bring guests with them. This takes no effort, although they can choose to enter the deserted version of their College if they wish. The College proper does not, at first glance, look much different from the shell accessible to most. The halls are dark, the draperies are black and purple, and there is a thin layer of dust across the floor. However, the centre of the corridors is kept free from dust and cobwebs by the passage of many feet.

The most important difference, of course, is that the Amethyst Magisters are present. It is still rare to meet them in the corridors and the doors to most rooms are closed, often locked. Deeper in the building, both up and down winding staircases, are the private cells of the Magisters. Located deep within the building are libraries, studies, and contemplation rooms. While the true College is quiet, it does not have the eerie silence of the enchanted shell College, and the small shrines to Morr, which still exist, are obviously tended, though the Magisters display no other signs of specific devotion to the God and nor do they openly worship him.

The decor of a private room within the College is decided by the Magister who lives there. While dark colours and the symbols of the College are a common choice, virtually all rooms also house a living plant or an animal of some sort. Although plants are the more common, pet rats, crows, ravens, rooks, and cats are not unheard of. On the whole, the Magisters prefer to remind themselves of the vigour of life, lest they forget what they fight for and fall to the path of Necromancy.

The main reason to visit the College is to speak with one of the resident Magisters. The Amethyst Order is large enough to provide rooms for all Journeymen, as well as those of higher rank. Many Magisters of the Order choose to live at the College permanently, as other neighbours tend not to be welcoming.

The shell College is also occasionally used for clandestine meetings. The chances of being overheard by anyone apart from the Magisters are negligible, and the Magisters rarely care about such things. If a group made a habit of meeting there, however, the Magisters would take action to drive them out; they want the College to retain its frightening aura.

Personalities

Viggo Hexensohn, Magister Patriarch of the Order of Shyish

There is a story whispered about Magister Patriarch Viggo Hexensohn and his past before joining the Brethren of Shyish, although no one seems to know how true it is. It says Hexensohn is a traitor priest of Morr from Waldenhof in the eastern reaches of Stirland.

The story goes that at some unknown point in the last hundred years Hexensohn left Morr's priesthood, having lost his faith in the sovereign power of his God over death. Too many times he had been a witness to the horror of the walking dead in the warpstone polluted land around Waldenhof. Despite his best efforts and the efforts of his fellow priests, death seemed to hold little permanence or sanctity in that cursed land.

Things came to a head for Hexensohn when was a witness to the untimely death of his good-natured master at the hands of some rotting thing that had stumbled out of their shrine's own graveyard before it had received its funerary rites. At that moment Hexensohn lost his faith but gained something else. His eyes were suddenly opened to the Aethyr's Winds, and he could see the black and amethyst shadows flowing around the creature that was stupidly tearing at his old master's gut. Without fully knowing what he was doing, Hexensohn reached out his hand and willed the colours to leave the creature and come to his hand. As the purple mist touched his outstretched hand, Hexensohn was suddenly filled with a new sense of purpose; but then the churning black mist flowed over him. He collapsed, vomiting uncontrollably. Fortunately the creature that killed his master collapsed at the same time, deprived as it was of its sustaining energy. After that point Hexensohn knew that his fate lay not with his fellow priests in their devotions of the God of Death. It lay instead in Altdorf with the Brethren of Shyish.

As far as anyone can tell, Hexensohn has been Patriarch for around sixty years. His age is unknown and it cannot be judged from his face. Like all his Order, he is clean shaven, both of jaw and head. The few times he is seen abroad he always wears robes of light-swallowing black, with a heavy cloak and hood of the darkest purple. He is without question the most powerful Magister of his Order. Some say he is the most powerful Magister in the history of his Order, but there is no way to test this—or, at least, no way that would not end in widespread death and misery. Perhaps unsurprisingly, Hexensohn is surrounded constantly by a palpable aura of dread.

He leaves his contemplations at the College only for consultations at the Imperial court. Rumour has it that he was involved in the pursuit of the last traitor of his Order. Perhaps and he was even the one to bring the traitor down. But who can say for sure?

THE BRIGHT ORDER

Lore: Fire
Symbols: The Key of Secrets. The Flame of Wrath. The Torch or Wisdom
College: The Bright Order
Wind of Magic: *Aqshy*

Aqshy is the Red Wind, and it is the Aethyr's coalescence of the experience and abstract of passion in its widest possible sense. *Aqshy* is the Aethyr's projection of brashness, courage and enthusiasm. *Aqshy* is, in its way, dynamism, exuberance and excitement. Yet it is also a projection of the mortal experience of heat and warmth that is often felt when in a state of heightened emotion or excitement. It is truly the flame that warms the heart and lights fires in our bellies.

Aqshy blows down from the north as a hot and searing wind, though felt only by those who are sensitive to magic. It is attracted to wherever there is passion, argument, excitement and vehemence. Empirical heat apparently draws the wind of *Aqshy*, making it swirl into a vortex of passion, and so the rites of *Aqshy's* Magisters always involve fire.

Overview

Pyromantic Thaumaturgy is the least subtle of all the Lores of Magic in its effects. It involves the manipulation of heat and fire in every form. For this reason, Magisters are often referred to as Pyromancers, as they can control any flame, natural or otherwise. As such, the magic of the Bright Order tend to be the most spectacular and impressive to the ordinary folk of our Empire.

Bright Magic

The Magisters of the Bright Order study the Lore of Fire, also called Pyromancy. Spells woven from *Aqshy* are aggressive, destructive, and vigorous, and the Red Magisters' spells range from simple but effective fiery blasts and flame-balls, to the summoning of massive infernos that engulf entire detachments of troops. A Bright Magister can wield flame as other warriors can wield swords and bows. It is no coincidence that the Magisters of the Bright Order are held above all others in matters of warfare, but also they are favoured in noble courts as advisors and protectors.

In one sense, the Bright Order is the oldest of all the Orders of Magic, simply because basic fire spells were amongst the very first that Teclis taught to the base magickers and hedge wizards of the Empire during the Great War.

Duties & Contracts

While many pyromancers go on to become Battle Wizards, having the talents and knowledge to lend considerable assistance on the battlefield, Bright Wizards do more than just fight. In peacetime, Pyromancers are often employed to act as guardians for nobles, diplomats, and very wealthy merchants who are passing through very dangerous parts of the Empire.

Pyromancers frequently train with military detachments and, as a result, they are the most readily recognised of all Magisters. But they do not simply learn how to use their abilities to support troops as most other Magisters do, they also learn how to fight as frontline troops—such is their aggressive and passionate nature.

Pyromancers

The Pyromancers of the Bright Order tend to wear robes of red or orange as a kind of uniform in battle, cut so as to allow easy movement in combat. They are often ruddy of skin. The more the Pyromancer uses *Aqshy* and his mastery over it grows, the more the Red Wind will affect him physically. Senior Pyromancers tend to have coppery or red hair, which, along with their eyebrows and beards, seems to turn into pure flame as they cast their spells. Pyromancers also bear red tattoos across their faces and arms. These are said to sometimes writhe and change form as their bearer manipulates the Red Wind into spells.

Adorning their belts, all Pyromancers have a set of seven keys, each of different metals. These are the Keys of Secrets, to give them their ceremonial name, and they represent each of the Bright Order's different stages of tutelage and advancement within the Order. Each key represents the unlocking of another aspect of the Lore of Pyromancy, and Magisters of the College carry the keys as a sign of their rank, learning, and authority.

Mentality

Pyromancers are by nature passionate, impulsive, hyperactive, and quick to anger, but they endeavour to hold these traits in place with very strict, almost militaristic, discipline. They do

not always succeed, especially while in conflict. They can be bombastic sometimes. They are prone to spontaneous mirth and are filled with a towering and genuine self-confidence. They are all proud and tend towards arrogance. They also tend to feel the cold and feel miserable when it rains. Lord Magisters of their Order can never get too hot and can never burn either by proximity to flame or because of the glare of the sun.

Apprentices

Because Pyromancy is by its very nature violent and destructive, and because Pyromancers tend to be naturally aggressive (though not often cruel), Apprentices have to learn how control their own hearts and minds, strictly and absolutely, before they can learn anything else. Only then may they move on to learning how to grasp *Aąshy*. Because of their requirements of discipline, selection for the Bright Order is harsh and strict.

Apprentices are always given rooms within the College, where they must stay on pain of corporal punishment. Because of the destructive nature of Pyromancy, most instruction takes place in specially fortified rooms, lined heavily with magic-absorbing lead. Apprentices are expected to help each other with their duties, encouraging a sense of loyalty to each other and to the College. However, this does not get in the way of the College's drive for combat excellence, and two Apprentices who have become close during their time in the College will still be expected to face each other in combat training and give the contest their all.

Too much academic study is discouraged in favour of practical experimentation for those that are deemed to have enough control and discipline. Bright Magisters will spend most of their days upon the battlefield and must learn how to fight, survive, and win. As a result, once an apprentice has learned the basics of the Order's spellcraft, he or she will be expected to be able to fight with it. Mock combat is a frequent part of training, but then so is actual magical duelling for senior apprentices.

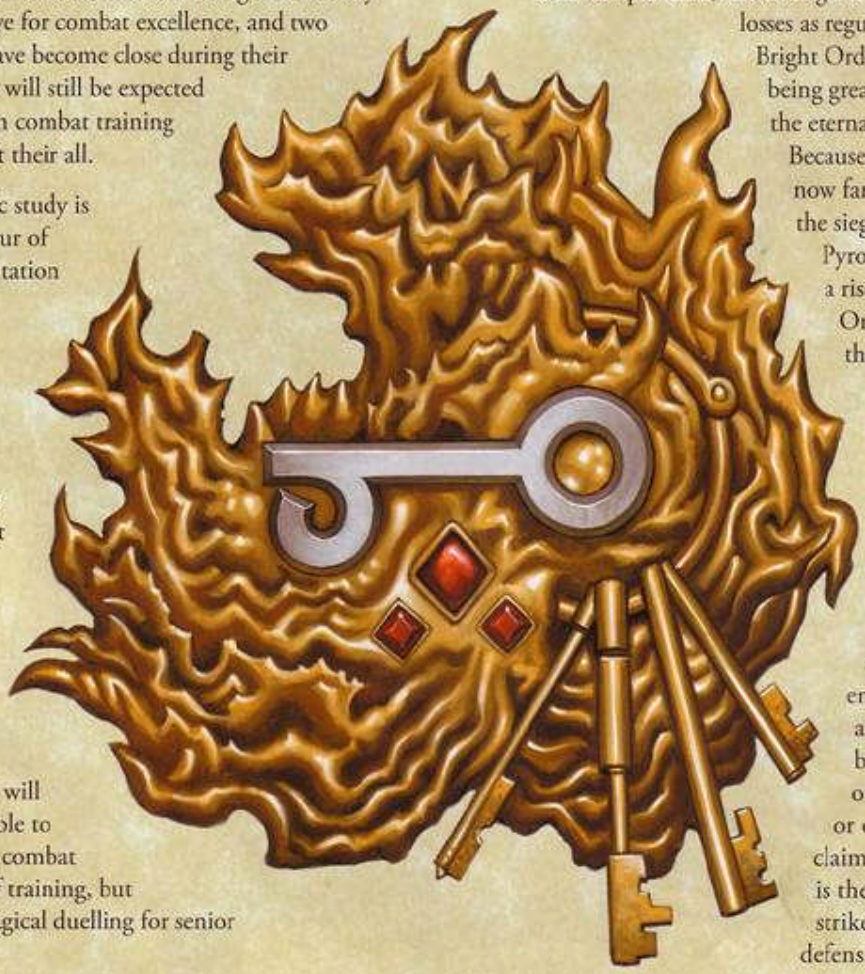
Consequently, only the most skilled, most powerful and quickest to think and react ever really get anywhere in the Bright Order. There are no drop-outs from the Bright Order. Apprentices either succeed in reaching the level of Magister or they die trying.

Views of the Public

Very mixed indeed. The majority are filled with terror at the very graphic power the Pyromancers wield, demonstrated most aptly by the destruction that surrounds the building of the Bright Order. Some see them as heroes—great Battle Wizards that fight with the armies of the Empire against all comers. Others see them as a risk, especially in Nuln, where they are both feared (thanks to the abundance of black powder) and loved (for Nulners have an appreciation for pyrotechnics).

The College Grounds and Buildings

Members of the Bright Order are the pre-eminent Battle Magisters of the Empire, always at the front-lines of major conflicts between Imperial armies and the enemies of Sigmar's people. As a result, there are normally fewer Magisters of Journeyman level and above resident at the College than at any other College apart from the Jade. Apprentices, however, are more plentiful; the College needs to replace its many losses as regularly as it can. The Bright Order has a reputation for being great warriors opposing the eternal foes of the Empire. Because of their courageous and now famous actions during the siege of Middenheim, the Pyromancers are hoping for a rise in applicants to their Order in the aftermath of the Storm of Chaos.



The College is set within a substantial area of burned-out ruins. The cause of the fire is one of the great, gossiped-about mysteries of Altdorf. Some blame a cataclysmically faulty enchantment attempted at the College. Others blame the destruction on some heretical cult or other, while others still claim that the destruction is the result of the counter-strike of the College's defensive enchantments

against an attack. The story that an individual believes tells great deal about that person's attitude to Magisters. Whatever the cause, the cataclysm devastated many buildings and is said to have left their charred shells haunted.

People passing through the area are said to catch glimpses of figures from the corners of their eyes, but nothing can be found on investigation. A few footprints might be found in the ash, starting from nowhere and vanishing. Although the fire was years ago, visitors to the area still find smouldering beams and doorframes, as if the fire was put out only hours previously. A few people brave enough to pick through the ruins claim to have seen the whole area burst into flames around them, sending them back in time to the disaster itself. A number of investigations have failed to reveal a cause for these phenomena; although, some people suspect that the Bright Magisters themselves are responsible, seeking to preserve their privacy. Others suspect an even darker source for the haunting. The truth of the matter remains unknown.

Somewhat understandably, Altdorf's citizens have refused to move back into the area, and thus it remains uninhabited, even in a city as crowded as Altdorf. A decree was made that the blackened area around the College must be left as a warning against magical arrogance. Some people, and some things, find the existence of such an area within Altdorf suits them very well, even if it means hiding under the very noses of some of the most dangerous individuals in the Empire.

The College itself is invisible behind a magical barrier. Its location appears to be a collection of charred and largely collapsed towers around a burned-out plaza. On particularly hot days at the height of summer, a vision of the College sometimes appears in the heat haze above this place. The locals take the opportunity to tell gullible visitors that the Bright Order flies across the Old World, taking the Magisters to their battles. In fact, the College is firmly grounded, and anyone who manages to find their way through the magical barrier will see as much.

Behind the magical barrier, the air is filled with the smell of smoke and myriad scents of burning: wood, coal, cloth, molten metals, or even hints of charred flesh. At night the College is lit by the flickering orange and red glare from the giant fires that burn endlessly atop each of its twenty-one mighty towers. Visitors who find a way to pass through the magical barrier always find themselves standing in front of the main gates, no matter what direction they approached the College from. These great bronze gates, three times the height of a man, glow red from their intense heat, and even approaching them takes some mental fortitude (although it inflicts no actual damage). Touching the gates with bare skin will cause burns.

The gatekeeper occupies a small building next to the main gates, and opens them for anyone who can demonstrate that they have legitimate business within. Pyromancers always have a legitimate reason to enter their own College, while other people must have business with someone who resides there. If guests have been invited for a specific time, the Magister who invited them will have told the gatekeeper in advance, so he will be expecting them. However, even Magisters forget occasionally and sometimes friends arrive unexpectedly, so if people claim to be there to see a Magister who is in residence, the gatekeeper sends a servant to inquire whether the Magister wants to see them. Famous and high-ranking individuals would be allowed in for almost any reason—the gatekeeper will hardly keep the Reiksmarshal or the Emperor waiting (but then dignitaries such as these are unlikely to just turn up unannounced).

Within the gates, the imposing red stone buildings of the College are ranged around a heptagonal paved courtyard. There is a tower at each corner and two further towers divide each range into thirds.

In the centre of each range is a door leading into the College proper, or, in the case of the main gates, out. These doors are all of metal, and have seven keyholes, although they are almost never locked. The coloured stones of the paving form a pattern of seven keys, one pointing at each of the doors.

The interiors of the College buildings are entirely of stone. Even floors and ceilings are rock, and stone and metal furniture is common. Decoration in corridors consists of bas-relief carvings on the walls and stone statues, all illuminated by fires burning in ornate braziers. There are few windows, and those that there are serve as outlets for smoke as much as anything else.

Personal rooms have a wider range of decorations, and those on the inner side of the range have glazed windows overlooking the courtyard. However, illumination by open flames is universal. Candles are rare and enclosed lanterns unheard of. The number of fires around means that the inside of the College strikes most people as oppressively hot, although Bright Magisters find it comfortable, increasingly so as they get more powerful.

The Bright Order is a bad place for a fight unless the attackers are extremely powerful. In a fight against the residents, they will be killed very quickly by dozens of powerful Pyromancers. Sneaking into the College would require great skill and magical assistance. The walls are very high and most of the guards are well concealed. It would be perhaps easier to set up a meeting with a Bright Magister and then not leave.

Once inside the College, most will assume that strangers have a reason to be there unless they are doing something obviously out of place, like trying to pick the lock on a door. With confidence and care, clever interlopers could get almost anywhere, but the consequences of being caught are likely to be quickly fatal.

Personalities

Thyrus Gormann, Magister Patriarch of the Bright Order

Thyrus Gormann, Master of the Bright Order, often attends the Imperial court in Altdorf and is one of Karl Franz's oldest and most trusted advisors. He has wielded considerable political influence during his term in office (and since) because of it.

Thyrus Gormann is an imposing figure. Well over six feet tall, he has broad shoulders, an oiled and sculpted beard of fiery copper and a fierce hawk-like nose. He has more an air of a seasoned general than a Magister, and in a sense he is both. There is no doubt that his is a commanding presence, and many at the imperial court are still wary of his tempestuous nature. Quick to laugh, even quicker to anger, and the most experienced and powerful Pyromancer in the Old World, he is not the sort of person who suffers fools at all.

THE AMBER BROTHERHOOD

Lore: Lore of Beasts
Symbols: The Arrow, the Bear's Claw, the Raven's Feather (almost any other animal totem or fetish).
College: The Amber Brotherhood
Wind of Magic: *Ghur*

Ghur is the Brown Wind, and it is the Aethyr's bestial spirit. It is the breath of the animal wild. It is the hunt of the predator and the energy of the prey. *Ghur* is formed of the existence, experiences, and observation of wild beasts and untamed places. It is said to be a savage wind, as primal and unreasoning as it is devoid of malice, and it is therefore completely inhuman. *Ghur* blows not where the walls and turrets of civilisation loom, but instead through the deepest forests and jagged peaks where only wild animals dwell. It is said that to open one's mind to *Ghur* and to learn the secrets of its Magisters is to become one with the creatures of the dark wood.

Overview

The Magisters of the Amber College practice the magic of beasts. Essentially, this is a form of animistic magic that holds the power, spirits, and the habitats of untamed and completely wild animals as the shaping influence and source of its power. They are called shamans by some and Amber Magisters by others.

Amber Magic

Ghur's Magisters have embraced the savage Brown Wind of Magic, allowing them to have control over all manner of wild beasts and even communicate with them. Amber Magisters can also call upon the attributes of various spirits of the wild and are able to summon the strength of the bear, the swiftness of the hare, the eyesight of an eagle, and the heightened senses of smell and hearing of the wolf. Amber Magisters are said to be able to shape-shift, travelling on the paws or wings of wild creatures and birds if they so desire.

The Amber Brotherhood uses the Brown Wind to call upon the power of the wild spirits of nature. Their world vision is an animistic one, where every living thing, every plant, every animal and insect, and even the soil itself, has its own independent living spirit. The world through the eyes of an Amber Magister is a hard one, where the spirits of all living things must compete to live. It is a world of survival only for the fittest; where every creature has its place as predator or prey.

Amber Magisters are said to be able to merge their spirits with those of animals and go on vision-quests to learn more about themselves, the land, the ways of the spirits and how they can be pacified or bound.

Duties & Contracts

Amber Magisters dislike human company and are shamanistic hermits. They live in areas far from the settlements of Humanity. They have little or no interest whatsoever in pursuing contracts of employment with merchants or nobles. The very idea is an abomination to them. They do, however, have duties, and they take them very seriously.

Amber Magisters require no money from the Emperor and would not know what to do with it if it was given to them. They live entirely off the land and serve the Empire by searching out the taint of Chaos in those dark and wild places where the Empire's soldiery are reticent to tread, fighting Beastmen, toppling their blasphemous Herdstones, and dispersing the Dark Magic they contain. It is not unheard of for a noble who possesses estates that has large wild and untamed tracts to expend considerable resources seeking out an Amber Magister to ask him to reside upon his estates and guard them from supernatural harm.

The Amber Magisters consider themselves honour-bound to serve in the Empire's armies, just as their brother Magisters of the other Orders. They will only fight against the Chaotic and magical enemies of mankind, and will often receive word of any mustering of such creatures from the birds of the air. In such cases as these, shamanic Amber Magisters will join with any Imperial army facing such a foe.

The night or day before the battle commences the officers will emerge from their tent to see an Amber Magister dressed in furs and wearing a battle headdress of antlers or wild ram's horns, crouching by a small fire, chanting softly to himself while casting bones on the earth. His headdress and his staff adorned with feathers, animal skulls, and other fetishes tell the officers who the Magister is, a shaman of the Amber Brotherhood.

Some officers in Imperial armies that find themselves posted near deep, impenetrable forests or at the foot of wild and lonely mountains are taught how to make strange totems and burn certain herbs and compounds that are signals to any Amber Magisters in the area that they require help. If seen, Amber Magisters in the region answer the summoning with surprising swiftness.

It would be useless to discuss tactics with Amber Magisters, for they will not listen. However, they can be trusted to fight with all their strength and will against the creatures of Chaos that warp and pollute the land with their presence, any enemy that causes supernatural harm to the Magister's homelands, or the people the Magister has sworn to protect.

When the Wild Father, the Patriarch of the Amber Brotherhood, must be summoned for a conclave of the Patriarchs or for some other important matter, a great beacon fire is lit upon the walls of Altdorf that face the distant Amber Hills. The Wild Father will arrive the day after the beacon is lit and make his way straight to the Hall of Convocation.

Amber Magisters

Amber Wizards can be easily recognised by their bestial appearance. They do not cut their hair or their beards, and their nails grow long and hard, becoming more and more like claws or talons. They dress in the furs and hides of animals that they have hunted and slain themselves. They often make primitive jewellery and shamanic fetishes out of the fangs, claws, and feathers of various animals, interspersed with lumps of raw amber. They carry charms of herbs in small leather pouches, and for war and their great rituals, they make elaborate headdresses out of the skulls and horns of dangerous animals, like bears, wolves, and mighty stags.

They often carry staffs bedecked with feathers, lumps of amber, and animal bones, and they also carry bows and quivers of arrows that they manufacture for themselves.

Senior Magisters of this Order often begin to take on the some physical attributes of the animal spirits they seek to commune with—so they might posses the fangs of a wolf, fur instead of hair, or eagle-like talons.

Mentality

Teclis and Finreir realised soon after they began to teach the secrets of embracing *Ghur* to their Human protégés that using it had a strange effect upon Human minds. They became ever less interested in the affairs of their fellow men and empathised more with the ways and needs of the Wilds.

Amber Magisters are at home only in the deepest wild lands and shun Human company if they can, avoiding towns and settlements and conducting a very basic lifestyle as excellent hunters and trackers. They run with animals and live off of the land. The only Humans they are comfortable with are other Amber Magisters.

The Druid Magisters of the Order of Life will sometimes act as go-betweens for the Amber Brotherhood and other authorities.

Apprentices

Amber Magisters will only meet, let alone accept as Apprentices, those who are drawn to wild places, like woodsmen, rangers, trappers, wanderers, vagabonds, and even some bandits. When the Brown Wind blows strongly it touches the minds of some people, drawing them ever deeper into those places that are largely untouched by Human hands and eyes. The Amber Magisters actively seek out people like these to judge whether or not they are worthy to be inducted into the secrets of animism and the bestial magic of *Ghur*.

This means that it is impossible to gauge just how large or small the Amber Brotherhood is. No Amber Magister will choose more than one apprentice at a time. Only candidates psychologically as well as magically suited to the life will be chosen. In addition to the spells and techniques of the shamanic Amber magic, the master will teach the student how to hunt and how to live in the wilderness. Everything he teaches will be done so through an oral tradition and demonstration. The magic of *Ghur* involves the summoning and binding of spirits of the wild places, as well as sculpting *Ghur* into spells through rhythmic chants. The shedding of blood carries great weight in Brown magic, both of animals and the Magister's own.

As apprentices grow in confidence in manipulating the Beast Wind and communing with the spirits of animals and other strange entities, they will become ever more like their masters in nature and outlook.

Amber masters charge their apprentices no fees.

Views of the Public

The public hardly ever see the brothers of the Amber College. When they do they assume that they must be were-folk or the wild men of legend. However, apprentices and Journeymen of this Order often look more like trappers and rangers to the public at large because they have not yet abandoned Human society altogether.

The College Grounds and Buildings

Of all the Orders of Magic, the Amber College is the only one to have no representative buildings in Altdorf. There is no College; instead, the Lord Magisters of the Order inhabit caves that lie beyond the city, among the Amber Hills that are named after for the Magisters themselves. These are rocky and wooded, unsuitable for agricultural purposes or as building-ground, are not easily found, and visitors are not welcomed. Other similar lairs of Amber Magisters are said to exist throughout the Old World, in deep forests and high up on mountain tops.

Personalities

Setanta Lobas, Wild Father and Magister Patriarch of the Amber Brotherhood

Setanta Lobas is the Wild Father of his shamanic Order. He lives in a cave in the Amber Hills with three wolves, travelling into Altdorf only when he is summoned for Convocation or

for some other equally important matter. He became the Wild Father eight years ago when the previous Father was slain by the shaman of a particularly large and successful Beastmen herd he had been stalking.

No one really knows how it is the Amber Brotherhood know when to gather to choose a new Wild Father since they are so dispersed. The eldest and most powerful of them travel from across the Empire to the Amber Hills to congregate in the Cave of Choosing. This time, after three weeks of ritual chants, dances, and vision-questing, the Lord Magisters chose Setanta to be the new Wild Father.

Little is known of Setanta's background, and he is disinclined to speak of it. He was recently asked by the Supreme Patriarch to help a priest of Sigmar called Richter Kless in his investigations into the ways and means of the Beastmen. Clearly Setanta once came from a very educated background, for although his hand was spidery and unpractised, he wrote a long and articulate piece for Richter, before leaving once more for the Amber Hills.

Setanta no longer has hair on his head or face, but instead has the short-haired silver-grey pelt of a timber wolf on his head and jaw. Also his eyes are now more akin to a wolf's, eerily reflecting the light of his fire in the dark of the night. He dresses mostly in the furs of wolves, but for important rituals or for war the wears a headdress of fine stag antlers, making him seem almost like a mortal avatar of the God Taal himself.

Setanta dislikes people very much and cares little about the affairs of city dwellers, although he dearly loves the Empire and its lands. Being a man who keeps his word and his obligations, Magister Lobas regards his oath of loyalty to the Empire as highly as any vow he has ever sworn. He prefers not to receive visitors.

— The Orders & the Storm of Chaos —

In recent days, when hordes of barbarians from the lands of Norsca and beyond united behind an traitor warlord calling himself Archaon and descended upon the Empire's northern borders, the Orders found themselves mobilised and tested as never before in their history. At Archaon's arrival, all the countless heretics, mutants, and rejects of the Old World joined with the rampaging Northmen to ravage the Empire, perhaps believing that their redemption was at hand by the actions of the messianic figure of Archaon. The Winds of Magic blew as a tempest down from the north, stronger than ever in living memory, stronger even, or so many Magister Scholars have insisted, than during the time of Magnus and the last great Chaos Incursion.

Signs and portents abounded. Frogs were seen to rain down from the sky over eastern parts of the Empire. Whole towns were struck down by mysterious plagues, while in other places it is said that leper colonies found themselves miraculously healed of their disfigurements. Beastmen left the impenetrable darkness of their forests and were seen to roam closer to Human settlements. Various priests and seers of all the Empire's cults were seized with the power of prophecy, claiming that they could hear their Gods speaking to them in their dreams and throughout their waking hours. It was even rumoured that in the Convent of Shallya's Mercy in Averheim, the Abbess awoke with golden eyes and began to speak in a language unknown to any that heard it.

Just as many of the Empire's cults and temples preached, so the Colleges of Magic concurred. This was no simple incursion by barbarous Northmen. The clouds of Chaos were gathering and the Dark Gods had turned their gaze to the lands of civilised men once more.

While the Emperor hosted a grand council at his capital of Altdorf to discuss this threat and formulate a plan to best combat it, so too did Balthasar Gelt, the new Patriarch of the Colleges of Magic, call a convocation of all the Orders' Patriarchs.

He revealed to the assembled Patriarchs that the founder of their great Orders had returned to the Empire and that he wished to address them, as was his right and privilege. As the Archmage Teclis strode calmly into the Hall of Convocation, situated one hundred feet above the subterranean Hall of Duels, several of the gathered Patriarchs made quiet exclamations of shock and disbelief. To their Aethyrically sensitive eyes, the High Loremaster shone with bright iridescent light, such was his immense power.

Teclis told them that all they feared was true. The scions of the Daemon Gods were moving south once more and the Winds of Magic blew strongly at their backs. He assured the gathered Patriarchs that now, as their ancestors had done before, the Magisters of the Orders of Magic would have to mobilise to resist this greatest of all threats. Those who were already seconded to Imperial armies had their duties laid out before them, but Teclis advised that those Magisters who were not seconded must also act, or else risk losing everything. Then he left the arcane assemblage. After a few moments of stunned silence, Balthasar Gelt stepped forward once more. He called upon the binding oaths made by assembled Patriarchs swearing loyalty to the Empire and obedience to their Supreme Patriarch, ordering them to return to their brethren and mobilise them for war. Not some, not many, but all Magisters as could be spared—including the great Patriarchs themselves.

And so it was that the Colleges of Magic went to war, not as an army does, in great phalanxes of marching men, but quietly, in twos and threes, scattering to wherever they deemed themselves most needed. On the northern front and through the streets of Middenheim, the Pyromancers of the Bright Order fought as defenders in the siege of Middenheim, summoning eerie fires to drive back and destroy the vile and monstrous champions of the Chaos Powers. In the deep forests of the Empire the shamanic Magisters of the Amber Brotherhood caused the wilds

to rise against the gathering warherds of foul Beastmen, driving them from place to place and consuming them where possible. Through the moonlit streets of towns and cities as far dispersed as Marienburg and Salzenmund, Shadowmancers played lethal games of cat and mouse with the Magi of secret Chaos cults and their degenerate Apprentices.

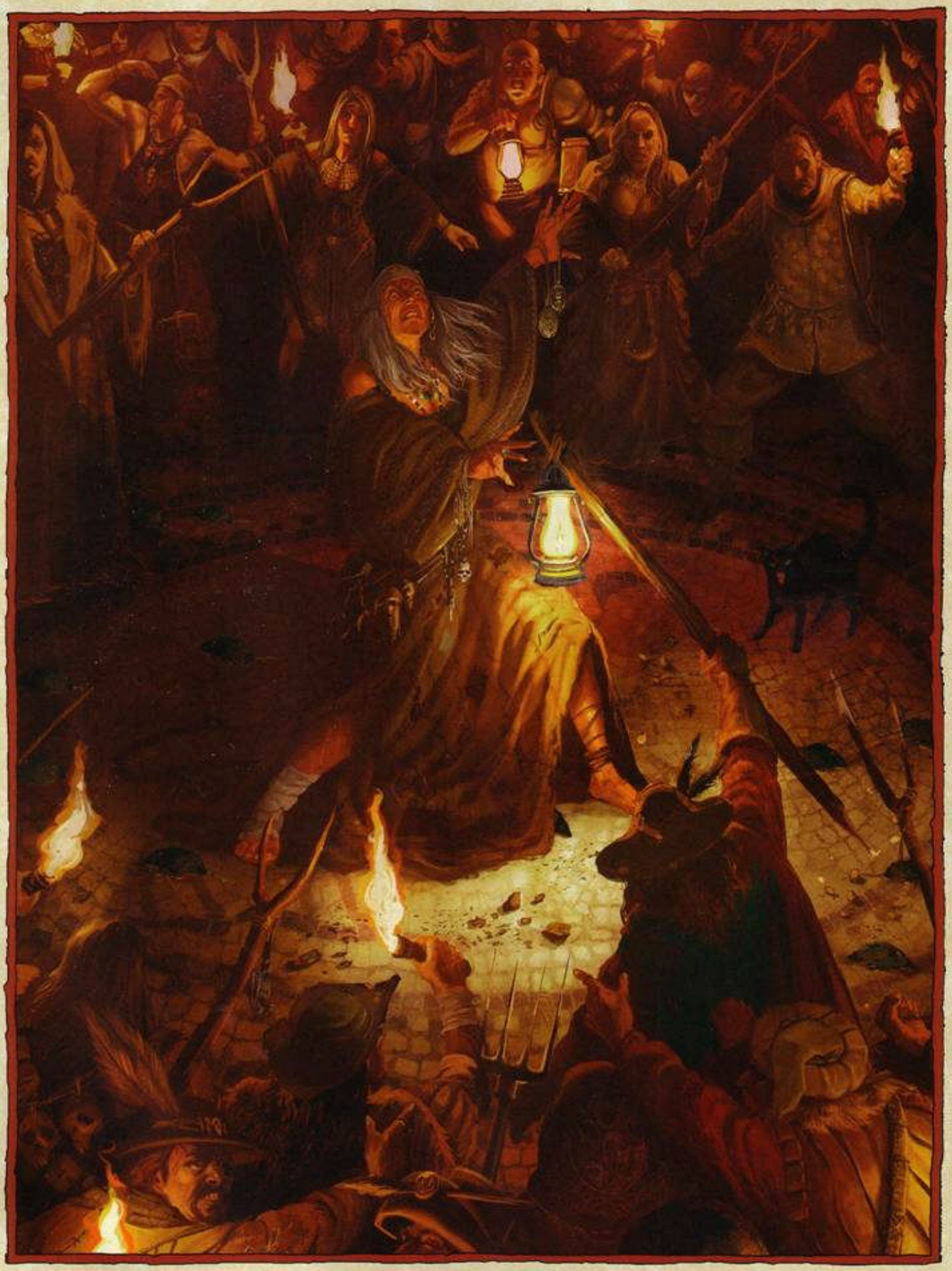
The Astromancers of the Celestial Order locked horns with the fell Sorcerers of Tzeentch, scrying the possible futures, doing their best to unravel and counter the complex plots of the Change Lord's agents, while also causing torrential rain and vicious winds to fall upon the armies of Northmen, slowing their progress. The Magister Alchemists of the Golden Order set about using their enchantments to improve the weapons and armour of the Empire's armies, while weakening those of the enemy.

The Druid Magisters of the Jade Order battled against the blights and plagues sent against the crops and peoples of the Empire by the Sorcerers of the Plague Lord, Nurgle, and where able they purified wells and fountains and caused bountiful crops to grow in order to feed the Empire's armies. The Magisters of Light roamed all across the northern Empire, casting out malevolent spirits of the Aethyr, healing the sick, banishing terror and nightmare, driving out as best they could the darkness that sought to corrupt the hearts and minds of the people.

As for the Order of *Shyish*, they went deep into the armies of the Old Dark, and where they walked, Death walked with them.

It is impossible to say how many Magisters took part in this great campaign. The Orders do not reveal the numbers of their brethren to anyone but the Supreme Patriarch and the Emperor, and it is doubtful that even the Emperor has the truth of it. What is certain is that more Imperial Magisters than ever in the history of their Orders fought in the war that is already being referred to as the Storm of Chaos, and it is difficult to say how many of them lost their lives doing so. What we can be sure of is that many of them did meet their end fighting against the servants of the Old Dark. Yet however many of them were lost, it seems likely that the increase in magical activity across the Old World may have awakened the Aethyric sense in a far larger number of ordinary people than might normally be the case.

The peoples of the Empire now have new and graphic reasons to fear and despise magic and spellcraft, and yet at the same time the stories of the skill and heroism of the Imperial Magisters are already spreading like wildfire throughout the land. Whichever way the dice shall fall for the Magisters of the Empire, the immediate future holds many challenges and opportunities both for the Orders of Magic and the Templars of Sigmar.



Chapter V: Of Witches and Witch Hunters

Aside from the mighty Colleges of Magic, there are many other methods of magic, some harkening back to the primitive peoples who would found this Old World. This chapter examines these surviving traditions. As well, this chapter also explores those who seek to stamp them out.

— Hedge Wizards —

Hedge Wizardry is the catchall pejorative given by Collegiate Magisters to those very basic forms of largely self-taught spellcraft practised by unsanctioned petty magic users. It goes without saying that these so-called Hedge Wizards will probably never call themselves such, preferring any number of humble or sensationalist titles (from healer, to Wisdom, to Elementalist, and so on). Hedge Wizard, then, is a condescending and deliberately offensive phrase used by Collegiate Magisters to describe magic users within the Empire possessing no formal training and little or no academic education.

Sometimes, wealthy people who find they have an acute sensitivity and ability with magic take the foolish step of not submitting themselves to Collegiate authority. Instead, they use their resources and influence to find books of arcane lore to teach themselves the many techniques of manipulating the Winds of Magic. They are sometimes referred to as Magickers by Imperial Magisters. Such Magickers inevitably fall onto the path to darkness, earning the title Warlock far more swiftly from the Colleges. Through their resources and illicit study of forbidden tomes acquired from the blackest of black markets, they generally advance in their skills and quest for knowledge far more quickly than the ill educated, peasant Hedge Wizards.

These individuals find themselves on the road to Hedge Wizardry either because they were born with a strange and potent innate sensitivity to the Winds of Magic, or somehow acquire it later in life. Though this awareness may be far stronger than what an ordinary person might feel, it is still weak when compared to the trained Aethyric awareness of the Magisters of the Imperial Orders.

But simply having a strong sense of magic does not make an individual a Hedge Wizard, but rather it is the willingness to use that sense to explore occult matters, learning for themselves through trial and error how the magical world might be manipulated. Sometimes, if exceptionally lucky or gifted, they may repeat experiments done many hundreds or thousands of years ago and are now considered to be an Apprentice's training by those in the Imperial Colleges of Magic. More often, though, they are driven mad by their dabbling, or destroyed, or worst by far, slowly drawn into the service of the Dark Gods.

A Rural Breed

Hedge Wizards are found in rural areas, anywhere there is little or no opportunity to receive formal training from a sanctioned Magister, where desperate peasants who do not have access to the medicine and resources of city folk often seek out these magic users' mixture of magic, herbalism, and quackery. It is worth noting such peasants would not refer to Hedge Wizards

as such, instead calling them anything from Witches (if they are frightened of a Hedge Wizard's powers), to Wise Ones, to Cunning Folk, or, most frequently, just Wyrds.

A lowly and uneducated peasant who decides to devise his or her own methods of controlling the magic they feel and see around them has chosen a precarious path indeed. Even if they prove of great use to their community, healing the sick or helping crops grow, they are always vulnerable to accusations of consorting with "Daemons and the Fay" either due to the supernatural side effects caused by using their untrained magic or because of a natural distrust of most Imperial citizens towards magic, benevolent or otherwise. Eccentrics and those who are deemed different are often feared, especially in the more backward rural areas, and people who live alone and putter about collecting herbs by night, muttering to themselves or to people and things no one else can see are likely to be treated with suspicion. As a result, Hedge Wizards attract Witch Hunters like flies to a rotting carcass.

If discovered by civil or religious authorities, Hedge Wizards should not expect acceptance or excusal, for these institutions rigorously hunt for those who dabble in magic without the express approval from or training by the Colleges of Magic. For this reason, Hedge Wizards are easy pickings for Witch Hunters. Some Hedge Wizards have managed in the past to rise to be village leaders in particularly out-of-the-way areas, although their tenure has almost always ended in flames. All Hedge Wizards would be advised to keep their powers well hidden if they truly cannot seek out the council or aid of the Imperial Colleges.

Gaining Legitimacy

Becoming a sanctioned Magister is possible but very difficult for Hedge Wizards. Their illiteracy and lack of understanding of the basic skills needed to study and learn magical texts means they must swallow their pride and become apprenticed to a Collegiate Magister—something many Hedge Wizards are too independent-minded to even consider, even if they could find a Magister who would take them on. There is also the danger that if they reveal their magical abilities to the wrong person, they will be denounced as a Witch or a follower of Chaos, and, consequently, be burnt alive.

As such, the majority of Hedge Wizards never progress beyond having a handful of petty magic spells. Their lack of any formal training in spellcraft means they cannot begin to create more complex enchantments, even though they may spend every evening stirring ingredients in a cauldron while muttering words they hope will form a new enchantment.

Petty magic is the staple of Hedge Wizardry. Many of the petty magic spells now taught as standard in the Colleges of the Empire started their existence as Hedge Wizard incantations. They were formalized by those Hedge Wizards who were fortunate enough to gain a place at one of the Imperial Colleges, taking their petty arcane knowledge with them into an environment where they can be purged of dangerous inaccuracies and polished to simplistic perfection.

For Hedge Wizards who attempt to expand their magical knowledge further than very simple incantations, their near total lack of understanding of the true workings of magic—with its Winds and colours, and their near total inability to perceive or avoid anything that might bear the taint of Chaos—can be a great hindrance and danger to them. Yet it can sometimes prove to be a twisted asset for the most power-hungry amongst them.

The Rewards of Persistance

As Hedge Wizards become more experienced with magic, if they are not turned into drooling idiots or destroyed in the meantime, they can often acquire a catalogue of spells of a much wider variety than Apprentices and Journeymen of the Imperial Colleges. This is both their prize and greatest flaw, and it is the thing propelling Hedge Wizards into becoming Witches if they survive long enough. They may be able to work small spells that use a predominance of the Green Wind of Magic, *Ghyran*, causing crops to swell and grow out of season. Or they may be able to start fires with a glance with a spell that draws mostly upon *Aqshy*, the Red Wind. However it often takes them longer to create or learn these spells, and there are other dangers as well. Because they mostly do their own research, Hedge Wizards occasionally stumble on a spell more powerful than they need or expect, without understanding its principles well enough to tone it down to a more useable level. This can be exceptionally dangerous to the casting Hedge Wizard, and it is not unheard of for Hedge Wizards to have spontaneously combusted in a brilliant pillar of multihued flame when trying to use a spell against would-be captors that turned out to be rather more powerful and uncontrollable than expected.

Hedge Wizards & Herb Lore

Mixed up with their arcane fumbling, Hedge Wizards also have a fund of more practical lore—knowledge of herbs and medicines and various other folk-crafts. It is these abilities, rather than their magic, which usually allow them to survive from day to day and earn a modest living from the others in their community, possibly by tending wounds and illnesses, or selling poultices and lucky charms (of dubious authenticity), or just giving advice and predictions. Their medicines are often in great demand by housewives, as well as by farmers with sick livestock, much to the disgust of the religious authorities. It is rare for a Hedge Wizard to last long in an area with a very devout Sigmarite community.

— Witches —

Because they do not have any real understanding of the forces of magic they use, it is not difficult for Hedge Wizards to become corrupted by the power they use. Even the most successful Hedge Wizards tend to use a dangerous and unbalanced mix of the Winds of Magic, often utilising *Dhar* (Dark Magic) whether they realise it or not. As such, they may quite unknowingly create spells that bear a relation to Necromancy or Daemonology, casting curses and making wax figurines of their enemies into which they stick pins, causing pain and ill health in their victim. Inevitably, such Hedge Wizards as these begin to show the psychological and even physical side effects of using Dark Magic.

These unwanted side effects can manifest themselves in many ways, the more obvious ones being insanity, mutation, involuntary summoning of dangerous Daemonic entities, a growing paranoia, and desire for more power and knowledge. Not only have they made themselves easy meat for any Witch Hunter or similar authority who hears a villager telling tales of the local Wyrd's strange powers, but they have endangered their very souls.

Hedge Wizards that survive practising such volatile home grown arts, using dangerous blends of Magical energies and succeeding in making binding or making pacts with various very minor Aethyric entities, are promoted in the eyes of Collegiate authorities—although it is an exceedingly dubious

honour. Although the Witch Hunters refer to all non-sanctioned magic users within the boundaries of the Empire as Witches or Warlocks, it is known that the Magisters of the Light, Bright, Gold, Celestial, Grey, and Amethyst Orders at the very least use these terms quite specifically. Generally, those petty Hedge Wizards not caught and burned, or do not descend into screaming madness, or simply destroy themselves with the powers they unleash, have the potential to become Witches, according to the Colleges' definition. In fact, these Colleges seem to view it as a given that Hedge Wizards that avoid capture or death inevitably begin to practice more dangerous Witchcraft.

Once this process begins, not only do these Witch's become steadily more powerful, but they also become more dangerous. There is a growing willingness to intentionally harm others. Collegiate Magisters no longer regard such magic users as just dabblers, but view them instead as spellcasters of exceedingly crude but increasingly dangerous skill and mentality. This is the natural danger of practicing any form of arcane spellcraft in the Empire without seeking the guidance of the Colleges. As a Hedge Wizard, the longer you remain untrained and yet still experiment with magic (and if you're not caught and burned), the more likely you are to start using Dark Magic without even realising it.

Witches know a plethora of spells that they have devised for themselves or learned from other renegade spellcasters. Witches tend to have a few more powerful spells than do the lesser Hedge Wizards or even the legitimate Apprentice Wizards of the Imperial Colleges.

Witches and the Colleges of Magic

If he seeks out the Colleges himself and does not wait for the Witch Hunters to find him, it is not impossible for a Witch to be accepted into an Imperial College as an apprentice. Yet Witches occupy a grey area with regard to how the Imperial Colleges view them. Civil authorities and many religious authorities will of course see Witches as wicked and well worth burning. The Witch Hunters themselves have no legal responsibility to surrender to the Colleges any magic user over the age of twenty. How a College reacts to a particular Witch will depend on whether the Witch offers herself to the College freely and totally, and based upon the individual merits or corruptions of that Witch (and the preferences of the interviewing Magister).

But even those Witches who are not entirely corrupted by Dark Magic, often do not want to have to conform to the College system, or indeed cannot for whatever reason, choosing instead to remain independent mavericks. Such Witches as these tend to err on the side of amorality rather than immorality, but the Old Dark is pervasive and persuasive. By far the majority of those who have started their career providing helpful advice and medical aid to a village wound up earning a living by putting curses on people and blighting rival villages' crops.

Sylvania, a bleak and forlorn place at the fringes of the Empire, has the highest concentration of Witches found anywhere. Many flee there in an attempt to hide from religious and secular authorities. But settling in this insanely dangerous land merely hastens a Witch's damnation for the very earth is tainted with huge quantities of ancient Warpstone dust. To make matters worse, Sylvania is thought to have the greatest concentration of corrupted Leylines and Henges to be found anywhere in the Empire. Dark Magic lies across the landscape like a thick, oily shroud and saturates everything with its unholy power.

Witches' Apprentices

Given their dangerous lifestyles, most Witches live alone. Their isolation, coupled with the sinister forces with which they work, causes them to become more and more eccentric as the seasons pass. Witches can get lonely, regardless of how many familiars they keep or voices they hear in their heads. Some make the arguably foolish decision of taking on an Apprentice.

There are generally two sorts of Witch's Apprentices. Many are those who crave knowledge of magic and enchantments, largely because they have some kind of talent but lacking a means for formal training. The rest are misfits whom no one else will take on as an apprentice, and they turn to a local Wyrd or Wise Woman as a last resort in the hopes of acceptance.

Witch's Apprentices are often just as strange as Witches themselves. The students spend a lot of their time picking herbs at odd hours of the day and night, fetching and carrying, washing up, and generally acting as unpaid servants. If the Witch lives near

New Talent: Witchcraft

Description: You have managed to survive the perils of hedge wizardry and teach yourself more powerful techniques of magic use. This gives you access to spells beyond Petty Magic but since you must figure out each spell on your own, your progress is slower than that of a Magister. Witchcraft allows you to learn any spell from an Arcane Lore with a Casting Number of 15 or less, but you must pay 200 xp for each one. You can cast these spells without having the Speak Arcane Language skill. However, you must roll an extra d10 when casting one of these spells. This does not add into your Casting Roll but does count for the purposes of Tzeentch's Curse. Once you learn an Arcane Language and an Arcane Lore, you no longer have to roll the extra die.

a rural community, her Apprentice may well end up being bullied and treated with acute suspicion by local youths.

Witches accept Apprentices who are in their mid-teens, young enough to be willing to learn, but old enough to care for themselves. Most Apprentices spend years performing minor tasks for their teacher while slowly learning spells (something they share in common with apprentices to Collegiate Magisters). Even after Apprentices have gained the capability to be Witches in their own right, they often stay until their teacher dies. This is of course a precarious situation since Witches are quite likely to call misfortune onto their own heads. Worse, long-active Witches are famous for slipping deeper and deeper into madness, and are prone to violent mood swings. There are many tales of old Witches killing and eating their students.

Someone taken on as an Apprentice may find it even more difficult to practise or even just exist in peace in the same locality of his mentor Witch. In this case, an apprentice must either wait until the Witch dies (likely) or leave in search of a village that would not mind having its own Wyrd. But most villagers across the Empire are suspicious of strangers, particularly those claiming knowledge of arcane secrets, and a Witch may find himself driven from village to village and from town to town, all the time building up resentment for those whose fear and ignorance cause so much distress and physical suffering.

— Warlocks —

Despite the many dangers, some Witches survive without submitting themselves to the judgement of the Imperial Colleges and in time, grow in experience and strength. Using Dark Magic is immensely dangerous, even more so than using one of the refracted Colours of Magic. There is little training a Human can undergo to defend against the corrupting and physically destructive affects of using it. Yet some such Witches grow to become ever more aware of the nature of the Dark Magic they are using, and through sheer force of will and an ego of borderline or true megalomania, they even manage to find ways to harness it with increasing dependability, apparently wrestling it into a semblance of submission.

Essentially, Warlocks are successful and powerful Witches who are very aware that they are using Dark Magic, but do not care—in fact they rely upon it. Unlike all Hedge Wizards or even most Witches, these few are no longer innocent bystanders, dupes, or ignorant fumblers with powers they do not understand. They are fully aware of what it is they are doing and actively enjoy the incredible raw power at their fingertips. Whether through trial and error, supernatural assistance, through the rare instruction of another Warlock, very rarely, an illegal secret society, or through finding or stealing tomes of forbidden knowledge, Warlocks actively seek to study the ways of Dark Magic and endeavour to become proficient in cruel and destructive spells to further their own ends.

By merit of the fact they use Dark Magic so frequently, Warlocks pose a very real danger, both to those around them and to themselves. They have towering egos, iron-like will, and are always very hardy physically. Because they knowingly and willingly seek out and have embraced Dark Magic, they also tend to be paranoid megalomaniacs.

Few Warlocks are alike in terms of talent. As they are generally self-taught, they develop individualized spells and abilities. However, all Warlocks tend to fall in one of two groups: Daemonologists and Necromancers.

Daemonologists

Whereas it is more than possible to embark upon a life of a Warlock and use Chaos Magic without any particular religious convictions, these wicked spell casters often become enamoured with the whispered promises and many seductions of the Ruinous Powers. Offered power, knowledge and worse, these warlocks focus their arcane abilities towards the summoning and binding of Daemons. It is but a matter of time before even the strongest of these Daemonologists become ensnared in a web of contracts, agreements, oaths and unholy obligations.

Necromancers

While Daemonologists search for power and an answer to their questions by gazing into and embracing the Chaos Realm, there are those who have to a much more practical goal: they endeavour to endure eternity. Amongst Humans, these few often regard the power of *Dhar* as the key to assuring their earth-bound immortality.

These spellcasters readily seek out stagnant wells of Dark Magic in the quest to cheat death and cut themselves off from the whims and dominion of Gods and Daemons. Commonly called Necromancers, these Warlocks seek to bind their body and soul to the mortal plane. Nourishing their pallid flesh with the energies of Dhar they hope to escape the inevitable march of time, living out eternal ages in the shell of their bodies and the prison of their minds.

Even so, Dark Magic is still far too dangerous and corrosive an energy for anything but the most insanely determined and strong-willed of Humans to use regularly in any great amounts without the aid and advice of Daemons. These Necromancers are invariably forced to ceaselessly research and practice their art. Plagues of zombies, wights and other undead are the unfortunate side effects of such research into controlling life and death. Necromantic dealings invariably use and abuse the purple wind of *Shyish*, crushing the elegant wind into a brackish soup of Dark Magic torn either from the Aethyr or from 'natural' pools of Dark Magic.

Those Magisters who make a more formal study of the art of Necromancy have nothing but contempt for such Warlocks. They resent being lumped into the same category as these jumped-up Hedge Wizards. Witch hunters, of course, do not discriminate and gladly put Necromancers of any pedigree to the torch.

Warlocks are not true Chaos Sorcerers, however. No Chaos God has chosen them, nor have they received a Mark of Chaos. To the (arguably insane) minds of such Sorcerers, Daemonologists are little more than puling weaklings, trafficking with all manner of minor Daemonic entities. Nevertheless, to ordinary folk, Daemonology is classed as one of the darkest of the dark arts. Even the lesser servants of the Ruinous Powers are a terrifying prospect to the peoples of the Empire.

— Witch Hunters —

The practice of any witchery outside of the auspices of the Colleges of Magic is deemed an abomination within the Empire. Death by burning is the proscribed punishment for this particular crime- and the Witch Hunters are far from squeamish about meting it out. In recent times, after the recent Chaos War to the north, woodcutters and Witch Hunters are kept busy as more and more people reportedly turn to the dark arts. All ordinary citizens agree Witch Hunters are necessary and the work they do is crucial to the safety of the Old World, but there are very few who do not feel a flush of fear when they see a figure wearing the familiar wide-brimmed hat, buckled tunic, and long black cloak.

Witch Hunters range from the coldly dispassionate, who regard what they do as just a job, to those whose zeal for hunting down the servants of Chaos knows no ends, and who would burn a village to the ground rather than risk letting one cultist go unpunished. As Witch Hunters get older and more grizzled and the number of horrors they have witnessed grows, many become more extreme in their views, more like the archetypal Templar of Sigmar from three centuries ago who believed that everyone is guilty, it's just a question of how much. A few scholars have wondered if Witch Hunters who follow this path have perhaps fallen unwittingly in league with Chaos itself—but they do not wonder about it too loudly.

Witch Hunters have no responsibility for finding traitors, seditionists, or revolutionaries, and most have no interest in them unless they are involved with Chaos. A conscientious Witch Hunter might mention to a friend in the Watch there is a group of secessionists fomenting revolt around a university (as an example), but most Witch Hunters do not have any friends.

New Advanced Careers

Realms of Sorcery presents two new Advanced Careers that expand on Hedge Magic: Witch and Warlock.

Witch

Witches are Hedge Wizards who survived practicing their fumbling arts without going completely insane or dying. They have a broader repertoire of homegrown spells to work with and many dabble in areas best left alone. In other words, by merit of their ignorance as to the occult workings of the Winds of Magic, many Witches begin to use Dark Magic without even realising it. As a result of trial and error, Witches' spells are more diverse and more powerful than the petty spells of other Hedge Wizards, possessing elements of many of the Winds of Magic. However, Witches that use the power of Dark Magic inevitably take a terrible toll upon their minds and souls.

Note: If you have been trained in the Colleges of Magic (i.e. you have ever been in the Apprentice Wizard career), you cannot enter this career.

— Witch Advance Scheme —							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+4	—	—	—	+2	—	—

Skills: Animal Care or Intimidate, Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception, Ride or Swim, Search, Trade (Apothecary or Herbalist)

Talents: Dark Magic or Mighty Missile, Witchcraft

Trappings: Healing Draught, Healing Poultice, Trade Tools (Apothecary or Herbalist)

Career Entries: Hedge Wizard

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Charlatan, Outlaw, Vagabond, Warlock

Warlock

Witches that use Dark Magic and embrace its power can become Warlocks if they survive its perils long enough to gain the required knowledge. They may not realize it at first, but this is a dangerous path that leads almost inevitably to corruption. They are the bogeymen of the witch hunters, the spellcasters that are a danger to themselves and to others. Warlocks tend to be either Daemonologists or Necromancers. Since they are self-taught and so much of their magic is based on experimentation, however, most Warlocks have unique views of magic and the world. It is this individuality that makes it so hard for the witch hunters to root them out.

Note: You must have learned at least two spells through your Witchcraft talent before you can enter this career.

— Warlock Advance Scheme —							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+15%	+20%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+4	—	—	—	+2	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology or Necromancy), Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (any three), Concealment, Disguise, Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Hypnotism or Read/Write, Magical Sense, Perception, Ride or Swim, Search, Trade (Apothecary or Herbalist)

Talents: Dark Lore (any one), Dark Magic, Hardy or Very Resilient

Trappings: Lucky Charm

Career Entries: Witch

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Charlatan, Outlaw, Scribe, Vagabond

Men of Action

Generally speaking, Witch hunters are men accustomed to fighting. They are well-armed and sturdy individuals. They favour hooded cloaks and headgear to conceal their appearance from the overly curious. Some wear lead chains about their throats to remind them of fallen comrades and also, so the superstition goes, so that the lead might serve as protection against witchcraft. The followers of Witch Hunters, the rabble that often accompany, are a far more dire sight indeed—crazed and self-mutilated men who have lost or surrendered all their worldly goods and, most likely, their reason as well.

Writ large in the fears of the Empire, the Witch Hunters have long commanded respect—indeed, the nature of their work demands it. There are hundreds of whispered tales about their deeds, some little more than legends, others terrifyingly recent. The popular image of the grim faced protector of the Empire is one that is actively fostered by the various Witch Hunter groups—hence the common belief in a cohesive, shadowy agency of chaos hunters, spread across the Empire and beyond.

The truth of course, is far more complex than the reality.

Witch Hunters are not the infallible iron men of popular myth. Whilst most possess 'official' mandate to pursue the unnatural, a sizable number are little more than rogue vigilantes or zealous fanatics. As varied as the Empire they protect, the more or less uniform appearance of Witch Hunters belies their differing motivations and groupings.

Mercenaries

The commonest sorts of Witch Hunter (in multiple senses of the word) are the hired hands. Perhaps the easiest of all the hunters to understand, they are seldom more than highly specialised mercenaries. For the right amount of gold, they will patrol a Noble's estates, removing the suspicious, dangerous and troublesome. Depending on the nature of the Landlord, these men and women might be highly professional investigators or bloody handed killers on commission. Occasionally they will distain the usual clothing to investigate incognito, but usually they will trade on the fear and panic provoked by the signature uniform of their trade.

Ironically, there have been many corruption scandals surrounding such mercenary hunters. Tales of bribery are common- indeed more than one Magister has escaped the witch pyre with hastily conjured Gold. Certain unscrupulous Nobles have been known to grant mandate and unofficial agendas to their hunters, allowing land clearances, confiscation of property and even 'fortuitous' burnings. Actions to this end are regarded as 'uncouth' by most of the gentry, and tend to attract the attentions of the Cult of Sigmar and thus are seldom seen, but nevertheless do go on.

Chartered and Sanctioned

Whilst they are considered a little less than incorruptible, hired Witch Hunters do enjoy the firmest footing in the law. As they are legally agents of their sponsor, they are empowered directly by the nobility. Barring exceptional circumstances, they all carry a charter document, detailing where and how they might perform their duties. This licence, or mandate as it is more properly known, grants the Hunter rights to search, detain, try, execute, imprison and such. Technically, these Hunters act *as if they were their employer*, thus all punishments are considered to issue directly from the Noble himself. For this reason, Nobles of taste are particularly careful in choosing who they should empower. After all a foolish hunter has enormous capacity to deplete the workforce and make one look bad. Nearly all gentry refuse to mandate religious Witch Hunters as they tend to involve entirely the wrong sort of convictions in the business of maintaining a witch free estate.

Limited Jurisdiction

Wily Magisters are quick to note that hired Witch Hunters tend to have limited areas of influence. As they are granted their powers by a Noble, their jurisdiction usually ends at the boundaries of their sponsor's estate. Occasionally, gentry on speaking terms with their neighbours will seek to extend their mandate, but this is seldom achieved (not the least because amenable nobles are rarer than a clean Bretonnian)

There are some Witch Hunters, often ex-soldiers, who though unhappy about the existence of the Colleges, also realise their worth. There are even occasions when they will approach a Magister of one of the Orders of Magic to request aid to catch a particularly dangerous Warlock or Sorcerer who cannot be brought to justice without magical aid.

Devout Hunters

Devout Witch Hunters are those rare few who are motivated by the lore of their cult, personal calling from their God, or simply concern for their flock. These religious men and women 'fight the good fight' against any and all Chaos corruption, using faith, fear and fire in equal measure. Some find employment in the service of a Noble, acting much as a mercenary Witch Hunter does. Occasionally, hired Witch Hunters are driven to religion by a particularly horrible incident, thus becoming devout. Others are local priests driven into the role of a hunter by some terrible outbreak of Witchery. Whatever their story, these Witch Hunters are united in their service to one or more of the Gods of the Empire.

The Templars of Sigmar

Of these religious Hunters, The Holy Order of the Templars of Sigmar have done more than any other group to ferment the gruesome and terrifying reputation enjoyed by all hunters. The broad brimmed hat, brace of pistols and propensity towards mass burnings have all been 'inspired' by this zealous group. They are an organisation dedicated to the eradication of Witches: including Hedge Wizards, Warlocks, Sorcerers, fortune tellers, Necromancers, worshippers of the dark Gods, servants of Daemons, deviants, Mutants, blasphemers, or sinners in general. Indeed, there are few who escape the suspicions of these Witch Hunters with the possible exception of other Templars.

Long supported and funded by the Cult of Sigmar, these Templar Witch Hunters are granted their powers by the cult and the Empire. A Templar's holy duty is to protect the Empire and its citizens from the Infernal Powers, their allies and those who would serve them. This includes Daemons, Chaos cultists, Chaos Sorcerers, Necromancers, unsanctioned users of magic, Mutants, Beastmen, undead creatures, Warlocks, and Witches. Many Witch Hunters specialize in a particular field of investigation, and spend years, or even decades, travelling the Empire to track all the members of a certain cult, or on the trail of a particular priest of a dark God.

Agents of the Emperor

After the creation of the Colleges of Magic, Magnus limited the power of these Witch Hunters with one hand while ostensibly extending it with the other. He made the Holy Order the official, Imperial-state sanctioned and funded inquisitors of the Empire. The Cults of Morr and Ulric also still have their religious investigators, but these are run by the cults themselves and although tolerated, they are not state-sanctioned and do not have the numbers, funding, or training of the Holy Order of Templars. Indeed, on paper at least, these organisations would have to defer to a state-sanctioned Witch Hunter while on Imperial soil—this has led to rivalry and resentment from some quarters. The Witch Hunters of other religions could instead be seen as various sorts of Templars and exorcists, not Witch Hunters in the sense that is being used here.

The reforms Emperor Magnus brought in charged Witch Hunters to work within the law: they could no longer serve as prosecutor, jury, judge, and executioner, or, at least, not with the frequency and freedom that they used to. They have the power to arrest any imperial citizen they believe is guilty of Witchery or Daemon-worship, and can call for that person to be tried at once—a request very few town councils refuse. The accused has the right to a fair trial, although the definition of fair varies from place to place.

The Templars always serve as prosecutors in such a trial, and since there are no laws about sticking strictly to evidence, some use oratory, implication, suspicion, and even veiled threats to persuade a lord, judge, or magistrate (and jury, if there is one) of the accused's guilt. If found guilty, the usual sentence for the accused is death by burning—thought to be the only way to destroy the body and purge its foul spirit at the same time.

No Templar would ever use arcane magic to fulfil their duties. They are taught magic is a force of Chaos, and to use it against the thing that created it would be like fighting a fire by dousing it with oil. Partly as a result of this, many Witch Hunters believe all magic users are tainted with Chaos in some way—even Collegiate Magisters.

To become a Templar Witch Hunter, a person must join the one of the Holy Order's chapter houses. There are many of them all over the Empire, but authorisations to join are not granted freely. Some chapters train Witch Hunters and monitor them closely; others grant licences to anyone who seems qualified and motivated. In some of the northernmost regions of the Empire, Witch Hunters are widely thought to be out of control, but then such are the dangers the Empire faces that these few think their actions wholly justified.

Seekers of Truth and Justice

The Seekers are an order within an order—a supremely secretive, ultra zealous and very well funded clandestine branch of the Witch Hunters. This relatively new organisation prides itself in their utter dedication to the job at hand. Although not officially recognised by the Imperial Court, they are covertly funded from the office of the new Grand Theogonist, Esmer. If he fully realises the excessive zeal or the merciless efficiency with which the work of the Seekers is undertaken, he must either not care or secretly encourages it.

The Seekers' Lair

The offices of the Seekers are in a grim, anonymous building relatively close to the Imperial Palace in Altdorf, marked only by a small brass plaque bearing the symbol of the Twin-Tailed comet and Ghal-Maraz. The building is never open to the public and the door is locked at most times. Knocking rarely gets any response, since the members of the Seekers all have their own key. Many of the members of the Seekers have cover jobs as minor functionaries in the Imperial bureaucracy and within the Cult of Sigmar; particularly within the Witch Hunters and any organisation that has even partially regular contact with one or more of the Colleges of Magic.

The building's external asceticism belies its well-appointed interior. The walls are wood-panelled, the chairs are comfortable and a servant is always on hand to bring a glass of fine wine or a well-prepared four-course meal. The building also houses bedrooms for visiting members from other cities. The Seekers try to have an agent in every major city of the Empire at all times, and have recently recruited members to stay in the cities of other countries such as Tilea, Estalia, and Kislev.

In the basement beneath the fine rooms upstairs, the hidden face of the Seekers is revealed. It is there that they keep the cells and interrogation rooms of their victims. These cells are far bleaker and more unpleasant than such than similar places in other Witch Hunter chapterhouses. There is also a court here, where magic users are tried before a panel of three self-appointed judges. Defendants are not permitted lawyers or witnesses who might cloud or hinder the process of justice. Trials usually begin with a simple question, often along the lines of, "How long have you consorted with the Dark Powers?"

If the gentle approach of the trial does not extract a confession (which is all the court is really after, regardless of the guilt or innocence of those they capture), the magic user is taken into the interrogation room, where more forceful methods, such as thumbscrews, branding irons, scourging, and worse are used. After they extract a confession, a show trial may be arranged so the broken victim may confess again in a properly recognised court of law before being sent to the stake. Alternatively, if it is deemed more expedient, the magic user may just disappear, or be found floating facedown in the Reik. Very few magic users have ever successfully escaped from this travesty of justice.

Persecuting the Powerful

What makes the Seekers so particularly abhorrent to the Colleges of Magic is they target first and foremost those magic users that the Witch Hunters do not, and those generally are Imperial Magisters and their Apprentices. It seems unlikely the Seekers have managed to apprehend and kill any full Magisters, but Journeymen and other Apprentices allowed to travel abroad for whatever reason have started to disappear alarmingly frequently since the Seekers were formed, and it seems likely they are being deliberately targeted by the Seekers. There are suspicions Esmer is using the Seekers in an attempt to destabilise the Colleges of Magic somehow, or perhaps push them into doing something rash.

The Grey Order has turned its attentions to the Seekers' activities, and the Bright Order has also spoken openly of its utter contempt for the Seekers, though such is the Seekers' secrecy and facility for deniability that no formal charges have yet been brought against them. It won't be long before there will be a direct confrontation between the Seekers and one or more of these groups. No one yet knows the Seekers are being funded by Esmer. When word of this finally reaches the offices of the Supreme Patriarch, the backlash almost certainly won't be pretty.

But then, that may be what Esmer is hoping for.

Personalities

The head of the Seekers is Detlef Johannson. He is a cruel-eyed, grey-haired man in his mid-fifties, who always dresses in white and black. He is a close friend of Theogonist Esmer, having helped him by tracking down several Chaos Magi in his thirty-year career as a Templar (although he only has Esmer's word they were Magi—but he doesn't seem to care). He is a bitter, paranoid, and hateful man, and he utterly despises all Elves, regarding each one of them as Witches at best.

It is rumoured both he and his elite Witch Hunters have gathered all sorts of protective amulets that negate spells and even a few power-destroying weapons in the course of their holy crusade. Despite the Orders' best attempts to keep the fact secret, it seems someone has leaked to the Seekers that certain metals and stones dampen, and even swallow, magic.

In addition, the Seekers have a wealth of mundane but effective devices that guarantee suspects cannot cast any spells. These include a range of drugs, manacles, tongue restraints, gags, and even small pouches containing irritating insects whose constant stings and nips can break even the most steely concentration—especially when the magic user in question has been deprived of sleep, food, and water. With such devices and techniques, together with their Cult-funded resources and years of rabble-rousing and political experience, these Seekers after Truth and Justice have thus far been able to act on their suspicions with virtual impunity.

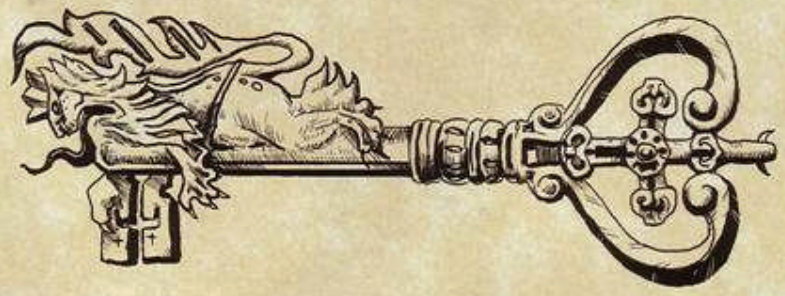
Renegade Hunters

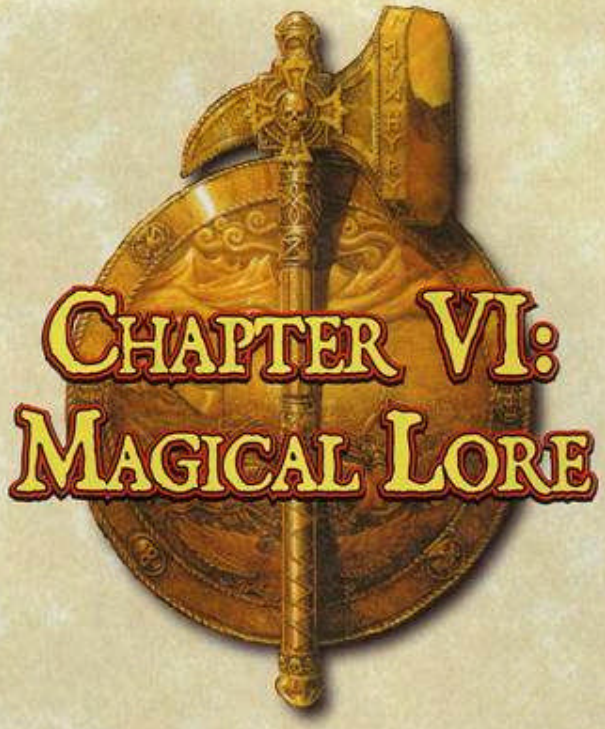
Whilst Mercenary hunters are motivated by gold, and devout hunters by spiritual wealth, there are those some Witch Hunters who do not fit into an easily defined category. These 'renegades' seldom have simple reasons for turning to the hunting life. Lacking any kind of support from a religious cult or noble sponsor, they walk a difficult path- motivated by guilt, revenge, honour and other such emotions. Iron-faced lone wolves; they often spend years tracking a single foe, hunting them down with obsessional zeal and bloodlust.

These self-appointed Witch Hunters can be found across the Empire, operating on their own terms and without official authority. Some of them are rogues or zealots following personal crusades; others are corrupt, accusing wealthy people for the sake of confiscating their possessions. However, such is the terror that the term "Witch Hunter" conjures in the minds of the Empire's peasants in rural areas they often believe anyone who claims to be a cleanser of Chaos. Community leaders, priests, and lawyers may be more sceptical but they may be hesitant to stand up against a firebrand orator, in case they are seen as siding with the force of darkness themselves.

Judge, Jury, Executioner

Some of these Witch Hunters prefer to work outside the law. Some suspect they would never be able to arrest some of their quarry and bring them to trial; others believe Sigmar's justice is too good for the scum they pursue, and a few begin to see the marks of Chaos everywhere. If caught, these renegades are treated as harshly as if they were Chaos worshippers themselves. Some criminals have been known to pose as travelling Witch Hunters; they visit remote communities, whip up hysteria against an innocent, have them burned, confiscate their assets and flee before their crime is uncovered. If caught, their punishment is harsh. Impersonating a Witch Hunter is a capital offence.





Chapter VI: Magical Lore

Magic amounts to more than the customs, Colleges, and conventions of behaviour by which those steeped in it must abide. Magic—more importantly than all those things—is power. A Wizard who cannot call fire down on his enemies, harness light and sound, or persuade the very rocks of the earth to give up their secrets is no Wizard at all.

This chapter, therefore, presents a multitude of new options that allow Wizards to put their power—and their subtlety—on display. First, this chapter provides expanded versions of all the Arcane Lores and new rules for using them. It also includes rules for creating new rituals so PCs can invent their own rites of power along with several new rituals to fuel heroic quests and heady adventures. Finally, we have expanded Chaos Manifestation tables.

— The WFRP Grimoire —

Realms of Sorcery presents expanded versions of all the Arcane Lores. With more spells per lore, the rules from the *WFRP* core rulebook need some revision lest Wizards gain more power without cost. To take advantage of the expanded Arcane Lores, use the following rules for gaining spells instead of those in *WFRP*.

- When you gain an Arcane Lore, you must choose one of three Spell Lists. Each Spell List includes ten spells that represent your core training in your chosen Arcane Lore. Just as in the case of the *WFRP* core rules, you gain access to and can attempt to cast any of the ten spells on the list. Spell Lists can be found later in this chapter in the descriptions of the Arcane Lores.
- You may still only ever know one Arcane Lore, which means you'll only ever have one Spell List. Lore skills remain unchanged.
- The three Spell Lists for each Arcane Lore are labelled Elemental, Mystical, and Cardinal. The Elemental Spell Lists match the original Arcane Lores from the *WFRP* core rulebook, while the other two types feature spells new to *Realms of Sorcery*.

Extra Spell

Description: Your deeper studies into your Arcane Lore give you the ability to cast a spell not on your Spell List. Extra Spell is unusual in that it is not one talent but many, and each must be acquired individually. Each Extra Spell Talent gives you access to a single spell, noted in parenthesis, such as Extra Spell (Wind Blast), for example. This spell must come from your Arcane Lore, so you must have an Arcane Lore before you can gain this talent.

- You may learn additional spells by taking the Extra Spell Talent (see sidebar), buying the talent cost 100 xp, as always. Extra Spell can be acquired by any character with an Arcane Lore, regardless of current career.

You must receive your GM's permission before buying an Extra Spell. Your GM may require you to spend some time researching it first or that you acquire a specific Grimoire.

— Arcane Lores —

The following sections present an expanded version of each of the eight Arcane Lores. A variety of new spells are introduced in addition to the ones from the core *WFRP* book, as well as the three spell lists available for each Lore of Magic.

The Lore of Beasts

Ghur, the Brown Wind of Magic, is the Aethyr's bestial spirit. Magisters tap this force to manipulate the animalistic energies that reside in all things. If you have Arcane Lore (Beasts), you must choose one of the three Spell Lists from **Table 6–1: Lore of Beasts Spell Lists**. Descriptions for all the spells listed there follow.

The Beast Broken

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A bridle (+1)
Description: You break the wild spirit of a single animal (that can be domesticated) within 12 yards (6 squares). These animals include horses, dogs, and some birds of prey. It does not include normally wild animals like wolves, bears, snakes, and so on. The target animal receives a Will Power Test to shrug off the effects of the spell. On a failed test, it remains docile towards Humans, Elves, Dwarfs, and Halflings forever, though it is still likely to be afraid—and rightly so—of creatures like Greenskins, Skaven, and those tainted by Chaos.

The Beast Made Well

Casting Number: 9
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A bit of salve (+1)
Description: You touch an injured animal, healing a number of Wounds equal to your Magic Characteristic. Only natural animals may be healed by this spell; magical creatures (including familiars, even if animalistic) and monsters are unaffected. This is a touch spell.

The Beast Unleashed

Casting Number: 19
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A wolf's heart (+2)
Description: You unleash the primal savagery of your allies. Any friendly character within 12 yards (6 squares) of you goes into a frenzy, as per the talent of that name. No roll is required; they become frenzied as soon as the spell is cast. This spell does not work on animals; they are already beasts.

The Boar's Hide

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A cured strip of boar's hide (+2)
Description: Your skin becomes as tough as a wild boar's. For the duration of the spell, you reduce the Critical Value of

Table 6–1: Lore of Beasts Spells Lists

Beasts Elemental	Beasts Mystical	Beasts Cardinal
The Beast Unleashed	The Beast Broken	The Beast Broken
Calm the Wild Beast	The Beast Made Well	The Beast Made Well
Claws of Fury	The Boar's Hide	The Beast Unleashed
Crow's Feast	Cowering Beasts	Calm the Wild Beast
Form of the Raging Bear	Cruelty's Desserts	Cowering Beats
Form of the Ravening Wolf	From of the Puissant Steed	Master's Voice
Form of the Soaring Raven	Leatherbane	Repugnant Transformation
Master's Voice	The Ox Stands	The Talking Beast
The Talking Beast	Repugnant Transformation	Wings of the Falcon
Wings of the Falcon	The Winter's Long Slumber	The Winter's Long Slumber

Critical Hits scored against you by –1. Due to the rigidity of the hide, however, you also take a –10% penalty to your Agility. The transformation lasts for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Calm the Wild Beast

Casting Number: 5
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A lump of sugar (+1)
Description: Your soothing and hypnotic voice calms one animal within 48 yards (24 squares) unless it makes a successful Will Power Test. You may approach the beast and touch it without fear; it remains placid. If a mount, you may ride it with a +10% bonus to any Ride Skill Tests you are required to make. The animal remains friendly towards you for a number of hours equal to your Magic Characteristic unless you attack it, in which case the enchantment is broken immediately.

Claws of Fury

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A cat's claw (+1)
Description: Your fingernails turn into razor-sharp claws as you take on a feral aspect. You gain +1 to your Attacks Characteristic and a +10% bonus to Weapon Skill and your claws count as hand weapons with the Fast Quality. *Claws of fury* lasts a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. You cannot wield a weapon while *claws of fury* is in effect.

Cowering Beasts

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: Hair of a cowardly dog (+2)
Description: You thunderously rebuke your foes, comparing them to base animals that had best cower before their master. This panics 2d10 targets within 48 yards (24 squares), starting with those closest to you. Those affected must make Fear Tests every round until they succeed and shake off the effects of Fear, or until you leave the scene. Alternately, you may focus the effects of this spell on one target, who must make a Challenging (–10%) Terror Test.

Crow's Feast

Casting Number: 17
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A caged crow (+2)
Description: You summon a murder of supernatural crows anywhere within 48 yards (24 squares) that swoops down upon your enemies. These are Aethyric creatures of

vengeance, with iron-shod beaks and bleeding feathers. They may be summoned anywhere, as they are capable of passing through any form of non-sentient material—trees, rocks, metal etc. These crows always appear in huge flocks—use the large template to represent this. Those affected take a Damage 3 hit from the furious crows, which then scatter as quickly as they appeared. Do not roll for hit location; all hits are to the head.

Cruelty's Desserts

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A pinch of bat guano (+1)
Description: You cast this spell while touching an animal, wild or domestic. Any intelligent creature who harms or is otherwise cruel to that particular animal before the next full moon takes a –10% penalty on all Fellowship Tests until the full moon after that one.

Form of the Puissant Steed

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: Hair from the mane of a destrier (+2)
Description: This spell works exactly like *form of the soaring raven*, but you transform into a destrier instead. See *WFRP*, page 232, or the *Old Wold Bestiary*, page 122, for destrier statistics.

Form of the Raging Bear

Casting Number: 21
Casting Time: 3 full actions
Ingredient: A bear's claw (+3)
Description: This spell works exactly like *form of the soaring raven*, but you transform into a bear instead. See *WFRP*, page 232, for bear statistics.

Form of the Ravening Wolf

Casting Number: 15
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A wolf's paw (+2)
Description: This spell works exactly like *form of the soaring raven*, but you transform into a wolf instead. See *WFRP*, page 233, for wolf statistics.

Form of the Soaring Raven

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A raven feather (+1)
Description: You transform yourself and all the equipment you are carrying into a raven for up to 1 hour. You retain your mental faculties and your Intelligence and Will Power. Your other stats are as a raven (see *WFRP*, page 233). You cannot talk or use magic while in raven form. You may end this spell at any time and resume your normal form. The spell ends automatically if you take a Critical Hit.

Leatherbane

Casting Number: 15
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A vial of powdered bull's horn (+2)
Description: You touch a character, creature, or animal and all leather goods he is carrying or wearing—belts, pouches, straps, scabbards, and even armour—shrivel immediately and turn permanently to dust. This is a touch spell.

Master's Voice

Casting Number: 13
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A miniature whip made of braided animal hair (+2)
Description: You command one animal within 24 yards (12 squares) to do your bidding unless it makes a successful Will Power Test. On its next turn, you decide what actions the animal will take, and it will do as you command.

The Ox Stands

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: The hoof of an ox (+2)

Description: You shout out to all allies within 48 yards (24 squares). Any who are currently fleeing due to the effects of Terror, or who are currently paralyzed by the effects of Fear, are relieved of those effects and need not roll again under the present circumstances. If new sources of Fear or Terror come on the scene, however, they must be resisted normally.

Repugnant Transformation

Casting Number: 21
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: The skin of a blue toad (+3)
Description: Your mighty magic transforms your target into its basest form, revealing its true character. Unless the victim succeeds on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test, he undergoes a terrible transformation, sprouting hair all over his body, losing the capacity for speech, and behaving in strange and inexplicable ways. On the victim's turn, he must roll 1d10 to see what he does for the round.

Repugnant Transformation

Roll	Result
1	Subject finds something interesting in his nostril and spends a round digging for it.
2	Subject defecates noisily, weeping for the force of the burst.
3	Subject screams for no reason and runs in a random direction, possibly into an obstacle.
4	Subject cackles wildly and attacks the closest living thing.
5	Subject looses a lowing noise and tries to embrace the nearest object.
6	Subject curls into a ball, giggling madly.
7	Subject dances a jig while waving his weapon (or hands about) over his head.
8	Subject acts normally for this round.
9	Subject stands mute.
10	Subject brays like a mule, forcing all allies within 8 yards (4 squares) to make Fear Tests.

This is a permanent condition unless you successfully cast the spell on the target again, which reverses it, or cast *dispel* on the target and achieve two degrees of success on the associated Channelling Test. This is a touch spell.

The Talking Beast

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A tongue from the animal you are changing into (+2)
Description: If you cast this spell immediately before taking on animal form, you can speak while so transformed. You can also cast this spell on an animal within 24 yards (12 squares) to gift it with the power of speech for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Wings of the Falcon

Casting Number: 25
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A live falcon (+3)
Description: You grow wings from your back, which are strong enough to bear you aloft. You can fly for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic with a Flying Movement of 4. For more information on flying, see **Chapter Six: Combat, Movement, and Damage** in *WFRP*. Obviously, simple folk, seeing someone transformed by *wings of the falcon*, will assume you are some form of Chaos Daemon and react appropriately.

The Winter's Long Slumber

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A bear's tooth (+2)
Description: You touch a willing character, creature, or animal, causing it to immediately fall into a deep sleep akin to a bear's hibernation. This state persists for many months, until the solstice or equinox after the next (that is, the remainder of the current season, plus the full season after that). During this period of slumber, the character need not eat or drink. Due to the magical nature of the hibernation, any diseases, poisons, or other similar afflictions the character endures are interrupted. No further damage or symptoms accrue from them, though any penalties or other maladies already in effect continue while the character hibernates. (A penalty to Will Power Tests from some poison would affect the hibernating character, for example, but a progressive poison would not continue to get worse.) Natural healing, however, does occur. The recipient of this spell cannot be woken by normal means; the caster must will a premature awakening. You may also cast this spell on yourself. In the event that you do, you may—at your option—designate one other individual, who must be present when you cast the spell, who may wake you before the spell's expiration with a free action. This is a Touch spell.

The Lore of Death

With the Purple Wind of Magic, *Shyish*, you gain mastery over the passage of time, commanding the essence of life and death. If you have Arcane Lore (Death), you must choose one of the three Spell Lists from **Table 6–2: Lore of Death Spells Lists**. Descriptions for all these spells follow.

Table 6–2: Lore of Death Spells Lists

Death Elemental	Death Mystical	Death Cardinal
Acceptance of Fate	The Animus Imprisoned	Acceptance of Fate
Death's Door	Death's Messenger	The Animus Imprisoned
Deathsight	Death's Release	Death's Messenger
Final Words	Grief's End	Deathsight
Reaping Scythe	The Icy Grip of Death	Knocks of the Departed
Steal Life	Knocks of the Departed	Limbwither
Swift Passing	Life's End	Reaping Scythe
Tide of Years	Limbwither	Steal Life
Wind of Death	Tomb Robber's Curse	Ward Against Abomination
Youth's Bane	Ward Against Abomination	Youth's Bane

Acceptance of Fate

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: 1 full action and 1 half action
Ingredient: A coffin nail (+2)
Description: This spell causes your allies to temporarily put aside their fear of death. For 1 minute (6 rounds), you and all your allies within 12 yards (6 squares) count as having the Fearless talent.

The Animus Imprisoned

Casting Number: 29
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: The ribcage of a deceased jailor (+3)
Description: You imprison the soul of your victim, sealing it in a durable vessel of your choosing such as a bottle, vial, or pouch. While the soul is so imprisoned, the victim's body lives as a vegetable, carrying on the barest functions of life—breathing, swallowing, excreting—without initiative or awareness. Though technically living, this husk cannot shuffle around or even sit up on its own and must be fed by others or die of thirst or starvation. Damage, diseases, poisons, and other sources of harm affect it normally. It similarly heals over time and can be healed as usual by magic or the Heal skill. You can restore the imprisoned soul to its body at any time by opening the sealed vessel in the presence of its body. Any Priest of Morr or any other Amethyst Wizard who knows this spell, can do likewise. In either case, the restored individual gains 1–5 (1d10/2) Insanity Points immediately from the harrowing experience. If the bottle is opened away from its body or is opened by one who does not know the proper rituals, the soul becomes lost in the world, wandering and damned to become a Ghost. See the *Old World Bestiary*, page 109, for information about Ghosts. If the soul is lost, the body can be maintained in its state, but there is little point. This is a touch spell. Due to the disruption caused in the fabric of life and death by the nature of this conjuration, all Wizards in a 5-mile radius are aware of the disturbance in the Aethyr that this spell causes. The Lords of the Amethyst Order do not look kindly on those who use such powerful magic without appropriate cause.

Death's Door

Casting Number: 20
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A vial of embalming fluid (+2)
Description: Your power over death is such that you can briefly delay the inevitable. Death's door lasts a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic and affects you and all your allies within 24 yards (12 squares). Those affected, if slain during the spell's duration, can take a half action on their normal Initiative before dying. As soon as the action is resolved, death beckons.

Death's Messenger

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A sharp knife (+1)
Description: You infuse yourself with *Shyish*, emanating an aura of menace. You gain a +10% bonus on Intimidate Tests for 1 minute (6 rounds).

Death's Release

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A Human skull (+2)

Description: You conjure forth the Purple Winds of Magic to swirl about a target creature with the Ethereal Talent (within 12 yards (6 squares). The target must succeed on a Will Power Test or be forced to confront its state. This imposes a –10% penalty to all Weapon Skill Tests, and the target can only take a half action on its next turn. On the following round, the Ghost must attempt another Will Power Test to throw off the effects of *death's release*. Ghosts who fail three Tests in a row are released from the mortal world.

Deathsight

Casting Number: 5
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A handful of dirt from a grave (+1)
Description: For 1 hour, you can see spirits and souls that are normally invisible to the naked eye. When living beings die, you can see their souls leaving their bodies.

Final Words

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A piece of vellum (+2)
Description: You can ask one question of the departing soul of a slain character within 12 yards (6 squares) of you. This must be done within 1 minute (6 rounds) of the character's death or the soul will have already passed on to the realm of Morr. The soul is not compelled to answer truthfully (or at all, for that matter). Final words cannot be cast on creatures without souls, like Daemons and the Undead.

Grief's End

Casting Number: 5
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: An hourglass (+1)
Description: You speak comforting words to an individual bereaved by the recent passing of a blood relative. The target's pain is lessened as their understanding of fate deepens. Any effects of Fear or Terror, any Characteristic penalties, and any effects of Insanity that were brought on by the death are eliminated or nullified.

The Icy Grip of Death

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A thorny rose stem (+2)
Description: You use the icy tendrils of *Shyish* to bind enemies within a target area within 48 yards (24 squares) of you. Use the large template. Those affected must make a successful Will Power Test or be stunned. They can test again at the start of their turn to break death's grip on them. They remained stunned until they make a successful test.

Knocks of the Departed

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A scrap of clothing worn by the deceased in life (+2)
Description: You ask and can receive an answer to one question you ask of a specific deceased individual, as long as that question can be answered with a number of audible knocks other than zero ("How many robbers came into your house on the night you were beaten to death?"), or answered with a yes or no ("Would it please you for us to bring your body on our pilgrimage to Altdorf?"). In the case of yes/no questions, the spirit of the deceased knocks once for "yes," and twice for "no." No matter the question, the spirit is not compelled to answer at all, has no knowledge beyond that which he had in life, and can lie if he wishes. The act of answering is neither inherently pleasant nor odious to the deceased, though it may well be emotionally painful because of the living who are present or due to the nature of the question. This spell must be cast in the presence of either the deceased's body or the presence of one of his living descendants. It is said the dead answer by knocking on the gates of Morr's realm.

Life's End

Casting Number: 31
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: The eyeball of a beheaded murderer (+3)
Description: You forcibly expel the soul from a target within 12 yards (6 squares), killing him immediately and horribly shrivelling his earthly remains to a husk unless he succeeds in an Opposed Will Power Test against you, in which case the spell fails. Due to the disruption caused in the fabric of life and death by the nature of this conjuration, all Wizards in a 5-mile radius are aware of the disturbance in the Aethyr that casting *life's end* causes. The Lords of the Amethyst Order do not look kindly on those who use such powerful magic lightly.

Limbwither

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A nail of cold wrought iron (+2)
Description: You deaden one limb—arm or leg—of a single target within 24 yards (12 squares). You may choose which exact limb of the target to affect, and it becomes utterly useless for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. While the effect persists, the target suffers the effects of either a Lost Arm or Lost Leg (see *WFRP*, page 134). Normal use of the limb returns when the spell ends.

Reaping Scythe

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A miniature iron scythe (+1)
Description: A scythe of Amethyst energy materializes in your grasp. It counts as a magic weapon with the Fast Quality and Damage 5 and you gain a +10% bonus to your Weapon Skill when wielding it. The spell remains in effect for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic. You can retain it with a successful Will Power Test each round thereafter.

Steal Life

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A vial of blood (+2)
Description: You suck the life essence of a foe within 12 yards (6 squares) of you and use it to heal yourself. The target loses 1d10 Wounds, regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour, unless a successful Will Power Test is made. You are healed of as many Wounds as you inflict. If you already have your full amount of Wounds, you don't gain any more (though the target is still damaged). *Steal life* has no effect on Daemons and the Undead.

Swift Passing

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: Two brass pennies (+1)
Description: With a touch of your fingers, you can dispatch a critically wounded character. Swift passing kills any character with 0 Wounds who has already taken a Critical Hit. This is a touch spell. This spell works on monsters, animals, or even PCs. Souls dispatched in this way are immune to spells such as *final words* but still remain at risk of Necromantic resurrection.

Tide of Years

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A small hourglass (+2)
Description: You cause one non-magical item with an Encumbrance of 75 or less to age and decay. Items of Poor or Common Craftsmanship turn to dust. Items of Good Quality become Poor and those of Best Craftsmanship become Common. This is a touch spell.

Tomb Robber's Curse

Casting Number: 10
Casting Time: 1 minute
Ingredient: Dirt from a violated grave (+2)
Description: You cast this spell in the presence of a corpse or at a tomb or gravesite. Anyone who desecrates the dead body or site any time over the following year feels the effects of the curse, and suffering a –10% penalty on all Will Power, Intelligence, and Fellowship Tests for one week. The culprit also gains 1 Insanity Point.

Ward Against Abomination

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A bit of stone or wood taken from a cemetery fence (+2)
Description: Upon casting this spell, and for as long as you remain motionless thereafter, undead creatures are incapable of coming within your Magic Characteristic × 4 yards (Magic × 2 squares) of you. Mummies, Vampires, Wights, and Wraiths may make an Opposed Will Power Test against you in order to ignore the effects of the ward. At the GM's option, other powerful and strong-willed Undead may also test to ignore the ward.

Wind of Death

Casting Number: 27
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: An amethyst worth at least 50 *gc* (+3)
Description: You call down a lethal wind of *Shyish* anywhere within 48 yards (24 squares). Use the large template. Those affected lose 1d10 Wounds, regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour. Due to the cataclysmic nature of this conjuration, all Wizards within a 5-mile radius are aware of the disturbance in the Aethyr that casting *wind of death* causes. The Lords of the Amethyst Order have many cruel and unusual punishments for those that tarry with this spell needlessly, or too often.

Youth's Bane

Casting Number: 23
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A cutting of ivy from the grave of a Priest (+3)
Description: You cause one character within 12 yards (6 squares) to age years in a matter of seconds. The target must make a successful Will Power Test or permanently lose 1d10% from his Strength and Toughness Characteristics. While it affects animals, youth's bane has no effect on Daemons and the Undead. Similarly, it has no effect on items and natural materials such as food, plants, leather etc.

The Lore of Fire

Bright Wizards master the secrets of *Aqshy* to manipulate fire in all its forms, from the conflagration to the flames of passion. If you have Arcane Lore (Fire), you must choose one of the three Spell Lists from **Table 6–3: Lore of Fire Spell Lists**. Descriptions for all these spells follow.

Aqshy's Aegis

Casting Number: 24
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A miniature shield made of gold (+3)
Description: You and any of your allies who hold your hands—and any who hold their hands, and so on—become immune to any damage whatsoever caused by fire. If the chain of held hands in interrupted, then anyone no longer connected to you, however indirectly, immediately loses this immunity. Those protected by *Aqshy's aegis* are immune to natural fires, as well as any magical fiery effects generated by spells with casting numbers less than that of this spell, as well as any fiery effects created by creatures whose Will Power is less than your own. This spell last for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. You may only cast this spell on yourself (that is, only you can be the focal point of the joined line of those protected).

Boiling Blood

Casting Number: 21
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: An ogre's spleen (+3)
Description: You cause a target who fails on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test to suffer excruciating pain as its blood boils. The target suffers a Damage 3 hit that bypasses armour, but not Toughness, each round for a number of rounds equal to your Magic characteristic. In addition, while under the effects of this spell, the target suffers a –20% penalty to all Perception Tests due to hallucinations and pain. Targets killed by *boiling blood* explode into a fountain of superheated blood that deals a Damage 1 hit to all creatures within 2 yards (1 square) of the victim. This is a touch spell.

Breathe Fire

Casting Number: 25
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A dragon's scale (+3)
Description: You breathe out a rolling burst of flame, akin to that of the dragons of legend. Use the cone template. Those affected suffer a hit with Damage 8. A successful Will Power Test reduces it to a Damage 4 attack. Obviously, simple folk, seeing such pyromantic exhalations, will assume that you are some form of Chaos Daemon and react appropriately.

Burning Vengeance

Casting Number: 26
Casting Time: 1 minute
Ingredient: Three drops of the target's blood (+3)
Description: You cause the target of this spell to have a burning desire for vengeance against another character. You must name both the target and the object of the vendetta during the casting of the spell. If the target fails a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test, he becomes obsessed with getting revenge on the named character. He can't articulate why; all he knows is that his enemy is a betrayer and deserving only of death. The spell lasts for one year and one day, or until vengeance is taken. Each month the target can make another Will Power Test to try to shake the spell, but these subsequent tests are Very Hard (–30%). Burning vengeance, once ignited, is hard to extinguish.

Cauterize

Casting Number: 4
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A piece of charcoal (+1)
Description: You can lay your hands on an open wound and sear it shut. While this does not restore any wounds to the subject, it does count as medical attention and can thus save the critically injured from certain death. At the GM's discretion, this spell can be used for similar tasks, such as branding. Your hands must be bare to cast this spell successfully.

Choleric

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A thimbleful of bile (+1)
Description: A target you designate within 12 yards (6 squares) must succeed on a Will Power Test or become irate towards another target you designate. If the target fails the test by 20% or more, it attacks the designated target. Each round, the target may attempt a new Will Power Test to shrug off the effects of this spell.

Conflagration of Doom

Casting Number: 31
Casting Time: 1 full action and 1 half action
Ingredient: A dragon's tooth (+3)
Description: This is the most destructive spell in the Bright Wizard's arsenal. When you call down a *conflagration of doom*, a fiery inferno engulfs a target area within 48 yards (24 squares). Use the large template. Those affected take a number of Damage 4 hits equal to your Magic Characteristic. Any remaining in the area after their next turn must make a successful Will Power Test each round or take damage again. The spell lasts until nothing in the area is left alive. As this is such a violent and powerful conjuration, all Wizards within a 5-mile radius are aware of the disturbance in the Aethyr that this spell causes. Bright Order Battle Wizards often seek out those using this spell in a careless way to talk about limiting its use in a rather pointed fashion.

Consuming Wrath

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A lock of red hair (+2)
Description: You cause a target to become overwhelmed with hate. The target must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test to resist the effects of this spell. On a failed Test, the target gains a +10% bonus to its Weapon

Table 6–3: Lore of Fire Spell Lists

Fire Elemental	Fire Mystical	Fire Cardinal
Breathe Fire	*Aqshy's* Aegis	*Aqshy's* Aegis
Cauterize	Boiling Blood	Boiling Blood
Conflagration of Doom	Burning Vengeance	Burning Vengeance
Crown of Fire	Choleric	Cauterize
Fiery Blast	Consuming Wrath	Choleric
Fire Ball	Curtain of Flame	Conflagration of Doom
Fires of U'Zhul	Flashcook	Crown of Fire
Flaming Sword of Rhuin	Inextinguishable Flame	Curtain of Flame
Hearts of Fire	Ruin and Destruction	Fire Ball
Shield of *Aqshy*	Taste of Fire	Hearts of Fire

Skill and Toughness characteristics; however, each round, the target takes 1 Wound from the consuming fires of rage within him. The target attacks the nearest creature, regardless of ally or enemy. He can break free from this spell by succeeding on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test—a free action he may take at the end of each turn. This is a touch spell.

Crown of Fire

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: 1 *gc* (+1)
Description: This spell creates a majestic crown of shimmering flame above your head. The crown remains suspended there for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. During the spell's duration, you gain a +20% to all Command and Intimidate Tests. Furthermore, enemies must make a successful Will Power Test in order to attack you in melee combat. If they fail, they must take a different action. The flaming diadem provides the illumination equivalent of a torch and can be used to ignite flammable materials, though this requires such undignified movements that few Bright Wizards use it for such a purpose. Note that it is impossible for a Bright Wizard to damage himself using this spell.

Curtain of Flame

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A scrap of a tapestry, singed by fire (+2)
Description: You create a curtain of flame 4 yards (2 squares) tall and 12 yards (6 squares) long. You can shape the contour of the curtain at will. Although it always hangs downward like a curtain affected by gravity, the figurative rod that supports it can be bent at any angle, follow any curve, or be suspended from any height you choose. Anyone touching or adjacent to the curtain suffers a Damage 3 hit, as does anyone moving through it. Furthermore, the curtain itself and the smoke rising from it cause all missiles fired through the curtain to suffer a –20% Ballistic Skill penalty, and there is a similar –20% penalty to any test related to sight or perception through the curtain. The curtain billows in breeze or strong wind as a curtain of heavy cloth would, which can sometimes (GM's call) cause it to blow into nearby creatures (causing damage as described) or set nearby combustibles on fire. This spell lasts for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Fiery Blast

Casting Number: 22
Casting Time: Full action

Ingredient: A dagger of thrice-forged steel (+3)
Description: You send 1d10 blasts of flaming death at one or more opponents within 48 yards (24 squares). *Fiery blasts* are *magic missiles* with Damage 4. The minimum number of blasts is equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Fire Ball

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A ball of sulphur (+2)
Description: You create a number of balls of fire equal to your Magic Characteristic and can hurl them at one or more opponents within 48 yards (24 squares). *Fire balls* are *magic missiles* with Damage 3.

Fires of U'Zhul

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A match (+1)
Description: You can throw a bolt of fire at an opponent within 36 yards (18 squares) of you. This is a *magic missile* with Damage 4.

Flaming Sword of Rhuin

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A torch (+2)
Description: A fiery sword materializes in your grasp. It counts as a magic weapon with the Impact quality and Damage 4. You also gain +1 to your Attacks Characteristic for the duration of this spell, but only when using the flaming sword of Rhuin. The spell remains in effect for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic. You can retain it with a successful Will Power Test each round thereafter.

Flashcook

Casting Number: 4
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A metal fork (+1)
Description: You may either instantaneously cook one serving of food to your liking or cause one quart or less of water (or a similar liquid) to immediately come to a furious boil. This is a touch spell.

Hearts of Fire

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A vial with a mixture made of blood and oil (+2)
Description: You unlock the fires of courage in the hearts of your allies. All allies within 30 yards (15 squares) of you gain a +20% bonus on Fear and Terror Tests for the next 10 minutes. They lose this bonus if they move further than 30 yards (15 squares) away from you.

Inextinguishable Flame

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A bellows (+2)
Description: You render any single fire, up to the size of a campfire, within 12 yards (6 squares) inextinguishable by wind or water, whether magical or natural. This effect lasts for one day if you have Magic 1, one week if you have Magic 2, one month if you have Magic 3, or one year if you have Magic 4. In addition to being inextinguishable, the fire consumes no fuel while the spell persists. If the spell's fuel is scattered, the flame continues burning on the smaller pieces; an inextinguishable campfire kicked apart, for example, continues to burn as component logs. After the spell expires, the fire continues burning naturally until its fuel is consumed or some force puts it out.

Ruin and Destruction

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A white-hot piece of coal (+2)
Description: You cause a non-living object to instantaneously be destroyed as if by fire. If you have Magic 1, you can affect items up to Encumbrance 10 (items that will generally fit in the palm of your hand), with Magic 2 you can affect items up to Encumbrance 50 (items that can comfortably be supported with one arm), with Magic 3 items up to Encumbrance 200 (items that can be lifted off the ground with relative ease), and with Magic 4 items up to Encumbrance 1,000 (items that can be hauled or dragged by a horse). The precise remains of the object after the spell is cast depend on its nature and are left to the GM to decide on a case-by-base basis. A sheaf of papers would be reduced to ash. A sturdy wooden chair would be reduced to a collection of charred bits of wood. A sword would be charred black and its leather wrappings destroyed, but the sword itself would be largely intact. The overall rule is any object that would be essentially destroyed by a prolonged fire is essentially destroyed by *ruin and destruction*. After the spell is over, the object is left cold to the touch. This is a touch spell.

Shield of Aqshy

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: An iron amulet (+2)
Description: You wrap yourself with currents of the Red Wind, which shields you against fire attacks. You receive a +20% bonus to your Toughness for 1d10 minutes, but only

against fire damage such as dragon breath, fire balls, etc. You cannot cast this spell on others.

Taste of Fire

Casting Number: 9
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A peppercorn (+1)
Description: You impart one batch of food or drink with a fiery potency. This makes food spicy and imparts the burning flavour and effect of alcoholic spirits to beverages of any kind. A "batch" of food consists of a plate of food served to you, a common serving container of one dish (a whole stewpot, for example), or a single container of some beverage up to and including a whole barrel of water or keg of ale. The effects of alcoholic spirits are described in *WFRP*, page 115. Beverages which were already alcoholic have their potency increased to that of spirits. The effect of spicy food on those unaccustomed to it—the caster is always considered accustomed—causes intestinal distress for several hours unless a Toughness Test is passed.

The Lore of the Heavens

Those who can master the power of the Blue Wind of Magic can sense portents and omens in all things. If you have Arcane Lore (the Heavens), you must choose one of the three Spell Lists from **Table 6–4: Lore of the Heavens Spells Lists**. Descriptions for all these spells follow.

Birdspeak

Casting Number: 10
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A bird's tongue (+2)
Description: You can speak and understand the language of birds for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. However, this does not force birds to talk to you or answer your questions. Cunning birds may even lie or demand favours in return for their knowledge. A bird's opinion of you will be based on the way you appear and act. You do, however, by virtue of this spell, gain insight into the customs and behaviour of birds, understanding, for example, why a flock of birds is behaving in some particular way, or why a given nest might have been abandoned.

Clear Sky

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: Bottled breath of an eagle (+2)
Description: You clear a single cloud from the sky, or, in the event of a completely overcast sky, clear a shaft roughly 100 yards in diameter through the cloud cover. Clouds continue to blow and form naturally in the aftermath of this spell, so the amount of time you have an uninterrupted view of the sky above depends on the weather. When cast in the rain, this spell also stops precipitation, though it is hard to stop precipitation over a given point on the ground, as the winds drive falling rain in ways that are difficult to perceive and predict.

Curse

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A broken mirror (+2)
Description: You curse one opponent within 24 yards (12 squares). For the next 24 hours, the target suffers a –10% penalty on all tests and all attacks against him gain a +1 bonus to damage. A character can only be the subject of one *curse* at a time.

Fate of Doom

Casting Number: 31
Casting Time: 1 hour
Ingredient: The noose of a hanged man (+3)
Description: You use the mightiest of magic to alter the course of fate itself. Before you can cast it, you must acquire a lock of hair or drop of blood from the intended target. With this in hand, you can attempt to doom your victim. You must be within 1 mile of the target for fate of doom to be effective. If you cast this spell successfully, your opponent must make a Very Hard (–30%) Will Power Test or lose 1 Fate Point permanently. Fortune Points cannot be used to re-roll this test. A character without Fate Points treats the next Critical Hit suffered as if it had a Critical Value of +10. As this is such an awesome conjuration, all Wizards within a 5-mile radius are aware of the disturbance in the Aethyr that this spell causes. Elder Astromancers teach that this spell is reserved for the most heinous of foes.

Finding Divination

Casting Number: 21
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A chipped lens (+3)
Description: You follow signs in the sky in order to locate some item that has been lost or hidden from you. You can either attempt to find a general item ("a source of clean water," for example, or "My kingdom for a horse!") or some specific thing ("my purse," or "the stolen sword of my companion Karl"). Upon casting the spell, you gain a strong sense of which direction the thing you've specified can be found in, though you get no sense of the distance to it. When searching for a general item, the direction to the closest exemplar of that type of thing is gleaned. In order to look for a specific thing, you must be familiar with it, either from having examined it or having had it described

to you in great detail. Multiple *finding divinations* are generally required to triangulate and zero in on the target of your search. *Finding divination* does not respect the difficulty of traversing barriers like bodies of water, castle walls, and the like.

First Portent of Amul

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A piece of glass (+1)
Description: You can read the signs in the air and divine clues as to what the immediate future holds. On your next turn, you can make one dice re-roll of your choice. This can be any sort of roll (Skill Test, damage roll, Casting Roll, etc).

Fortune's Renewal

Casting Number: 13
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A rabbit's foot (+2)
Description: The movements of the heavens reveal portentous times. The target of this spell regains his full complement of Fortune Points immediately, in advance of the start of the next day. However, that character will not regain Fortune Points again at the start of the next day; he has already regained them. The following day, he will regain Fortune Points normally. This spell cannot be cast on the same target again until he has recovered Fortune Points normally at the start of a day. This is a touch spell.

Lens on the Sky

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A pinch of clean sand (+1)
Description: You create a disc that floats in the air before you and magnifies everything behind it that is far away. This gives you a +20% bonus on all attempts to perceive such things where the only difficulty is distance, or it gives you a +10% bonus where there are other impediments, such as clouds or fog. Astromancers typically use this spell to gain a clear perspective on stars and other features of the heavens, but it can also be used to view faraway land features, structures, and even individuals.

Lightning Bolt

Casting Number: 10
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A tuning fork (+1)
Description: You can throw a bolt of lightning at an opponent within 36 yards (18 squares) of you. This is a *magic missile* with Damage 5.

Lightning Storm

Casting Number: 25
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A weather vane (+3)
Description: You summon a storm of lightning anywhere within 48 yards (24 squares). This is an Aethyric storm summoned from the Realm of Chaos and may appear anywhere, from the deepest sewer to the wildest heath. Use the large template to represent the *lightning storm*. Those affected take a Damage 5 hit.

Omen

Casting Number: 4
Casting Time: 1 minute

Table 6–4: Lore of the Heavens Spells Lists

The Heavens Elemental	The Heavens Mystical	The Heavens Cardinal
Curse	Birdspeak	Clear Sky
Fate of Doom	Clear Sky	Curse
First Portent of Amul	Finding Divination	Fate of Doom
Lightning Bolt	Fortune's Renewal	Fortune's Renewal
Lightning Storm	Lens on the Sky	Lens on the Sky
Omen	Polish, Clean, and Gleam	Lightning Bolt
Second Portent of Amul	Premonition	Lightning Storm
Starshine	Project Spirit	Omen
Wind Blast	Signs in the Stars	Project Spirit
Wings of Heaven	Third Portent of Amul	Signs in the Stars

Ingredient: The liver of a small animal (+1)
Description: You can divine the future in a limited way by reading the stars. When you cast *omen*, you can attempt to discover if the timing is favourable or unfavourable for an action you specify. The GM should secretly roll an Intelligence Test for you. If it's a success, the result of the omen (favourable or unfavourable) is true. If it's a failure, the result of the *omen* is false, but you think it's true (this is why the GM rolls instead of you). In either case, the GM should also secretly roll 2d10; this is the number of hours for which the omen holds true. Beyond that time, results are too difficult to calculate. The GM must determine, to the best of his knowledge, the true answer when adjudicating this spell.

Polish, Clean, and Gleam

Casting Number: 4
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A clean rag (+1)
Description: Any piece of equipment related to perception—telescopes, mirrors, windows, and so on—is cleaned to spotlessness. Young Wizards in the College of Celestial Magic often surreptitiously use this spell to clean and polish the astronomy equipment of their elders (surreptitiously because circumventing chores with magic is grounds for punishment). Many apprentices use *polish, clean, and gleam*, then purposely introduce subtle smudges in order to disguise their magical handiwork, which surpasses what most people can accomplish with rag and brush.

Premonition

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A rabbit's foot (+2)
Description: You gain a bonus fortune point that can be used anytime within 24 hours but only to re-roll one failed Characteristic of Skill Test. Once under the effect of one synchronicity spell, you cannot benefit from this spell until you have used this fortune point or until the spell's effect ends.

Project Spirit

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A pinch of horseradish (+2)
Description: You loosen your spirit so it slips free from your body. While in spirit form, you are invisible, but you can see and hear normally. While you can go anywhere you like, you are still limited by the laws of the mortal world. Thus, you cannot fly, move through walls or doors, and because you are bodiless, you cannot manipulate solid objects. You can will yourself to move through openings that you could ordinarily slip through, such as an open window or slipping in behind a guard when he opens a door for example. You may remain in this state for a number of hours equal to your Magic characteristic, but before the spell ends, you must re-enter your body. If you are somehow prevented from doing so, your consciousness returns to your body, but you must succeed on a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test or gain 1 Insanity Point. You may not cast this spell on others.

Second Portent of Amul

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A piece of stained glass (+2)
Description: As first portent of Amul, but you get two re-rolls and can use them any time in the next hour. You cannot cast this spell again until you use both re-rolls or the time limit expires (whichever comes first).

Signs in the Stars

Casting Number: 24
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A vial of ink made from eagle's blood (+3)
Description: You manipulate the Wind of *Azyr* to write a subtle message in the stars. The message is not detailed and can only serve to communicate complex ideas if you and the one you intend to receive the message have discussed the signs you intend to send in advance ("One if by land, two if by sea," for example). In order to recognize and interpret the *sign in the stars* you inscribe, those searching for it must make a successful Academic Knowledge (Astronomy) Test. In fact, anyone who looks at the sky can make such a test to realize a *sign in the stars* has been inscribed. Without knowledge of what you intend to communicate, however, the meaning cannot easily be divined. That said, there is something of a "language" of *signs in the stars* known to Celestial Wizards and others who study the heavens. By placing *signs in the stars* in or near certain constellations or regions of the sky at certain times, it is possible to communicate danger, opportunity, and similar concepts, and to associate them with certain regions of the world, certain Gods, or certain races. It would be possible to communicate "There is doom for men this day." for example, or "Fate will smile on Sigmar's followers when the sun rises." The Wizard Lords of the Celestial College frown upon those who scribe *signs in the stars* unnecessarily and mete out unpleasant punishments on those they believe used this powerful magic lightly or pointlessly.

Starshine

Casting Number: 22
Casting Time: 1 full action and 1 half action
Ingredient: A star chart (+3)

Description: You call down the light of the stars. The area within 48 yards (24 squares) of you is illuminated by a soft light that reveals all that is hidden. Darkness (both magical and mundane) is banished, the invisible is made visible, hidden or disguised characters are exposed, and secret areas (doors, chambers, etc.) are revealed. *Starshine* lasts for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Third Portent of Amul

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A drop of your own blood (+2)
Description: You read signs and divine clues about what the future holds. If you sustain a critical hit within the next 24 hours, the critical hit result is automatically re-rolled; apply whichever of the two results you prefer. You cannot cast this spell again until you use this re-roll or the spell's duration expires.

Wind Blast

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: An animal bladder (+2)
Description: You call down raging winds from the sky anywhere within 48 yards (24 squares) to blow your opponents over. Use the large template. Those affected are knocked down and must make a Toughness Test or be stunned for 1 round. While in the area of effect, characters cannot fire missile weapons (or be targeted by them) and must make a successful Strength Test in order to move. Melee attacks can be made but at a –20% penalty. *Wind blast* lasts for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Wings of Heaven

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A dove's feather (+2)
Description: You are borne aloft by winds under your command. You can fly for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic with a Flying Movement of 6. For more information on flying, see **Chapter Six: Combat, Damage, and Movement** in *WFRP*. You cannot cast this spell on others.

The Lore of Life

Jade Wizards are master of *Ghyran*, the Green Wind of Magic, and through it, they unlock the secrets of nature. If you have Arcane Lore (Life), you must choose one of the three Spell Lists from **Table 6–5: Lore of Life Spell Lists**. Descriptions for all these spells follow. Many of these require natural earth to function. This

means the area specified must consist of dirt or even mud and can't be covered with wood, stone, flooring, cobbling, etc. Essentially, such spells can't be cast inside buildings unless they have dirt floors.

Cure Blight

Casting Number: 27
Casting Time: 10 minutes
Ingredient: A vial of water from a sacred pool (+3)
Description: You can cleanse an area of up to one square mile of blight. This saves plants, trees, crops, and other growing things and makes the area immune to the same blight for the rest of the season. Alternately, this spell can be cast on 2d10 characters suffering from disease. The duration of any diseases these characters are suffering from is halved (rounded down).

Curse of Thorns

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A thorn (+1)
Description: You cause thorns to grow inside the body of one character with 36 yards (18 squares), wracking him with excruciating pain. On each of the target's next 1d10 turns, he must make a successful Will Power Test or lose 1 Wound (regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour) and suffer a –20% penalty on all tests for one round.

Earth Blood

Casting Number: 9
Casting Time: 1–10 half actions
Ingredient: A dagger (+1)
Description: You absorb energy from the earth beneath your feet to heal yourself. You must be standing on natural earth. If cast successfully, *earth blood* heals Wounds equal to the number of half actions you spent casting the spell (maximum 10). You may not cast this spell on others.

Earth Gate

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: An iron key (+2)
Description: You disappear into the earth and reappear anywhere within 48 yards (24 squares). Both your departure and arrival points must be areas of natural earth, meaning you can't cast this spell while inside a building or on a cobblestone street, for example.

Father of Thorns

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A thorn that has ripped flesh (+2)
Description: You cause thorns and briars to burst from naked earth within 48 yards (24 squares). Use the large template. Anyone affected has their Move reduced by half while they remain in the affected area, and anyone who tries to move suffers a Damage 4 hit. The thorns and briars retreat back into the ground after a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Fat of the Land

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: 1 minute
Ingredient: A handful of animal feed (+1)
Description: Just as animals fatten themselves up before winter, you cause the character you touch to feed on and store the energy of *Ghyran*. The subject of the spell does not need to eat for one week, though drinking is still required. You can cast this spell on yourself. Fat of the land is a touch spell.

Ferment

Casting Number: 4
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A drop of pure water from a natural spring (+1)
Description: You convert an amount of liquid (enough to sustain a dozen people for a day), no matter how foul or brackish, into a mildly fermented beverage of your choice (ale, beer, wine, mead, and so on). Unused liquid reverts back to its normal state in 24 hours. This is a touch spell.

Flesh of Clay

Casting Number: 24
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A small clay sculpture of you (+3)
Description: Your skin hardens until it becomes dense like clay. Your Strength and Toughness are doubled, but your Agility and Movement are halved (rounded down). *Flesh of clay* lasts for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Geyser

Casting Number: 22
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A dowsing rod blessed by a Priest of Taal (+3)
Description: You cause a geyser of water to shoot up from an area of natural earth within 24 yards (12 squares). Use the small template. Those affected take a Damage 4 hit and are knocked 4 yards (2 squares) in the direction of your choice by the erupting water. They must make a Toughness Test or be stunned for 1d10 rounds. They are knocked down regardless. After the initial burst, a pool forms in the area of the template, providing fresh water for the next hour.

Leaf Fall

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: An Oak leaf (+2)
Description: You conjure a swirling vortex of leaves to spin about you for a number of minutes equal to your Magic characteristic. While concealed by the spinning leaves, all Ballistic Skill Tests made against you suffer a –20% penalty, though you yourself are not affected. You may only cast this spell on yourself.

River's Whisper

Casting Number: 15
Casting Time: 1 minute
Ingredient: A flagon of wine (+2)
Description: You commune with the spirit of a river. To cast this spell, you must be at least waist deep in the river in question. Your magic and indeed a part of yourself flow into the water, allowing you to ask questions of the river. You can ask about anything that happened on or in the river over the past 24 hours and up to 1 mile up or downstream. Answers are quite general. You could find out, for instance, that two boats had passed downriver and that one of them was especially large. You could not find out the names of the boats or their passengers. You might find out that Orcs attacked one of the boats, but not what tribe the Orcs came from. *River's whisper* lasts for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Spring Bloom

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: 10 minutes
Ingredient: A handful of natural fertilizer (+2)
Description: You concentrate the power of life magic in one area or being. You can affect either a plot of land the size of a farmer's field or one living being of any race. A field will literally burst with life, and the next harvest is guaranteed to be abundant. If cast on a living being, conception will occur within a month if all other normal conditions (*i.e.* breeding) are met.

Summer Heat

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A vial of sweat from an honest man (+2)
Description: You cause a small area to burn with the heat of summer. Use the large template. Those affected sweat profusely and feel incredibly fatigued, as if they had been working all day under the hot sun. They suffer a –20% penalty on all tests for 1d10 rounds.

Track's Tale Told

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A fallen tree branch (+1)
Description: You listen for subtle signs of earth and branch, giving you a +20% bonus to any tests to track or gain information about those who have recently passed through a wilderness area. The bonus most commonly applies to Follow Trail Tests, though it may aid other tests depending on the situation and your approach. You may continue to follow a given track, gaining the benefits of this spell, until the track crosses a man-made road or enters a cultivated or inhabited area.

Table 6–5: Lore of Life Spells Lists

Life Elemental	Life Mystical	Life Cardinal
Cure Blight	Father of Thorns	Curse of Thorns
Curse of Thorns	Ferment	Earth Blood
Earth Blood	Flesh of Clay	Earth Gate
Earth Gate	Leaf Fall	Ferment
Fat of the Land	Track's Tale Told	Geyser
Geyser	Tree-dweller's Step	Leaf Fall
River's Whisper	Trees' Rustle	Trees' Rustle
Spring Bloom	Vital Growth	The Wilds Undisturbed
Summer Heat	The Wilds Undisturbed	Winter Frost
Winter Frost	Wood Shape	Wood Shape

Tree-dweller's Step

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A bit of sap (+1)
Description: You imbue one character or creature with great ability to climb and traverse natural obstacles, giving him a +20% bonus on any climbing or manoeuvring tests made on natural surfaces. The bonus most commonly applies to Scale Sheer Surface and Agility Tests. You may also cast this spell on yourself. This is a touch spell.

Trees' Rustle

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: 1 hour
Ingredient: A handful of moist earth (+2)
Description: While sitting in the boughs of a tree, you converse with it, gaining knowledge of what it has seen and heard. Trees will not lie, but they are not quick of wit or speech and are unfamiliar with the reasons men do things. Trees may not cooperate with you if your companions are seen chopping firewood, burning campfires, or the like. They may also ask favours before answering questions or parting with dearly held information. If the tree you converse with is part of a copse, wood, or forest, it is likely to have news and information about what the other trees nearby know, for trees are constantly in conversation about the goings-on in their wooded domains. After the hour of casting time, you converse for one additional hour. However, because of the speed with which trees converse, this is only the equivalent of one minute of Human speech.

Vital Growth

Casting Number: 15
Casting Time: 2+ full actions
Ingredient: A living sprout (+2)
Description: You channel the power of *Ghyran* to give great vitality to plant growth. After casting for one full action, you concentrate on a living plant or seed within an arm's reach of you. While you continue to focus, the plant grows at great speed, as though a day had passed for every additional full action you take concentrating. A season's worth of crops can thus grow in about fifteen minutes, and in an hour, a tree will show a year's growth. If you concentrate too long, though, plants may outlive their natural span and die. Plants can only grow in soil that would normally support them; an oak cannot be grown in the desert, nor will wheat grow in bare rock.

The Wilds Undisturbed

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: Full action

Ingredient: Moss undisturbed for a decade (+2)
Description: You move through wild lands as though traversing the most finely maintained roads in the Empire and leave no trace whatsoever of your passage. "Wild lands" includes any wilderness generally uninhabited by Humans, but does not include cultivated land of any type. The spell lasts until you cross a man-made road, cross a track or trail generally used by intelligent creatures, enter a man-made structure, cut living wood to make a fire or shelter, or have travelled 100 miles. You can extend the effects of this spell to a number of other individuals equal to your Magic Characteristic, and you may cast this spell multiple times to affect a larger number of people. This is a touch spell.

Winter Frost

Casting Number: 25
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A vial of melted snow gathered from a mountain's peak (+3)
Description: You coat everything in a target area within 48 yards (24 squares) of you with a thick layer of frost. Use the large template. Anyone affected takes a Damage 4 hit and must make a successful Will Power Test or be helpless for 1 round. The frost remains for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. Movement in this area is at half rate.

Wood Shape

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A strip of bark (+2)
Description: You allow a willing creature to take the shape of a tree. The type of tree depends on the character of the individual such that a melancholy person might transform into a weeping willow, while an evil witch would assume the form of a black oak. The target maintains the form of a tree for a number of hours equal to your Magic characteristic. While in tree form, the creature can see and hear normally. A character in tree form is vulnerable to the normal sorts of things that could kill a tree, such as fire, axes, fungus, and so on. This is a touch spell.

The Lore of Light

When the White Wind, *Hysh*, blows, Light Wizards can bring to bear incredible power against the horrors from the Realm of Chaos. If you have Arcane Lore (Light), you must choose one of the three Spell Lists from **Table 6–6: Lore of Light Spells Lists**. Descriptions for all these spells follow.

Banish

Casting Number: 13
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: An oak wand (+2)
Description: You wrap a daemon within 24 yards (12 squares) of you in the tendrils of *Hysh*, using the pureness of light to banish it back to the Realm of Chaos. If the spell is cast successfully, the banishment is resolved as an Opposed Will Power Test. If you win, the daemon disappears. If you lose, it remains. In the case of a stalemate, the two of you remain locked in mental combat. Neither of you can take any other actions (including dodge) while the struggle continues. Make Opposed Will Power Tests on each of your turns until one of you is victorious. *Banish* can also be used to exorcise the possessed.

Blinding Light

Casting Number: 24
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A polished mithril disc (+3)
Description: You create an explosion of shimmering light within 48 yards (24 squares) that blinds those in the area. Use the large template. Those affected must make an Agility Test. On a failed test, victims are blinded, which reduces their Agility, Movement, Weapon Skill by half (rounded down) and their Ballistic Skill to 0. Furthermore, they automatically fail all Perception Tests involving sight. Those that pass the test suffer the effects of *dazzling brightness* instead. In either case, the spell's effects last for 1d10 rounds.

Boon of Hysh

Casting Number: 27
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A lock of hair from the target, cut while he was well (+3)
Description: You wrap a single character in the healing power of *Hysh* and all damage and maladies affecting him are healed. This includes all Wounds sustained, diseases currently being suffered, poisons currently in the system, and the like. You can also cast this spell on yourself. This is a touch spell.

Clarity

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A clear glass bead (+1)
Description: You touch a character and reduce one penalty he is suffering to Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship by up to 10%. (A penalty of –20% becomes –10%, a penalty of –10% or less is reduced to zero, etc.) The reduction in penalty remains in effect for a number of hours equal to your Magic Characteristic, but casting this spell multiple times does not stack its effects on the same Characteristic for the same character. You may, however, use separate castings to reduce penalties on each of Intelligence, Will Power, and Fellowship. You can also cast this spell on yourself. This is a touch spell.

Cleansing Glow

Casting Number: 5
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A bit of soap (+1)
Description: A dim glow passes over the surface of any item or character, and it is cleaned to spotlessness. Dust is removed, tarnish polished away, rank smells eliminated, and beard stubble trimmed. Spoiled food or drink can be made pure—tasty, even, if it originally was—by means of this magic. This is a touch spell.

Daemonbane

Casting Number: 26
Casting Time: 1 full action and 1 half action
Ingredient: A wand made from an oak that's been struck by lightning (+3)
Description: You rend the very Aethyr and cast a group of daemons within 48 yards (24 squares) back to whence they came. Use the large template. Affected daemons must make a successful Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.

Table 6–6: Lore of Light Spells Lists

Light Elemental	Light Mystical	Light Cardinal
Banish	Boon of *Hysh*	Boon of *Hysh*
Blinding Light	Clarity	Clarity
Daemonbane	Cleansing Glow	Dazzling Brightness
Dazzling Brightness	Ill-bane	Eyes of Truth
Eyes of Truth	Illuminate the Edifice	Inspiration
Healing of *Hysh*	Light of Purity	Light of Purity
Inspiration	Light's Demand	Pillar of Radiance
Pillar of Radiance	Power of Truth	Power of Truth
Radiant Gaze	Radiant Sentinel	Radiant Weapon
Shimmering Cloak	Radiant Weapon	Shimmering Cloak

Dazzling Brightness

Casting Number: 5
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A small mirror (+1)
Description: You create a burst of light within 36 yards (18 squares) that dazzles those in the area. Use the small template. Those affected suffer a –10% penalty to their Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, and Agility, and to all Perception Tests involving sight, for 1d10 rounds.

Eyes of Truth

Casting Number: 20
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A glass sphere (+2)
Description: Your eyes shine with the light of truth. For a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic, you can see through illusions, magical and mundane darkness, invisibility, and disguises within 48 yards (24 squares) of you. All concealed characters are also revealed to you.

Healing of Hysh

Casting Number: 10
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A clear glass bead (+2)
Description: Your touch heals an injured character a number of Wounds equal to your Magic Characteristic. You can also heal yourself. This is a touch spell.

Ill-bane

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A poultice (+2)
Description: You use the power of *Hysh* to aid one or more characters suffering from disease or poison. The spell affects up to a number of characters equal to your Magic Characteristic and all of them must be within 8 yards (4 squares) of you. If this spell is cast successfully, any diseases affecting the targets have their durations halved (rounded down). Alternately, the spell can remove one poison from each target, nullifying all its effects. You must decide if *ill-bane* will treat disease or poison when you cast the spell.

Illuminate the Edifice

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: An unburned wax candle (+2)
Description: You cause the interior spaces of any single building to shine with daylight. With Magic 1 you can affect a hovel-sized building, with Magic 2 a moderate-sized multi-roomed house or building, with Magic 3 a large manor house, and with Magic 4 any single contiguous building of any size whatsoever. The light shines in rooms, attics, closets, and any other spaces bounded by a man-made roof and walls on all sides. In addition to illuminating the interior of the building, light shines out through open doors, windows, and even the cracks between boards and shingles. This is a touch spell; you must touch a solid structural element (wall, beam, or the like) of the building to be affected.

Inspiration

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: 1 minute
Ingredient: A page from a book (+2)
Description: You open your mind to *Hysh* and let the light of wisdom illuminate a vexing intellectual problem. Upon

the spell's completion, you can make a single Knowledge Skill Test with a +30% bonus.

Light of Purity

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A wax candle blessed by a priest of Shallya (+2)
Description: In casting this spell, you light a fire of any size from candle to campfire. All those within the area illuminated by that flame (its Maximum Vision; see *WFRP*, page 117) automatically pass any Toughness Tests necessary to resist any disease for as long as the flame burns. The fire may be increased in size (by adding more fuel to a fire, for example) and even split into multiple fires (such as by lighting a second candle with a first). In the latter case, "child" fires have the same full effects as their "parents," and the effect lasts for all those illuminated by any of the fires until such time as they go out.

Light's Demand

Casting Number: 21
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A flawless mirror (+3)
Description: You cause a brilliant shaft of light to explode forth from your hand. When using the mirror ingredient, the light emanates from the mirror, shattering when the spell ends. Use the cone template. All creatures from the Realm of Chaos (*e.g.* daemons) caught in the area of this spell must make a Will Power Test with a –10% penalty per point of your Magic characteristic. Those who fail cannot take move actions for as long as you maintain the shaft. You can project the cone of light for a number of rounds equal to your Magic characteristic. You may extend the duration of this spell for an additional round per Wound you sacrifice.

Pillar of Radiance

Casting Number: 28
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A diamond worth at least 100 gc (+3)
Description: You focus and concentrate the energy of *Hysh* into a deadly column of burning light anywhere within 48 yards (24 squares). Use the large template. Those affected take a Damage 4 hit and must make a successful Agility Test or suffer the effects of *dazzling brightness*. As this is such a potent conjuration, all Wizards within a 5-mile radius are aware of the disturbance in the Aethyr that this spell causes. Using this spell for anything other than daemonic combat is deeply frowned upon by the Elder Hierophants of the Light Order.

The Power of Truth

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: 1 full action and 1 half action
Ingredient: A blank sheet of vellum (+2)
Description: A character you touch becomes more convincing to others but only if he speaks honestly. If he abides by that restriction, the character gains a +30% bonus on Charm Tests and can affect double the normal number of people (such doubling should be done after the effects of the Public Speaking or Master Orator Talents are factored in). The influence of this spell is not obvious (the target doesn't have a glowing aura or the accompaniment of unearthly music), so there is no easy way to gauge the honesty of the recipient. You can also cast *the power of truth* on yourself. This is a touch spell.

Radiant Sentinel

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A buckler (+2)
Description: You create a ball of glowing light the size of a Human head that floats around your body, moving slowly or quickly as the situation demands. The ball deflects blows aimed against you, protecting you from harm. Once per round the radiant sentinel can parry a melee attack made against you, using your Will Power in place of Weapon Skill. This does not count towards your limit of one parry per round. The ball dissipates after a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Radiant Gaze

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A lens (+1)
Description: Your gaze focuses radiant power on one target within 16 yards (8 squares). This is a *magic missile* with Damage 6. Sometimes, looks really can kill.

Radiant Weapon

Casting Number: 9
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A silver charm (+1)
Description: You temporarily enchant a melee weapon you touch with the radiant power of *Hysh*. For a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic, the weapon counts as magical and gains a +2 Damage bonus against daemons. The wielder of a radiant weapon automatically fails any Concealment Tests he attempts to make. This is a touch spell.

Shimmering Cloak

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A candle (+1)
Description: You surround yourself with a field of light that protects you from ranged attacks. All non-magical missile

attacks have their Damage rating reduced to 0 (in other words, damage is simply 1d10). *Shimmering cloak* lasts a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic. You automatically fail any Concealment Tests you attempt while *shimmering cloak* is in effect.

The Lore of Metal

Students of the sciences, Magisters of *Chamon*, the Yellow Wind of Magic, are expert transmuters, altering the fundamental properties of substances to create something new. If you have Arcane Lore (Metal), you must choose one of the three Spell Lists from **Table 6–7: Lore of Metal Spell Lists**. Descriptions for all these spells follow.

Armour of Lead

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A miniature helmet sculpted of lead (+2)
Description: You cause the armour of a group of enemies within 48 yards (24 squares) to have the weight of lead. Use the large template. Those affected suffer a –10% penalty to their Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, and Agility and a –1 penalty to their Movement Characteristic. *Armour of lead* lasts for 1 minute (6 rounds).

Breach the Unknown

Casting Number: 22
Casting Time: 1 minute
Ingredient: A dram of ruby sulphur extract (+3)
Description: This spell allows you to unlock all secrets of the object, learning the material composition as well as any mundane special properties it might contain. For instance, a Gold Wizard using *breach the unknown* could learn the medicinal character of the toadstone (see *Old World Armoury* page 74).

In addition to the normal effects of this spell, you may make a special Challenging (–10%) Channelling Test to discern a magic item's special properties. You gain a +10% bonus per point of your Magic characteristic. For each degree of success, you learn one of the magic item's features. In the case of cursed, tainted, or otherwise spoilt items, you uncover the dangerous properties last.

Curse of Rust

Casting Number: 9
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A rusty nail (+1)
Description: You rust and corrode one metal object within 12 yards (6 squares) of you, making it pitted and useless. You can affect an object with an Encumbrance of 75 or less.

Enchant Item

Casting Number: 21
Casting Time: 1 minute
Ingredient: A griffon's feather (+3)
Description: You can temporarily enchant an item to give a +5% bonus to any one of the bearer/wielder's Characteristics. Function must follow form. You could enchant a sword to give a Weapon Skill bonus, for example, or a circlet for a Fellowship bonus. The enchantment lasts for one hour and an item can only bear one at a time. The item counts as magical. This is a touch spell.

Fault of Form

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action

Table 6–7: Lore of Metal Spell Lists

Metal Elemental	Metal Mystical	Metal Cardinal
Armour of Lead	Breach the Unknown	Breach the Unknown
Curse of Rust	Fault of Form	Enchant Item
Enchant Item	Fool's Gold	Fault of Form
Guard of Steel	Inscription	Guard of Steel
Law of Gold	Law of Form	Law of Gold
Law of Logic	Law of Age	Law of Age
Silver Arrows of Arha	Rigidity of Body and Mind	Secret Rune
Transformation of Metal	Secret Rune	Silver Arrows of Arha
Transmutation of the Unstable Mind	Stoke the Forge	Tale of Metal
Trial and Error	Tale of Metal	Trial and Error

Ingredient: A small metal file (+1)
Description: You subtly alter the composition and characteristics of any single weapon within 24 yards (12 squares) of you. That weapon temporarily loses the effects of any beneficial Weapon Quality for 1d10 rounds, and its wielder suffers a –10% Weapon Skill penalty when using it. Baneful Weapon Qualities are made worse by *fault of form*: Experimental weapons jam on rolls of 88–96 and explode on 97–00, Slow weapons impart a +20% bonus to enemy parries and dodges, Tiring weapons never give an Impact bonus, and Unreliable weapons jam on 92–97 and explode on 98–00.

Fool's Gold

Casting Number: 17
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A petrified flower (+2)
Description: You temporarily alter the quality of an inanimate object to make it appear more valuable than it is. Pennies become Gold Crowns, a rusted sword becomes a Best Craftsmanship broadsword, and a set of wooden teeth shine with a silver sheen. The object increases is value by 10 times. *Fool's gold* last for a number of hours equal to your Magic characteristic. You must touch the object to affect it.

Guard of Steel

Casting Number: 5
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A steel ball (+1)
Description: You summon shimmering orbs of steel that rotate around your body and protect you from incoming attacks for 1 minute (6 rounds) and then disappear. All attacks against you suffer a –10% penalty to Weapon Skill or Ballistic Skill as appropriate.

Inscription

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A chisel (+1)
Description: By passing your hand over any metallic surface, you cause an inscription to appear indelibly in the object. The inscription may be of any length that will reasonably fit on the object in question, though every dozen words past the first twelve increase the casting time by an additional full action. The inscription appears in your own handwriting, so others who are familiar with your hand may be able to identify you as the originator of the inscription.

Law of Age

Casting Number: 15
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A fossilized bone (+2)
Description: You cause a solid, inanimate object to become brittle, making it shatter easily. Its weight and feel is unchanged. Typically, this results in a reduced difficulty (usually by 1d10/2 steps) to break an object, such as kicking through a door or window, bursting bindings, breaking bars and so on. *Law of age* lasts for a number minutes equal to 1 plus your Magic characteristic.

Law of Form

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: An iron rod (+1)
Description: You transmute a solid, inanimate object, making it harden like steel. It gains the weight and feel of solid metal, though its appearance remains unchanged. Typically, this results in an increased Encumbrance for the object, increases the difficulty for Strength Tests to burst through doors or other barriers (including glass windows), strengthens rope bindings, prevents torches from igniting it, and so on. You must touch the object to affect it. *Law of form* lasts for a number minutes equal to your Magic characteristic.

Law of Gold

Casting Number: 26
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A small but ornate golden sheath worth at least 75 *gc* (+3).
Description: You enshroud a magic item within 24 yards (12 squares) of you in strands of *Chamon*, suppressing its abilities. The item loses all its magical functions for 1d10 rounds.

Law of Logic

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: 1d10 full actions
Ingredient: A blank piece of paper (+1)
Description: You use the magic of logic to aid one Skill or Characteristic Test. You must cast this spell before the test is taken, and the spell can aid either you or an ally within 12 yards (6 squares). The random casting time (1d10 full actions) represents both the consideration of the problem and the casting of the spell. If cast successfully, *law of logic* provides a +20% bonus on the relevant Skill or Characteristic Test. The bonus must be used within 5 minutes of the spell's completion.

Rigidity of Body and Mind

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A small steel disc (+2)
Description: Your body and mind take on properties of metal

that make them strong, resistant, and immutable. You gain the equivalent of one Armour Point in all locations (cumulative with other armour to a maximum of 5 APs) and a +10% bonus to your Will Power. You further find that you are resistant to changing your mind during the spell's duration; this effect is not enforced with statistics but must be roleplayed to the GM's satisfaction. These effects last for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Secret Rune

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A vial of ink infused with flakes of gold (+3)
Description: This spell can be cast in two ways: to record a secret message or to view a secret message so recorded. The former is cast in the same way as inscription, but rather than being visible for all to see, the message is invisible to all, even upon close examination of the item. In order to see a message inscribed by *secret rune*, the spell is cast in the second way, rendering the message visible. Gold Wizards frequently use this spell to communicate with one another. They commonly cast *secret rune* on an item again once its message is read, to keep the contents safe from prying eyes.

Silver Arrows of Arha

Casting Number: 13
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A silver arrowhead (+2)
Description: You create a number of magical silver arrows equal to your Magic Characteristic and can hurl them at one or more opponents within 48 yards (24 squares). *Silver arrows of Arha* are *magic missiles* with Damage 3. They disappear after inflicting damage.

Stoke the Forge

Casting Number: 4
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A breath of hot air (+1)
Description: You cause an already-burning fire in any forge, fireplace, or other man-made housing where heat and flame are bent to Human purpose to burn as hotly as is naturally possible and without consuming additional fuel for 1d10×10 minutes.

Tale of Metal

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: 2 full actions
Ingredient: A lens (+1)

Description: You touch a metal object and look into its past, seeing the circumstances of its forging and creation as if you were there. Later, you can try to recall a specific fact about what you saw with a successful Intelligence Test.

Transformation of Metal

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: 1 minute
Ingredient: A charm in the shape of a hammer and anvil (+2)
Description: You can transform one metal object into a different one. This does not change the type of metal, only its shape. You could, for example, transform a metal buckler into a flagon. This spell does not work on magical items. The craftsmanship of the new item, if important, is determined by a Channelling Test. Making an item of Best Craftsmanship is a Very Hard (–30%) Test, while making an item of Good Craftsmanship is a Hard (–20%) Test. An Average Test yields an item of Common Craftsmanship, while a failed Channelling Test of any Difficulty means it's an item of Poor Craftsmanship. This is a touch spell.

Transmutation of the Unstable Mind

Casting Number: 23
Casting Time: 10 minutes
Ingredient: A page from a book written by a madman (+3)
Description: You seek to transmute a sick mind into a healthy one, which is quite a dangerous task. When you cast this spell, you must make a Channelling Test. If you are successful, the target loses 1d10 Insanity Points. If you fail the test, the target gains 1d10 Insanity Points instead. This is a touch spell. You cannot cast *transmutation of the unstable mind* on yourself. This spell does not work on animals.

Trial and Error

Casting Number: 16
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: An empty glass vial (+2)
Description: You use magic to guide the efforts of all allies within 12 yards (6 squares) of you. Until the beginning of your next turn, each affected character is allowed to re-roll exactly one test or damage roll. The second roll is final.

The Lore of Shadow

Grey Wizards call upon the Grey Wind of Magic to weave compelling illusions and misdirect their foes. If you have Arcane Lore (Shadow), you must choose one of the three Spell Lists from **Table 6–8: Lore of Shadow Spells Lists**. Descriptions for all these spells follow.

Bewilder

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A splash of ale (+1)
Description: You can cast this spell on any one character or creature within 24 yards (12 squares). The victim must make a successful Will Power Test or become bewildered for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic. The bewildered character must roll percentile dice and consult the following chart to determine what he'll do until the spell wears off:

Bewilder

Roll	Action
01–20	*Befuddled:* You can only take a half action each round.
21–40	*Wander:* You run in a random direction, as determined by the GM.
41–60	*Attack!:* Attack the nearest character with an all out attack, be it friend or foe. If the nearest character is out of reach, you must move towards him as fast as possible and engage him in melee combat (making a charge attack if possible).
61–80	*Do nothing:* The bewildered character cannot take any actions or dodge.
81–00	*Curl into a ball:* The bewildered character is considered helpless.

Burning Shadows

Casting Number: 14
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A dose of Black Lotus poison harvested in shadow (+2)
Description: You cause the shadows around you to burn like acid, inflicting a Damage 3 hit on any enemies within 18 yards (9 squares) of you upon whom a shadow from any light source as or more powerful than a torch falls at the moment you cast this spell. Lack of light alone does not constitute shadow for the purposes of this spell; targets must be in a distinct shadow cast by some object interrupting light shining from some source. Simply being indoors does not count; the building's structure is not "casting a shadow" inside. As always, the GM is the final arbiter.

Cloak Activity

Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A sketch of your illusory action (+2)

Table 6–8: Lore of Shadow Spells Lists

Shadow Elemental	Shadow Mystical	Shadow Cardinal
Bewilder	Burning Shadows	Cloak Activity
Cloak Activity	Eye of the Beholder	Doppelganger
Doppelganger	Mindhole	Eye of the Beholder
Dread Aspect	Mockery of Death	Illusion
Illusion	Mutable Visage	Mindhole
Pall of Darkness	Shadow of Death	Mockery of Death
Shadowcloak	Shadowsteed	Shadow Knives
Shadow Knives	Substance of Shadow	Shadowsteed
Shroud of Invisibility	Take No Heed	Shroud of Invisibility
Universal Confusion	Throttling	Throttling

Description: This spell allows you to perform any act while appearing to do something completely different. You appear to be exactly where you are, but engaged in a different activity. For example, you can appear to all eyes to be reading a book when you are actually punching someone in the face. If your action affects someone else (an attack, spell, picking a pocket, etc.), the victim is allowed an Intelligence Test to see through the illusion. *Cloak activity* lasts for 1d10 rounds. If cast successfully, *cloak activity* also disguises the act of casting the spell.

Doppelganger

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: 1 full action and 1 half action
Ingredient: A lock of hair from a member of the race you are impersonating (+1)
Description: You can take on the appearance (including clothing, armour, and so on) of any other living, humanoid creature under ten feet in height (Human, Elf, Orc, etc.) for a number of minutes equal to ten times your Magic Characteristic. The spell does not disguise your voice, only your appearance. You may look like an Orc, for instance, but if you can't speak the Goblin Tongue, it's best to keep your mouth shut around Greenskins. Should you somehow act in a suspicious manner, viewers are allowed an Intelligence Test to see through the illusion. If you want to look like a specific individual, you must make a successful Channelling Test to perfect the disguise. Otherwise, you look like an undistinguished member of the same race.

Dread Aspect

Casting Number: 21
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A shred of cloth from the robes of a Wight (+3)
Description: You make yourself look like a nightmare creature of purest dread. You cause Terror for 1 minute (6 rounds).

Eye of the Beholder

Casting Number: 6
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A monstrous eyeball (+1) or any item of Best Quality (+1), depending on which casting option is chosen
Description: You make any moderately sized item (Encumbrance 75 or less) appear to be either worthless or valuable, whichever you choose. Worthless items appear rusted, rotten, broken, or the like, depending on their nature, while valuable items appear to be finely made, ornate, and crafted with great ingenuity. The apparent flaws or virtues of the item do not affect its actual behaviour: A normal sword enchanted to appear worthless still cuts just fine, and a crooked arrow enchanted to appear masterfully crafted doesn't fly any more true. Tests to appraise the item whose nature is concealed by this spell suffer a –20% penalty. This effect lasts for a number of hours equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Illusion

Casting Number: 24
Casting Time: 1 full action and 1 half action
Ingredient: A crystal prism (+3)
Description: You create an *illusion* anywhere within 48 yards (24 squares) that is a nearly perfect simulation of reality, complete with sight, sound, and smell. Use the large template. You can make this area look like anything. *Illusion* lasts for a number of rounds equal to your Magic

Characteristic, but you can keep it going with a successful Will Power Test each subsequent round. You must spend a half action each round maintaining the *illusion*. Furthermore, you cannot cast any other spells or the *illusion* disappears immediately. Viewers may be allowed an Intelligence Test to see through the *illusion* if they have cause to suspect it's a trick. The precise effects of the *illusion* are up to the GM to determine and should follow the guidelines of common sense.

Mindhole

Casting Number: 8
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: Fingernail clippings of the person to be forgotten (+1)
Description: You cause one character within 48 yards (24 squares) of you to wholly forget you exist. If the target fails an Opposed Will Power Test with you, all knowledge and memory of your existence is wiped from his mind. He can still notice you as normal and remember anything so perceived going forward.

Mockery of Death

Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A corpse shroud buried at least a year (+2)
Description: You cause someone to appear and behave as if dead to all sight and inspection. That person continues to sense his environment through hearing, smell, and—if his eyes are open—sight, but he cannot move his body in any way whatsoever until the spell ends. However, he continues to require air and other essentials of life. This state persists until you will it to end or until a number of days pass equal to your Magic Characteristic. An unwilling target can resist the spell with a successful Will Power Test. You can also cast this spell on yourself. This is a touch spell.

Mutable Visage

Casting Number: 7
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A pinch of Good Craftsmanship cosmetics (+1)
Description: You make your target subtly more or less attractive, but in a way that has a noticeable effect on the way people regard him in social situations. The effect is to provide either a +10% bonus or –10% penalty (your choice) to Fellowship for a number of hours equal to your Magic Characteristic. An unwilling target may make an Opposed Will Power Test with you to avoid the spell's effects. You can also cast this spell on yourself. This is a Touch spell.

Pall of Darkness

Casting Number: 15
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: The eyes of a newt (+2)
Description: You create a swirling area of impenetrable darkness anywhere within 48 yards (24 squares) of you that lasts for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic. Use the large template. Those affected cannot see, even with Night Vision. The confounding effect of *pall of darkness* means that those affected can only take a half action each round unless they make a successful Will Power Test at the start of their turn.

Shadowcloak

Casting Number: 5
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A piece of charcoal (+1)
Description: You wrap yourself in shadow, so you are difficult to detect. *Shadowcloak* gives you a +20% bonus on Concealment Skill Tests for a number of minutes equal to your Magic Characteristic.

Shadow Knives

Casting Number: 22
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A knife of cold-forged iron (+3)
Description: You conjure up a number of *shadow knives* equal to your Magic Characteristic and can hurl them at one or more opponents within 48 yards (24 squares). *Shadow knives* are *magic missiles* with Damage 3. Furthermore, their shadow nature means that all non-magic armour is ignored when reducing damage.

Shadow of Death

Casting Number: 15
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A shred of cloth from the robes of a Wight (+2)
Description: You use the power of illusion to make yourself look fearsome and deadly. You cause Fear for 1 minute (6 rounds)

Shadowsteed

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A chip of hoof from a well-travelled horse (+2)
Description: You call forth a dark and shadowy horse who will bear you and a minimum of gear (no more than you yourself can carry without penalty) noiselessly and at great speed until you stop riding or until the next day's first light dawns. The horse has the statistics of a normal riding horse (see *WFRP*, page 233) but also has the Concealment skill (which it uses at a +30% bonus) and the Navigation skill. Further, the *shadowsteed* travels at top speed without fatigue, bearing you half again faster than a normal riding horse would be able. When the spell's duration expires, the horse vanishes around a corner, into a shadow, or in a similar manner. You can also designate another individual that the steed will bear instead of you.

Shroud of Invisibility

Casting Number: 17
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A gossamer shroud (+2)
Description: You shroud yourself with magic and disappear from sight for 1d10 rounds. While you are invisible, you can't be targeted with ranged attacks, including *magic missiles*. Any melee attacks you make receive a +20% Weapon Skill bonus. Anyone within 4 yards (2 squares) of you can make a Hard (–20%) Perception Skill Test to detect you using non-visual senses. If a successful test is made, you can be attacked, but attackers suffer a –30% penalty to Weapon Skill or Ballistic Skill as appropriate. You cannot cast this spell on others.

Substance of Shadow

Casting Number: 22
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A perfectly round piece of finest velvet cloth (+3)
Description: Select a single character or an object with an Encumbrance no greater than 200 that lies entirely within a shadow. The subject of *substance of shadow* becomes invisible and silent. The subject also becomes partially insubstantial. This means others cannot affect the target physically—they cannot attack a character affected by this spell, cannot shove or pick up (or even stumble over) an object affected by this spell, and so on. The target, however, can physically affect anything he or it normally could. An affected character could move around and launch attacks, an affected piece of rope could suspend some object, an affected Wizard could cast spells, and so forth. The effects of this spell continue indefinitely as long as the target remains entirely in shadow, but the effects end as soon as the shadow concealing the target is interrupted, even for an instant. Lack of light alone does not constitute shadow for the purposes of this spell; targets must be in a distinct shadow cast by some object interrupting light shining from some source. Simply being indoors does not count; the building's structure is not "casting a shadow" inside. As always, the GM is the final arbiter. You may cast this spell on yourself. This is a touch spell.

Take No Heed

Casting Number: 9
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: A pinch of nothing in particular (+1)
Description: You become very easy to ignore. Although people can see you perfectly fine, they tend not to notice you, and don't recall anything about you after you've gone. People must make an Opposed Will Power Test with you in order to approach or talk to you unless you speak first, even if they've noticed you earlier. (They need not re-roll in the middle of a conversation, but if, for example, a shopkeeper succeeded in a roll to notice you when you came into his shop but was busy with other things at that moment, he'd need to make another roll to come over and talk to you later in your visit.) Even those who notice and approach or speak to you must make another (unopposed) Will Power Test to remember any specific details about you after you've gone. The nature of this spell is such that its effects do not disturb or alarm those trying to notice or remember you; they chalk the situation up to distractions, faulty memory, or the like.

Throttling

Casting Number: 13
Casting Time: Full action
Ingredient: A garrotte that has been used to strangle a man (+2)
Description: You send ropes of inky darkness to throttle any one target within 12 yards (6 squares), cutting off his ability to breathe entirely and forcing him to make a Toughness Test to resist the effects the spell. You can maintain this spell with a half action on each subsequent round, but you may cast no further spells while doing so. If you maintain the spell, the Toughness Test is modified a cumulative –10% penalty each round until it is failed, at which point the target begins to take damage. The first round of failure causes a Damage 1 hit that ignores Armour, and each subsequent round the Damage of the hit increases by 1. No additional Toughness Tests are allowed to resist damage after the first has been failed; the damage simply continues to compound until you stop, or are forced to stop, concentrating on the spell. The rules for concentration (see *WFRP*, Spellcasting Limits, page 144) apply.

Universal Confusion

Casting Number: 27
Casting Time: Half action
Ingredient: The eyes of a Chimera (+3)
Description: This is a more potent version of *bewilder* that can affect many targets. Use the large template. Anyone affected must make a successful Will Power Test or suffer the effects of the *bewilder* spell.

— Rituals —

Rituals compose the most powerful magic known in the *Warhammer* world, far outstripping the ordinary spells cast by Wizards and known to the practitioners of Arcane Lore. They are used most effectively as the focal points of entire adventures, or even entire campaigns. A selection of new ritual spells is described below.

The Body Gilded

Type: Arcane
Arcane Language: Magick
Magic: 2, 3, 4 (see Description)
XP: 200
Ingredients: Fire lit in a volcano; jeweller's tools blessed by a High Priest of Verena; and 200, 300, or 400 *gc* worth of pure gold (see Description).
Conditions: You must have the Arcane Lore (Metal) talent in order to perform this ritual. Thus, only Gold Wizards can learn and cast it.
Consequences: If you fail your Casting Roll, you gain an Insanity Point and the body part you were attempting to gild becomes horribly (and permanently) burned and disfigured. See the Description for specific additional consequences by body part.
Casting Number: 18, 20, or 22 (see Description)
Casting Time: 12 hours
Description: You permanently substitute one of your body parts with a replacement of gold. There are three versions of this ritual you can cast, depending on the body part you wish to gild. The easiest version (requiring Magic Characteristic 2, Casting Number 18, and 200 *gc* worth of gold) can gild only a single finger or toe. The effects of this are purely cosmetic, though are a considerable sign of status among Alchemists. A more difficult version (Magic 3, Casting Number 20, 300 *gc* of gold) can gild your entire hand or foot, one of your ears, or your nose. The most difficult version (Magic 4, Casting Number 22, 400 *gc* of gold) can turn an entire arm or leg, your head, your heart, or your lungs to gold.

Gilded body parts function as they did prior to the ritual. Gilded extremities move with dexterity and retain their sense of touch, gilded ears can hear, a gilded heart continues to beat, and so forth. Gilded body parts are not clumsy or armour-like whatsoever; to the contrary, they are frequently elegant and beautiful to behold…and valuable. In fact, many alchemists have fallen prey to mobs of starving peasants, finding their gilded parts torn free from their bodies. Harvested gilded body parts are typically worth 10% of the *gc* price to complete the ritual.

Specific effects of having various gilded body parts are as follows. The various test bonuses listed are

fully cumulative with the effects of talents like Keen Senses, Excellent Vision, Acute Hearing, and the like. Consequences of failure when attempting to gild the various body parts are listed in parenthesis. Failure does not prevent future attempts to gild the body part; if ever the gilding is successful, the penalty for failure is eliminated.

- *Finger:* Cosmetic only. (Cosmetic only.)
- *Toe:* Cosmetic only. (Cosmetic only.)
- *Hand:* You get a +5% bonus per gilded hand to tests requiring manual dexterity. (You suffer a –5% penalty per hand to such tests.)
- *Foot:* You get a +5% bonus per gilded foot when resisting fatigue caused by travelling on foot. (You suffer a –5% penalty per foot to such tests.)
- *Ear:* You get a +5% bonus per gilded ear to all tests to hear things. (You suffer a –5% penalty per ear to such tests.)
- *Nose:* You get a +10% bonus to all tests to smell things. (You suffer a –10% penalty to such Tests.)
- *Arm:* You get a +5% bonus to your Strength Characteristic per gilded arm and are considered to have 2 Armour Points in that arm. (You suffer a –5% penalty to your Strength per gilded arm.)
- *Leg:* Your Move Characteristic increases by 1 per gilded leg, and you are considered to have 2 Armour Points in that leg. (Your Move decreases by 1 per gilded leg.)
- *Head:* You gain all the benefits of having a gilded nose and ears, you receive a +5% bonus to all Will Power Tests, and you are considered to have 2 Armour Points in your head. (You die.)
- *Heart:* You no longer suffer emotional pain. (You die.)
- *Lungs:* It is no longer necessary for you to breathe air. You can carry on normally under water, suffer no damage from inhaled gasses or poisons, and cannot contract diseases spread through the air. (Simply breathing causes you great pain. You suffer a constant –10% penalty to all tests of any kind.)

In addition to these abilities, all gilded body parts can withstand any pain, heat, or the like when applied directly to the gilded body part. You can pick up red-hot iron with a gilded hand, for example, but having such a hand will not do you a great deal of good if your entire body is immolated. Finally, the reaction of normal folk in the Old World to those with gilded body parts is difficult to overstate and cannot be represented by bonuses or penalties to die rolls. Gilded body parts mark a character as beyond the comprehension of mundane folk, and every Human interaction will reflect this.

The Dance Without End

Type: Arcane
Arcane Language: Magick
Magic: 4
XP: 400
Ingredients: A Best Craftsmanship lute strung with hair from the mane of a unicorn, five gallons of the blood of agile dancers, and one pair of dancing shoes made by the finest cobbler in the realm where he cobbles.
Conditions: You must have the Performer (Dancer) skill in order to cast this ritual.
Consequences: If you fail your Casting Roll, you dance yourself to death as described, though your dancing does not spread to others.
Casting Number: 24
Casting Time: 4 hours
Description: You cause one individual, who must be held immobile before you throughout the ritual, to dance without ceasing until he dies. Any who see him dancing must make Challenging (–10%) Will Power Tests or take up the dance themselves. Those who dance must make a Toughness Test each hour. The first hour's Test is Very Easy (+30%), though it becomes one difficulty step harder with each hour that passes. Success allows a victim to dance for another hour. Failure results in death from exhaustion or accident: Those afflicted by this spell usually die horribly,

becoming so tired some misstep causes them to sprain or break a foot, knee, or leg, upon which they are compelled to continue dancing, no matter the pain or impediment. Those affected are entirely cognizant of what is happening to them and may attempt to do other things compatible with dancing—speaking, fighting, and the like—as the GM allows, though typically at a penalty of no less than –10% due to constant motion and fatigue. It is said that the spell *cure insanity*, cast by a Priest of Shallya, is the only way to stop a victim's dancing once it has begun, but there may be other ways that are unknown as yet to the Estates of Magic.

The Impossible March of the Damned Soldier

Type: Arcane
Arcane Language: Magick
Magic: 2
XP: 200
Ingredients: The boots of 100 soldiers, one coin of the wages of each soldier who will travel, an eagle's wing, and an order for deployment written on flawless parchment in ink made from the troop commander's own blood.
Conditions: Additional Wizards must chant throughout the night in order to increase the number of soldiers that can be transported (see **Description**).
Consequences: If you fail your Casting Roll, the entire troop arrives at some destination, anywhere in the world, chosen completely at random (or with diabolical intent) by the GM. Even if you succeed, each of the additional chanting Wizards must also make a Casting Roll, though each of them must only achieve Casting Number 12. Each assistant who fails that test causes himself and some quantity of troops to drop out of the march in the middle of the night at some utterly random location. The total number of troops that drop out due to assistant failure is equal to the number that may no longer be transported when the failing assistants' Magic Characteristics are no longer being contributed (see Description). If more than one assistant fails, each failing assistant arrives at a different random location, and the total quantity of soldiers who fall out of the march—as well as their specific identities, if that's important—are randomly allocated among those who fail.
Casting Number: 22 (12 for the additional Wizards)
Casting Time: All the hours of darkness in one night.
Description: You impossibly quicken the travel of a body of soldiers. In one night's hard travel, you, they, and all your casting assistants traverse any distance whatsoever in order to arrive at dawn at any destination. The march's objective may be any natural place in the Old World to which the body could eventually travel, unbarred, on foot. For example, the troop could not cross an ocean, but if they could eventually circumvent it, the destination would be legal. The army couldn't enter a castle or city under siege, because no amount of circumnavigation would give them access. In the case of questions about whether a destination is accessible, the GM rules.

The number of soldiers that may be transported is equal to your Magic Characteristic times the Magic Characteristics of all other Wizards who chant through the night with you. If you have Magic 4 and two additional Magisters of Magic 2 each take up the chant, 4 × 2 × 2 = 16 soldiers could be quickened. With the addition of another Wizard of Magic 4, 64 soldiers could travel, and so on. The soldiers' experience is to march all night in what seems like a supernatural fog through which the surrounding terrain is sometimes seen. In the morning, all are exhausted by the exertions of the travel.

You and your assistants do not count against the total that may be quickened, nor do the mounts of cavalry. Those to be transported need not all formally be soldiers. Attendants, cooks, and other members of an army's baggage train may also be transported, though each such counts against the total number. At least half of the number to be transported must be soldiers, however. It is told that in great wars of history, thousands of the Empire's soldiers crossed the breadth of the world by means of this spell. Though one should note, soldiers find the experience unsettling in the least, downright horrific at the worst, for too many comrades have up and vanished along the way.

Inescapable Bindings of Duty

Type: Arcane
Arcane Language: Magick
Magic: 2
XP: 200
Ingredients: A sheet of parchment made from the skin of a stillborn lamb and bearing the exact words of the oath written in the blood of a judge, a drop of the oathbreaker's blood and spit, and a vial containing the breath of one wronged by the breaking of the oath.
Conditions: The ritual must be cast within one mile of the oathbreaker, and the oathbreaker must not speak a word for the duration of the casting.
Consequences: If you fail your Casting Roll, you must carry out the oath yourself, to the extent possible.
Casting Number: 18
Casting Time: 4 hours
Description: By casting this spell you compel one who has sworn an oath and broken it (or who intends to break it) to carry out the letter and spirit of the vow. It matters not whether the oath was made in jest, under compulsion, or while utterly blind on drink. If this ritual is successfully cast, the oath will be carried out or the one who spoke the oath will literally kill himself trying. The oath-taker can carry out his promise with intelligence and guile and

postpone action to an opportune moment, if relevant. He need not rush out and challenge a superior rival he has vowed to kill to a duel in broad daylight, for example, but might instead choose to attack from ambush when his chances of success will be improved.

Reaping of the Pus Blooms

Type: Arcane
Arcane Language: Daemonic
Magic: 4
XP: 400
Ingredients: The whole and unhewn corpse of a Daemon of Nurgle, a forty-pound candle made with the drippings of three dozen men killed by the Neiglish Rot (see *WFRP*, page 136), brackish water collected from three foetid swamps at least one thousand miles from each other, and the hand of a mad surgeon.
Conditions: You must have been infected with and survived the course of the Neiglish Rot at some point in your life.
Consequences: If you fail your Casting Roll, you are infected with the Neiglish Rot. Each day, however, you automatically fail your Toughness Test to resist its ravages, which dooms you to die soon enough.
Casting Number: 27
Casting Time: 4 hours
Description: This ritual brings the scourge of the Neiglish Rot to a community of Humans (or some other race). Everyone within a mile of the location where the ritual is cast must make an immediate Toughness Test or contract the disease, which they may spread normally to those they come into contact with.

The Rite of Barren Blood

Type: Arcane
Arcane Language: Magick
Magic: 3
XP: 400
Ingredients: A drop of blood taken from a male of the line since the previous sunset, a fist-sized chunk of warpstone, a solid silver goblet worth at least 100 *gc*, and a stillborn goat.
Conditions: No member of the lineage to be affected—including all the relatives listed below—may be expecting child when the ritual is cast.
Consequences: If you fail your Casting Roll, fail to meet the Conditions (usually though ignorance of some distant relative or of some recent conception), or use Ingredients of blood not from a man and woman who are related, your lineage is instead affected by this curse.
Casting Number: 20
Casting Time: 8 hours
Description: You identify a lineage by the ingredients you use in the casting of the ritual. For all time, all those descended from the single individual you specify, as well as that individual's siblings, parents, parents' siblings, and all the descendents of those relatives, are rendered incapable of producing or fathering offspring. Alternately, the caster may choose to affect only males or females of the lineage.

— Researching Rituals —

Though ritual magic is harsh and dangerous, its might cannot be denied. Thus, Wizards who crave power above other things forever seek to bend the Winds of Magic to the creation of new rituals. The following sections provide rules for envisioning, researching, and refining such.

To create a new ritual, the Wizard first defines its Ideal, setting out his goals and intentions. Then he begins to research. Research is a repetitive process in which the mage reflects deeply, reads from arcane sources, and performs dangerous experiments. Once he is satisfied with his research and has created a Draft of his ritual, he attempts to cast it. This may result in success, which ends the process and cements the ritual characteristics, or failure, which requires the Wizard (assuming his survival) to either give up or go back to the drawing board to refine a new Draft and attempt another casting.

The process of creating a new ritual is one in which the GM is closely involved, and like magic itself, adjudication of the process is more art than science. At any point, the GM is always within his rights to specify that more or less research must be done, define results arbitrarily rather than relying on die rolls, or require more aesthetically appropriate Ingredients, Conditions, and so forth.

Finally, it bears mentioning that the rules presented here are for creating rituals of the Arcane, rather than Divine, variety.

Requisites

In order to even attempt to create a ritual, a character must meet all the basic requirements for learning magic (see *WFRP*, page 141). In addition, he must have the Read/Write Talent and at least one level of skill mastery in Speak Arcane Language (Magick).

The Nature of Rituals

It is obvious to even the lowest apprentice that rituals are not like regular spells. When creating a new ritual, both player and GM should keep firmly in mind the following basic qualities that define rituals and separate them from regular spells. The more the player cleaves to these principles, the easier it will be for the GM to rule kindly throughout the research process, for GMs must disallow with iron resolve any ritual proposal that violates these tenets.

- **Rituals Are Powerful:** The capabilities of the meanest ritual magic exceeds what even the most powerful spells defined of each Arcane Lore can do.

- **Rituals are Absolute:** Whereas spells frequently give bonuses to tests, and the ultimate results still hinge on a die roll, rituals have absolute effects. If a ritual is successfully cast, there should be no question about what will happen.
- **Rituals are of Consequence:** Beyond being powerful, and even beyond having Consequences, rituals are of consequence—they change lives, lands, and circumstances for good or bad.
- **Rituals are Complex:** To cast a ritual is a thousand times easier said than done; the process of ritual casting involves long-term planning and thorny preparations.

Linked Elements

The rules for creating rituals frequently rely on the concept of linked elements. The idea is simple: A ritual element—an Ingredient, Condition, or Consequence—is said to be linked with the effect of the ritual if they share some common conceptual element. For example, *The Beastly Transmogrification of the Omnipotent Tchar* (*WFRP*, page 169) has as one of its Ingredients the freshly severed head of a Beastman shaman. Since the effect of the ritual is to transform Humans into Beastmen, this is a linked element. Note that not all ritual elements must be linked elements. It is simply a frequent requirement.

In order to be considered linked, a ritual element's connection to the ritual's effect must be clear and obvious, as adjudicated by the GM. *The Rite of Barren Blood*, for example (see page 169) requires as one of its Ingredients a solid silver goblet worth at least 100 *gc*. This is not a linked element, as there is no particular sympathy between goblets, silver, or wealth on one hand and Human reproduction on the other.

GM Considerations for Research

When presiding over the creation of new rituals, the GM should keep one thing first and foremost in mind: The purpose of rituals in *WFRP* is much more to drive the plots of adventures than it is to provide power-ups to characters, be they virtuous or tainted. In service of this end, you should strive to allow ritual possibilities that contribute to compelling stories and motivate player characters to strive heroically, even if it seems at first blush those rituals might destroy some facet of game balance. Similarly, you should outright disallow rituals that have little hope of creating or contributing to an interesting story, but instead serve only to make player characters more powerful or smite their enemies in a greater variety of ways.

The iterative process of ritual creation allows you the opportunity to consider, over a long period of time, whether a new ritual is appropriate for your campaign. This allows you to err initially on the side of allowing too much, since you can always rein a ritual's effects in by ruling that some change in the ritual is required. As a last resort, you can also retroactively employ the Secret Consequence result of **Table 6–11: Research Results** to balance a ritual's effects if you feel you've made a mistake.

The Ideal

As a player, your first step in ritual research is to define your goal. What ends would your ritual bring about in the best of all possible worlds, and what casting characteristics would it have? The written expression of this goal is called the Ideal. The Ideal is defined just as a ritual is, with all the same statistics. Begin creating the Ideal by writing out the following ritual characteristics:

Type: All rituals created according to these rules will be of the Arcane type.
Arcane Language: This is typically Magick, though if you know the Daemonic or Arcane Elf language and have at least one measure of skill mastery in it, you may choose either of those instead.
Description: What happens if the ritual is successfully cast.
Consequences: What happens if the ritual is not a success.
Ingredients: The material elements that must be assembled and used to cast the ritual.
Conditions: Requirements of timing, location, target, or anything else.

Once these characteristics have been recorded, stop. Give a copy to the GM. Then, each of you separately and secretly records your estimation of what the remaining ritual characteristics should rightly be, based on its Description, Consequences, Ingredients, and Conditions. This is both an aesthetic judgment and a game-balance question. Note the gravest research consequences will arise if the two estimates are far different from each other, so it behoves you, as player, to be realistic. Note also one of the GM's goals in the ritual creation process is to make sure the ritual serves the campaign's narrative ends. Anything you propose voluntarily to meet those needs is likely to put him in a cooperative frame of mind. The following are the ritual characteristics you and the GM record in this second phase of defining the Ideal:

Magic: The Magic Characteristic required to cast the ritual. Note that you cannot invent a ritual you could not cast, so as a player, you should never record a number here that's greater than your Magic Characteristic.
XP: The number of xp that must be spent to learn the ritual.
Casting Number: The Casting Roll that must be met to cast the spell.
Casting Time: Usually a quantity of hours or even days.

Once all of these characteristics have been recorded—but before the GM reveals his estimations to you—you must spend a month of game time in research before the process can continue. During this time, you marshal your will and strength, do preliminary research, and gather the materials you will need. At the end of that time, you have assembled your First Draft. The First Draft is a possible version of your ritual. It consists of the Type, Arcane Language, Description, Consequences, Ingredients, and Conditions you specified. For the other ritual characteristics, the greater estimate— yours or the GM's—is assigned in each case.

Research

The research process is repetitive, with each period of research representing another attempt to employ the Winds of Magic in just the right way to make the ritual work. Although attempting to bend the Winds to an inflexible Ideal is folly, a series of periods of research will—with a bit of luck and skill—result in a Final Draft of the ritual that's as close as possible to the ritual you originally envisioned. When beginning a research period, you must first roll to determine how long this research period will last. Use **Table 6–9: Research Time**.

If it becomes necessary to determine at what point during the research period the dangerous event occurs, roll d100; this is the percentage of the period that has passed when things go wrong.

After the time allotted to research has passed, you must determine how the evolving ritual has changed in the face of your new discoveries. Roll on **Table 6–11: Research Results**. The results are applied to the characteristics of your most recent Ritual Draft to create a newer Ritual Draft, which supersedes the older version.

The following modifiers apply only in the first iteration of research, when modifying the First Draft of the ritual.

- –20% In the first iteration (only) for each point by which the player's Magic estimate was less than the GM's estimate.
- –5% In the first iteration (only) for every 100 xp by which the player's xp estimate was less than the GM's estimate.
- –3% In the first iteration (only) for every point by which the player's Casting Number estimate was less than the GM's estimate.
- –1% In the first iteration (only) for each hour by which the player's Casting Time estimate was less than the GM's estimate.

The following modifiers apply in all iterations of research.

- –10% If, in the current Draft, the Consequences of a harmful ritual are—in the GM's judgement—less severe than having the effects applying to the caster rather than the intended target.
- +5% If the currently operative Consequences include the caster's death.
- +3% For each Ingredient and Consequence in your current Draft that is linked to your ritual's effects.
- +3% If you have the second and final measure of skill mastery in Speak Arcane Language (Magick).
- +3% For each of the following talents you possess: Aethyric Attunement, Dark Lore, Dark Magic, or Luck.
- +1% For each of the following skills you possess: Academic Knowledge (any, with a bonus for each) or Magical Sense.

Table 6–9: Research Time

Roll	Months of Research
1–4	1
5–6	2
7–8	3
9	4
10	Danger!

Danger: On this result your research takes 1–5 (1d10/2) months, but more distressingly, something horrible looms as a possibility. You must make a Hard (–20%) Intelligence Test or suffer a random effect from **Table 6–10: Danger!**

Table 6–10: Danger!

Roll	Effect
1–4	*Insanity:* Your research reveals something you'd rather not have learned. You gain an Insanity Point, waste this period of research, and may not attempt to test your ritual in this form. If you wish to continue, you must begin another iteration of research and testing from scratch.
5–6	*Minor Chaos Manifestation:* Roll on *WFRP* **Table 7-2: Minor Chaos Manifestation** (or **Table 6–24: Expanded Minor Chaos Manifestations**, in this book), but read any duration in rounds or minutes as hours and any duration in hours as days. You may still test this iteration of your research, however.
7	*Major Chaos Manifestation:* As above, but roll on *WFRP* **Table 7-3: Major Chaos Manifestation**, or **Table 6–25: Expanded Major Chaos Manifestation** in this book.
8	*Catastrophic Chaos Manifestation:* As above, but roll on *WFRP* **Table 7-4: Catastrophic Chaos Manifestation**, or **Table 6–26: Expanded Catastrophic Chaos Manifestation** in this book.
9	*Explosion!:* You lose all your Wounds and sustain an automatic critical hit. Roll 1d10 to determine the Critical Value, generate a random hit location, and roll d100 on *WFRP* **Table 6–3: Critical Hits**. If you survive, you may test this iteration of your researches as normal.
10	*Death:* You die horribly in whatever way the GM deems most appropriate, considering the nature of the ritual you were attempting. Unless you have a Fate Point to spend, it's time to roll up a new character.

Table 6–11: Research Results

Roll	Effect
≤5	*Dead End:* You reach an impassable point of magical theory; the ritual cannot be created in the way you had hoped. If you wish to continue, you must begin the process again from the very beginning.
6–8	*Secret Consequence:* The GM rolls on **Table 6–13: Consequences** and applies the results to the current Draft of your ritual. This consequence, however, will be secret to you until it is either modified or eliminated in future iterations of research, or until the ritual is confirmed and the consequence comes to pass in some future casting of the ritual.
9–15	*Linked Consequence:* You discover that some greater sympathy between your ritual's effects and Consequences is necessary. The GM may choose to add a linking nature to some currently unlinked Consequence, intensify the linking nature of some already linked Consequence, or require you to roll on **Table 6–13: Consequences** and assign a linking nature to that new Consequence.
16–22	*New Consequence:* You discover some new Consequence of your current Draft. Roll on **Table 6–13: Consequences**.
23–30	*Linked Ingredient:* You discover some greater sympathy between your ritual's effects and Ingredients is necessary. The GM may choose to add a linking nature to some currently unlinked Ingredient, intensify the linking nature of some already linked Ingredient, or require you to roll on **Table 6–12: Ingredients** and assign a linking nature to that new Ingredient.
31–36	*Precious Ingredient:* Your research reveals some precious Ingredient is required for you to move forward. The GM may either rule some existing Ingredient must now be precious, that some already precious Ingredient must be even more precious, or require you to roll on **Table 6–12: Ingredients** to generate a new Ingredient, which must be precious. A precious Ingredient is one that is more valuable than others of its kind due to composition, rarity, or craftsmanship. The basic value required is 1d10 × 50 *gc*. The GM determines the nature of the item's value—must it be made of silver? crafted by a master? come from a notable collection?—based on the item's nature, the ritual's nature, or both. If you roll this result more than once in successive research iterations, an additional 1d10 × 50 *gc* of value may simply be added to an Ingredient previously made precious.
37–43	*New Ingredient:* You discover that some new Ingredient is needed in order to advance your progress. Roll on **Table 6–12: Ingredients**; your ritual requires a mundane example of the Ingredient it specifies.
44–46	*More Casters:* Additional magic-using casters are required to cast the ritual. The GM determines what specific characteristics, such as a minimum Magic Characteristic or knowledge of a particular Arcane Lore, they must have, as well as how many of them there must be.
47–48	*Shift of Language:* You discover the ritual must be performed in a different magical language. The GM chooses whether this is Daemonic or Arcane Elf (or Magick, if your most recent Draft did not employ Arcane Language: Magick). If you do not know the new language, you must obviously suspend your research until you learn it. If this result occurs more than once in successive periods of research, you may switch back to the original language—such is the long, twisting trail of magical research.
49–50	*Two Results:* Roll twice more on this table, using the same modifiers.
51	*Three Results:* Roll three more times on this table, using the same modifiers.
52–55	*Greater Magic:* The Magic Characteristic required to cast the ritual increases by 1. If it was already 4, there is no effect from this result. If the Magic required is now greater than your own, you must suspend your research until you increase your Magic Characteristic to the requisite level.
56–60	*Longer Casting Time:* The Casting Time increases by 1–5 (1d10/2) hours.
61–68	*Increased Casting Number:* The Casting Number increases by 2.
69–71	*Increase in XP:* The xp required to learn the ritual increases by 100.
71–76	*Shorter Casting Time:* The Casting Time decreases by 1–5 (1d10/2) hours, to a minimum of 1 hour.
77–81	*Decrease in XP:* The xp required to learn the ritual decreases by 100, unless it was already 100, in which case there is no effect of this result.
82–88	*Decreased Casting Number:* The Casting Number decreases by 2.
89–90	*Lesser Magic:* In a happy surprise, the Magic Characteristic required to cast the ritual decreases by 1. If it was already 1, there is no effect of this result.
91+	*Solid Work:* You uncover no changes that must be made to the ritual characteristics of your current Draft.

Table 6–12: Ingredients

Roll d100 to generate an Ingredient. If more than one possibility is listed, the player makes the roll and the GM chooses from among the results. The GM also defines the specifics of any rolls on the Complications sub-table.

Roll	Ingredient
01–03	A bit of warpstone
04	A knife or dagger
05	A gauntlet, glove, or other hand-covering
06	A buckler, shield, or other carried protective device
07	An arrow, bolt, bullet, piece of shot, or other projectile
08–09	The pelt, fur, skin, or hair of some particular animal
10–12	A specific organ from some specific animal
13	A bottle or keg of wine, spirits, or other beverage
14–15	A piece of parchment
16	A bit of rope, twine, string, or gut
17	A pair of dice
18–19	A lens, monocle, eye patch, false eye, pair of spectacles, or the like
20	A measure of perfume, cologne, incense, or other scented substance
21	A whistle
22–23	A book, perhaps a specific one, or one with specific characteristics
24	A specific type of musical instrument
25	A set of scales
26–29	A specific tool (chisel, hoe, miner's pick, etc.)
30–33	A set of tools specific to a trade (cobbler's tools, armourer's tools, etc.)
34–35	A crown, circlet, signet ring, gavel, or other trapping of power and/or royalty
36–37	A piece of jewellery of a particular type (ring, pendant, etc.), perhaps owned or worn by a specific person or type of person
38	A belt, strap, cord, or the like
39	An eye patch or false eye
40	A set of undergarments
41–43	A measure of water from a specific place or type of place
44–45	A measure of oil
46–47	A basin, pot, kettle, cup, mug, pan, or other vessel
48	A mirror, pool of water, or other reflective material or substance
49	A dowsing rod, pack of fortune-telling cards, or other paraphernalia of superstition
50–51	A candle, lamp, lantern, or other light source
52	A key
53	A set of manacles or chains
54	A cake, loaf of bread, or other specific type of pastry, perhaps made in some special way or by some specific individual or type of individual
55	A measure of pepper, sage, salt, or other spice
56–59	An amethyst, ruby, onyx, or other precious stone of a specific type
60	A tooth, tusk, or the like
61–63	A specific body part of a Human, Dwarf, Elf, or Halfling
64–65	The entrails of some specific type of animal
66–80	Roll again on this table and then on **Table 6–15: Ingredient Complications**. Apply that complication to the item you generate. If you get this result again, continue re-rolling and accumulating additional Complications.
81–90	Roll twice more, with the GM specifying how the two Ingredients must be combined into one. (Ink and parchment together might obviously require something to be written on the parchment, a key and a Halfling stomach together might require that the poor creature be forced to eat the key, and so on.)
91–96	Player's choice of anything at all, whether from this table or not.
97–00	GM's choice of anything at all, whether from this table or not.

Table 6–13: Consequences

Roll	Consequence*
01–30	*Effects Reverse:* If your ritual is harmful, the consequence is that you will be affected by the ritual instead of the intended target being affected. If the ritual's effects are generally beneficial, the consequence is that the opposite of the intended results will come to pass.
31–50	*Linked Consequence:* If your ritual is harmful, the consequence is that some place or individual linked to you will be affected instead of the intended target. If the ritual's effects are generally beneficial, the consequence is that the opposite of the intended results will be inflicted on a place or individual linked to you. (See **Linked Elements** on page 170.)
51–60	*Consequence of Perception:* The consequence is that powerful and dangerous individuals who would be averse to the cause of the ritual become aware that you have attempted to cast it. At the GM's discretion, these individuals might be the leaders of your order, powerful Priests of a God opposed to the ritual's ends, or the attention of powerful Chaos entities.
61–65	*Distressed:* The Consequence is that the caster gains 1 Insanity Point.
66–70	*Traumatized:* The Consequence is that the caster gains 1–5 (1d10/2) Insanity Points.
71–80	*Madness:* The Consequence is that the caster gains a specific Insanity. The particular Insanity is chosen now and applies to all attempts to cast the ritual.
81–90	*Chaos Incursion:* The Consequence is that a Chaos entity is released into the world.
91–00	*Death:* The Consequence is that the caster dies, probably in a particularly horrible way for both the caster and those nearby.

* Consequences will almost always require the GM's interpretation. These interpretations should be recorded as part of the ritual's permanent characteristics rather than being left to be determined on a casting-by-casting basis. For example, imagine a player is attempting to create a ritual that will make a fortress fly through the air. These are beneficial effects, but if the player rolled the "Effects Reverse" result, it's unclear what the "opposite" of the intended results would be. The opposite of flying, "not flying," is hardly a Consequence when applied to a fortress. The GM might decide that the appropriate "Effects Reverse" Consequence is that the fortress in question is dashed to pieces. This becomes the permanent Consequence of the ritual; "Effects Reverse" is not recorded, "Fortress dashed to pieces" is.

Table 6–14: Casting Attempt

Roll	Ritual Outcome
01–15	*Consequences:* You suffer the current ritual Draft's Consequences. You must either give up or perform another iteration of research. You suffer a –5% penalty on your next roll on **Table 6–11: Research Results**.
16–30	*Fizzle:* The ritual doesn't work, but at least you're on the right track. The Ingredients are consumed. You must either give up or perform another iteration of research, though you get a +10% bonus to your next roll on **Table 6–11: Research Results**.
31–60	*Failure:* The ritual has no effect; even the Ingredients are not consumed. You must either give up or perform another iteration of research.
61–80	*Near Success:* The Ingredients are consumed and some modified or incomplete effect—determined by the GM—occurs. Though you must go back to do more research, you're getting close and get a +30% bonus on your next roll on **Table 6–11: Research Results**.
81–00	*Success!:* The ritual behaves as expected; apply its effects as you normally would and rejoice, for you have reached the end of research!

Table 6–15: Ingredient Complications

Roll	Ingredient must be...
1	...inherently flawed.
2	...broken.
3	...blessed by a Priest of a specific God (likely one whose area of dominion is related to the ritual's effect).
4–5	...made of some specific substance (such as a specific kind of wood, stone, or metal).
6	...containing or composed of some horrific or unpleasant thing (dung, Human flesh, etc.)
7	...crafted by someone with a peculiar eccentricity.
8	...used in an inconveniently abundant quantity.
9	Roll twice and apply both results.
10	GM's choice of complications from this table or his imagination.

Casting Attempt

At the end of each period of research, you attempt to cast the newly modified Draft. You must assemble all of the requisite Ingredients, fulfil all the necessary Conditions, and so forth: this casting is no different from any other ritual casting in that way.

If you fail in your attempt to cast the ritual (*i.e.*, you do not achieve the current Draft's Casting Number), you suffer the ritual's Consequences. In addition, you have not achieved the final, stable state of your ritual, and must either give up or perform another iteration of research. If you succeed, on the other hand, roll on **Table 6–14: Casting Attempt** to see what happens.

Scribe the Ritual

Once a result of Success is achieved on **Table 6–14: Casting Attempt**, the ritual process is complete save for the process of scribing all of the ritual's particulars into their final form in a great tome. This takes only a week or so, and you, as player, should make sure to record both the final ritual characteristics as well as the physical particulars of the book you create. The ritual may now be learned and cast by anyone who reads your tome or a copy of it. Note that by creating, researching, and scribing a ritual, you learn it without having to spend the xp normally required—one small benefit of the many dangers you withstood.

Perils of the Travelling Wizard

The various stages of ritual creation are typically undertaken in laboratories. However, most PC Wizards spend much of their time on the road, travelling from place to place. An Ideal can be assembled without penalty while travelling, though it takes an extra month. A successfully created ritual can likewise be scribed on the road without penalty, though this requires an additional week or so.

Iterations of research are a bit trickier. A Wizard who is on the road for any portion of the research duration must add +2 to his roll on **Table 6–9: Research Time** for that iteration of research and suffers a –10% penalty on his roll on **Table 6–11: Research Results** for that iteration of research. In addition, the circumstances of travel should be kept in mind by the GM. For example, if the player rolls the "Explosion!" result on **Table 6–10: Danger!**, the GM must determine whether any of the Wizard's companions are harmed in the blast.

Casting Attempts must be made as usual whether the character travels or not; there is no additional penalty or accommodation. The Ingredients must still be assembled, the Consequences fulfilled, and the Casting Time expended.

— Optional Rule: Arcane Marks —

Though Wizards train hard to master magic in such a way that they can call the Winds of Magic safely, long-term use of a particular Wind leaves a stamp on the caster. The most learned members of the Colleges all bear these marks, whether they manifest as changes in personality or outward physical changes, from skin changes to impediments. The side effects of spellcasting are called Arcane Marks.

You can expand the effects of Tzeentch's Curse to include additional effects that apply to Wizards of a particular College. Whenever a Casting Roll comes up as doubles, triples, or quadruples, the Wizard resolves the Chaos Manifestation as normal. In addition, there's a 10% chance for the Wind to Leave an Arcane Mark on the caster. If so, the Wizard must make a Will Power Test. The difficulty of this Test depends on the severity of the Manifestation. For a Minor Chaos Manifestation, the Test is Average (+0%), but for a Major Chaos Manifestation, the difficult worsens to Challenging (–10%) and for Catastrophic Manifestations, it worsens further to Hard (–20%). If the Wizard fails the Test, a variety of things can occur depending on the Wind of Magic used as described on their respective tables. If you gain the same Arcane Mark twice, reroll the result. In the case of Wizards using Dark Magic, use the normal rules for Side Effects (see *WFRP*, page 159).

Table 6–16: Amber Wizard Arcane Marks

Roll	Result
01–10	**Aloof:** Others find you emotionally detached and somewhat rude. Take a –5% penalty to your Fellowship characteristic. Modify your starting profile accordingly.
11–20	**Restless:** You tend not to stay in one place for long, always needing to move about. It's worse when you're in closed spaces.
21–30	**Dirty:** For some reason, you attract dirt and you can never fully get clean.
31–40	**Hairy:** You grow thick hair all over your body. When you shave it off, it regrows quickly.
41–50	**Feral:** Your nails thicken and lengthen and your teeth grow pointed. You have a wild-eyed appearance others find unsettling. You take a –5% penalty to all Fellowship Tests made when interacting non-magic using Humans.
51–60	**Aura of Savagery:** Domesticated animals tend to turn angry, almost violent, while in your presence. All Animal Care and Animal Training Tests made by others while you are within 12 yards (4 squares) have their difficulty worsened by one step.

Table 6–16: Amber Wizard Arcane Marks (cont'd)

Roll	Result
61–70	**Musk:** You exude a strong musky smell that puts others off. You take a –10% penalty to Fellowship Tests when interacting with Nobles, Priests, and others of the upper class.
71–80	**Brutish:** You lack refinement and grace, imposing a –5% penalty to your Intelligence or Fellowship characteristic (GM's choice). Modify your starting profile accordingly.
81–90	**Small Friends:** You attract small, though harmless, animals like squirrels, mice, small birds, and so on. They seem to show up when least appropriate, leaving droppings in food and drink. As a result, when in social situations where such creatures aren't appropriate, you take a –5% penalty to Fellowship Tests.
91–100	**Mark of *Ghur*:** The rune of *Ghur* appears somewhere on your body (GM's choice). You gain a +10% bonus to Channelling checks when casting spells from the Lore of Beasts.

Table 6–17: Amethyst Wizard Arcane Marks

Roll	Result
01–10	**Pallor:** You sallow appearance, with pale skin and almost jaundiced eyes.
11–20	**Clammy Skin:** You have cold skin. Asleep, you could be mistaken for dead.
21–30	**Dead Eyes:** Your eyes are those of a dead man.
31–40	**Graveyard Stench:** You stink of the grave. You take a –5% penalty to Animal Care, Animal Training, and Charm Animal Tests.
41–50	**Aura of Death:** All plants wither when you are within 4 yards (2 squares). This extends to equipment that derives from plant materials, worsening craftsmanship by one step (to a maximum of Poor).
51–60	**Skull-like Visage:** Your skin draws tightly to your skull. You take a –5% penalty to Fellowship Tests.
61–70	**Skeletal Frame:** Your body muscle withers, imposing a –5% penalty to your Strength or Toughness characteristic (GM's choice). Modify your starting profile accordingly.
71–80	**Voice of the Dead:** Your voice changes so that when you speak, it is in an unsettling whisper. You take a –5% penalty to Animal Training and Fellowship Tests.
81–90	**Haunted:** Voices and apparitions of the dead follow you everywhere, distracting you. Take a –10% penalty to Perception Tests.
91–100	**Mark of *Shyish*:** The rune of *Shyish* appears somewhere on your body (GM's choice). You gain a +10% bonus to Channelling checks when casting spells from the Lore of Death.

Table 6–18: Bright Wizard Arcane Marks

Roll	Result
01–10	**Temper:** You have a quick temper, losing your cool at the slightest provocation.
11–20	**Hyperactive:** You can't sit still. You fidget constantly.
21–30	**Red Hair:** Your hair and eyebrows turn a bright, fiery red.
31–40	**Face Tattoos:** Odd markings, like tattoos, appear on your face. Take a –10% penalty to Fellowship Tests made when interacting with non-magic users.
41–50	**Flaming Eyes:** Your eyes literally smolder with energy. Animals become nervous when you're around. You take a –5% penalty to Animal Care, Animal Training, and Charm Animal Tests.
51–60	**Hot Skin:** Your skin is always feverish and you have a flushed appearance.
61–70	**Vulnerable to Cold:** You are uncomfortable in the cold, taking a –5% penalty to Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests when exposed to cold climes.
71–80	**Aura of Brimstone:** You stink of brimstone. All characters within 4 yards (2 squares) take a –10% penalty to olfactory-based Perception Tests.
81–90	**Raging Temper:** You are volatile, more so than others of the Bright Order. You gain1 Insanity Point and take a –5% penalty to your Fellowship characteristic. Modify your starting profile accordingly.
91–100	**Mark of *Aqshy*:** The rune of *Aqshy* appears somewhere on your body (GM's choice). You gain a +10% bonus to Channelling checks when casting spells from the Lore of Fire.

Table 6–19: Celestial Wizard Arcane Marks

Roll	Result
01–10	**Zephyr:** Small breezes and winds gather about you, causing paper to rustle, dust to swirl up and other such minor effects.
11–20	**Feather light:** *Azyr* loosens the shackles of gravity. Your body weight decreases by 10%. Your appearance remains unchanged.
21–30	**White Hair:** Your hair turns snow white. Dyes do not hold.

Table 6–19: Celestial Wizard Arcane Marks

Roll	Result
31–40	**Blue Eyes:** Your eyes change colour to a startling shade of blue. In areas of low-lighting, they faintly glow. Take a –5% penalty to Fellowship Tests made when interacting with non-magic users.
41–50	**Disturbing Visions:** You commonly see disconnected portentous events that are meaningless to you. The constant barrage is distracting, imposing a –5% penalty to Perception Tests.
51–60	**Scentless:** Your natural smell is replaced by the scent of fresh air. Reeking fluids, noxious potions and other sources of stench gradually loose their aroma on contact with your person. Whilst this is advantageous after, say, a walk through a filth spattered street, it does serve to make people and animals uncomfortable in your presence. You take a -5% Fellowship penalty when dealing with people, and a -10% Fellowship penalty when dealing with animals. All attempts to track you using scent are considered Hard (-20%)
61–70	**Alarming Visions:** Whenever you suffer the effects of Tzeentch's Curse, you must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test to control the sudden flashes of precognition that come with the botched magic. If you fail, you are stunned for 1 round.
71–80	**Aura of Tranquility:** You emit a strange, but peaceful, aura that others find calming. characters within 4 yards (2 squares) take a –5% penalty to Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests.
81–90	**Stargazer:** You become agitated when you are unable to scry the stars. The difficulty of all tests involving Academic Knowledge or Will Power increase by one step for each night you fail to observe the night sky for at least half an hour. All accumulated penalties are removed when you are able to study the heavens once more.
91–100	**Mark of *Azyr*:** The rune of *Azyr* appears somewhere on your body (GM's choice). You gain a +10% bonus to Channelling checks when casting spells from the Lore of the Heavens.

Table 6–20: Jade Wizard Arcane Marks

Roll	Result
01–10	**Plant Growth:** A small patch of plantlife begins to thrive upon your skin. These growths are inconsequential- mould under the fingernails, ivy in the hair and so on- but they are somewhat peculiar. They may be removed, but always grow back the following day.
11–20	**Barefoot:** You can't abide by wearing footwear and when you must, you take a –5% penalty to Agility Tests.
21–30	**Rapid Hair and Nails:** Your hair and fingernails grow at an almost alarming rate. You must spend a portion of each day, trimming them back.
31–40	**Green Skin:** Your skin changes colour, assuming a greenish hue. This is off-putting for most, imposing a –5% penalty to Fellowship Tests made when interacting with non-magic users. Worse, such an outward change may make others confuse you for a Mutant.
41–50	**Vulnerability to Fire:** Fire deals +1 Damage against you.
51–60	**Great Constitution:** You gain Resistance to Disease.
61–70	**Metal Revulsion:** You can't bear to touch metal objects of any kind. When you do, you must make a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or take a –1 cumulative penalty to your Magic characteristic for 24 hours. You need not take the Test if struck by a metal weapon in combat.
71–80	**Aura of Growth:** You emit an aura of growth and health, restoring life and colour to all plants you pass within 4 yards (2 squares). In natural environments, each of these spaces slows movement as if they were hampering, though you yourself are unaffected.
81–90	**Bound to the Seasons:** You are physically affected by the passage of the seasons. In the winter, you take a –2 penalty to your Wounds characteristic and a –1 penalty to your Movement characteristic; in the autumn, you take a –1 penalty to your Wounds characteristic; in the spring, you gain a +1 bonus to your Wounds characteristic; and in the summer, you gain a +2 bonus to your Wounds characteristic and a +1 bonus to your Movement characteristic.
91–100	**Mark of *Ghyran*:** The rune of *Ghyran* appears somewhere on your body (GM's choice). You gain a +10% bonus to Channelling checks when casting spells from the Lore of Life.

Table 6–21: Hierophant Arcane Marks

Roll	Result
01–10	**Choral voice:** Your voice becomes suffused with the harmonious vibrations of Hysh. When you sing, it sounds as if scores of others are singing alongside you.
11–20	**Eureka!:** You inspire small acts of rememberance and deja-vu in those around you. You have no control over this effect, which tends to make non-magic users a little distracted when talking to you.
21–30	**Pale:** Your skin lightens considerably, bordering on semi-translucent.
31–40	**Eerie Eyes:** Your eyes change colour, becoming milky white or have a golden luminance. This is off-putting for most, imposing a –5% penalty to Fellowship Tests made when interacting with non-magic users. Worse, such an outward change may make others confuse you for a Mutant.
41–50	**Arrogant:** Your deep knowledge (or rather your opinion about your own education) comes off as arrogant and pretentious. You take a –5% penalty to your Fellowship characteristic. Modify your starting profile accordingly.

Table 6–21: Hierophant Arcane Marks (cont'd)

Roll	Result
51–60	**Paranoid:** Given your wisdom, you have a deeper understanding of the nature of the Realm of Chaos, making you suspicious of all those around you. You take a –5% penalty to all Fear Tests.
61–70	**Vulnerability to Darkness:** When in areas of low-lighting, you take a –10% penalty to Channelling Tests.
71–80	**Aura of Light:** You give off a radiant energy that makes other light sources glow brighter than normal. All light sources within 4 yards (2 squares) provide light as if one step stronger. For instance, a candle would shed light as a lamp. (see *WFRP*, page 117). However, within such light, all characters take a –20% penalty to Concealment Tests.
81–90	**Luminescent:** You give off a constant soft glow, making it nearly impossible to conceal your movements. You take a –20% penalty to all Concealment Tests. However, you shed light equal to torchlight (see *WFRP*, page 117).
91–100	**Mark of *Hysh*:** The rune of *Hysh* appears somewhere on your body (GM's choice). You gain a +10% bonus to Channelling checks when casting spells from the Lore of Light.

Table 6–22: Gold Wizard Arcane Marks

Roll	Result
01–10	**Quicksilver Tears:** Your tears and sweat take on the appearance of mercury. For all other intents and purposes they remain unchanged from normal tears and sweat.
11–20	**Leaden Tongue:** Your voice takes on a harsh tone, akin to metal clashing upon metal. Your singing sounds like a gong related accident.
21–30	**Golden Skin:** Your skin becomes thick, gaining a subtle golden sheen.
31–40	**Stiff Limbs:** Your limbs stiffen, making it hard to move around. Take a –5% penalty to your Agility characteristic. Modify your starting profile accordingly.
41–50	**Magic Conductor:** You attract magical energy. All characters within 4 yards (2 squares), take a –10% penalty to Will Power Tests made to resist spells.
51–60	**Aura of Magnetism:** You emit a strange aura that attracts metals to your flesh. Enemies trying to strike you gain a +5% bonus to Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests, though anyone else within 4 yards (2 squares) who tries to strike someone other than you takes a –5% penalty on all Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests.
61–70	**Mechanical:** When you interact with an animal, it sees you as an object rather than a creature. Animals will only attack you if you first attack them.
71–80	**Greater Golden Skin:** Your skin hardens into a thick shell. You take a –20% penalty to your Agility characteristic and Movement characteristic, but you gain 1 Armour Point to all locations. These points stack with all other forms of Armour, but not leather or studded leather (see page 17 in *Old World Armoury*). Modify your starting profile accordingly.
81–90	**Slow:** You have a hard time moving around. Take a –2 penalty to your Movement characteristic. Modify your starting profile accordingly.
91–100	**Mark of *Chamon*:** The rune of *Chamon* appears somewhere on your body (GM's choice). You gain a +10% bonus to Channelling checks when casting spells from the Lore of Metal.

Table 6–23: Shadow Wizard Arcane Marks

Roll	Result
01–10	**Flicker:** Light seems uncomfortable in your presence. Candles flicker, lantens dim and fires burn low when you are around.
11–20	**Trickster:** You cloak yourself in deception and misdirection, making you untrustworthy to others. You take a –5% penalty to your Fellowship characteristic. Modify your starting profile accordingly.
21–30	**Mantle of Mist:** Mist, fog, smoke and other vapours seem drawn to your side. This adds a +5% bonus to Intimidate Tests made in fog banks and other suitable conditions, but does mean you tend to reek of smoke all the time.
31–40	**Aspect of Ulgu:** Your frame lightens and tightens whilst your hair colour changes to grey.
41–50	**Forgettable:** People can't seem to remember your face. Characters who've met you must succeed on an Intelligence Test to recall who you are.
51–60	**Disturbing Eyes:** Your eyes become grey and swirl with unnatural darkness. You gain a +5% bonus to Intimidate Tests.
61–70	**Insubstantial:** Your body becomes slightly insubstantial. You gain a +10% bonus to Concealment Tests, but you take a –5% penalty to your Toughness characteristic. Modify your starting profile accordingly.
71–80	**Unnatural shadow:** Your shadow does not behave itself- moving often of it's own accord. The shifting wrongness of your shadow puts folk ill at ease, imposing a –10% penalty to Fellowship Tests made when interacting with non-magic users. Worse, superstitious peasants will need convincing that you are not a Daemon.
81–90	**Shrouded:** Your body draws shadows towards it. You gain a +10% bonus to Concealment Tests.
91–100	**Mark of *Ulgu*:** The rune of *Ulgu* appears somewhere on your body (GM's choice). You gain a +10% bonus to Channelling checks when casting spells from the Lore of Shadow.

— Tzeentch's Curse Expanded —

For *WFRP* campaigns that involve a lot of magic and spellcasting see frequent manifestations of Tzeentch's Curse. This section further explores the calamities and backfires magic brings about, providing replacements for *WFRP* Tables 7–2, 7–3, and 7–4. The replacement tables are used in precisely the same way—whenever arcane spellcasters roll doubles, triples, or quadruples on their Casting Rolls. It also provides a new rule to make Chaos Manifestations a bit more likely in Chaos-infused places and times.

Table 6–24: Expanded Minor Chaos Manifestation

Roll	Result
01–04	**Witchery:** Within 10 yards (5 squares) of you, milk curdles, wine goes sour, and food spoils.
05–08	**Fumblehand:** A randomly selected item you are holding or carrying flies 1d10 yards (1d10/2 squares) in a random direction, thrown invisibly by Winds of Chaos.
09–12	**Rupture:** Your nose begins to bleed and continues until you make a successful Toughness Test. You can test once per round.
13–16	**Nailrot:** A randomly chosen finger or toenail turns black and falls off. It will grow back normally.
17–20	**Breath of Chaos:** A cold and unnatural breeze blows through the area.
21–24	**Horripilation:** Your hair stands on end for 1d10 rounds.
25–28	**Waxy Earful:** Your ears become entirely plugged with wax, requiring a successful Heal Test to clear. Until you receive such treatment, you suffer a –10% penalty to all tests involving hearing.
29–32	**Wyrdlight:** You glow with an eerie light for 1d10 rounds.
33–36	**Cold Sweats:** All those within in 10 yards (5 squares) of you immediately break into a cold sweat lasting 1d10 rounds.
37–40	**Sleeping Nerves:** Every muscle in your body tingles for 1d10 rounds. You suffer a –5% penalty to all tests made in that time.
41–44	**Unnatural Aura:** Animals within 10 yards (5 squares) of you get spooked and unless controlled with an Animal Training Test, flee the scene.
45–48	**Milky Eyes:** A milky film covers your eyes for 1d10 hours. You suffer a –10% penalty to any tests involving sight in that time.
49–52	**Bane of Flora:** All plant life within 10 yards (5 squares) of you withers and dies.
53–56	**Haunted:** Ghostly voices fill the air for the duration of your spell.
57–60	**Handfrozen:** The bones and muscles of one of your hands (determine which one randomly) are frozen into an unnatural position by Chaos energy. Though this is not painful, you cannot move your fingers from their bizarre arrangement for 1d10 minutes.
61–64	**Aethyric Shock:** The magical energy coursing through you causes you to lose 1 Wound regardless of Toughness bonus or armour.
65–68	**Creeping Congregation:** Insects fill the area around you, buzzing and crawling. They do no harm and disperse within 1d10 rounds, but they are obvious—and potentially frightening—to everyone in the area
69–72	**Mental Block:** You channel too much magical energy. Your Magic Characteristic is reduced by 1 for 1d10 minutes.
73–76	**Channel Burn:** The channels of magic in your body are burned by coursing magic. You suffer a –1 penalty to every Casting Roll you make in the next 1d10 minutes.
77–80	**Intestinal Rebellion:** Your bowels move uncontrollably, soiling both your clothing and pride.
81–84	**Grave Offence:** You uncontrollably shout something horribly offensive to those around you. The GM may overrule you if your invention is insufficiently offensive.
85–88	**Fluid Transformation:** All liquids on your person—including spell ingredients—turn to brine.
89–90	**Kin Inconvenienced:** Roll again on this table. Your closest living relative (an offspring, sibling, or parent, considered in that order, "closeness" being defined by proximity to you in age) suffers the resulting effect, regardless of how far away he is.
91–92	**Accumulation of Chaos:** Roll twice more on this table. The first roll is what happens now. The second roll (which the GM should make in secret) defines what will automatically happen the next time you cast a spell, in addition to any other effects Tzeentch's Curse will bring if you roll doubles, triples, or quadruples.
93–97	**Whimsy:** The GM can choose any result from this chart or make up a comparable minor effect.
98–00	**Unlucky!:** Roll on **Table 6–25: Expanded Major Chaos Manifestation** instead.

Table 6–25: Expanded Major Chaos Manifestation

Roll	Result
01–04	**Witch Eyes:** Your pupils turn bright red. They revert to their original colour at dawn the following day.
05–08	**Silenced:** You lose your voice for 1d10 rounds.
09–12	**Hairless:** Every hair in your body falls out.
13–16	**Blacknail:** Every finger and toenail on your body turns black and falls off. They will grow back normally.
17–20	**Wracked:** You suffer burning pain for 1d10 rounds, suffering a –10% penalty to all tests made in that time.
21–24	**Channel Conflagration:** The channels of magic in your body are set ablaze by coursing magic. You suffer a –1 penalty to every casting die you roll in the next 1d10 hours.
25–28	**Overload:** You are overwhelmed by magical energy and are stunned for 1 round.
29–32	**Rag Doll:** You spontaneously fly through the air 1d10 yards (1d10/5 squares) in a random direction, landing roughly and suffering a Damage 2 hit.
33–36	**Fire!:** Your clothing bursts into flame (see *WFRP*, page 136).
37–40	**Loadstones:** Every piece of metal on your body is permanently magnetized.
41–44	**Limbfrozen:** The bones and muscles of one of your arms or legs (determine which one randomly) are frozen into an unnatural position by Chaos energy. Though this is not painful, you cannot move the affected limb for 1d10 hours.
45–48	**Tongue-twisted:** Chaos energy infuses your mouth; anything you say for the next 1d10 minutes comes out as gibberish, rendering spellcasting impossible during that time.
49–52	**Chaotic Wind:** Chaos blows through any magical spell ingredients you are carrying. Any spell cast using them will make one of any associated Casting Roll's dice a Chaos die.
53–56	**Craven Familiar:** A Daemon Imp (see *WFRP*, page 229) appears from the Aethyr and attacks you next round.
57–60	**Chaos Foreseen:** You get a glimpse of the Realm of Chaos and gain 1 Insanity Point. Any time after this event, you can spend 200 xp and gain the Dark Lore (Chaos) Talent.
61–64	**Undone:** Every tie, clasp, and fastener of every type on your body flies violently open. Belts come undone, pouches fly open, boots come unlaced, and so on.
65–68	**Regurgitate:** You throw up uncontrollably, unable to do anything else, for 1d10 rounds. In that time, you spew up much more vomit than could possibly have been contained in your stomach.
69–72	**Aethyric Attack:** Magical energy burns through you, causing you to lose 1d10 Wounds regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour.
73–76	**Enfeeblement:** Chaos energy wracks your body, debilitating your constitution. Your toughness Characteristic is reduced by 10% for 1d10 minutes.
77–80	**Mindnumb:** You channel too much magical energy. Your Magic Characteristic is reduced by 1 for 24 hours.
81–84	**Daemonic Possession:** You are possessed by a Daemonic entity for one minute. During that time, the GM controls all your actions, and when you take control of your body again, you have no memory of what you just did.
85–87	**Kin Affected:** Roll again on this table. Your closest living relative (an offspring, sibling, or parent, considered in that order, "closeness" being defined by proximity to you in age) suffers the resulting effect, regardless of how far away he is.
88–90	**Storm of Chaos:** Roll on **Table 6–24: Expanded Minor Chaos Manifestations**. Every creature within 1d10 yards (1d10/2 squares) suffers that effect.
91–92	**Store of Chaos:** Roll twice more on this table. The first roll is what happens now. The second roll (which the GM should make in secret) defines what will automatically happen the next time you cast a spell, in addition to any other effects Tzeentch's Curse will bring if you roll doubles, triples, or quadruples.
93–97	**Perverse Delight:** The GM can choose any result from this chart or make up a comparable major effect.
98–00	**Trick of Fate:** Roll on **Table 6–26: Catastrophic Chaos Manifestation** instead.

Table 6–26: Expanded Catastrophic Chaos Manifestation

Roll	Result
01–05	**Wild Magic:** You lose control of the magic as you cast your spell. Everyone within 30 yards (15 squares), including you, loses 1 Wound regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour.
06–10	**The Withering Eye:** Chaos energy wracks your body, debilitating your constitution. Your Toughness Characteristic is reduced by 20% for 1d10 hours.
11–15	**Broken:** Your will is utterly broken. Your Will Power Characteristic is reduced by 20% for 1d10 hours.
16–20	**Stupefied:** Your mind regresses to protect you from a worse fate. Your Intelligence Characteristic is reduced by 20% for 1d10 hours.
21–24	**Tzeentch's Lash:** Magic power overwhelms you, knocking you out for 1d10 minutes.
25–28	**Aethyric Assault:** The Winds of Magic lash out at you. You suffer a Critical Hit to a random location. Roll 1d10 to determine the Critical Value.
29–32	**Rageboil:** Everyone within 10 yards (5 squares) of you is immediately and irrationally outraged by your very presence. They all move to attack you—even your allies—and only come to their senses after 1d10 rounds.
33–36	**Albino Affliction:** Your skin and hair are bleached utterly white by roiling Chaos.
37–40	**Heretical Vision:** A Daemon Prince shows you a vision of Chaos. You gain 1d10 Insanity Points. Any time after this event, you can spend 100 xp and gain the Dark Lore (Chaos) talent.
41–44	**Mindeaten:** Your ability to use magic is burned out of you. Your Magic Characteristic is reduced to 0. For each full 24 hours that passes, it increases by 1 until it returns to full strength.
45–48	**Boiling Blood:** For a brief instant, your blood literally boils in your veins. You suffer 2d10 Wounds, which are reduced by Toughness but not armour.
49–52	**Uninvited Company:** You are attacked by a number of Lesser Daemons (see *WFRP*, page 229) equal to your Magic Characteristic. They appear from the Aethyr within 12 yards (6 squares) of you.
53–54	**Chaotic Servitors:** 1d10 Daemon Imps (see *WFRP*, page 229) appear from the Aethyr and do your bidding for 1d10 rounds.
55–65	**Daemonic Contract:** You suffer 1d10 wounds (regardless of Toughness Bonus and armour) as a two-inch Chaos rune burns its way onto a random part of your body. Should you ever collect 13 of these, they will spell out a contract that signs your soul away to a Ruinous Power (GM's discretion). Removal of the branded skin will make no difference to the contract.
66–68	**Windblock:** You are stuck unable to breathe for 1d10 minutes (see "Suffocation" in *WFRP*, page 136), after which you—gasp!—manage to draw breath.
69–71	**Lineage Concluded:** The infection of Chaos renders you sterile or barren.
72–74	**Eyefuse:** You close your eyes as the Winds of Magic howl about you, and your eyelids are fused shut. You cannot see until this is corrected by magic or surgery.
75–77	**Spasmodic Paroxysm:** Your entire body convulses violently as the pure stuff of Chaos courses over you; you bite off your tongue. You become very difficult to understand and suffer –5 to all Casting Rolls until you are somehow healed.
78–80	**Witherlimb:** A randomly determined limb withers and becomes permanently useless.
81–83	**Mutating Wind:** You must make a Will Power Test or suffer a Chaos Mutation (see *WFRP*, page 229, or the *Old World Bestiary*, page 79).
84–86	**Called to the Void:** You are sucked into the Realm of Chaos and are forever lost. Unless you have a Fate Point to spend, it's time to roll up a new character.
87–89	**Kin Afflicted:** Roll again on this table. Your closest living relative (an offspring, sibling, or parent, considered in that order, "closeness" being defined by proximity to you in age) suffers the resulting effect, regardless of how far away he is.
90–92	**Vortex of Chaos:** Roll on **Table 6–25: Expanded Major Chaos Manifestations**. Every creature within 1d10 yards (1d10/2 squares) suffers that effect.
93–95	**Hoard of Chaos:** Roll twice more on this table. The first roll is what happens now. The second roll (which the GM should make in secret) defines what will automatically happen the next time you cast a spell, in addition to any other effects Tzeentch's Curse will bring if you roll doubles, triples, or quadruples.
96–00	**Dark Inspiration:** The GM can choose any results from this chart or make up a comparable catastrophic effect.

Chapter VII: Magical Tools

While spells are some of the most important components in a Wizard's arsenal, many Wizards also make extensive use of other tools to augment their already potent talents. Included in these are familiars, magical creatures that act as servants and companions, and also potions, the potent brews that bestow magical effects on their drinkers. Furthermore, many Wizards and other characters uncover powerful weapons and devices that are as beneficial as they are dangerous. This chapter broadly examines these magical tools to serve as a starting point for coming up with more of your own design.

— Familiars —

Familiars are companions to Wizards. Since those who work magic are often shunned, a Wizard's familiar is frequently the only one he can truly call friendly. (And only friendly sometimes—a familiar can as easily be crotchety or sullen.) Familiars come in a wide variety of shapes and sizes, and can have a wide array of abilities upon which their masters can call in the service of research, defence, spellcasting, and more.

There are three methods by which a Wizard may obtain a familiar. The first is by creating a creature from unliving materials and imbuing it with life by magical means. Such creatures are sometimes called homunculi, though they are also known by other names, and the traditional concept of a homunculus—a small, humanlike creature—does not describe by far the wide variety of created familiars that are possible. The second method of obtaining a familiar is to bind a living creature to your company and service. Cats, birds, and rodents are typical bound familiars, but nearly any other living creature can be bound as a familiar. Finally, familiars can be summoned from the Realm of Chaos. Calling Daemon Imps—and even more powerful Daemonic creatures—to become familiars is dangerous business, and only the most depraved Dark Mages attempt to do so. The processes for creating familiars and binding familiars are described in the sections that follow. The process of summoning familiars from the Realm of Chaos, however, is described in *Tome of Corruption*.

Obtaining a Familiar

The first decision you must make, as a character intent on obtaining a familiar, is whether you will create a familiar from magical components or bind a living creature to be your familiar. In some cases, this decision will be made for you based on the Arcane Lore that you know. The following are the requirements of each type:

Create

Your Magic Characteristic must be at least 3, you must have the Academic Knowledge (Magic) skill, you must have the Speak Arcane Language (Magick) skill, and you must have one of the following:

- One of these Arcane Lore talents: Death, Fire, Light, Metal, or Shadow.
- The Dark Lore (Chaos or Necromancy) talent.

Bind

Your Magic Characteristic must be at least 2, you must have the Charm Animal skill, and you must have one of the following:

- One of these Arcane Lore talents: Beasts, Fire, the Heavens, Life, Light, or Shadow.
- The Witchcraft talent.

If you satisfy the requirements of both creating and binding, you may choose either, though you must still choose one or the other, for the methods are greatly different. It bears noting there are no restrictions on the number of familiars a given Wizard may have. Although most choose to have only one, others—Amber Wizards especially—accumulate many over time. Those who qualify may even have familiars of both the created and bound type at the same time.

Creating a Familiar

Creating a familiar is a three-step process. First, you must gather a wide variety of arcane components. Second, you must spend time alone with your project, crafting the creature from the elements you've collected, imbuing it over time with magic and the semblance of life. Finally, you must make a series of tests to see whether you've been successful.

Components

Without exception, created familiars require you to assemble a great variety of magical components in varying quantities. Common components include mud, clay, dung, blood, and the vital organs of humans and animals, but these only scratch the surface. The availability of components useful in creating familiars varies widely. In large cities like Altdorf, they can often be purchased, but in other places, you must harvest many of them yourself. When you begin the process of collecting components, roll two dice. The first is the number of weeks you will have to spend accumulating components, whether this time is spent in harvesting them, travelling to buy them, or a combination of both. The second die roll, multiplied by 100, is the cost in *gc* of the components. The span of time and expense can both be spread over as long a period as you like without penalty; you can spend a week and few dozen *gc* in each of a dozen cities, spread over years, if you wish. Any specifics about the components—where they must be found, how much each piece costs, and so forth—should be invented by the GM as necessary.

Time

Once all the components have been assembled you must work with them over a period of time, distilling them, transmuting them, and finally combining them together and giving them shape. This process takes 1d10 weeks, during which time you may not spend more than an hour or so each day away from your tasks.

Tests

At the end of the period of time described above, you must make a Hard (–20%) Intelligence Test. If you succeed, you may proceed to roll on **Table 7–1: Familiar Creation** to determine the form your familiar has taken, and then on **Table 7–2: Oddities of Form** to determine any unusual physical

Table 7–1: Familiar Creation

Roll	Result
01–25	*Small Humanoid:* Your familiar has the shape of a human, though it is very short, no taller than one foot.
26–35	*Moderate Humanoid:* Your familiar has the shape of a human but is sized like a Dwarf or Halfling, standing 3 feet + 2d10 inches tall.
36–40	*Large Humanoid:* Your familiar is shaped like a human and nearly as tall, standing 4 feet + 2d10 inches tall.
40–50	*Animalistic:* Your familiar is shaped like some animal, taking a size appropriate to that animal. Roll on **Table 7–3: Bound Familiar Type** to determine what animal shape it takes. (You do not have a bound familiar, **Table 7–3** simply determines your created familiar's physical form.)
51–55	*Small Animalistic:* As "Animalistic," but your familiar is about half the normal size of a creature of the resulting type.
56–60	*Large Animalistic:* As "Animalistic," but your familiar is about twice the normal size of a creature of the resulting type.
61–70	*Insubstantial:* You familiar has no definite physical shape, appearing instead as an indistinct glowing, shimmering, or shadowy form. Your familiar automatically has the Ethereal talent (see *Old World Bestiary*, page 77), and does not roll on **Table 7–2: Oddities of Form** unless it is only partially Insubstantial owing to the "Combination" result.
71–80	*Combination:* Your familiar's torso and legs are of different natures. Roll twice on this table (re-rolling this result if it occurs again) and combine the two results. If the second result is the same form as the first, re-roll the second until the two results are different.
81–90	*Player's Choice:* You may choose any result on this table.
91–00	*GM's Choice:* The GM may choose any results on this table.

Table 7–2: Oddities of Form

Roll	Result
01–03	*Additional Eye:* Your familiar has one more eye than would be normal for a creature of its type. This may give it the ability to see things it otherwise would not be able to see—things behind it, for example, if the eye is in the back of its head.
04	*Barbed Tongue:* Your familiar's tongue ends in strange barbs. It gains the Natural Weapons Talent.
05–07	*Bizarre Colour:* Your familiar is a strange colour—purple, pink, blue. At your option, it may be a mix of colours.
08–11	*Blind:* Your familiar has no eyes, and cannot see.
12	*Claws:* Your familiar has claws. It gains the Natural Weapons Talent.
13–15	*Corpulent:* Your familiar appears astoundingly obese for a creature of its size.
16–19	*Deaf:* Your familiar has no ears, and cannot hear.
20–22	*Extra Digits:* Your familiar has 1d10 more fingers or toes than would be normal for a creature of its type.
23–25	*Extra Limb:* Your familiar has an extra arm or leg.
26	*Fangs:* Your familiar has fangs. It gains the Natural Weapons Talent.
27–29	*Fragrant:* Your familiar has a pleasant odour, smelling of flowers, spices, or herbs.
30–32	*Fur:* Your familiar is covered in a coat of soft or coarse fur.
33–35	*Gaunt:* Your familiar is markedly gaunt to the point of appearing emaciated.
36	*Horns:* Your familiar has a pair of sharp horns it can use to make attacks, dealing SB–1 Damage.
37–39	*Humanoid Face:* Your familiar has an eerie face, much like that of a man, woman, or child.
40–42	*Humanoid Hands:* Your familiar has humanoid hands, complete with opposable thumbs.
43–45	*Missing Digits:* Your familiar is missing 1d10 fingers or toes.
46–48	*Missing Limb:* Your familiar is missing a limb that it would normally have.
49–51	*Musky:* Your familiar has a strong musky aroma.
52–54	*No Shadow:* Your familiar does not cast a shadow.
55–57	*Scales:* Scales cover your familiar's hide, granting it the talent Scales (1) (see *Old World Bestiary*, page 78).
58	*Shell or Carapace:* Your familiar has a hard shell or tough carapace and gains the Scales (2) talent (see *Old World Bestiary*, page 78).
59–61	*Slimy:* Your familiar's body naturally exudes a damp slimy substance, and leaves a slime trail—like a snail or slug—wherever it goes.
62–64	*Strange Eye Colour:* Your familiar has startling eye colour, such as purple, yellow, or even orange.
65–67	*Tail:* If your familiar's form is such that it would not normally have a tail, it has one that is both substantial and prehensile. If your familiar would normally have a tail, it is missing.
68–70	*Tentacles:* Your familiar sprouts tentacles, granting it a +10% bonus on all grappling tests.
71–73	*Undead Appearance:* Your familiar has a cadaverous appearance, looking as if it's rotting.
74–76	*Unnerving Eyes:* Your familiar has bizarre eyes, made from jewels, buttons, or mushrooms.
77–79	*Vestigial Wings:* Your familiar has wings, though they do not allow it to fly.
80–82	*Wings (Hoverer):* Your familiar has wings and gains the Hoverer talent (see *WFRP*, page 99).
83–85	*Wings (Flyer):* Your familiar has wings and gains the Flyer talent (see *WFRP*, page 98).
86–92	*Roll Twice:* Roll twice more on this table.
93–97	*Player's Choice:* You may choose any result on this table.
98–100	*GM's Choice:* The GM may choose any result on this table.

characteristics of your familiar. (If you achieve at least 2 degrees of success on your Intelligence Test, you may skip the Oddities of Form Table, at your option.) If you fail, you must go back to the "Time" step, spend another 1d10 weeks, and then make another Intelligence Test, a process you may continue until you either succeed or give up.

Though the body shapes listed here approximate living creatures, it is obvious to all who look on your familiar that it is formed of mud, stone, wood, flesh, or whatever components you used. It is clearly not a natural creature.

In the event of missing body parts, you may choose which parts are gone. In the event of extra body parts, you may define what form they take (whether an extra limb is an arm or leg, for example) and where they are attached.

Table 7–3: Bound Familiar Type

Roll	Result
01–04	*Bat:* See page 189 for statistics.
05–06	*Bear:* See "Bears" in *WFRP*, page 232, for statistics.
07–15	*Cat:* See page 189 for statistics.
16–22	*Dog, Small:* A small dog, such as a rat terrier. See "Dogs" in *WFRP*, page 232, for statistics.
23–25	*Dog, Large:* A large breed, such as a mastiff. See "War Dogs" in *WFRP*, page 233, for statistics.
26–30	*Eagle:* Alternately, you may choose some other noble bird. See page 189 for statistics.
31–35	*Frog or Toad:* See page 190 for statistics.
36–39	*Horse:* See "Riding Horse" in *WFRP*, page 233, for statistics.
40–45	*Lizard:* A medium-sized breed such as an iguana. See page 190 for statistics.
46–47	*Monkey:* See page 190 for statistics.
48–55	*Rat:* See page 190 for statistics.
56–65	*Raven:* Alternately, you may choose some other large bird. See "Raven" in *WFRP*, page 233, for statistics.
66–75	*Robin:* Alternately, you may choose some other small bird. See page 190 for statistics.
76–80	*Snake:* See page 190 for statistics.
81–87	*Weasel, Ferret, or Squirrel:* See page 190 for statistics.
88–90	*Wolf:* See "Wolves" in *WFRP*, page 233, for statistics.
91–95	*Player's Choice:* You may choose any animal on this table, or any animal at all (providing the GM gives his approval).
96–00	*GM's Choice:* The GM chooses any animal on this table, or any animal at all.

Binding a Familiar

Like creating a familiar, binding a familiar is a three-step process. The first is to search out a suitable creature, one whose form, fitness, and temperament are just so. Next, you must spend time with the creature, both making it accustomed to you and slowly imbuing it with magic. Finally, you must make a series of tests to see if you've been successful.

Search

There are two basic strategies you can follow in your search. The first is to travel the world and wilderness looking for a suitable creature. This strategy takes 1d10 weeks before a candidate is found, but costs nothing. The second is to simply purchase a suitable creature. Although creatures suitable for binding as familiars are only for sale in the largest cities where Magisters are most common, there are merchants who do a lucrative trade in such. (That is to say, such animals are only for sale as creatures suitable for binding in large cities. It is certainly possible to find such animals for sale in other places, but those selling them have no idea of the nature—or worth—of these beasts.) The going rate for creatures suitable for binding varies widely depending on the creature's nature, but is almost never less than 500 *gc*, and even then not all suitable creatures are suitable for all Wizards. In any case, you must roleplay any attempt to purchase a suitable binding candidate. Whether discovered or purchased, to generate the type of creature found, roll on **Table 7–3: Bound Familiar Type**. If the type generated is not one the player is interested in, he is welcome to spend another 1d10 weeks searching (if he's chosen that route), or not buy this particular specimen and instead look for another (if he's purchasing a creature suitable for binding).

Time

Once you have located a suitable creature, you must spend 1d10/2 weeks in its company, both making it accustomed to your presence and using magic to create an aethyric bond between the you and the familiar. You can spend that time doing just about anything else besides, as long as you can do it largely in the presence of your prospective familiar. You can only spend an hour or two each day away from it, or you must start the period over.

Test

At the end of the time period described above, you must make a Challenging (–10%) Fellowship Test and a Challenging (–10%) Intelligence Test. If you succeed in both, the creature has been bound to you and becomes your familiar. If you fail in either, you must go back to the "Time" step, spend another 1d10/2 weeks, and make both tests again. Only when you succeed in both at once will the process be ended, unless you give up before then.

Familiar Nature and Personality

Once you've either created or bound a familiar, you must determine more about its personality, and the nature of your relationship to it. The unique character of familiars and their relationships to Wizards means that you can never know exactly what a given creature's personality as a familiar will be until it's bound or created. Likewise, it's impossible to predict how it will feel about you after the process. The reason for this is obvious with created familiars, but even familiars that undergo the process of binding can see their personalities changed drastically by the experience.

To determine your new familiar's personality, roll on **Table 7–5: Familiar Personality**. To determine the nature of the relationship you and your familiar share, roll on **Table 7–4: Nature of the Relationship**. Before rolling on each of these tables, you may attempt a Fellowship Test. For each degree of success you achieve, you can alter the outcome of the die roll by one point in either direction, if you wish. For example, with two degrees of success, you could make a roll of 2 on **Table 7–4** generate a relationship of Adoration, Friendship, or Servant (because two can be increased or decreased by up to two, becoming 0, 1, 3, or 4).

Roleplaying the Familiar

A Wizard's familiar is an interesting hybrid, falling somewhere between an unthinking extension of the Wizard character—like an ordinary riding horse, or even a magical staff—and a fully realized character in its own right, capable of acting on its own, with its own agenda. This gives rise to the question: Who controls the familiar in play? Does the Wizard speak for the familiar and control its actions absolutely, or does the GM play it as an NPC? And how do personalities like Argumentative and Inconsiderate, and relationships where master and familiar are At Odds, figure into the situation?

Table 7–4: Nature of the Relationship

Roll	Relationship
1	*Adoration:* The familiar holds its master in high esteem bordering on hero worship.
2–3	*Friendship:* The familiar considers its master to be a good friend, probably (though not necessarily) a friend above all others.
4–5	*Servant:* The familiar behaves as though it is a servant in its master's employ. The familiar expects to be "paid" in favours, good food, and decent accommodation.
6	*Distant:* The familiar realizes it owes an obligation of some sort to its master, but prefers to spend its time alone, for whatever reason.
7	*Aloof:* The familiar is not particularly impressed with its master, and avoids him when possible.
8	*At Odds:* The familiar is actively antagonistic toward its master, though is generally not self-destructive enough to proactively work to cause its master harm.
9	*Player's Choice:* The player may choose any of the above or invent some other, more complicated description of the relationship between master and familiar.
10	*GM's Choice:* As above, but the GM makes the choice.

Table 7–5: Familiar Personality

Roll	Result	Roll	Result
01–02	Absent-minded	51–52	Loyal
03–04	Adventuresome	53–54	Lusty
05–06	Anxious	55–56	Mean
07–08	Argumentative	57–58	Messy
09–10	Compulsive	59–60	Moody
11–12	Conceited	61–62	Naïve
13–14	Cranky	63–64	Optimistic
15–16	Critical	65–66	Paranoid
17–18	Cuddly	67–68	Passive-aggressive
19–20	Cynical	69–70	Polite
21–22	Depressed	71–72	Pompous
23–24	Dramatic	73–74	Psychotic
25–26	Excitable	75–76	Raving Mad
27–28	Friendly	77–78	Rude
29–30	Generous	79–80	Self-deprecating
31–32	Gloomy	81–82	Show-off
33–34	Greedy	83–84	Shy
35–36	Hyperactive	85–86	Squeamish
37–38	Hypochondriac	87–88	Unobservant
38–40	Incoherent	89–90	Vain
41–42	Inconsiderate	91–92	Vindictive
43–44	Inquisitive	93–94	Roll twice
45–46	Intolerant	95–97	Player's choice
47–48	Jealous	98–00	GM's choice
49–50	Know-it-all		

The basic rule is that a familiar's master controls its actions and speaks for it during the game, but is understood to do so on the overworked GM's behalf. If, at any time, the GM feels the familiar would do something other than what the player specifies, he may overrule the player and spell out some other course of action. This applies on all levels, from the way a familiar interacts with a curious NPC to the way a familiar spends his advancement picks.

Even though the GM has the final authority on what the familiar wants and intends, a familiar's master also has concrete—if not absolute—sway over his familiar. Any time a familiar's master becomes aware that his familiar is doing something contrary to his wishes, he may engage in an opposed Will Power Test with his familiar in order to bully it into going his way. This may have consequences down the line (no one likes to be pushed around), and so the master may want to try to persuasion before commandment. But the opposed Will Power Test always remains an option to keep a recalcitrant familiar in line.

Familiar Statistics

The way a familiar's statistics are generated varies between created and bound familiars, as described in the sections that follow. What's common to both, however, is they make advancements according to the Familiar creature career listed on the following pages. Familiars gain xp at half the rate their masters do; for every 200 points a familiar's master accumulates, the familiar earns 100. Familiars never earn xp on their own. In addition to spending xp on advancement picks from the Familiar creature career advance scheme, familiars can also spend xp to buy new familiar abilities.

— Familiar Advance Scheme —							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	—	+10%	+20%	—	+50%	+50%	+35%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any), Common Knowledge (any), Dodge Blow, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Magick)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Aethyric Attunement, Alley Cat, Flee!, Frightening (created familiars only), Keen Senses, Resistance to Chaos, Resistant to Magic, Sixth Sense, Strong-minded, Unsettling

Trappings: None

Career Exits: None

Created

Generate a new created familiar's stats by rolling according to **Table 7–6: Created Familiar Beginning Characteristics.** Created familiars also begin with the Magical Sense skill and Unsettling talent. Although certain generated statistics may sometimes seem at odds with a given created familiar's size and shape, keep in mind that created familiars are wholly bizarre creatures for whom there is no template in the natural world. It is not so difficult to believe magic could create a hulking form susceptible to damage from an offhand swat or a small creature capable of withstanding damage that would kill a horse.

Created familiars get one free advance in the Familiar creature career at the end of their creation. Note the Familiar career is not a Starting Career, so the familiar must acquire all the skills and talents of this career with xp as normal.

Bound

Bound familiars' statistics are based on the stat profiles of their creature type. **Table 7–3: Bound Familiar Type**, tells you where to find statistics for various types of animals. Bound familiars get two free advances in the Familiar creature career at the end of their binding. These usually go to Intelligence and Fellowship, but you may choose other advancements if you wish.

The following are basic statistics for a variety of relatively common animals.

— Bat Statistics —							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
24%	0%	10%	10%	18%	10%	10%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	2	1	1	1(6)	0	0	0

Table 7–6: Created Familiar Beginning Characteristics

Characteristic	Die Roll
Weapon Skill	10+2d10
Ballistic Skill	10+1d10
Strength	10+4d10
Toughness	10+4d10
Agility	10+1d10
Intelligence	5+3d10
Will Power	5+3d10
Fellowship	1d10
Attacks	1
Wounds	5+(1d10/2)
Strength Bonus	Derived
Toughness Bonus	Derived
Move	1+(1d10/2)
Magic	0
Insanity Points	0
Fate Points	0

Skills: Perception

Talents: Flier, Keen Senses, Night Hearing (as Night Vision, but doesn't even require starlight or equivalent)

— Cat Statistics —							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
24%	0%	10%	10%	18%	10%	10%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	6	1	1	6	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move

Talents: Alley Cat, Flee!, Keen Senses

— Eagle (Raptor) Statistics —							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38%	0%	10%	10%	38%	12%	24%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	7	1	1	2 (8)	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +20%
Talents: Flier, Keen Senses, Orientation, Strike to Injure
Special Rules:

- *Hunter:* The talons and beak of a raptor deal SB–2 damage with the Fast Quality.

— Frog/Toad Statistics —

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
10%	0%	3%	5%	20%	10%	10%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0

Skills: Perception
Talents: None

— Lizard Statistics —

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
20%	0%	12%	25%	25%	10%	20%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	4	1	2	3	0	0	0

Skills: Perception, Scale Sheer Surface
Talents: Flee!, Rover

— Monkey Statistics —

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
20%	25%	10%	10%	40%	15%	10%	5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	6	1	1	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Scale Sheer Surface
Talents: Flee!

— Snake Statistics —

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
15%	0%	10%	10%	20%	10%	10%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	1	1	1	2	0	0	0

Skills: Intimidate
Talents: Natural Weapons
Special Rules:

- *Venom:* Upon launching an attack that inflicts at least one Wound (which is not absorbed by armour or Toughness), the victim must make a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or suffer 1 additional Wound every ten minutes until 1d10/2 Wounds are taken.

— Snake Statistics —

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
16%	0%	10%	10%	14%	10%	10%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	2	1	1	2	0	0	0

Skills: Perception
Talents: Rover

— Robin or Small Bird Statistics —

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
5%	0%	5%	5%	50%	12%	12%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	3	0	0	2(7)	0	0	0

Skills: Perception
Talents: Flier

— Weasel/Ferret/Squirrel Statistics —

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
20%	0%	15%	15%	30%	15%	20%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	4	1	1	5	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%
Talents: Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Rover

Familiar Abilities

There are a number of different familiar abilities and their power lies at the heart of why most Wizards seek familiars. Each familiar starts with one familiar ability, generated on **Table 7–7: Starting Familiar Ability**. Both familiars and their masters may also contribute xp toward buying new familiar abilities in the course of play. Each new familiar ability costs 300 xp, which may be paid by the Wizard, the familiar, or both in combination.

Aethyric Reservoir

The familiar can absorb any spell that specifically targets it or its master, saving it for later use. To absorb the spell, the familiar must make a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test. If it succeeds, it locks the spell away. For up to 1d10 days, the spell remains stored there. Within that period, either the master or the familiar can release that spell back into the world, designating a new target or targets, a new area of effect, and so forth. Only one spell may be stored at a time; a familiar may not attempt to soak another spell if it already has one stored.

The GM, however, secretly rolls the length of time the spell can remain stored. If the duration expires and the stored spell remains unreleased, the magical energy burns both familiar and master from the inside out. Each takes a hit with Damage equal to one-third of the spell's Casting Number, rounded down. If the familiar suffers a Critical Hit with a Critical Value of +5 or greater, it automatically explodes.

Link of Psyche

The familiar and master can communicate complex thoughts and emotions to each other instantly, without speech, and over any distance. This ability increases the ability of each to cogitate and withstand mental stresses, raising the Intelligence and Will Power of both by +10% for as long as both are conscious and cooperative.

Lucky Charm

The familiar is somehow a magnet for good luck. The familiar has a reservoir of 2 Fortune Points that either the familiar or its master can use each day.

Magic Focus

The master can use the familiar's magical nature to amplify the effects of his spellcasting much as a lens focuses light. When a spell is cast in this way, one of its quantitative effects—range, area of effect, duration, and so on—is doubled. The downside of using this ability to cast a given spell is that it is unpredictable, and makes one of the dice in the Casting Roll a Chaos die (see **Times and Places of Chaos** in **Chapter Six: Magical Lore**).

Magic Power

As long as the familiar lives and remains his familiar, the Wizard gains a bonus of +1 to his Magic Characteristic.

Master's Touch

The familiar acts as an extension of its master's touch, sight, and location for the purposes of casting Touch spells, casting spells at targets the caster must be able to see, and casting spells that affect the caster's location.

Table 7–7: Starting Familiar Ability

Created	Bound	Result
01–10	01–05	Aethyric Reservoir
11–20	06–25	Link of Psyche
21–25	26–35	Lucky Charm
26–40	36–45	Magic Focus
41–55	46–55	Magic Power
55–70	55–70	Master's Touch
70–85	71–80	Master's Voice
86–90	81–90	Voice of Reason
91–95	91–95	Player's Choice
96–00	96–00	GM's Choice

Master's Voice

The master is capable of projecting his voice through his familiar. This has two effects. First, the master can communicate to anyone who is within earshot of the familiar. Second, if the familiar is within 24 yards (12 squares) of its master, the master can project his own voice through the familiar to cast spells, which allows him to cast even if he is prevented from speaking by a gag, a magic effect, or any other force (as long as it does not also affect the familiar's ability to speak).

Voice of Reason

The familiar dampens chaotic forces. When its master makes a Casting Roll that contains doubles, triples, or quadruples, the master may elect to re-roll the dice in order to avoid Tzeentch's Curse. (Of course, if the first roll is a success in casting, the master may wish to keep it to be guaranteed of success. It's up to him.) If the master elects to re-roll, he must abide by the second result, whatever it is. This effect is cumulative with the effects of protective circles (see *WFRP*, page 144).

Peril: Familiar Dangers

Familiars, in addition to being powerful companions, can also be dangerous to their masters. The following sections describe the ways this is true.

A Sign of Wizardry

Possessing a familiar is a sure sign to ignorant and superstitious commoners that one is a magic-user of some sort. Drawing the attention of the small-minded brings all the usual perils: being avoided, harassed, driven away, reported to Witch Hunters, or even directly attacked as a servant of the Ruinous Powers. Luckily, most commoners are bad at identifying familiars for

what they are. (This, unfortunately, can be a peril for non-magic characters who are particularly attached to some favoured—but entirely mundane—animal that is mistaken for a familiar.)

Attention of Chaos

Familiars are magical creatures, and as such, they attract the attention of Daemons and other magical creatures. When creating adventures and adjudicating action in scenes, the GM should keep in mind that familiars attract such special attention in order to keep the familiar's master on his toes.

Obsession

Because of the close relationship the master and familiar share, it is possible for the master to become utterly obsessed with his magical servant. Every time the familiar spends xp on an advancement pick or new familiar ability, its master must make an Easy (+20%) Fellowship Test. If he fails, he becomes obsessed with his familiar—its activities, its whereabouts, its thoughts and opinions. In addition to roleplaying this obsession, it gives others an easy (if figurative) chain to yank. Anyone threatening or otherwise using the familiar against its master (GM's judgment) causes such psychological disturbance within the master that he suffers a –10% penalty to his Intelligence and Will Power, and a –20% penalty to his Fellowship, until the situation is resolved.

Death or Departure

Familiars die. So do their masters. It is also rumoured that there are spells—rituals, perhaps—that can sever the relationship between a master and familiar. If either party to a familiar bonding dies, or if the relationship is severed (which can also be done by mutual agreement between master and familiar) both suffer a –10% penalty to all tests for a week, during which time the afflicted is alternately cranky, sullen, distressed, and occasionally violent without provocation. At the end of the week, the wounded party can make a Very Hard (–30%) Fellowship Test. Upon success, the penalty is no more. If the test fails, however, it remains for another week, at which point another test can be attempted. The test gets one-step easier each week, though, becoming simply Hard in the second week, Challenging in the third week, and so on. If the afflicted individual still does not pass the test when it becomes Very Easy, the state of psychic discord has persisted so long that the penalty becomes permanent, and no further Fellowship Tests are allowed to shake it off.

Aethyric Link

Familiars have a special link to their masters, and because of this link, enemy spellcasters can exploit the bond. As such, spellcasters can use another Wizard's familiar as a special ingredient to augment spells targeting the familiar's master. The familiar adds a +1 bonus to the Casting Roll. When used in this way, the familiar experiences intense pain and must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or take a Damage 1 hit. If the familiar suffers a Critical Hit with a Critical Value of +5 or greater, it automatically explodes. Naturally, sane familiars do what they can to avoid being used in this way.

A Wizard cannot use his own familiar to get a bonus when he casts spells to affect himself. A Wizard's allies could conceivably use a familiar to cast friendly spells on its master, but a Wizard who frequently allowed this would face open rebellion from his familiar in very short order.

— Potions —

Potions are beverages imbued with both magic and the virtues of natural substances. Potions differ from draughts as magic is required to brew these concoctions, while draughts can be mixed using mundane means. When consumed, they are intended to provide some benefit to the imbiber. Because many potion ingredients are inherently unstable, though, and because the arts of preservation in the Old World are rather medieval, potions frequently go bad, sometimes with disastrous results. And because the natural state of most potions is to smell dubious, it's impossible to tell whether a given potion has gone bad before you drink it.

The following sections describe the characteristics by which potions are described, the chances a given batch will go bad, the effects when they do go bad, characteristics for a variety of potions, and rules for how characters can brew them—assuming they wish to try their hands at such a potentially dangerous task.

Potion Characteristics

Potions are defined by a variety of characteristics, as follows:

Name: What the potion is commonly called, "Potency Draught," for example. When a specific batch of potion is being named, the common name is followed by additional information including the potion's creator, the season and year the potion was brewed, and the degrees of success that were achieved in the brewing. For example "Potency Draught — Bertold the Foetid's Winter I.C. 2522 (+2)."

Effect: What the potion is supposed to do when someone drinks it. Potions are always limited to affecting the one who drinks them. (Unless spoilage causes the imbiber to throw up on someone else, that is.)

Lag Time: Most potions do not take effect immediately. Lag Time is the amount of time that passes between the time the potion is consumed and the beginning of its Effect.

Volatility: A measure of how disastrous the effects are likely to be if the potion is consumed after it has spoiled. Volatility can be described — in order of increasing volatility — as Minor, Moderate, Major, or Extreme.

Ingredient Cost: The amount the ingredients for a batch of the potion cost, if purchased on the open market in a large city.

Ingredient Locale: The climate or environment where the ingredients for the potion can be found, if the brewer chooses to harvest his own ingredients rather than buying them.

Ingredient Difficulty: The Difficulty for tests to find enough ingredients for one batch of the potion in the appropriate locale.

Creation Number: The Difficulty for tests to brew a batch of the potion.

Creation Time: The amount of time it takes to brew one batch of the potion.

Using Potions

Using a potion is easy—you drink it. Once you've swallowed it, the GM rolls on **Table 7–8: Potion Spoilage Chance**. This table uses the potion's age in seasons (yes, potions go bad quickly) and the number of degrees of success in brewing (that's why recording the batch information is important) to determine the chance for the potion to go bad. Then the GM makes a roll to determine whether the potion has actually gone bad. If it has not gone bad, the potion takes effect as intended. If the potion has gone bad, the roll also tells the GM whether the potion is utterly spoiled, or spoiled but still effective. In the first case, the GM rolls on **Table 7–9** to determine exactly what happens. In the second case, the potion has its intended effects, but also has a spoilage effect determined by rolling on **Table 7-9**. Note that the GM should not tell the player what's happening during the spoilage-determination process, and only inform the player what happens to his character when it happens. Not knowing whether a potion's about to take effect or rot your guts from the inside out is half the fun!

"Degree" is the number of degrees of success achieved in brewing the potion. "Age" is the batch's age in months since brewing. The number before the slash is the chance that the potion is utterly spoiled. The number after the slash is the chance that the potion is spoiled but also effective. Both possibilities are addressed with one die roll. If the GM rolls equal to or less than the first number, the potion is utterly spoiled. If the GM rolls equal to or less than the second number (but not equal to or less than the first) the potion is spoiled but effective.

Table 7–8: Potion Spoilage Chance

	—Age in Seasons—					
Degree	1	2	3–4	5–8	9–16	17+
0	11%/22%	22%/44%	33%/66%	55%/88%	50%/95%	50%/95%
+1	10%/20%	20%/40%	30%/60%	40%/80%	50%/95%	50%/95%
+2	9%/18%	18%/36%	27%/54%	36%/72%	45%/90%	50%/95%
+3	8%/16%	16%/32%	24%/48%	32%/64%	40%/80%	50%/95%
+4	7%/14%	13%/28%	21%/42%	28%/56%	35%/70%	42%/84%
+5	6%/12%	13%/24%	18%/36%	24%/48%	30%/60%	36%/72%
+6	5%/10%	10%/20%	15%/30%	20%/40%	25%/50%	30%/60%

Table 7–9: Potion Spoilage Effects

	—Volatility—			
Roll	Minor	Moderate	Major	Extreme
01–02	No Effect	No Effect	No Effect	No Effect
03–04	No Effect	No Effect	No Effect	Buboes
05–06	No Effect	No Effect	Buboes	Dropsy
07–08	No Effect	No Effect	Buboes	Festering Wounds
09–10	No Effect	Bad Breath	Dropsy	Fungus
11–12	No Effect	Bunions	Dropsy	Gripes
13–14	No Effect	Colourful Change	Festering Wounds	Hallucination
15–16	No Effect	Drips	Festering Wounds	Madness
17–18	Bad Breath	Eruptions	Fungus	Permeating Stench
19–20	Bad Breath	Goitre	Fungus	Poison
21–22	Bunions	Gripes	Gripes	Potent Brew
23–24	Bunions	Hair Loss	Gripes	Scabies
25–26	Colourful Change	Hallucination	Hallucination	Sensory Loss
27–28	Colourful Change	Itchy Bits	Hallucination	Shrieks
29–30	Drips	Oozing Orbs	Madness	Suppurating Sores
31–32	Drips	Permeating Stench	Madness	Tinglies
33–34	Eruptions	Ravenous	Permeating Stench	Violent Wind
35–36	Eruptions	Spots	Permeating Stench	Delayed (roll again)
37–38	Goitre	Tinglies	Poison	Delayed (roll again)
39–40	Goitre	Vapours	Poison	Skull Rot
41–42	Gripes	Violent Wind	Potent Brew	Mutation
43–44	Gripes	Voice Change	Potent Brew	Mutation
45–46	Hair Loss	Warts	Scabies	Mad Laughter
47–48	Hair Loss	Wens	Scabies	Bewildered
49–50	Hallucination	Buboes	Sensory Loss	Apparent Death
51–52	Hallucination	Dropsy	Sensory Loss	Apparent Death
53–54	Itchy Bits	Festering Wounds	Shrieks	Gripes
55–56	Itchy Bits	Fungus	Shrieks	Gripes
57–58	Oozing Orbs	Gripes	Suppurating Sores	Gut Burn (2)
59–60	Oozing Orbs	Hallucination	Suppurating Sores	Gut Burn (2)
61–62	Permeating Stench	Madness	Tinglies	Gut Burn (4)
63–64	Permeating Stench	Permeating Stench	Tinglies	Gut Burn (4)
65–66	Ravenous	Poison	Violent Wind	Gut Burn (6)
67–68	Ravenous	Potent Brew	Violent Wind	Gut Burn (6)
69–70	Spots	Scabies	Retching Sick	Gut Burn (8)
71–72	Spots	Sensory Loss	Retching Sick	Gut Burn (8)
73–74	Tinglies	Shrieks	Gut Burn (2)	Madness
75–76	Tinglies	Suppurating Sores	Gut Burn (4)	Madness
77–78	Vapours	Tinglies	Gut Burn (4)	Madness
79–80	Vapours	Violent Wind	Gut Burn (6)	Poison
81–82	Violent Wind	Warts	Gut Burn (6)	Poison
83–84	Violent Wind	Wens	Gut Burn (8)	Poison
85–86	Voice Change	Retching Sick	Madness	Roll Minor
87–88	Voice Change	Retching Sick	Roll Minor	Roll Moderate
89–90	Warts	Gut Burn (2)	Roll Moderate	Roll Major
91–92	Warts	Roll Minor	Roll Extreme	Roll Two Times
93–94	Wens	Roll Major	Roll Two Times	Roll Two Times
95–96	Wens	Roll Two Times	Roll Two Times	Roll Three Times
97–98	Roll Moderate	Roll Two Times	Roll Three Times	Death!
99–100	Roll Two Times	Roll Three Times	Death!	Death!

Potion Spoilage Effects

No Effect

The potion has no effect whatsoever.

Apparent Death

The drinker suddenly falls into a coma, appearing to all others to be dead. Those inspecting the body and succeeding on a **Challenging (–10%) Heal Test** discern the drinker still lives. The drinker emerges from the coma after 1d10 days, usually not soon enough to avoid burial, though.

Bad Breath

When the drinker exhales, he spews forth a horrific stench of rotten eggs, dung, or spoilt ham. The Minor effect imposes a –5% penalty to Fellowship Tests for 1 hour. The Moderate effect imposes a –10% penalty to Fellowship Tests for 1 day.

Bewildered

The drinker becomes bewildered, as the *bewilder* spell (see page 162) for 1d10 hours.

Buboes

After 1d10 hours, black boils emerge on the drinker's skin, under his armpits, on his neck, or other more tender areas. After 1d10 hours, the buboes burst dealing a Damage 3 hit that bypasses armour, but not Toughness Bonus. For an extreme effect, the buboes appear and burst all within 1d10 rounds, dealing a Damage 6 hit that bypasses armour *and* Toughness Bonus.

Bunions

After 1d10 hours, the drinker's feet erupt with painful thorny protrusions. The Minor effect imposes a –1 penalty to the drinker's Movement Characteristic for 1 hour. The Moderate effect imposes a –1 penalty to the drinker's Movement Characteristic for 1 day.

Colourful Change

The drinker's skin instantly changes to a hue of the GM's choosing. A Minor effect lasts for 1 hour. A Moderate effect lasts for 1 day. Those suffering from this malady are often mistaken for Mutants.

Death!

The brew is fatal. Unless you have a Fate Point to spend, you die in 3d10 rounds.

Delayed

The effects of the spoilage are delayed 1d10 days. Roll again on the Extreme column.

Drips

The drinker immediately sweats profusely, though the potion works normally. A Minor effect lasts for 1 hour, while a Moderate effects lasts for 1d10 hours.

Dropsy

The potion is effective as normal, but after 1d10 hours, the drinker starts to swell as his body collects fluid. For a Major effect, this imposes a –10% penalty to Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, and Agility Tests for 1–5 (1d10/2) days. For an Extreme effect, this imposes a –20% penalty to Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, and Agility Tests for 1d10 days.

Eruptions

After 1–5 hours (1d10/2), strange blisters rise all over the drinker's skin, itching furiously, but bursting on contact releasing a foul brown fluid. A Minor effect imposes a –5% penalty to all Fellowship Tests for 1 hour. A Moderate effects imposes a –10% penalty to all Fellowship Tests for 1 day.

Festering Wounds

The potion seems to take no effect, but in truth, the potion interferes with the drinker's ability to naturally repair damage. Regardless of volatility, the drinker is considered Heavily Wounded for the purposes of recovering Wounds. This lasts 1d10 days.

Fungus

After 1d10 days, the potion causes the drinker to grow a fungus underneath his skin, causing the effected area to burn and itch. For a Major effect, the victim takes a –20% penalty to all Agility Tests for 1d10 days. For an Extreme effect, the victim takes a –50% penalty to all Agility Tests for 1d10 days.

Goitre

The potion causes a mass of tissue and fluid to rapidly grow over the space of 1 or 2 hours somewhere on the drinker's neck. A Minor effect is painful but has no mechanical effects and goes away on its own after a week. A Moderate effect is extremely painful and imposes a –5% penalty to all characteristics for 1 week. Those suffering from this malady are often mistaken for Mutants.

Gripes

The potion instantly causes the drinker's abdomen to clench in knots. A Minor effect imposes a –5% penalty to Will Power Tests for 1 hour, while a Moderate effect imposes a –5% penalty to Will Power Tests and Agility Tests for 1 day. A Major effect imposes a –10% penalty to Will Power Tests and Agility Tests for 1 week. An Extreme effect imposes a –20% penalty to Agility, Toughness, and Will Power Tests for 1 week.

Gut Burn (X)

You suffer a Damage X hit that ignores armour after a lag time of 1d10 rounds as the grim substance works its way into your system. If, during that period, someone realizes what is happening with a successful Heal Test, they can then make a second Heal Test to make you disgorge the poison. If you throw it up, the Damage of the hit is halved (rounded down). If the potion was spoiled but effective and you throw it up, its intended effects only apply if they have already taken hold (based on the potion's Lag Time) when you eject the substance.

Hair Loss

After 1 day, the potion causes the drinker to lose his hair. For a Minor effect, it comes out in clumps but grows back normally.

Hallucination

The potion seems to have no effect, but after an hour, the drinker starts to see and hear things that aren't there. A Minor effect imposes no penalties and the hallucinations stop after an hour. A Moderate effect imposes a –5% penalty to Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests for 1 hour. A Major effect imposes a –5% penalty to all Main Profile Characteristics for 1d10 hours. An Extreme effect imposes a permanent –5% penalty to all Main Profile Characteristics.

Itchy Bits

After 1d10 rounds, the drinker's skin becomes cracked and dry. For a Minor effect, the drinker takes a –5% penalty to Agility Tests. This penalty fades after an hour or after the drinker coats himself in a thick layer of animal fat.

Madness

The potion wreaks havoc with the drinker's mind. For a Moderate effect, the drinker gains 1 Insanity Point. A Major effect grants the drinker 2 Insanity Points. An Extreme effect grants the drinker 1d10 Insanity Points.

Mad Laugher

The drinker gains 1 Insanity Point and forever after giggles incessantly, imposing a –10% penalty to Fellowship Tests.

Mutation

The potion is tainted with Chaos. The drinker gains a number of mutations. Roll 1d10 to determine how many

1–4=1 mutation; 5–8=2 mutations; 9–10=3 mutations. Then roll on either **Table 11–1: Chaos Mutations** in *WFRP* or **Table 2–1: Expanded Chaos Mutation** in the *Old World Bestiary*.

Oozing Orbs

The potion causes the drinker's eyes to fill with a viscous brown mucous. For a Minor effect, the drinker takes a –5% penalty to vision-based Perception Tests. For a Moderate effect, the drinker takes a –10% penalty to vision-based Perception Tests. The eyes flush out the gunk after an hour.

Permeating Stench

The drinker exudes a strange and unsettling odour. For a Minor effect, the drinker and all creatures within 4 yards (2 squares) take a –5% penalty to Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests. The stink fades after 1 minute. For a Moderate effect, the drinker and all creatures within 8 yards (4 squares) take a –5% penalty to Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests. The stink fades after 1 hour. For a Major effect, the drinker and all creatures within 8 yards (4 squares) take a –10% penalty to Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests. The stink fades after 1 day. For an Extreme effect, the drinker and all creatures within 12 yards (6 squares) take a –20% penalty to Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests. The stink fades after 1 week.

Poison

The potion is poisonous. For a Moderate effect, it deals a Damage 4 hit, bypassing armour, but not Toughness Bonus. For a Major effect, it deals a Damage 6 hit, bypassing armour, but not Toughness Bonus. For an Extreme effect, it deals a Damage 8 hit, bypassing armour, but not Toughness Bonus. To add insult to injury, you suffer a –10% penalty on all tests for 1 day as the burning pains work their way out of your guts.

Potent Brew

There appears to be no effect at first. But after 1d10 rounds you automatically become Stinking Drunk, and must roll on the Stinking Drunk Table (see *WFRP*, page 115).

Ravenous

The potion fills the drinker with an all-consuming need to eat. Each round over the next 10 rounds, the drinker must make a **Challenging (-10%)" Will Power Test**. On a failed Test, he must eat the nearest organic object, a haunch of meat, a Snotling, a pile of dung. For a Minor effect, the Test is **Average (+0%)**.

Retching Sick

There is no immediately obvious effect, but after 1d10 hours, you become violently ill, unable to do more than hobble around and try not to vomit. You suffer a –20% penalty to all tests you make until you make a Hard (–20%) Toughness Test. You may attempt this test each morning until you pass, though the test's Difficulty thankfully becomes one step easier every day. When you do pass, your test penalty becomes –10%. Then, you must again make a Toughness test every day, beginning at Hard but again becoming easier each day. When you succeed again you finally manage to shake off the last lingering effects.

Scabies

This potion breeds vile vermin that travel through the victim's bloodstream to burrow out of the skin. A Moderate effect is

mildly painful and imposes a –5% penalty to all Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, and Agility Tests for 2d10 hours. A Major effect is very painful and imposes a –10% penalty to all Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, and Agility Tests for 1d10 days. An Extreme effect is terribly painful and imposes a –20% penalty to all Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, and Agility Tests for 1d10 weeks.

Sensory Loss

The potion ravages the drinker's senses. Roll 1d10.

Sensory Loss

Roll	Effect
1–3	the drinker is blind;
4–6	the drinker is deaf;
7–8	the drinker can't smell;
9	the drinker can't feel anything;
10	the drinker can't taste anything.

For a Moderate effect, the sense is lost for 1d10 minutes. For a Major effect, roll twice and the effects last for 1d10 hours (the same roll is cumulative). For an Extreme effect, roll three and the effects last for 1d10 days (the same roll is cumulative).

Shrieks

The potion causes the drinker to scream uncontrollably. For a Moderate effect, it is but a simple shriek lasting 1 round. For a Major effect, the screaming is sustained lasting 1d10 minutes. For an Extreme effect, the screaming lasts for 1d10 hours, leaving the subject unable to speak for 1d10 days thereafter.

Skull Rot

The potion softens the bones in the head. All attacks that strike the drinker in the head deal +1 Damage. The effects are cumulative and permanent.

Spots

When this potion is quaffed, the drinker sees spots. For a Minor effect, these spots are small sparkling motes that have no effect. A Moderate effect imposes a –20% penalty to vision-based Perception Tests. The spots fade after an hour.

Suppurating Sores

The potion causes the skin to burst and leak a yellowish puss. For a Moderate effect, the drinker takes a Damage 2 hit, bypassing armour. For a Major effect, the drinker takes a Damage 4 hit, bypassing armour. For an Extreme effect, the drinker permanently loses 1 Wound and takes a Damage 6 hit, bypassing armour. The sores heal after a day.

Tinglies

The potion causes the drinker's body to become numb. He gains a +5% bonus to his Toughness characteristic, but takes a –10%

penalty to his Agility characteristic. For a Minor effect, the tinglies last for 1 hour. For a Moderate effect, the tinglies last for 2d10 hours. For a Major effect, the tinglies last for 1d10 days. For an Exteme effect, the tinglies last for 1d10 weeks.

Vapours

The potion's drinker becomes sad and melancholy. To take an action, the drinker must succeed on a Will Power Test. For a Minor effect, the Test is Average (+0%) and the effects of vapours lasts for 3 rounds.

Violent Wind

The drinker suffers from powerful and embarrassing flatulence. Such expulsions are loud and foul, but otherwise have no mechanical effect for a Minor result and the effects fade after 1 minute. For a Moderate result, the force of the burst is painful. Each round there's a 20% chance the character loses a half action to the burst of hot air emanating from his nether regions. The effects fade after 1 minute. For a Major result, the force of the burst is extremely painful. Each round there's a 50% chance the character loses a full action to the sudden explosion. The effects fade after 1 hour. For an Extreme result, the character is paralyzed with near constant flatulence, unable to walk or speak or do anything at all for 1 hour.

Voice Change

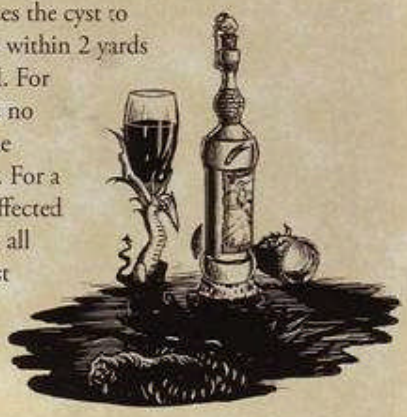
The subject's voice changes pitch. Either up or down, this has no mechanical effect.

Warts

Small uncomfortable bumps of thick flesh appear in the drinker's crevasses, on his hands, and face. For a Minor effect, they impose a –5% penalty to Agility Tests but fade after 24-hours. For a Moderate effect, they impose a –5% penalty to Agility Tests but fade after a week.

Wens

The potion causes fluid to form cysts on the drinker's body in strange places (roll for random location). Any hit to that area causes the cyst to burst, spraying everyone within 2 yards (1 square) with vile fluid. For a Minor result, wens has no mechanical effect and the swelling ends after a day. For a Moderate result, if the affected area is struck in combat, all adjacent chartacters must succeed on an Agility Test or contract wens as well. The effects end after a week.



Catalogue of Potions

The following are potions commonly known in the Old World.

Boar's Musk

Effect: When consumed, this potion causes beads of foul smelling oil to appear on the drinker's skin. This imposes a –20% penalty to the drinker's Fellowship Tests and all characters within 4 yards (2 squares) take a –5% penalty to Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill Tests. The oil can be wiped off, but the smell remains for 1d10 hours thereafter. *Boar's musk* is often used by women against their rivals.

Lag Time	2 hours
Volatility	Mild
Ingredient Cost	50 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Temperate swamp
Ingredient Difficulty	Routine (+10%)
Creation Difficulty	Average (+0%)
Creation Time	2 days

Channelpath Potion

Effect: You gain a +15% bonus to all Channelling tests you make in the 1d10 minutes after you drink this potion.

Lag Time	None
Volatility	Major
Ingredient Cost	300 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Chaos Waste
Ingredient Difficulty	Challenging (–10%)
Creation Difficulty	Hard (–20%)
Creation Time	2 months

Debauch's Friend

Effect: For 1d10 hours after you imbibe this potion, you are immune to the negative effects of alcohol, though your enjoyment of drink is not diminished.

Lag Time	1d10 minutes
Volatility	Moderate
Ingredient Cost	50 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Any Temperate
Ingredient Difficulty	Routine (+10%)
Creation Difficulty	Routine (+10%)
Creation Time	1 week

Draught of Lizard Limbs

Effects: You regrow a lost limb. Fully 50% of these potions are faulty, growing the wrong limb from the wrong

side (such as a second left arm) or growing a leg where an arm should go. Before using this potion, it's best to establish a good relationship with a barber-surgeon lest the Witch Hunters get wind of your guilty double left-hand secret.

Lag Time	24 hours
Volatility	Extreme
Ingredient Cost	500 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Tropical Forest
Ingredient Difficulty	Hard (+20%)
Creation Difficulty	Hard (+20%)
Creation Time	1 month

Draught of Power

Effect: If your Magic Characteristic is at least 1, it is increased by +1 for 2 rounds.

Lag Time	1 round
Volatility	Extreme
Ingredient Cost	550 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Temperate forest
Ingredient Difficulty	Routine (+10%)
Creation Difficulty	Very Hard (–30%)
Creation Time	2 months

God's Spit

Effect: When applied to the thumbs, just prior to a fistfight, the user treats his hands as if he was wearing gauntlets and gains a +5% bonus to his Toughness and Agility characteristics for 1d10 minutes.

Lag Time	1 round
Volatility	Mild
Ingredient Cost	100 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Any land
Ingredient Difficulty	Average (+0%)
Creation Difficulty	Challenging (–10%)
Creation Time	1 week

Hair Tonic

Effect: When applied to an area, *hair tonic* causes hair to grow profusely. One dose is enough to cover a Human scalp. If accidentally ingested (or perhaps slipped to you), hair grows in the mouth, making conversation difficult, imposing a –20% penalty to Fellowship Tests. There have been several cases of overzealous use of *hair tonic*, including the famous Dog Boy of Nuln who thought to cover his entire body in the stuff.

Lag Time	15 minutes
Volatility	Moderate
Ingredient Cost	75 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Any saltwater sea
Ingredient Difficulty	Challenging (+10%)
Creation Difficulty	Average (+0%)
Creation Time	1 week

Lucidity Tonic

Effect: You are able to focus your mind so intensely that you receive a +20% bonus to all Intelligence and Will Power Tests for 3d10 hours. There is no chance whatsoever that you will be able to fall asleep in that time, however, and once the tonic wears off you are exhausted and sleep without interruption for a further 3d10 hours.

Lag Time	1 hour
Volatility	Major
Ingredient Cost	275 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Temperate grasslands
Ingredient Difficulty	Challenging (+10%)
Creation Difficulty	Challenging (+10%)
Creation Time	1 month

Nectar of Beauty

Effect: All and any facial defects, blemishes or scars fade and reappear somewhere else on your body. You gain a +10% bonus to Fellowship Tests made to interact with characters ordinarily attracted to your gender for 3d10 hours. However, while under the effects of this potion, bright light is painful and uncomfortable. While in the area of bright light, you take a –5% penalty to all of your primary characteristics.

Lag Time	1 hour
Volatility	Moderate
Ingredient Cost	110 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Temperate forests
Ingredient Difficulty	Hard (+20%)
Creation Difficulty	Challenging (+10%)
Creation Time	2 weeks

Potency Draught

Effect: You are infused with strength and vigour, increasing your Strength and Toughness characteristics by +15% each (with corresponding increases in your Strength Bonus and Toughness Bonus) for 1d10 hours.

Lag Time	1d10/2 rounds
Volatility	Minor
Ingredient Cost	250 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Temperate forest
Ingredient Difficulty	Average (no modifier)
Creation Difficulty	Challenging (–10%)
Creation Time	1 month

Potion of Comeliness

Effect: Your skin clears, hair lightens, pupils dilate, and waist slims, in effect making you the vision of beauty. You gain a +20% bonus to all Fellowship Tests for 2d10 hours. However, this potion carries some dangerous side effects. When the potion's effect ends, you must succeed on a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or permanently take a –5% penalty to your Intelligence characteristic. In addition, you must make a Hard (–20%) Will Power Test each week to resist gaining and taking another dose. Even if you lack the means to acquire the potion, while in the throes of the addiction, you'll do whatever it takes to get it. If you succeed on three Will Power Tests in a row, you break free from the addiction.

Lag Time	1 round
Volatility	Major
Ingredient Cost	750 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Temperate forest
Ingredient Difficulty	Hard (–20%)
Creation Difficulty	Challenging (–10%)
Creation Time	3 weeks

Potion of Pain Denied

Effect: You feel no pain—whatsoever—for 1d10 hours once this potion takes effect. You ignore any test penalties related to pain, are effectively immune to physical torture, and increase your Toughness by +20% for that time period.

Lag Time	1d10/2 rounds.
Volatility	Major
Ingredient Cost	300 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	High Mountains (winter only)
Ingredient Difficulty	Average (no modifier)
Creation Difficulty	Challenging (+10%)
Creation Time	2 weeks

Potion of Perceptive Clarity

Effect: Your ability to pay attention to things in your environment is multiplied manifold. For 1d10/2 hours, you have the equivalent of both the Acute Hearing talent and Excellent Vision talent. This does not provide a cumulative bonus if you already had either of those talents.

Lag Time	1 round
Volatility	Moderate
Ingredient Cost	175 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Tropical Swamp
Ingredient Difficulty	Challenging (–10%)
Creation Difficulty	Routine (+10%)
Creation Time	1 month

Potion of Teeth

Effect: This potion, when applied to a broken or rotting tooth, causes it to grow. However, a spilt drop can cause a tooth to grow in strange and often unexpected locations.

Lag Time	1 hour
Volatility	Minor
Ingredient Cost	70 *gc*
Ingredient Locale	Underground
Ingredient Difficulty	Challenging (–10%)
Creation Difficulty	Routine (+10%)
Creation Time	1 week

Slimming Liquor

Effect: Your body fats turn to liquid and oozes from your pours. While this is slimming, it does nothing for the skin. Many corpulent nobles drink this stuff to charm the ladies, but find they have folds upon folds of skin that hang from their bones. The liquefied fat stinks terribly and the odour stays with you for 1d10 hours, imposing a –10% penalty to all Fellowship Tests. Lost fat returns through normal means.

Lag Time	8 hours
Volatility	Moderate
Ingredient Cost	200 gc
Ingredient Locale	Desert
Ingredient Difficulty	Hard (–20%)
Creation Difficulty	Challenging (+10%)
Creation Time	2 weeks

Brewing Potions

Brewing potions is a fairly straightforward process, if time-consuming, dangerous, and potentially expensive. Assuming a character meets the requirements, he must only obtain the proper ingredients, spend the requisite amount of time in an alchemical laboratory, and make a test to determine whether the brewing has been successful.

Table 7–10: Brewing Disasters

Roll	Result
1	*No Disastrous Effect:* You fail to create anything useful, but that is the extent of your misery.
2	*Very Close:* You manage to create the potion, but it is spoiled. Roll once on **Table 7–9: Potion Spoilage Effects** to determine its side effects.
3	*Not so Close:* You create the potion, but it is seriously spoiled. Roll twice on **Table 7–9: Potion Spoilage Effects** to determine its side effects.
4	*Smoke and Stink:* Your brewing attempt is a failure and thick smoke that resists your most determined efforts to be rid of it lingers for days. It imparts all of your laboratory equipment with a brimstone stink. On the positive side, this gives your laboratory a certain measure of credibility among alchemists and apothecaries.
5	*Clumsy Fool:* Halfway through the process you bungle the brewing, destroy 10% of your equipment, and ruin your chances with this batch. You do, however, finish early.
6	*Headaches:* The vapours released by your distillations bring you pain. You suffer a –5% to all tests made in the course of brewing this potion, including anything you do away from your laboratory.
7	*Acid Burns:* You are splashed with caustic reagents. You suffer a Damage 3 hit, and unless you receive the attentions of a Healer within the hour, you will be scarred in a random location. Many alchemists and apothecaries view with suspicion those who have no such burns.
8	*Trivial Explosion:* Your laboratory is 15% destroyed and you suffer a Damage 2 hit.
9	*Explosion:* Your laboratory is 25% destroyed and you suffer a Damage 4 hit.
10	*Fire!:* Your laboratory catches fire. Your equipment is 35% destroyed by the time you can put it out, and the fire may spread to adjacent buildings depending on their proximity, at the GM's option.
11+	*Major Explosion!:* Your laboratory is entirely and utterly destroyed and you suffer a Damage 6 hit.

Remember to add the number of degrees of your brewing failure to your die roll on this table.

Requirements

In order to attempt to brew a potion, you must meet all of the following requirements:

- Have a Magic Characteristic of one or greater.
- Have the Trade (Apothecary) skill or any Arcane Lore skill.
- Have the Read/Write skill.

In addition, you must have access to an alchemical laboratory. Purchasing all the necessary equipment to outfit such a laboratory costs roughly 80 *gc* for Poor quality implements which cause you to suffer a –10% penalty to brewing tests, 400 *gc* for Good quality implements, which have no bonus or penalty associated with them, or 1,000 *gc* for Best quality implements, which give a +10% bonus to potion-brewing.

Finally, you must obtain a recipe for the potion you wish to brew. Obtaining a recipe is often the most difficult part of creation potions, for those who have them guard them jealously. The price of a potion's recipe must always be negotiated with its owner; there are no set prices. Once you have a recipe, though, you may use it over and over, as long your copy is not destroyed or stolen. (Potion recipes are much too long and complex to memorize.)

Ingredients

Once all of the requirements are met, the potion's diverse ingredients must be assembled. There are two routes. The first is to simply buy them, paying the listed Ingredient Cost. This is possible only in large cities, however, for many potion ingredients are rare, and simply cannot be found in smaller places. The second option is to visit the locale where the ingredients grow naturally, spend a week in searching and harvesting, and make an Intelligence Test modified by the Ingredient Difficulty. If you succeed, you find what you need. If you fail you don't, but you may try again after spending another week, continuing on until you either succeed or give up.

Brewing

Within one month of assembling the Ingredients—they spoil quickly!—you must begin brewing the potion in your alchemical laboratory. The brewing takes an amount of time equal to the potion's Creation Time characteristic, during which you must spend at least six hours each day tending to the process. The rest of your time is your own to spend as you wish.

At the end of the Creation Time you must make an Intelligence Test modified by the potion's Creation Difficulty. If you succeed,

make note of your degrees of success along with all of the other batch characteristics, and roll 1d10/2 to determine the number of individual doses your batch has yielded. If you fail, you know immediately that your process has yielded nothing of use, but furthermore must roll on **Table 7–10: Brewing Disasters**, adding the number of degrees of failure to your d10 roll.

The GM has two options with regard to multiple doses of a potion brewed in the same batch. The simple method is to assume each reacts with its environment and imbiber in a different way, and to treat each separately for the purposes of spoilage. The more interesting method is to keep records about the specific spoilage effects of each batch of potion. Once a spoilage result (utterly spoiled, spoiled but effective, or unspoiled) and has been determined for a given band of age on **Table 7–8: Potion Spoilage Chance**, all doses from that batch will automatically have the same result and spoilage effect until the next band of age, at which point spoilage is re-determined. (Yes, a spoiled batch can go back to providing its intended effects with the passage of time!)

Many of the results on **Table 7–10: Brewing Disasters** deal with partial destruction of your laboratory. Partial destruction renders your equipment inoperative for potion brewing until you replace the ruined equipment. The cost for this is the listed percentage of the base price of the quality of your lab. Replacing 25% of a Good quality lab costs 100 *gc*, for example, since its base price is 400 *gc*. You can pay less to purchase lesser quality replacements, but your lab's quality is reduced to the value of the replacements until you eventually pay the whole, full value of the original quality. For example, replacing 25% of a Good lab's construction with Poor quality replacements only costs 20 *gc*, but if you ever want to bring the quality of your lab back up to Good, you may eventually pay the full 100 *gc*, against which the 20 *gc* does not apply.

— Magic Items —

Amongst the tales and legends of the Old Worlders, there are many stories about enchanted items, powerful swords, magic staves, powerful rings and more. From the potent relics of long-dead martyrs to the bloodstained pages of accursed grimoires, to the gleaming sword used by a lost hero to smite a fell Daemon on the field of battle, these objects are the subjects of countless myths and stories.

But for all the fame surrounding such tools, magic items in themselves are quite rare. Assuredly, common folk may very well believe their amulet is endowed with power to ward off evil spirits or the bit of bone that a soldier keeps in a box is in fact one of Magnus' finger bones, providing a shield against the horrors of Old Dark. And yet, not a one of these trinkets holds any power outside of the hopes and prayers their owners pin to them. True magic items are in fact quite rare—rarer than is the individual born with witch sight, rarer than a gold coin in a peasant's hand.

In *WFRP*, magic items are not for sale—there is no "industry" of enchanted items. Each item is unique, with a personalized history and set of powers. To put things into perspective, over the course of a character's lifespan, if he ever gains one magic item, he is singularly lucky. Only the mightiest heroes and champions have more, and of them, almost none have more than three. More than even their rarity, the Colleges of Magic, temples, Imperial Armoury and the Witch Hunters all take steps to acquire these items, sequestering them away to safeguard the populace from the magic item's corrupting influence or to add the item to the Empire's arsenal to combat the hordes of Chaos and the marauding bands of Greenskins. And when acquired, characters who reveal the nature of the item in a public way are guaranteed to attract unwanted attention from some of the most powerful people in the Old World.

Creating Magic Items

While there may be many more methods and processes for crafting magic items, these items tend to gain their power in one of three ways.

Circumstance

Not all magic items were intentionally created. Some developed special properties by being present during a significant event, such as on a battlefield where tens of thousands died or being used to slay a particularly loathsome Daemon. Other items might become magical after being stored in a holy (or unholy) place for centuries, while others still develop unexpected abilities simply by dint of their significance such as a suit of armour worn by a famous and beloved martyr.

The common explanation for these magical manifestations is that these items were magical all along, but only a person found worthy of them can unlock their powers. A bold knight's sword may have served its owner in killing countless Greenskins, but with the owner's death, the sword loses its special power against Orcs and Goblins until such time that a suitable heir is found.

While romantic, this explanation is likely false. In truth, these objects gain their magical powers in the same way that priests and cultists derive power from the gods. Through widespread veneration of a particular object, the object becomes a focus of thought and prayer and hope. In effect, the object, perhaps through the Realm of Chaos, conforms to the expectations of Humanity and as a result attains some measure of power.

Created

Perhaps the most assured method for creating magic items is through the intent of the spellcasters. Some Wizards design

rituals to bind magical energy into mundane objects much like Dwarfs do with runes (see **Chapter Eight: Runemagic**). Such rituals are extremely involved, requiring upwards of years of study and preparation, costly ingredients, and perfect astrological conditions to endow an item with magical properties. Use the normal rules for writing rituals as described in **Chapter Six: Magical Lore**, working closely with your game master to determine the amount of time and quantities of rare and expensive (if not priceless and unique) ingredients.

Included in this category are Dwarf rune items. The process for crafting these items is described in **Chapter Eight: Runemagic**.

Exposure

A great many objects develop magical properties after being exposed to the raw energies of Chaos. Objects recovered in the Chaos Wastes or those left in proximity to large lodes of warpstone have strange and dangerous abilities. While powerful, they are unpredictable and can be dangerous to their wielders. Note that a casual exposure rarely has any immediate effect on the object. Enchanting items in this way requires decades, if not centuries, of constant exposure.

Gifts of Chaos

Many magic items are actually direct products of Chaos. These "gifts" are awarded to particularly noteworthy champions of the Ruinous Powers and reflect the nature of the Dark God that bestowed the object. From the oily and grinding chainsword sometimes found in the possession of Khorne's Chaos Warriors to the serpentine metal whips employed by Slaanesh's minions, these items are even more unpredictable and dangerous than are the more typical objects.

Such objects are covered in *Tome of Corruption*.

Identifying Magic Items

In the rare case when player characters come across a magic item, they can identify its properties with a successful Academic Knowledge Test. The type of Academic Knowledge used depends on the item. Determine the Test Difficulty based on how well known the item is. Possible Academic Knowledge skills for such tests include Daemonology, Genealogy/Heraldry, History, Magic, Necromancy, and Runes. In some cases, characters may have to make use of special facilities, access rare or forbidden tomes, or consult with other experts as the GM decides.

Magic Items

What follows is but a small sample of the kinds of magic items found in the Old World. By no means is this list complete. However, given the inherent scarcity of magical equipment, it bears repeating, a character would be lucky to find even one magic item over the course of their lifetime.

Magic Items

Magic items are described in the following format:

Item Name

Academic Knowledge: This entry specifies the Academic Knowledge needed to identify the item and the Test Difficulty.

Powers: Explains the game effects of the item. Common abilities include bonuses to Characteristics or skills, talent use, and the replication of spell effects.

History: The background of the item.

All-Seeing Mirrors

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: A pair, each All-Seeing Mirror reflects the image normally seen in its opposite. Over land, there is no limit to the range, but 500 or more miles of water prevents the mirrors from operating.

History: The All-Seeing Mirrors are ancient artefacts that trace their origins to a time long before the twelve tribes of savage humans crossed the Black Fire Pass. Constructed by an Elf Wizard, Sotheles, the Black Prince seduced him and drove him insane. His mind filled with dark fantasies, he suspected

his wife of infidelity, for surely, he could not be alone with the perverse thoughts worming through his mind. And so, using Dark Magic, he infused two precious mirrors with the energies of Chaos so each would reveal what the other should reflect. Once finished, he gave his innocent wife one as a gift, keeping the other for himself, not realizing the mirrors worked both ways. Soon after, his brethren, clued into Sotheles' corruption through his wife's mirror, destroyed him, and hid the mirrors away for all time.

Amulet of Thrice-Blessed Copper

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: This amulet reduces the Damage of all attacks made against the wearer by –1. The amulet also confers a +20% bonus to Toughness Tests made to resist poison. Finally, when the amulet is placed within an inch of a poisoned substance, the copper turns green, returning back to its normal hue when pulled away.

History: After killers failed to assassinate the Emperor in 1499 IC, a merchant from distant Cathay presented the monarch with this amulet. It was a small disk of copper carved with strange sigils. While the Emperor gratefully accepted the item, he had no love for magic or anything of the sort, and so, he promptly had the merchant executed and ordered the Amulet destroyed. But the guard tasked with the duty kept it instead, selling it for a tankard of ale. It changed hands many times, finally resurfacing briefly during the Great War Against Chaos, when a Captain who, after a failed poisoning by a Cultist, noticed its change of colour when in came close to the poisoned wine. It was lost again shortly after the Captain was stabbed to death on the night following.

Arrows of Potency

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: These arrows deal 1 additional Wound when they successfully damage an opponent.

History: Thorkund Axe-Crazy, a famous Dwarf treasure hunter of pre-imperial times, recovered these arrows just after the War of the Beard. Noted for liberating many magical items to be sent back to his hold to be "broken" by the Runesmiths, he was said to have disappeared after venturing into Athel Loren in search of Wood Elf treasure. The truth is, his body was recovered, but it was pin cushioned with 20 of these arrows. Of the original set pulled from his body, only 12 remain.

Black Skull of the Caliph

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: When mounted on a pole, the Black Skull of the Caliph grants a +10% bonus to Fear and Terror Tests to all allies within 8 yards (4 squares).

History: The Black Skull of the Caliph was enchanted with ash taken from the book pyres of the Caliph of Ka-Sabar, when he ordered the destruction of thousands of copies of Prince Abdul ben Raschid's forbidden *Book of the Dead*. A soldier later recovered it during the crusades into Araby during the 16th century. Deeply devoted to Morr, the young man claimed the Skull for his own, believing, the blackened bone with the yellowed cuneiform script was a sign of the god's favour. The Black Skull since served as the standard for the soldier's unit up until his death. After, it's believed the priests of the Death God claimed it.

Boots of Bovva

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: The wearer of these boots can make powerful unarmed kicking attacks. Such kicks inflict SB Damage, though as usual with unarmed attacks Armour Points count double against them.

History: Bovva was the apprentice of Rathnugg, the most famous boot maker of all time. Charged with cobbling a set of footwear suitable for a Count, Bovva worked hard to produce the finest boots of his career. He worked for two weeks, striving for both comfort and durability, believing he had achieved his life's work upon finishing. But when the Elector Count of Stirland saw the pair, he was unimpressed, believing Bovva was making a fool of him. The noble had poor Bovva hung from the shop's rafters and gave the boots to the stable boy, who had much success throughout the rest of his days.

Charm of Hotek

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: When worn on the body, a Charm of Hotek grants the wearer immunity to fire and +1 Armour Point to all locations. However, this charm is suffused with Dark Magic, and wearers take a –20% penalty to Will Power Tests made to resist Chaos effects and always gain an additional mutation beyond any other mutations they gain.

History: These much-adulterated fragments are all that remains of the tools used by Hotek to forge the black armour of Malekith,the Witch King of the Dark Elves. This foul armour restored the Dark Elf's strength to his withered and fire-blasted body. Though the armour would be fused to his body, thus heralding the birth of the dread Witch King, the tools were set aside, forgotten for a time. An apprentice stole them with the intent to fashion a suit of armour for himself but the effort destroyed him. The tools were later scattered throughout the lands. After thousands of years, the tools themselves have been reduced to fragments, with most destroyed.

Dazh's Flint

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: When Dazh's Flint is touched to a flammable object, such as tinder, cloth, hair (though not flesh), or paper, it automatically catches flame.

History: This odd wedge-shaped piece of volcanic rock was uncovered in the Dark Lands by Grugni Goldfinder—a famous Dwarf treasure hunter. He believed he found a tooth of Dazh, the Kislev God of Fire and the Sun, for it ignited whatever it touched. Dropping it into his pack, he travelled back to his home, but once he arrived and looked inside of his pack, he discovered to his dismay that the Flint had burned its way through his clothes, making a hole in the bottom of his pack. Though long lost, it is still highly sought by the Bright Wizards and word is, they'll pay a handsome reward for those who can safely bring it to them.

Doomfire Ring

Academic Knowledge: Magic

Powers: Once per day, by succeeding on a Will Power Test, the wielder can use the Doomfire Ring to cast *fire ball* as if he had a Magic characteristic of 3. A magic using character with the Lore of Fire may use the Doomfire Ring a number of additional times per day equal to his Magic characteristic.

History: Forged by the first Bright Wizards, the Doomfire Rings were circulated among the Apprentice and Journeyman Wizards to better serve the Empire in the Great War Against Chaos. While most of these precious objects were recovered or later destroyed, a few escaped to fall into the hands of renegades. Simple iron bands and a starburst of rubies characterize these Rings.

Elven Cloak

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: Opponents take a –10% penalty to Ballistic Skill Tests made to hit characters wearing Elven Cloaks. In addition, characters wearing an Elven Cloak gain a +20% bonus to Concealment Tests.

History: Woven from the hair of Elf maidens with the living leaves from sacred trees, an Elven Cloak is a wondrous object. Quite rare, they are never for sale and can only be recovered from the corpses of Wood Elves or more commonly, they are bestowed onto a hero who has done a great service to the Elves of Athel Loren.

Elf Charm

Academic Knowledge: Magic

Powers: The Elf Charm may be used as an additional ingredient for casting spells from the Lore of Life, doubling the modifier for all other ingredients used.

History: The Elf Charm appears to be nothing more than an acorn. However, when held to the purifying rays of the light, faint Elven script appears all over its surface. A particularly foolish Bretonnian Peasant somehow survived an adventure into the heart of Wood Elves' forest, reputedly venturing into the secret 'King's Glade', where the Elven leader resides. Somehow, the Peasant escaped, but was killed by a passing Knight for some terrible perceived impropriety. The Knight claimed the acorn for himself and carried it with him to his Keep, only to lose it along the way. It's uncertain as to who or what has the Elf Charm now.

Fauschlag Ring

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: The wearer of the Fauschlag Ring gains a +10% bonus to Weapon Skill Tests.

History: This iron ring is set with a sliver of rock quarried from Middenheim. Said to contain the power of Ulric himself, this ring is a prized artefact of the Priests of Ulric. Whether more than one exists remains to be seen, though certainly, many champions of the Wolf God have claimed the deity's blessing.

Griffon Claw

Academic Knowledge: Genealogy/Heraldry

Powers: This enchanted blade grants a +10% bonus to Weapon Skill Tests while wielding it.

History: The Griffon Claw, sometimes known as the Sword of Striking, is an exquisite weapon. It has a slender Dwarfen forged gromril blade with a hilt fashioned to look like a claw. The weapon has a keen intelligence, moving on its own accord to strike its opponent's more vulnerable spots. Griffon Claws, of which there are but a few, are awarded to the best swordsmen in the Empire, and warriors who gain these weapons are loath to part with them, passing them down, generation after generation.

Helstrum's Staff

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: When gripped in hand, Helstrum's Staff grants a +20% bonus to Fellowship Tests made for Public Speaking or preaching to a crowd.

History: Contrary to its name, Helstrum's Staff was never actually wielded by Johann Helstrum—the first Theogonist. Instead, it contains a fragment of his robes. It served as the symbol of office for almost a thousand years, but vanished during the upheavals following the Black Plague of 1111 IC. Once some semblance of stability was restored, the cult of Sigmar created a facsimile of the original to serve in its stead.

Maid's Charm

Academic Knowledge: Magic

Powers: When worn about the neck, a woman cannot conceive a child.

History: These small amulets are often shaped after Rhya, or in her northern aspect as Dryath, the Mother of Childbirth. On occasion, the Jade Order makes these, carving them to resemble the spiral of life. Use of these amulets is

frowned upon, and many Hedge Wizards and Witches have found their way to the witch pyre after creating them for love struck maidens.

Orb of Ghrond

Academic Knowledge: Magic

Powers: This obsidian ball offers a terrible glimpse into the Realm of Chaos, revealing fragments of the future in the swirling vortex of maddening energies. Anyone other than a Dark Elf who looks into the orb automatically gains 1d10/2 Insanity Points. However, in exchange for the almost assured madness, a viewer gains a clear look at some important future event (as determined by the GM).

History: Ghrond lies in the frozen north of the Witch King's domain. A black tower, it rises like a spear from its mountain spur. Here, foul sorcerers stare into the abyss that is the Realm of Chaos to catch glimpses of the future within the changes of the multicoloured storms raging there. Occasionally, a tendril of raw energy snakes out and licks the stones of the mountain, creating black orbs that serve as windows into this terrible place. The sorcerers smooth these stones and use them to divine the future to report back to the Witch King to help him plot his foul strategies for launching attacks against the world. And very rarely, some daring or foolish individual steals an orb for the promises of power they are sure to hold.

Power Stones

Academic Knowledge: Magic

Powers: A magic using character may roll up to two extra d10s above what his Magic characteristic ordinarily allows. A spellcaster with a 1 Magic characteristic could roll 3d10 for his Casting Roll. Once used, the Power Stone is destroyed.

History: The Wizards of the Empire learned the secret of solidifying magic into Power Stones from Teclis himself. With a Power Stone, a Wizard can focus the Wind of Magic to cast some of the most powerful spells with ease. Constructing these stones is extremely difficult, requiring an involved ritual known only to a few Master Wizards or Wizard Lords. For more information on Power Stones, see **Chapter Two: The Nature of Magic**.

Runefangs

Academic Knowledge: Genealogy/Heraldry, History, or Runes

Powers: All Runefangs are inscribed with the Master Rune of Alaric the Mad. See **Chapter Eight: Runemagic** for details.

History: After a combined army of Men and Dwarfs put paid to an Orc invasion at the Battle of Black Fire Pass, saving the Dwarf realm from destruction, King Kurgan Ironhand, to show his appreciation for the Human's aid in the conflict, bestowed onto them a great gift of magic. He commanded the great Runesmtih Alaric the Mad to forge twelve rune swords, one for each of the great chieftains who commanded Sigmar's armies. Each blade was forged from a solid nugget of Gromril, worked under the light of the full moon, fired by the breath of the dragon Snarkul the Red, and cooled in the blood of Daemons. With incredible patience and skill, the Master Rune of Alaric the Mad was inscribed upon them. However, such craftsmanship demanded great time, and by the time the final sword was complete, none of the Chieftains remained alive, and Sigmar had long abandoned the Empire and headed east to whatever fate there awaited him. Instead, the swords were given to the Emperor, who then divided them among the Elector Counts.

Ever since, the Runefangs have served the Counts of the Empire, passing from ruler to ruler until the present day. Now there are only ten counts, and the spare Runefangs, the Drakwald and Solland swords, are currently held by the Emperor as part of the Imperial Armoury. The Solland Sword was lost for many years, having disappeared during the destruction of the province by Gorbad Ironclaw's Orcs, but was later recovered from a long forgotten underground lair by a combined expedition of Dwarfs and Men. Now, both blades are kept securely locked away in the treasure vault of the Emperor, they are rarely brought forth and used in times of dire need by mighty heroes or powerful wizards.

Scrivener's Candle

Academic Knowledge: Magic

Powers: When reading by the light of the Scrivener's Candle, the reader gains a +20% bonus to his Intelligence characteristic. The Candle can burn for a total of 24 hours.

History: The Scrivener's Candle is an unusual magic item in that some of the most prestigious universities in the Empire use several of these rare candles. Huge, these items are a blend of rare wax from the giant bees of fabled Ind, mixed with the sweat of scholars. When they burn, a musky odour rises from the flames.

Scroll of the Fifth Lore

Academic Knowledge: Magic

Powers: When examined, this scroll appears to be whatever the reader expects to see. Thus, if handed to a literate guard with the explanation that the scroll is in fact a writ of passage, a license, or some other document, the guard would see it as such.

History: The Scroll of the Fifth Lore is an old and cracked velum scroll of a mysterious history. Most Magister Scholars agree this fabled Scroll was the product of one of the first Magister Patriarchs of the Grey Order, fashioned prior to the safeguards the Empire put in place to restrict the larcenous leanings of these Wizards. From time to time, rumour of this Scroll surfaces, usually coinciding with some public outrage about a missing object, infiltration, or an act of sabotage. It was last seen in Marienburg.

Silver Seal

Academic Knowledge: Genealogy/Heraldry

Powers: All attacks against the wearer of the Silver Seal are at –10%. In addition, the Silver Seal grants the wearer a +20% bonus to all Will Power Tests made to resist hostile spells.

History: After the Great War Against Chaos, the Warrior Mage Fredrik von Tarnus forged a magical ward for Magnus the Pious. A brilliant diamond set in a silver disk, it now hangs from the neck of the Emperor Karl Franz.

Skull Charm

Academic Knowledge: Necromancy

Powers: There are many variations of Skull Charms. Roll 1d10. On a 1–3, the Skull Charm grants a +5% bonus to WS Tests; on a 4–6, the Skull Charm grants a +10% bonus to Fear Tests; on a 7–9, the Skull Charm grants a +5% bonus to both WS and BS Tests; and on a 10, the Skull Charm grants a +10% bonus to WS, BS, and Fear Tests and speaks.

History: Skulls are a popular device and charm for soldiers of the Empire, for everyone knows the soul resides in the head. And, what better way is there to learn from your enemies than to capture their spirits? Often little more than a reflection of a people's obsession with death, a few of these skulls become magical over time, enhanced by the concentration of belief and veneration of the people about them. Priests of Morr ritually enchant the skulls to improve the resolve and skill of the soldiers who use them. The most remarkable Skull Charms are those that retain the capacity for speech, offering good (or bad) advice to their owners. When such a Skull speaks, it is only to its owner and forces the character to take a Terror Test.

Sword of Battle

Academic Knowledge: Runes

Powers: The Sword of Battle is engraved with a permanent Rune of Fury. See **Chapter Eight: Runemagic** for details.

History: The Sword of Battle is empowered by Dwarfen magic, enabling the wielder to employ it with dazzling speed to deadly effect. As producing these fine weapons requires a great investment of time and skill, Dwarfs present these weapons as gifts to individual Humans who have done the Dwarf people a great service. Each Sword of Battle is unique in appearance, though all are forged of a gromril alloy and feature the Rune proudly on the hilt.

Sword of Justice

Academic Knowledge: Runes

Powers: The Sword of Justice is inscribed with a permanent Rune of Grudges and a permanent Rune of Iron. See **Chapter Eight: Runemagic** for details.

History: The Sword of Justice is encrusted with ancient Dwarf runes, granting it unmatched accuracy and deadly retribution. Passed down from Champion to Champion through the reigns of successive Emperors, this weapon is not only an instrument of battle, but also a symbol of loyalty, skill, and a further example of the long-standing friendship between the Dwarfs and Humans. Currently, the Sword of Justice is held by Ludwig Schwarzhelm, the Emperor's Champion.

Talisman of Ulric

Academic Knowledge: Genealogy/Heraldry

Powers: The wearer of this Talisman regains 1 Wound at the start of his turn each round. The wearer must be alive for the item to function.

History: An ancient heirloom of the Todbringer family, the Talisman of Ulric is currently worn by Boris Todbringer, Elector Count of Middenland and regarded as one of the most ferocious warriors in the Empire. To the Todbringer, the Talisman of Ulric, a silver symbol of a wolf's head, is as much a badge of office as is the family's Runefang.

Chapter VIII: Rune Magic

While it is a well-known fact that Dwarfs are resistant to magic, few denizens of the Old World understand Grungni's folk are fundamentally incapable of using magic as Wizards do. While Elves and Humans can perceive and use the Winds of Magic, Dwarfs cannot. They cannot develop Witchsight, they cannot learn to channel magic, and they cannot cast spells in the traditional way. However, this does not mean Dwarfs are bereft of magic like the Halflings. Rather, Dwarf magic takes a different form: Rune Magic.

For thousands of years, an ancient guild of craftsmen known as the Runesmiths has jealously guarded the secrets of this form of magic. Mastery of the runes has made the Dwarfs the pre-eminent creators of magical items in the Old World. Many famous Human weapons, like the Runefangs or Sigmar's hammer Ghal Maraz, were crafted by Runesmiths. It is no wonder then that the Runesmiths do not share the power of the runes, and only guild members are allowed to practice the art.

Rune magic takes a fundamentally different approach than the art of Wizardry. While Imperial Magisters use the Winds of Magic like fuel, Runesmiths are more careful. They believe Wizardry is inherently unsafe, and Tzeentch's Curse proves them right over and over again. They do not ignite the fuel of the Winds of Magic. Instead, they trap it inside a rune to bind it and hold it. When so confined, the magic can be used safely. Runesmiths treat magic like any other Dwarf craft. Mastery takes patience, hard work, and dedication.

— Mastering the Runes —

It takes many years of training before an Apprentice Runesmith can even attempt to use the art. Before a Dwarf can start inscribing runes, he must meet four criteria:

- He must have a Magic Characteristic of 1 or more.
- He must know the Runecraft skill (see sidebar).
- He must speak Arcane Dwarf (see sidebar).
- He must have learned at least one Rune talent (see sidebar).

The only way to meet these requirements is to go through a lengthy apprenticeship. See the Apprentice Runesmith career on page 216.

Rune Types

Realms of Sorcery details three types of runes: Armour, Weapon, and Talismanic. Other types of runes exist, such as the Engineering Runes Dwarfs use on their siege engines, but they are beyond the scope of *WFRP* and so not described herein. Armour Runes and Weapon Runes are self-explanatory. Talismanic Runes are those that can be inscribed on items like rings, circlets, crowns, rods, belt buckles, and amulets.

Runes can be created in two different ways: temporary and permanent. A temporary rune is good for one use only but is relatively quick to create. Once a temporary rune is used, it disappears, and there is no indication that the rune was ever

inscribed. A permanent rune lasts until the item bearing it is destroyed, but it takes a long time to create. Most runes can be created in either fashion, but some can only be made one way or the other. This is noted in the individual rune descriptions.

— Using the Runes —

A Runesmith that meets the criteria can attempt to create magical runes. The basic process for creating temporary and permanent runes is the same; only the amount of time differs.

Step 1: Inscription

At the start of the process, the Runesmith must inscribe the chosen rune on the item to be enchanted. This must be done with extreme care, as the tiniest imperfections can create a fatal flaw. Inscription takes 2d10 minutes for temporary runes and 1 week for permanent runes. At the end of this time, an Inscription Roll is made. The Runesmith rolls a number of d10s equal to his Magic Characteristic and adds them together. If the result of the Inscription Roll is equal to or greater than the Inscription Number of the rune, it is created successfully. If the Inscription Roll is lower than the Inscription Number of the rune, the attempt fails, and the time spent is wasted. Unlike spellcasting, there is no danger of Tzeentch's Curse.

Step 2: Empowering

Once the rune is successfully inscribed, it must be empowered. This is the lengthiest part of the process. The Runesmith uses runic chants and other ritualized methods to instil the rune with magic. Empowering is resolved as an Extended Runecraft Skill Test. Each test takes 20 minutes for a temporary rune and one month for a permanent rune. Each rune requires a certain number of successes to empower (see the individual rune descriptions). Once the Runesmith achieves the specified number of successes, the item is ready for binding.

Step 3: Binding

Once the rune is empowered, the Runesmith needs to perform a few final rituals to bind the magic into the rune. This final step takes 1d10 minutes for temporary runes and 1d10 days for permanent runes. Only after the binding is complete is the rune's power activated and the item considered magical.

Rules of Runecraft

Runesmiths follow a litany of rules laid down by their guild. Some of these rules exist for practical reasons, while others are simply tradition. The following "Rules of Runecraft" govern the creation of runic items of all types.

Rule of Form

Runes must be inscribed on items of the appropriate type. Armour Runes must be inscribed on armour, Weapon Runes on weapons, and Talismanic Runes on rings, amulets, etc. Furthermore, runes must be carved, so the chosen items must be made of a resilient substance. Metal, wood, bone, and stone are appropriate, for example, while paper, leather, and ceramic are not. Last, items that bear runes must be well made. Temporary runes can only be inscribed on items of Good or Best Craftsmanship, and permanent runes can only be inscribed on items of Best Craftsmanship.

Rule of Three

A single item can only contain so much magical power. Thus no runic item can have more than three runes inscribed on it at any given time. Any attempt to add a fourth rune to an item automatically fails. The same rune cannot be inscribed more than once on a single item.

Rule of Mastery

Master runes are too powerful to be combined with other runes. If an item is inscribed with a master rune, it can bear no other runes of any kind. Runesmiths refer to master runes as "jealous runes" for this reason.

Rule of Pride

Runesmiths take pride in their craft. They don't like to repeat themselves, and they are always looking to create greater and greater masterworks. Except under unusual circumstances (Alaric the Mad forging the Runefangs, for example), a Runesmith will never create a copy of a rune item he's made before.

Rule of Time

When working on a rune item, a Runesmith must dedicate the majority of his time to the job and can only work on one rune at a time. A Runesmith must spend at least four hours each day working on the rune for the day to count in the creation process. If no work is done on a rune for over one month, the attempt fails.

— The Runes —

This section includes descriptions of the most common Armour, Weapon, and Talismanic Runes. They are presented in the following format:

Rune Name

Type: This indicates whether the rune is an Armour, Weapon, or Talismanic Rune.
Inscription Number: You must roll this number or higher to properly inscribe the rune.
Empowerment: You must make this many successful Runecraft Tests to empower the rune.
Description (Permanent): The rune's permanent effect if created successfully.
Description (Temporary): The rune's temporary effect if created successfully.

Master Rune of Adamant

Type: Armour
Inscription Number: 25
Empowerment: 7
Description (Permanent): When wearing armour bearing this rune, a character gains a +10% bonus to his Toughness Characteristic.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Runesmith Skills and Talents

The following new skills and talents are integral to Dwarf Rune magic. Runecraft and Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf) are skills, and Master Rune and Rune are talents.

Runecraft

Skill Type: Advanced
Characteristic: Will Power
Description: Use this skill to empower magical runes. Runecraft is the basis of the Runesmith's abilities. It allows you to trap magical power inside a rune and create enchanted items. See page 210 for further details on creating runes. Note this skill is not used to identify unknown runes. That is covered by Academic Knowledge (Runes).
Related Talents: None.

Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf)

Skill Type: Advanced
Characteristic: Intelligence
Description: Use this skill during the creation of magical runes. Arcane Dwarf is an ancient form of Khazalid, now only remembered by the Runesmiths and the Dwarf Gods. Runesmiths chant in Arcane Dwarf during the rituals that create and empower magical runes.
Related Talents: None

Master Rune (Talent)

Description: You have learned the secrets of a magical master rune, the most powerful type of rune. Master Rune is unusual in that it is not one talent but many, and each must be acquired individually. Each Master Rune talent is a separate proficiency, with its name noted in parenthesis. For example, Master Rune (Alaric the Mad) is a different talent than Master Rune (Adamant). The most common Master Runes can be found on pages 211 to 213 of this chapter.

Rune (Talent)

Description: You have learned the secrets of a magical rune. Rune is unusual in that it is not one talent but many, and each must be acquired individually. Each Rune talent is a separate proficiency, with its name noted in parenthesis. For example, Rune (Fury) is a different talent than Rune (Speed). The most common Runes can be found on pages 213 to 215 of this chapter.

Master Rune of Alaric the Mad

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 27
Empowerment: 7
Description (Permanent): Attacks made by a weapon bearing this rune ignore all Armour Points.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Master Rune of Balance

Type: Talismanic
Inscription Number: 25
Empowerment: 8
Description (Permanent): Only Runesmiths can use an item inscribed with this rune. Its bearer can take a half action to reduce the Magic Characteristic of a spellcaster within 48 yards (24 squares) by 1. This penalty lasts for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic. The rune cannot be used again until its effects expire.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but it only works once.

Master Rune of Breaking

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 25

Empowerment: 6
Description (Permanent): If a weapon bearing this rune successfully parries a magic weapon, it destroys the other weapon, but only if the wielder of the runed weapon wins an Opposed Strength Test against his opponent. If the wielder loses the test, the blow is still parried, but the enemy's weapon is not destroyed.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but it only works once. The wielder must decide whether or not to use the rune before making the parry attempt, and activating it is a free action. If the parry fails or the wielder loses the Opposed Strength Test, the rune is still expended.

Master Rune of Dismay

Type: Talismanic
Inscription Number: 28
Empowerment: 9
Description (Permanent): This rune can only be inscribed on a war horn. When the horn is sounded, all enemies within 48 yards (24 squares) of the user must make a Will Power Test or become dismayed. Those affected can only take a half action on their next turn.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but it only works once.

Master Rune of Flight

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 21
Empowerment: 5
Description (Permanent): This rune can only be inscribed on a hammer. It allows the hammer to be thrown, and the wielder is treated as having the Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing) Talent. The hammer has a range of 24 yards (12 squares), and the rune grants the thrower a +30% bonus to Ballistic Skill on such attacks. The hammer returns to the thrower's hand at the end of his turn.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but the rune can only be used once. Activating the rune is a free action.

Master Rune of Gromril

Type: Armour
Inscription Number: 30
Empowerment: 8
Description (Permanent): The armour bearing this rune provides +2 Armour Points, to a maximum of 7 APs. This is an exception to the normal limit of 5 APs.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Master Rune of Kingship

Type: Talismanic
Inscription Number: 33

Empowerment: 15
Description (Permanent): This rune must be inscribed on a crown, and such an artefact is given to only the mightiest Dwarf Lords. The wearer of such a crown and a number of allies with 48 yards (24 squares) equal to his Fellowship Characteristic are immune to fear and terror.
Description (Temporary): The Master Rune of Kingship is never inscribed in this fashion.

Master Rune of Skalf Blackhammer

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 31
Empowerment: 9
Description (Permanent): Any weapon bearing this rune counts as having the Impact Quality and gains a +3 bonus on damage rolls.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Master Rune of Snorri Spangelhelm

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 29
Empowerment: 8
Description (Permanent): Attacks made with a weapon inscribed with this rune gain a +30% bonus to Weapon Skill.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Master Rune of Spellbinding

Type: Talismanic
Inscription Number: 26
Empowerment: 9
Description (Permanent): All spells cast within 48 yards (24 squares) of an item inscribed with this rune suffer a –1 penalty on each d10 of their Casting Roll.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Master Rune of Spite

Type: Talismanic
Inscription Number: 24
Empowerment: 8
Description (Permanent): Attacks made against the bearer of an item inscribed with this rune have their Damage reduced by 2. This applies against effects that normally ignore armour.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Master Rune of Steel

Type: Armour
Inscription Number: 28
Empowerment: 8
Description (Permanent): Whenever the wearer of armour inscribed with this rune loses Wounds due to an attack or effect against which Armour Points normally apply, damage is re-rolled and the less harmful result applied.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Master Rune of Swiftness

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 23
Empowerment: 5
Description (Permanent): If the wielder of a weapon bearing this rune has the weapon in hand and ready at the start of combat, he adds +30% to his initiative score.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but the rune can only be used once. Using this rune does not require an action.

Rune of Cleaving

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 14
Empowerment: 4
Description (Permanent): Any weapon bearing this rune gains a +1 bonus on damage rolls.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of Fate

Type: Talismanic
Inscription Number: 16
Empowerment: 4
Description (Permanent): Only temporary Runes of Fate can be made.
Description (Temporary): The first attack that reduces the bearer of an item inscribed with this rune to 0 Wounds is negated. The bearer suffers no damage from this attack. This rune can only be used once.

Rune of Fire

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 17
Empowerment: 5
Description (Permanent): Upon the wielder's command (a free action), a weapon inscribed with this rune bursts into flame. This provides the same illumination as a torch, and

the weapon burns until commanded to stop (also a free action). Additionally, the weapon gains a +1 bonus on damage rolls while flaming.

Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of Fortitude

Type: Armour
Inscription Number: 17
Empowerment: 6
Description (Permanent): When wearing armour bearing this rune, a character gains a +4 bonus to his Wounds Characteristic.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of the Furnace

Type: Talismanic
Inscription Number: 17
Empowerment: 8
Description (Permanent): A character bearing an item inscribed with this rune is immune to fire damage of all types. Neither natural fires nor fire-based attacks such as *fiery blast* spells can affect someone protect by a Rune of the Furnace.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of Fury

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 20
Empowerment: 6
Description (Permanent): When wielding a weapon bearing this rune, a character gains a +1 bonus to his Attacks Characteristic.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of Grudges

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 12
Empowerment: 4
Description (Permanent): On the first round of combat, the wielder of a weapon bearing this rune can nominate one enemy as a free action. For the remainder of this battle, the wielder can re-roll all missed attacks made against his chosen foe.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of Iron

Type: Armour
Inscription Number: 15
Empowerment: 6
Description (Permanent): Attacks made against the wearer of armour inscribed with this rune have their Damage reduced by 1. This reduction applies against effects that normally ignore armour.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of Luck

Type: Talismanic
Inscription Number: 20
Empowerment: 7
Description (Permanent): The bearer of an item inscribed with this rune gains an extra Fortune Point each day. Characters with the Lucky talent cannot benefit from a Rune of Luck.
Description (Temporary): The bearer of an item inscribed with this rune can expend it to gain an extra Fortune Point. This can be done at any time, and it is not considered an action. Characters with the Lucky talent cannot benefit from a Rune of Luck.

Rune of Might

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 15
Empowerment: 5
Description (Permanent): Attacks with a weapon bearing this rune inflict SB×2 damage, but only against opponents with Toughness 50% or greater.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of Resistance

Type: Armour
Inscription Number: 18
Empowerment: 7
Description (Permanent): When a character wearing armour inscribed with this rune is about to lose Wounds due to an attack or effect that ignores Toughness Bonus and Armour Points, he can make a Toughness Test with a –5% penalty per Wound about to be lost. On a successful Test, the character loses no Wounds.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action) the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of Shielding

Type: Armour
Inscription Number: 14

Empowerment: 5
Description (Permanent): Non-magical missile attacks that hit a character wearing armour inscribed with this rune have their Damage rating reduced to 0 (in other words, Damage is simply 1d10).
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of Speed

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 6
Empowerment: 3
Description (Permanent): If the wielder of a weapon bearing this rune has the weapon in hand and ready at the start of combat, he gains a +1d10 bonus to his initiative score.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but the rune can only be used once. Using this rune is a free action.

Rune of Spellbreaking

Type: Talismanic
Inscription Number: 13
Empowerment: 3
Description (Permanent): Only temporary Runes of Spellbreaking can be made.
Description (Temporary): Only Runesmiths can use an item inscribed with this rune. It can cause a spell within 12 yards (6 squares) of the user to end prematurely. This can be used to dispel any ongoing spell but not ritual magic. The Runesmith can immediately end the target spell with a successful Runecraft Test, but he suffers a –10% penalty per point of the original caster's Magic Characteristic. The Rune of Spellbreaking has no effect on summoned daemons or re-animated undead. Activating this rune is a full action, and it can only be used once.

Rune of Spelleating

Type: Talismanic
Inscription Number: 20
Empowerment: 5
Description (Permanent): Only temporary Runes of Spelleating can be made.
Description (Temporary): As Rune of Spellbreaking, but the caster of a spell that is successfully dispelled cannot cast that spell again for 24 hours. Activating this rune is a full action, and it can only be used once.

Rune of Stone

Type: Armour
Inscription Number: 10
Empowerment: 3
Description (Permanent): Armour bearing this rune provides +1 Armour Point, to a maximum of 6 APs. This is an exception to the normal limit of 5 APs.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of Striking

Type: Weapon
Inscription Number: 8
Empowerment: 3
Description (Permanent): Attacks made with a weapon inscribed with this rune gain a +10% bonus to Weapon Skill.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

Rune of Warding

Type: Talismanic
Inscription Number: 9
Empowerment: 3
Description (Permanent): The bearer of an item inscribed with this rune gains a +10% bonus on Will Power Tests to resist magic.
Description (Temporary): As permanent, but once the rune is activated (a free action), the benefit only lasts for 1 minute.

— Runesmith Careers —

Realms of Sorcery presents four new careers for Runesmiths: Apprentice Runesmith, Journeyman Runesmith, Master Runesmith, and Runelord. Apprentice Runesmith is a basic career, and the rest are advanced careers.

Apprentice Runesmith

The Runesmiths are effectively a clan containing a few ancient families who have passed down the knowledge and skills of Runesmithing over the generations. Each Master Runesmith teaches the fundamentals of fire and forge to young members of his family, selecting the most talented to become Apprentice Runesmiths. While selection is a great honour, it means long years of study and service to his master in the creation of more complicated runes. Runesmiths rarely write down the secrets of their craft and even when they do, the knowledge is buried beneath riddles and puzzles. Apprentices must be patient, clever, and perceptive to rise in status. During this time Apprentice Runesmiths often leave the service of their mentor to gather ingredients, tools, and supplies for the forging of new runes.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career. If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Apprentice Runesmith for Scribe with your GM's permission.

— Apprentice Runesmith Advance Scheme —							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	—	+5%	—	—	+10%	+15%	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	+1	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Runes), Evaluate, Perception, Read/Write, Runecraft, Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf), Trade (Smith), Trade (Armourer or Weaponsmith)

Talents: Rune (any two with an Inscription Number of 10 or less)

Trappings: Medium Armour (Leather Jack, Mail Shirt), Trade Tools (Runesmith)

Career Entries: Artisan, Runebearer, Scribe, Student

Career Exits: Journeyman Runesmith, Runebearer, Scholar, Scribe, Shieldbreaker

Journeyman Runesmith

Journeyman Runesmiths complete the fundamentals of their training and are elevated by their master to learn the deeper secrets of their craft. Instead of instruction, though, these Runesmiths are expected to venture out into the world in search of ancient magical treasures to bring back for study. Furthermore, these Dwarfs must take their accumulated knowledge and learn additional Runes from their independent study and experimentation. At the end of the Journeyman period, the Runesmith may return to his master to demonstrate his skill. If found worthy, the master might elevate the student to the full status of Master Runesmith and teach him the secrets of the Master Runes.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career.

— Journeyman Runesmith Advance Scheme —							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+20%	+25%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+3	—	—	—	+2	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History, Runes), Common Knowledge (any two), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Runecraft, Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf), Speak Language (any two), Trade (any two)

Talents: Artistic or Hardy, Rune (any six)

Trappings: One runic item

Career Entries: Apprentice Runesmith

Career Exits: Master Runesmith, Scholar, Shieldbreaker

Master Runesmith

Master Runesmiths are the teachers and keepers Rune knowledge. Very few Runesmiths ever rise to this status and of those who do, many stay within their holds, passing on what they have learned to the young and talented Dwarfs in their families. Other Master Runesmiths devote years of their lives to the search for ancient secrets, exploring the world to uncover ancient weapons and artefacts of great age, hoping to recover lost Runes of ancient and fabled Runesmiths. Such quests take Master Runesmiths into dangerous places, such as ruined holds, dragon lairs, the depths of Elven forests, and worse, for much of the Dwarfs territory has, over the centuries, fallen into the hands of their enemies.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career.

— Master Runesmith Advance Scheme —							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	+10%	+15%	+10%	+10%	+25%	+35%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+5	—	—	—	+3	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any three), Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Runecraft, Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf), Speak Language (any three), Trade (any two)

Talents: Disarm or Strike Mighty Blow, Master Rune (any two), Rune (any ten), Specialist Weapon Group (Flail or Two-handed)

Trappings: Two runic items

Career Entries: Journeyman Runesmith

Career Exits: Runelord, Scholar, Veteran

Runelord

The Runelords are the greatest of the Runesmiths. A Runelord candidate may only be promoted with the death of an existing Runelord, so this position is highly coveted and contested. Among the Dwarfs, Runelords are equal to kings, and so they move through Dwarf society as some of its most esteemed members. A few Runelords withdraw from the world, sequestering themselves away to learn the deeper secrets of the Master Runes and perhaps create a few of their own, further diminishing their numbers as their names become legend.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career.

— Runelord Advance Scheme —							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+15%	+20%	+15%	+15%	+30%	+40%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	—	—	—	+4	—	—

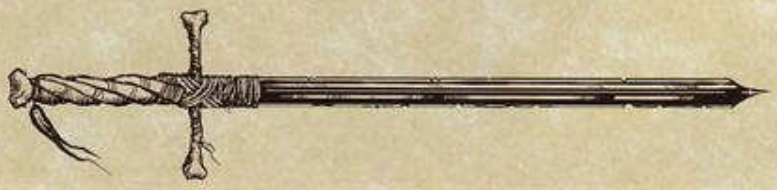
Skills: Academic Knowledge (any four), Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Runecraft, Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf), Speak Language (any three), Trade (any two)

Talents: Master Rune (any two), Rune (any ten), Specialist Weapon Group (any one), Strike to Injure or Strike to Stun

Trappings: Three runic items

Career Entries: Journeyman Runesmith

Career Exits: Captain, Guild Master



A Brutal Finish
An Adventure for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

In the south of the Empire lies the rural province of Averland, a region named after the Aver—a majestic blue river that forms its northern border. The river runs down from the Black Mountains to the east, passing straight through the Halflings' Mootland before eventually joining the mighty Reik at Nuln. Averland is justly famed for its lush rolling hills and magnificent wines. Indeed, with every passing year, the annual Wine Tasting Festival of Averheim, the capital of Averland, has grown larger, drawing wine enthusiasts from across the Old World to sample vintages new and old.

The Averlanders have taken their Halfling neighbours' sole celebration, Pie Week, to heart, and the Wine Tasting is always held during the first week of Harvest-Tide. Traditionally, it is a lovely week for celebration, preparing for the oncoming harvest and, of course, drinking. Apparently, it's also a fine time to spontaneously combust.

This year, the impending joyful celebration has been marred, not just by the recent troubles up north, but by a series of unexplained deaths over the last few months; random citizens have burst into flame, some as they went about their daily routines on the streets of Averheim. Fear and uncertainty grip the province, yet celebrants still pack the inns, and more come every day, all following the irresistible call of their supposedly refined palates.

Averland needs heroes—but your PCs will have to do.

A Brutal Finish is an adventure designed for three to four characters well into their second career, one of which should be a Wizard. The adventure is set in and around Averheim, the capital city of the Electoral Province of Averland. Set against the backdrop of a widely famed, annual wine tasting festival, the Player Characters will be called upon to investigate a startling series of deaths where people, and even some cattle, have burst into flame.

— Backstory: The Fires of Magic —

Where does the ability to wield magic come from? This is a question that Empire researchers have only recently taken up, at least from a scholar's point of view, as just two short centuries ago, it often led to being tied to a stake and burned. Priests and heretics of many cults frequently claim that all magic not of the Gods belongs to the Changer of the Ways; therefore, the ability to wield magic is in fact a Chaos mutation and a sign of corruption. The Colleges of Magic dispute this view, stating the ability to wield magic is a natural gift, even though they grudgingly concede all magic does indeed flow from Chaos.

Waldemar Draupnir was born without the ability to wield magic. He was, however, born with a keen mind and a desperate desire to wield magic. His intellect, his yearning, and what was left of his merchant father's fortune took him through the finest schools in the Empire as he sought the answer. When respectable teachers learned what he sought, he was inevitably banned, cautioned, or admonished, but not deterred. Waldemar believed the solution to his dilemma lay in distilling the very elements that make a Wizard magical. The now Doctor Draupnir turned to darker and more questionable

tomes as he continued to seek for the elusive key to unlocking an individual's potential to cast magic. Insight gleaned from a forbidden Arabyan book turned his research towards the ominous material known as Warpstone.

Doctor Draupnir had long since exhausted his fortune, and he knew no legitimate authority would ever back his research, but other avenues exist if one is determined. After carefully marshalling his arguments and research notes, he approached the largest Thieves' Guilds of Averheim. While the majority of the Empire fears Wizards, Doctor Draupnir believed he could easily show the potential profits his research could bring in, as there would certainly be those who would pay high sums for the gift of magic. Two markedly different men ran the largest Thieves' Guild in Averheim at the time—Faustman the Fist and Albrecht Swearmonger. Faustman was a thug who had risen up through the ranks by combining ruthlessness with a superior eye towards profit. Albrecht was a former conman who had settled in Averheim when several of the other larger Empire cities became a bit too hot for him. Each man complemented the other's weaknesses, and they were richer for it. Whether it was Doctor Draupnir's passion or the potential profit in what he said he could do that convinced the pair is difficult to say, but they cautiously agreed to fund his experiments.

Doctor Draupnir turned years of study into practical application when he managed the staggering feat of distilling a substance he called "the base essence of Warpstone" that he added to the water he used to irrigate a very special crop of grapes he had painstakingly created. Various unmentionable substances had been sown into the soil along with the grape seeds, and the Doctor was never far from the field during their entire maturation cycle. His first crop, when combined with a variety of other ingredients he had collected, yielded a wine that, upon consumption, allowed an individual to briefly cause fires to flare with their minds, along with a number of other minor strange effects. Since the test subjects were unaware they had been given anything unusual, many of them wrote off what was happening. A few called in priests of Morr to dispel the Poltergeists besieging them. The result wasn't entirely what the Doctor sought, but it was enough of a success that Faustman and Swearmonger readily agreed to another season's effort. Unbeknownst to Swearmonger, several of those who had consumed the wine soon suffered ailments; they started to mutate. The Fist had them all killed and their bodies quietly incinerated, reasoning such things happen when pushing the boundaries of magic and science.

Doctor Draupnir put a far higher Warpstone concentrate into last year's crop, and he greatly refined some of the other processes he was using. The resulting grapes from that harvest have produced a wine far beyond the Doctor's original intent. As before, the wine was slipped to a number of subjects unaware they'd been selected for the experiment, from all walks of life. Faustman and

Swearmonger used a pub they owned in Averheim called the Upright Pig to administer the wine. Faustman also had the wine given to a few cows belonging to one of his neighbours, just to see if anything unusual would occur with the beasts. At first, nothing seemed to be happening, not even the minor effects witnessed in the previous year. However, within a few days of imbibing the wine, all of those that sampled the wine burst into unnatural, blue-white flames, save one. Faustman and Draupnir had decided to study a few of their subjects more closely. A local madman named Ewald had been brought to one of Faustman's outlying farms where he had been kept for a time after consuming the wine. Ewald lived for over a week without showing any effect, but one night under Morrslieb's dark, full face, he exploded into a brilliant spherical ball of light that utterly destroyed Faustman's farm in a single silent detonation.

The Thieves' Guild swiftly met with Doctor Draupnir to decide their course of action. To Albrecht Swearmonger, the path was obvious: the immediate burning and salting of Doctor Draupnir's fields along with the destruction of the remaining caches of the Fire Wine, as they had begun calling it. Swearmonger, as a devout follower of Ranald, was utterly appalled by the carnage that had occurred. Faustman the Fist, on the other hand, declared the value of the Fire Wine had just increased tenfold. It was no longer merely a key to acquiring magic; it was a weapon of staggering power and importance. Their Thieves' Guild fractured that night, with Faustman at first trying to convince Swearmonger and then, seeing that it was no use, attempting to kill him.

Doctor Draupnir's ongoing experimentation and the resulting combustions have gone on for close to half a year. The war in the north and the lack of a central authority in Averland, since no Noble house has yet managed to claim the vacant Elector's seat that Count Marius Leitdorf left behind him, have both been to the Fist's advantage, allowing him near free reign in the shadows of Averheim. Swearmonger's faction is on the run, as Faustman controlled the majority of the guild's muscle.

Reasoning the annual Wine Tasting Festival of Averheim will make an excellent cover for the shadier sorts arriving in Averland, Faustman has decided to offer the Fire Wine up to the highest bidder. He invited various parties from throughout the Empire and points beyond that he knows will be interested in his new weapon.

A number of very dangerous groups and individuals have thus begun arriving in Averheim, along with the typical wine connoisseur crowd that comes every year. Swearmonger has managed to keep abreast of events and knows what's happening, and he is rightfully afraid of what will occur if any of those coming to the Festival get their hands on the Fire Wine. He desperately wants to stop his old partner, but Faustman knows the majority of Swearmonger's agents, and Swearmonger is well aware that even if his story was believed, which is highly unlikely, none of the vying noble houses to Averland's Runefang would be able to help him stop the sale of the Fire Wine. Indeed, he fears many would simply try to claim it for themselves. Swearmonger has taken to praying to Ranald and Sigmar both, hoping for a miracle.

— What Do You Mean They're Catching on Fire? —

The following is a rough break down of the how events are likely to play out in this adventure, seeing as player characters never quite do what you expect them to.

Your Journeyman Wizard PC and his compatriots will be commissioned by a Magister of the Imperial Colleges of Magic to go to the town of Averheim, capital of the Grand County of Averland, and determine the cause of a series of spontaneous combustions, as magic is surely involved. If the events aren't some sort of relatively "natural" mystic phenomena, they are to apprehend the culprits responsible and stop the ongoing deaths, using whatever means necessary.

The PCs arrive in Averheim several days before Harvest-Tide. Averheim is packed with travellers from across the Old World who've come for the annual Wine Tasting Festival as well as Halflings gleefully preparing for their holiday, Pie Week, which makes an investigation somewhat trying. Even so, they will be able to speak to witnesses of several immolations: a woman who lost a friend just before the characters arrived in Averheim and a farmer who claims to have lost several cows in a similar manner.

The Wine Tasting Festival overtakes the PC's investigation, and they find themselves swept up by the festival atmosphere and a chance to indulge themselves in some fairly unique Empire culture. But all is not it as it seems. On the second night of the Festival, a brutal immolation occurs, and the PCs may catch the trail of a pyromaniac. After a harrowing night chase through the crowded streets, they will have an explosive confrontation with a Firebug Halfling responsible for the recent cases, but his ranting indicates he isn't the only one. Perceptive PCs will also note the testimony of eyewitnesses of previous incidents will not match what they've seen from the Halfling, even though some will hail them as heroes. However, several factions in town will swiftly move to claim credit for the arrest and/or death of the Firebug.

The morning following the pyromaniac's apparent death, the PCs hear some grim but startling news. A new case has occurred involving a young Nobleman who is still alive. If they're quick, they may be able to get in to speak with the Noble before being swiftly ushered away, only to be witnesses to a spherical explosion that wipes out most of a building.

With that event, the game changes. While the PCs are deciding their course of action, an agent of the embattled crime boss Albrecht Swearmonger, who has had his people following the PCs' investigation for some time, will approach them with an offer. Swearmonger wants a meeting to explain his involvement

and what he knows. He then offers to help the PCs pull off a dangerous scam designed to convince Faustman the Fist's buyers that the Fire Wine and the events of the last few months are all part of an elaborate hoax designed to swindle them. Seeing that a number of the bidders are dangerous, powerful, and/or fanatical people, Swearmonger feels the rest of the problem would sort itself out in short order.

There will, of course, be a few complications along the way—not to mention a brutal finish.

— Starting the Adventure —

After the characters have recovered from their latest escapade, or perhaps even during it if they're near any major city, a messenger cautiously approaches the PCs. After determining that the parties' Wizard is the individual he's looking for, he delivers a personally addressed letter sealed in wax with the official symbol of the Imperial Colleges of Magic.

A character making a successful **Perception Test** notices the letter had a printed band wrapped around it that the messenger removed just before delivering it. Any that achieved more than one degree of success, and is capable of reading Reikspiel, will note that the band stated the time and place of delivery, right down to noting the quarter hour in which the characters would appear.

Journeyman,

Greetings. We trust that this letter finds you in fine health. Your immediate presence is hereby requested, along with your travelling companions, for an audience to converse with my Lord regarding an important matter that will doubtless interest, and possibly enrich, the lot of you.

Attendance is mandatory as quickly as is mortally feasible.

Signed,

Clatus von Thernoff
Scribe to His Radiance -
Magister Aponymous Rone,
Master of the College of Light

There is a second note inside the envelope detailing a town or city within a few days journey of the characters' location and the name of an inn.

An **Easy (+20%) Academic Knowledge (Magic) Test** reveal Magister Aponymous Rone is a well-thought-of faculty member at the College of Light. Indeed, a Light Wizard PC may very well have studied with him and recall him as a personable teacher whose classes were eternally crowded. A **Challenging (–10%) Common Knowledge (Empire) Test**, however, reveals he was also, before joining the faculty, an Imperial Battle Wizard widely renowned for his courage in fighting Chaos incursions.

Some characters may be somewhat suspicious of the dubious honour of being summoned by a famous Battle Wizard and try to avoid the meeting. You can point out to them that Light Wizards have some of the best reputations users of magic are capable of having in the Empire, the College of Light is ludicrously wealthy, and a summons sealed with the sign of the Imperial Colleges of Magic is just short of an Imperial decree. They might as well listen to what the man has to say, hmmm?

After a short journey, or a longer more peril-fraught one if you choose, the characters will arrive at the designated inn. Inquiring about a Wizard might very well get the PCs into trouble with some local toughs. Asking for the scribe, von Thernoff, or for Master Rone will get them directed to a large private room on the second floor.

After knocking and identifying themselves, a man that strongly resembles an owl ushers the PCs into a wide sitting room lit by dozens of candles, even if it's the middle of the day. Clatus von Thernoff quickly identifies himself, speaking in a quick, clipped accent, and he thanks the party for their good sense in immediately heeding the summons. He shrugs off all questions by simply stating, *"His Radiance will reveal all."* Then he turns and disappears behind a large door.

A minute or so later, the door opens to reveal a slender, hooded figure. All the candle flames in the room leap up an inch or so and become perceptibly brighter. Magister Aponymous Rone pulls back his hood, revealing skin that almost seems to glow from within and near-colourless hair. His eyes are pearly hued and lack perceptible irises, which make his sharp black pupils stand out starkly in the otherwise white expanse of his face.

Meeting Rone

Assigning when this meeting with Rone actually takes place depends on where your PCs are because the adventure calls for them to arrive in Averheim late in the last week of After-Mystery, just before Harvest-Tide.

Magister Aponymous Rone, Master of the College of Light

Career: Master Wizard (ex-Apprentice, ex-Journeyman)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
39%	43%	29%	51%	45%	73%	72%	48%

Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	2	5	4	3	5	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology, History, Strategy/Tactics), Academic Knowledge (Magic) +20%, Channelling +20%, Charm, Common Knowledge (Empire) +10%, Gossip, Heal +10%, Intimidate, Magical Sense +20%, Perception, Read/Write +10%, Ride, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Magick) +10%, Speak Language (Classical) +10%, Speak Language (Norscan, Reikspiel, Tilean)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Lore (Light), Dark Magic, Lesser Magic (Aethyric Armour, Blessed Weapon, Dispel), Meditation, Mighty Missile, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy, Sixth Sense, Strong Minded, Suave, Unsettling, Very Resilient

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Staff

Trappings: Sorcerous paraphernalia and various tomes

He looks about the room and snorts aloud in apparent amusement. *"Damn star squinter, that's a Shiner against me."* He identifies himself, thanks the party for coming, and has von Thernoff pass around mugs of ale before getting down to business.

"Right," says the Magister, slapping his hands together. "I know you're busy types—quests to undertake, challenges to overcome, creatures to be killed and so forth—so I'll not waste your time. Last Plough-Tide, a little girl named Corinne was walking along the banks of the Aver with her father, a farmer by the name of Gotthold. She claimed he burst into flames and burned to ash before her very eyes. She wasn't even scorched, though she was holding his hand as he turned to cinders. She was tried and condemned as a witch, and, well, you know what happens to witches. She was seven years old."

"Two weeks later, a merchant named Ringstorff erupted into a column of blue fire as he strode across the Plenzerplatz, Averheim's main square, in front of dozens of witnesses. No one can explain what happened." Rone pauses to let the PCs consider his words. *"This has gone on for month. There have been at least eight immolations, maybe more that we don't know about. Averland lacks an Elector Count. The guilds and nobles squabble as the folk burn."* He smiles grimly at his fellow wizard. *"And we, of course, are blamed."*

Rone shakes his head slowly, looking each of you in the eyes with his terrible sharp gaze, one by one. "This is unacceptable. Whether they acknowledge it or not, the citizens of the Empire are under our protection from malevolent mystic forces, whatever the source or nature. The College of Light would like to commission the lot of you to travel at top speed to the province of Averland, specifically Averheim, where the majority of these immolations have occurred. We want you to find out what's causing these deaths and stop it. In addition to the righteous sense of purpose you will doubtless achieve from undertaking such a noble task, you will, of course, be adequately compensated for your efforts."

Doubts may arise as to the wisdom of sending any sort of Wizard to a town afraid of magic, but Rone has a smooth answer for all such questions. For example, a Bright Wizard might suggest, sensibly, that he may be accused of causing the deaths and strung up by the frightened Averlanders, to which Rone would reply, *"Ahh, but who better than a disciple of Aqshy to determine the truth of these fires' origins?"* To a Shadow Wizard he might say, *"Is there not a great secret here to be ferreted out?"* etc.

Unless your PCs are singularly uncurious, they will almost certainly ask, *"Why us?"* If the PCs have accomplished anything particularly significant in the past, he will make mention of it. He'll also note that, as a group that has chosen to accept a Wizard into their ranks, they clearly have a better idea of both the benefits and drawbacks of magic than most citizens of the Empire. On a successful **Charm Test**, Rone will shake his head and smile ruefully. *"I know a Celestial Wizard who is right far too much of the time. He said get you lot, or none at all."* No amount of cajoling will get further out of him on the subject.

So just how adequate is the pay? Before and inclusive of all other considerations, Aponymous agrees to pay for the fastest travel possible, as he wants the group to leave immediately. Whether this means via riverboat, coach, or a combination of the two depends on the characters' location in relation to Averheim, but it's a fair bet it will involve enough Gold Crowns to stress the importance the Magister places on getting underway immediately.

Rone offers a purse of 50 *gc* per PC (4 PCs = 200 *gc*) upon proof of the satisfactory completion of the task at hand. He will immediately pass over a purse with 30 *gc* for undertaking the commission, though a successful opposed **Haggle Test** convinces him to give over as much as 50 *gc*. He can't be budged on the final purse. He does, however, have further incentives to offer. He proffers knowledge of a choice, rare Lesser Magic item to the PC Wizard as well as one anonymous lore or identification favour to each of the rest of the PCs. The College of Light is one of the largest repositories of knowledge and information in the Old World—Aponymous was an adventurer in his day and is well aware of the dodgy items that most adventuring types end up acquiring. Most PCs immediately grasp Aponymous is saying he's willing to identify potential valuable relics and/or magic items for them on the sly.

Rone has a collection of brief notes he'll turn over if the PCs accept the job, though they don't say much other than the names of the deceased, a witness, and a brief description involving each one's fiery demise. The Magister knows little else about the case of any immediate use. If asked what authority they will have to pursue the matter, he'll shake his head and frown. He tells the party that while they'll have a letter with the official seal of the Imperial Colleges of Magic identifying them as its agents, which will certainly carry some weight, the lack of a central power in Averland will make it more difficult to wield the clout such a letter would normally provide. Without an Elector Count to back up their authority, the PCs are somewhat on their own. *"Best to keep a low profile, eh?"* He'll also note that, in the Empire, the ability to think on your feet and survive under adversity often makes for the best investigators. The Magister invites the party to dine with him early in the evening so they can make an early start in the morning if they are so inclined. They'll find him a charming and learned host, though his appearance will remain a little jarring to most. Rone states he'll be in Nuln by the end of Harvest-Tide where they can present their findings to him.

If the PCs refuse his offer, Aponymous scowls. *"I see. A pity. I heard you lot were made of sterner material. Clatus, show them to the door."* This effectively ends *A Brutal Finish* though you could start having various persons throughout the Empire in your campaign erupt into blue-white flame since Faustman will have successfully sold off the Fire Wine. Also, depending on how rude the characters were in their refusal, Rone could certainly make a Wizard PC's life fairly difficult.

Alternate Setups

Who in the Empire doesn't like to drink wine? The Wine Tasting Festival of Averheim may be a sufficient draw in and of itself to bring your PCs to Averland with little or no knowledge of the immolations. This isn't surprising, as the Averlanders aren't exactly advertising their problem. Once in town, any one of the various city factions may hire them to look into the issue. If any of your PCs is of a religious bent, their cult may commission them in a manner similar to Rone's, though a cult is unlikely to offer up near as many Gold Crowns. Sigmar's Lector Kurt Algirsson is a good choice for this sort of set up.

It may be that your PCs are on the far side of the Empire, with little to no interest in travelling down to Averland. This adventure is event specific, rather than location specific. Basically, you need a big party or drinking contest of some kind to set it against to serve as a backdrop for Faustman's dealings. If you wish to set it in say, Talabheim—change Wine Tasting to Ale Drinking, and with a little fudging, you're good to go.

If it suits you, *A Brutal Finish* can be run as a stand-alone adventure. Included at the back of this book is a group of experienced PCs for just such a purpose.

Who's In the Know?

Make note, from this point forth, whom the PCs tell about their business, as Faustman the Fist has a number of agents scouting for potential trouble. Simply asking questions, even of the widows and witnesses to the immolations, is not in fact a cause for instant suspicion. Over the last few months, a number of people including clergymen, nobles, and a Witch Hunter or two have made the rounds, but their inquiries were often self-serving or half-hearted, and any information they managed to gain was ultimately useless because they never bothered to correlate it. If Faustman discovers the PCs are the agents of the Imperial Colleges of Magic, ones that are motivated to carry out a full investigation, he'll significantly step up the security for the Fire Wine's auction as well as decide when (not if, when) he should have them all killed. See "The Fist's Fingers" on page 244 for more information. If the PCs publicly state who they are or wave about Rone's letter authorizing their mission, Faustman will know about the PCs intentions within an hour. Any character with a city background will know just how fast information can get about; remind them of the old Reikland proverb: "Silver can slow tongues, but gold can still them."

— Travelling in Style —

The PCs are highly unlikely to be accustomed to the manner in which they are about to travel. Most adventurers spend a good deal of their time slogging through the mud, but His Radiance was clear about the need for haste and his willingness to pay for it. While it depends on what part of the Empire the characters start out from, the two most likely routes to Averland are the Old Dwarf Road and the Empire's rivers.

The Old Dwarf Road runs directly through Averheim and is serviced by the Four Seasons Coaches line, though they are required by charter to transfer passengers to a Red Arrow Coach some 20 miles north of the Aver River. PCs climbing into the "Deluxe Express" Four Seasons Coach will discover a plush velvet interior, functional shock absorbers, and a small keg of chilled beer. On their journey, which occurs at a smooth yet breakneck pace, they will be escorted by competent, heavily armed soldiers. All of the coaching inns along the Old Dwarf Road have accommodations set aside for them all the way to the outskirts of Averheim.

Characters travelling by river head south down the mighty Reik, before transferring east to head upstream on the Aver in a luxury riverboat built for speed. Their onboard quarters will be spacious and elegant but relatively sparse so as not to impede the boat's progress with undue ballast.

Regardless of how they travel, those around them will treat the PCs with courtesy, deference, and the slightest touch of caution. A **Hard (–20%) Charm Test** reveals the characters are all known to be associated with the Colleges of Magic in some way, but opposed **Gossip Tests** will reveal nothing, as the agents of the various travel agencies have all been well paid to hold their tongues.

If you are using the pre-generated PCs, it is assumed they were called to Talabheim to meet with Rone, thus they would travel south along the Old Dwarf Road via a Four Seasons Coach until they were transferred to a Red Arrow Coach near the border of Averland, which would then take them on into Averheim.

— Welcome to Averheim —

Regardless of their travel route, on one of the last days of After-Mystery the PCs will see the lofty towers of the Averburg, the great citadel of Averheim, looming in the distance. Averheim rests on a bluff above the river Aver, making it all but immune to the regular floods that ravage the rest of the province as well as giving it a commanding view of the surrounding lands. The Averburg, fortress of Elector Counts since the time of Siggurd himself, sits at the highest

point of the city. Averland is one of the few provinces of the Empire not heavily forested. It is, instead, a land of rolling planes and fertile fields. The PCs easily notice a series of fences sectioning off large portions of the fields around Averheim. These are the stockyards of Averheim where longhorn cattle are brought every year for slaughter and export. While they would normally be somewhat empty this time of year, a **Routine (+10%) Perception Test** reveals a large number of tents have been erected in several of the fields. Two or more degrees of success will allow a PC to pick out a considerable number of cooking fires. It looks like the equivalent of a small army is camped outside of Averheim.

Whether they're let off at dock or by a city gate, their travel hosts will salute them, saying "Good luck, my Lords" and swiftly ward themselves with the Sign of the Comet before rapidly departing the area. The first thing the PCs will notice is that Averheim is bursting with people. In fact, everywhere the PCs look, the streets are jammed and the market stalls are filled.

The PCs will want to make **Easy (+20%) Gossip Tests** to find out what's going on. A number of townsfolk will be a bit incredulous about their ignorance and think they're being fooled (hence the test isn't Very Easy). For each degree of success they achieve on their **Gossip Tests**, they hear more information.

Degrees of Success

0	The great Wine Tasting Festival of Averheim is soon to begin, which is why all these people are in town.
1	In fact, the Festival brings wine aficionados from all over the Old World. It always occurs during the first week of Harvest-Tide, traditionally running from the second day through the fifth, though there are many who start earlier and finish later.
2	The Festival was started in honour of Averland's Halfling neighbours' sole holiday, Pie Week, which runs from the first day of Harvest-Tide through the eighth. The Festival used to be financed solely by the Elector Count each year, but since Marius is in his grave, multiple noble families have contributed this year to make the Festival happen.
3	This year's Festival has been marred by those dreadful burnings, one of which happened just two days ago.

Each successful Gossip Test also brings word of a rumour from the following table; roll once for each. The reality behind each statement is noted in parenthesis.

Rumours

1. The harvest this year is suspect because rat men have been spotted in the fields. (False)
2. Chaos cultists are responsible for the burnings. The City Watch has even caught a few but is unwilling to reveal them, as they are still being interrogated. (False)
3. The largest Thieves' Guild is warring over the profits to be had from this year's Wine Tasting Festival because they don't have to worry about an Elector spoiling their gains. (Somewhat True)
4. The immolations are all part of a sinister Wizard Guild experiment. (False)
5. The Baron Kastor Leitdorf has come to town to set things right. (True that he is in town, False that he intends to do anything in particular other than drink.)
6. Apparently a farmer's cows even burst into flames. (True)
7. The ghosts of the massacred dead of Streissen are responsible for the fiery deaths, and they won't be satisfied till Countess Marlene von Alptraum joins them in death. (False)
8. Troops are still trickling back from the war in the north. Many of them claim to have seen worse things than people just bursting into flames. (Very True)
9. Immolations like the ones occurring recently have happened in the past, in the time of Siggurd. (False)
10. The Pillar of Skulls, a famous monument built of Orc skulls that sits at the centre of Averheim's central marketplace, the Plenzerplatz, has been seen weeping flame at night. (True—a young noble's prank)

A Place to Rest

After they've had their fill of questions, the PCs will probably want to find accommodations, but Averheim is booked solid. Nearly every available room, including private residences, is completely filled. On a successful **Hard (–20%) Gossip Test** they find one of the few inns left that has kept a couple of rooms open for the nobles who only show up at the last minute. It takes a **Challenging (–10%) Charm Test** to talk their way into those rooms, and even then, they're a whopping 3 *gc* a night. A **Very Hard (–30%) Haggling Test** reduces this cost by 5 *s* per degree of success. Each of the rooms can only have a maximum of two occupants, but on the upside, they're all very nice.

If unsuccessful in securing lodging in town, the PCs will have to withdraw to the surrounding cattle fields and the makeshift tent city that springs up each year around this time. Stout-looking lads with cudgels stand at the edge of each field. They readily explain it costs 1 *s* a night per person to rent space in any given field. With a few grim smiles, the lads assure the characters that those who can't or won't pay will most certainly not feel like drinking by the time the Wine Tasting Festival rolls around.

A brief conversation will readily yield they aren't thugs out to extort festivalgoers; they're actually farmers who are working for the owners of the various cattle fields. Many local Averlanders supplement their income by taking on such duties during the Festival. A **Routine (+10%) Charm Test** convinces them to "ignore" one member of the party for each degree of success down to a minimum of two. *"As long'n ye all sleep in the same tent o' course."* They cannot guarantee the safety of anything left in the fields. In fact, if the PCs make a good impression on them, they'll quietly point out that the City Watch doesn't care what goes on beyond the gates of the city, and the Roadwardens have other duties. In other words, don't leave your possessions about without a guardian and keep a watch at night.

— Truth Among Lies —

The PCs will easily be able to find witnesses to the various immolations. All they have to do is ask around, and for a Brass Penny or two, they'll find dozens of people willing to spin them a harrowing story of the terrible fiery horrors of what they'd witnessed. The stories are all rubbish, of course. Since the PCs have a stack of notes on previous victims and have, perhaps, heard that there have been new ones recently, it's likely they'll start asking after where they might find the individuals on their list.

Finding any witness requires a **Gossip Test**. While the PCs have a list with multiple names, they are not all detailed in the following entries. Some of the witnesses have moved on and others you can add as necessary, though after hearing a few stories, all of the others begin to sound very familiar. Each of the NPCs has a Charm Test difficulty listing in parenthesis after their names—this is the difficulty required to get them to talk freely on the matter. PCs that make a point of asking around about the witness before they encounter him or her, so they have a better idea how to make their approach, should be given bonuses as appropriate. The PCs will have two to three days to question witnesses, depending on how generous you're feeling, before the Wine Tasting Festival begins. Once the Festival has started, the Charm Test difficulty of getting any witness to talk goes up a step as they majority of the witnesses will be distracted by selling goods or services to the crowds and, of course, the relatively free-flowing wine.

Bernard Weill, Merchant (Average)

Bernard is a sturdy looking fellow with a wandering eye and a long, plaited, black braid. A successful tradesman turned merchant, Weill has a number of mining contacts and a stake

in several profitable ventures in the Black Mountains. Friedal Ringstorff, the second public victim, was his son-in-law. Bernard was never particularly fond of Ringstorff, which a successful **Easy (+20%) Perception Test** will note, but never truly wished him ill either, especially because of the grief it has caused his beloved daughter. While willing to talk, he will want to know why the PCs are asking questions. Weill is a shrewd judge of character; any honest answer, *e.g. "We were hired to put a stop to the burnings"* or variation thereof, will convince him to recount all he knows. Less than honest answers will still get his cooperation, but he'll pass whatever names the PCs gave him along with their descriptions to a friend of his in the City Watch, who will promptly sell them to agents of Faustman the Fist.

"Ach, my poor Wertha, still she cries for that lay-about. Right, let's see. It was early Plough-Tide, I think. The frost was still on the ground, and news from the north was troublesome. I'd been talking with Friedal about one of our shipments from the east, and he said his guts were paining him. I figured he must have had some bad meat or some such, and he agreed. Said he would go and sleep it off. He walked, ooh, maybe five steps away from me before he started waving his arm about and hollering. He thrust it high, like so, and his hand looked like a torch, all blue and white fire. Twas a bright flame; it stood out even though it was barely past noon. I thank Sigmar I couldn't see his face. His hair erupted with that strange flame and then he burned to ash before my eyes. His clothes crumbled onto the stones of the Plenzerplatz without so much as a singe."

Weill's account is similar to that of the majority of the witnesses. Weill knows of no enemies that would've wished Ringstorff ill and certainly none that could arrange such a gruesome death. Bernard's attitude towards the whole affair could best be summed up as, "life goes on."

Else Bremer, Burgher (Challenging –10%)

Else is a young woman with close cropped dark hair and hard grey eyes. She wanders about town selling bread goods for a local bakery, and PCs will have to talk with her as she walks, as she has no time for their nonsense. Else doesn't care in the slightest why they want to know her story; it'll cost them whatever she thinks they'll pay. Her late husband, Harmut Bremer, came home late from a night of drinking and immolated as he prepared to climb into their bed.

"Now Harmut, he was a fool if there ever was one. If the man had spent half the time he gave over to drinking doing anything useful, I wouldn't be selling pastries. Why, I bet the owner of The Upright Pig made a small fortune on him over the years. Harmut surely spent more than half his life in that damn bar. Anyway, Harmut stumbled in, drunk as usual. I pretended to be asleep so he wouldn't expect me to perform any wifely duties. He managed to get to his side of the room without tripping on anything, which was a small miracle, then sat down on the bed so hard that even if I had been asleep afore, I wouldn't of been after. He pulled one boot off, and I heard it clunk on the floor. Then the room lit up, and I opened my eyes… It was like a bonfire was sitting on my bed. I think I screamed. Harmut just… just burned away. Burned away to nothing, but my sheets weren't burned at all."

Else breaks into resentful tears at this point and determinedly marches away, ignoring anything else the characters may say. If they continue to pester her, she'll yell loudly for the Watch. The key piece of info to be gleaned from her account is mention of the Upright Pig, Faustman the Fist's tavern.

Leopold Schnozberg, Militiaman (Routine +10%)

Leopold is an aging guard with silver in his hair and a stupendously enormous nose. Talking with Leopold can be rewarding but also tricky, depending on how much of their intentions the PCs wish to reveal as Schnozberg works as a back up man for the Averheim Watch. Leopold will be very interested indeed in the PCs and why they want to know about his old friend, Guenter Achtnich, who was one of the last men to be immolated, at least until the recent deaths. Leopold, like most old soldiers, likes his drink, and buying a few rounds with a little gentle steering will get him talking.

"So, Guenter and I, we were finishing up a patrol. It was a warm night, we were sweating in our kits, and Guenter figured that a drink would ease their weight. Guenter always knew all the best places to drink. He used to say 'If you want strong drink, follow the boatmen.' So his favourite places were all near the river: The Virtuous Mermaid, The Upright Pig, The Lost Whaler. So, we start to head that way and Guenter, who wasn't given to fancy mind you, says the strangest thing to me. 'Leopold,' he says, 'there's something I've been meaning to tell you.' Well? Says I. 'Have you ever seen, well, colours?' Colours? I ask. 'Yes,' he goes, 'colours, swirling around other people… even through other people and in the air.' I laughed and asked him if he'd been nipping at the Grenzstadter early. He shook his head and said he was getting too old for night patrols…that his mind was wandering, playing tricks. We had a pint and laughed it off. Two nights later, just as we were finishing our rounds, he caught fire. I tried to put him out, but I was too slow, and the flames took him down to ash. His chain wasn't even heated. I've been praying a lot lately, to Sigmar some, but mostly to Lady Verena. I don't think my friend's death was an

accident. I think he was murdered, but I have no proof, just an old man's hunch. I've asked for her help and guidance… and here you are."

Leopold's description of Guenter's "colours" should sound suspiciously like witchsight to any magic-using PC. To the best of Leopold's knowledge, Guenter never did any magic in his life. If the PCs decide to take Leopold into their confidence, he'll do his best to help them for the rest of the adventure. But with the Festival about to start, he'll be busy on crowd control; although, he'll give any advice and help that he can. While he won't insist upon it, he'll strongly encourage the PCs to let him set up a quiet meeting with Joerg Bruckert, the Captain of the Watch (see page 242 for more details). *"Bruckert is a good man, not one of them stuffed-shirt do-nothings you get sometimes. Still, he's in a hard spot these days, but I know he'll help you as much as he's able."* If the PCs get into trouble with the City Watch later in the adventure, you may wish to use Schnozberg to help them or pull them out of a future jam. Even if they didn't decide to trust him, he still suspects they're more than they appear to be.

Odette Rechaud, Entertainer (Routine +10%)

Odette is an attractive Bretonnian woman with only a faint trace of a Bretonnian accent. She is a very recent witness, having just seen her manager immolated two days ago. The PCs will find Odette singing sad but beautiful hymns of grief amidst the tents outside Averheim. She is still somewhat distraught from the experience of watching her friend catch on fire, but a rough life spent singing in taverns has toughened her some.

"Nordine and I, we came for the Festival. The money is always good when people are enjoying themselves, and the drinking doesn't hurt, no? We might have come just for the wine as Nordine always fancied himself a connoisseur. Two nights ago, we were doing as we always do, travelling between campfires amusing the crowds. Nordine had hired some nice local boys to accompany us in case of trouble, which was good because we surely would've gotten lost in the dark, but they knew their way about. We came to a campsite that seemed likely mercenaries but well-kept looking ones. I was singing and Nordine was laughing. He was trying to drink some awful local brew he said was swill, and then he just burst into flame. The flames shot out his mouth, then swept over his body. A little boy tried to help him by throwing dirt on the flames, but the fire just grew larger, and it flared a terrible purple colour. Nordine kept screaming until one of the mercenaries put a crossbow bolt through his throat. It was a kindness."

If asked about Nordine's possessions, Odette will look surprised and say something along the lines of, "They burned to a crisp, Monsieur." A few Schillings will convince Odette to

show the PCs the site of Nordine's burning. Superstition has already moved all of the tents out of the field Odette indicates. Indeed, there is still a large burned patch on the ground near a doused campfire. A **Search Test** through the residue and the surrounding clearing will reveal traces of a hard crystalline substance and some white goo. An **Easy (+20%) Academic Knowledge (Science or Engineering) Test** reveals the hard crystals to be chunks of saltpetre. PCs who lack the skills but have either of the Talents Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder or Engineer) can know this on a **Hard (–20%) Intelligence Test**. A **Routine (+10%) Academic Knowledge (Magic) Test** allows the character to recall that saltpetre, when thrown on a flame, turns it purple. An **Academic Knowledge Test** and a wide number of **Trade Tests** will identify the other substance as quicklime, which is put to a number of uses in the Empire, including building plaster, leather tanning, and blowing fish up, as it reacts explosively when directly exposed to water. A **Very Hard (–30) Academic Knowledge (Engineering) Test** also reveals saltpetre and quicklime can be mixed with naphtha to make a viciously flammable substance known as Dwarf Fire.

What happened here is that the Halfling Firebug, Clempo Buttleburr, slipped Nordine one of his naphtha distillates mixed with cheap wine, and then set him ablaze. He tossed the saltpetre onto the flames because it makes for a nice effect, and he's a sick, sick little man. Odette, being a newly arrived Bretonnian, is unfamiliar with Halflings, hence the little boy in

her story. She doesn't know anything else about the matter and is far more worried about what she will do after the Festival is over to care much.

'Old Man' Thern, Farmer (Very Easy +30%)

Averland youths like to joke about how Old Thern must have fought alongside Siggurd *"back in the day,"* and he certainly looks like he could be that ancient. His face resembles a wrinkled relief map of the Empire, but his sharp blue eyes deny the senility that others accuse him of. Of course, he isn't particularly fond of *"them damn Elves."* He regularly comes to town to sell goods at market. Thern is fairly eager to tell his story to anybody that will listen, though if he thinks he is being made fun of or just humoured, he'll clam up.

> *"Just after last Sun-Still 'twas or there abouts. I was walking along with my girls, when Carsta, she was the youngest, started sounding off something fierce. Now I reckoned at first maybe she ate too many thistles; that dumb cow could never get enough thistles, no matter how they pained her, but then Bertha joined in. They both started running about yowling and Gerda and I didn't know what to think. Then Carsta, my poor Carsta, she up and catches on fire. Burning like the blazes she was, but there was no heat at all. She burned right to bone and so did little Bertha just an hour or two later. Them damn Elves, I know it was them. They got to my neighbour, too. Blew his whole barn straight to Sigmar. Damn Elves. Poor Gerda's milk has been sour since, and she can't sleep nights no more."*

Thern gives his neighbour's name as Falschung. *"Keeps to himself, he does."* Falschung's barn is, of course, the Thieves' Guild's place that was levelled by the madman Ewald's detonation. PCs that wish to follow up will find Thern a bit suspicious. It takes a **Challenging (–10%) Charm Test** to talk him into taking anyone with him and even then, he is absolutely unwilling to take more than one character with him. *"You wouldn't all fit in my cart, and it's easier to keep an eye on just one of ye."* Thern's farm is several hours out of town. Falschung's place has been stripped of useful goods and temporarily abandoned. The thieves removed as much evidence as they could, doing their best to partially obscure the unusual nature of the damage. However, a **Challenging (–10%) Perception Test** allows a clever PC to realize that the hole in the ground where the barn was, despite the thieves' efforts, is almost perfectly spherical, as if a great circular scoop had just gouged out a chunk of earth. On a successful **Routine (+10%) Search Test**, the PC will discover a section of rock that the thieves missed. The stone is smooth, as if it was polished, in a large curving plane.

So What Do We Know?

Presuming the PCs managed to hunt down or talk to the majority of witnesses, they should know the following:

- The majority of the victims have been Human males, though cows appear to be susceptible as well. They had different occupations, came from different social strata, and didn't seem to have anything in common.
- However, a riverfront tavern named the Upright Pig has been mentioned several times in connection with different victims.
- There have been both blue-white and purple flames reported. The blue-white flames don't seem to damage anything but flesh, whereas the purple ones burn everything like a normal fire.
- There are a number of other tidbits they may have uncovered, but none of them will make much sense as they're all out of context. Basically, the PCs should feel like they're working on a jigsaw puzzle with pieces missing. Time to get a drink.

— The Upright Pig —

While it is totally reasonable to assume some or all of the PCs will eventually check out the Upright Pig, it is, in many ways, one of the most dangerous courses of action they can take. The Upright Pig is Faustman the Fist's main base of operations and the tavern his Thieves' Guild had decided to use as an experimentation lab. All of the victims of the Fire Wine were regulars at the Pig, though it will take a lot of legwork to definitively determine that. Faustman and Draupnir have specifically avoided testing the wine on nobles for fear of the increased scrutiny that a noble's death would bring. As long as it's only the common folk who are burning and not a lot of them at that, the gentry don't really care. The young nobleman who appears later in the adventure was spiked by a bar maid whose affections he had played upon, then dumped.

Characters with an underworld background, such as anyone that knows the skill Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue) that asks around about the Upright Pig in the right circles, finds it is known to be a front for a powerful local Thieves' Guild, which is in the midst of a battle for leadership but little else other than the name of its owner, Faustman.

The Upright Pig is built to fairly typical Empire standards, though it does have a soundproof cellar. The tavern, as a riverfront establishment, is filled with boatmen, merchants, and Festivalgoers looking for something with a different kick than wine. Asking questions of pretty much any kind in the Upright Pig will immediately bring one to the attention of Faustman unless the asker succeeds at a **Hard (–20%) Charm Test** as he has standing orders to be immediately brought word of anyone

snooping about. He never deals with customers, leaving such duties to his staff. He is usually upstairs handling a variety of different business concerns, though he'll occasionally take a break by going down to the cellar to work out his aggressions on a recalcitrant debtor. Faustman hasn't made it so far in the criminal world by jumping to conclusions, and he is far too cagey to openly start trouble in his own place. Besides, the Fire Wine's auction is to be held soon, and he can't afford to make mistakes. If any of the PCs manage to come to his attention, he will certainly have them followed. However, he will not reveal himself; therefore, he'll never get a good look at any of the PCs, a point which will come up later. Worse by far, though, is if he knows or somehow learns the PCs are connected to the Imperial Colleges of Magic (see **Who's In the Know?** on page 225). If that's the case, he makes certain that one or more of them get a round of wine on the house in honour of the Festival. In other words, he'll ensure one or more of the PCs drink a cup of the Fire Wine.

Make a secret **Magical Sense Test** for any PC with the skill. A success results in them immediately noticing that something spectacularly ominous has just occurred as the Winds of Magic, favouring *Aqshy*, begin to broil about the individual that quaffed the wine. The Winds soon calm down but will continue to roil in the drinker's midsection until said individual combusts in approximately three days, unless he or she falls within a few exceptional categories. (See page 242 for full details on the effects of Fire Wine.) If the PCs start trouble after detecting the wine, Faustman's people will loudly call for the City Watch; after all, they've done nothing wrong. Faustman then sends his Fingers (see page 244) after the PCs.

— The Wine Tasting Festival of Averheim —

The rich fields of Averland have produced abundant harvests of fine grapes for untold generations. Indeed, winemaking has been a part of the Empire's culture since its very foundation. One of the reasons why the many tribes of Men wished to abandon their nomadic lifestyles was to grow harvests in relatively stable conditions, and grapes have always been a popular crop in the southern reaches of the land that is now the Empire. For many centuries, wine was exclusively a luxury of the noble born, as it took a great deal of manual effort to produce a worthwhile drink. When Sigmar crushed the Greenskin hordes at the battle of Black Fire Pass it wasn't ale that he drank at the victory celebration, it was wine. Averland legend holds Siggurd, their province's legendary founder, shared his favourite personal vintage with Sigmar on that day, and the nobles of Averland have always been keen on the subject.

Professional winemaking in the Empire, until the Great War Against Chaos, was almost exclusively the province of clergy who produced vintages at their various southern monasteries. While many small villages produced wine, the majority only made enough for local consumption. The Moot, of course, has always been a source of a large variety of hearty wines suitable for a number of different occasions, as the Halflings were some of the first to produce a type of sweet dessert wine called Sherry, though many Estalians claim they took the idea from them.

In the aftermath of the Great War, after Magnus the Pious had taken the throne, Grand Theogonist Ansgar, whose name is still blessed and praised by wine aficionados to this day, came to power. At the time, the common folk of the Empire mostly drank beer and ale, as good wine was relatively expensive and hard to come by. Ansgar thought it was a mortal sin that more of Sigmar's people couldn't drink the libation that he had favoured in life. The Grand Theogonist turned to the Engineer's Guild for help in creating simple wine presses that could evenly crush grapes, as he disdained traditional foot stomping methods for being unclean. He declared it was a sin to store wine in

Everything is Better with Pie

From the moment Pie Week begins, every NPC Halfling that the characters encounter or even see will either be holding a pie, eating a pie, preparing a pie or any combination of all three states. When speaking as a Halfling during Pie Week, frequently talk as if your mouth was full, pausing occasionally to gulp and speak clearly. As amusing as this may sound, a key plot point hinges on it: a Halfling that doesn't care about pie is crazy. Like, for instance, Clempo. If you happen to have a PC Halfling, he'd best follow suit, or he'll be at a **Hard (–20%)** on all **Fellowship Tests** involving other Halflings. The following pie chart helps determine what sort of pie a Halfling may be involved with. Note that the chart is not, in fact, a Pie Chart but a chart about pies.

Pie!

Roll	Pie Type
1	Grilled Coney
2	Mincemeat
3	Fish & Port
4	Boar & Mint
5	Fruit (Apple and Pepper, etc.)
6	Mushrooms & Herbs
7	Pork & Leaks
8	Beef & Beer
9	Lamb & Rosemary
10	Some Sort of Cream

an animal's skin, demanding wooden casks or glass bottles be used instead, as they didn't influence the flavour. Ansgar's modifications made winemaking a more precise and unified practice, thus resulting in more consistent vintages.

As the methods used to produce wine continued to increase its quality, a number of other factors aided in bringing wine tasting into fashion. Suggestions from the Dwarfs yielded improvements in glassmaking, which produced stronger bottles that were more suitable for both storage and transport. Cork was found to be the perfect bottle stopper, and shipments from Estalia soon regularly made their way to Averland's vineyards. The Elector Counts of Averland made a point of celebrating their province's heritage every year by holding a lavish festival to celebrate each year's vintage. While wine remains relatively expensive in the Empire, it is still a staple within everyone's reach but the most destitute. This is especially true at the Wine Tasting Festival, as Averland's wine vendors were, traditionally, reimbursed by the ruling Count to lower the price. Since hosting the Festival is seen as a sign of legitimacy for ruling Averland, the various noble family claimants to the throne have all donated to the Vintner's Guild and made certain that everyone knows about their contributions.

The Wine Tasting Festival has now been going on annually for well over a century. Many merchants in the Old World make a point of being in Averheim sometime between the second and fifth day of Harvest-Tide, the traditional days of the festival. It is a lavish but surprisingly subdued celebration, as outright drunkenness is heavily frowned upon. After all, celebrants at the Festival are supposed to be tasting and comparing various vintages, whereas drunkards pretty much don't care what is in their tankards. It is also one of those rare times when nobles directly rub elbows with commoners specifically to converse with them and wax philosophical over the merits and flaws of different wines. Indeed, in Averheim, even the lowliest peasant will have an opinion on the year's newest vintages. This will be somewhat disconcerting for outsiders, as even though the festivalgoers are nominally speaking Reikspiel, the PCs may not have the faintest idea what they're saying. See **Averland Winespeak** on page 233 for more details.

A panel of experts, which traditionally includes the Elector Count, the Master of Ceremonies, and Averland's Lector, judges each year's offerings. This year, however, political tension has caused a change. The noble families decided they needed an absolutely impartial individual to take the Count's traditional role. After some drawn-out wrangling, they settled on Brew Master Cranneg Norgrimson, a deeply respected and locally beloved Dwarf vintner renowned for both his honesty and his strange un-Dwarfish preference for wine over ale and beer. Most years, Norgrimson would have a vintage of his own entered at the Festival, but he has but recently returned from fighting in the north. The judges wander throughout the Festival sampling

various wines and comparing notes with one another between the second and fourth day, declaring the winning vintages on the evening of the fourth so that the winning vintners can bask in the glory all day on the fifth. The three prizes given each year are Best White, Best Red, and Best at Festival.

The Festival centres in the Plenzerplatz and stretches throughout Averheim. Wine stalls line the streets, radiating outward in a large spiral. A number of vendors sell various sorts of food, though whatever they primarily sell, almost all of them also sell some sort of pie. The traditional hawking of wares that goes on at most Empire festivals is especially toned down. The City Watch encourages such stalls to be moved to the very outskirts of the Wine Tasting Festival or, better yet, over to the fields of the tent city.

Getting the Party Started

The Festival officially begins early on the morning of the second day. This year's Master of Ceremonies, Bertold Stadel, stands atop a small platform in the Plenzerplatz, while the surrounding crowd starts chanting, "Worm! Worm! Worm! Worm!" People throughout Averheim take up the chant, and wherever the PCs are, all the citizens and visitors in the know around them will likewise take up the chant till Averheim is roaring with it. A "worm" or "steel worm" is a corkscrew. A gold-plated corkscrew, which tradition holds is the same one that has been used since the very first Festival, is brought to Bertold on a velvet cushion. With a practiced flourish, he uses it to open up a bottle of last years' Best at Festival, a strong red called Gewürztraminek 21. With its uncorking, the stalls throughout the city open for business, and the Festival truly begins.

Wine Tasting 101

The PCs are about to find themselves at a total loss because the wine culture of the Averheim Wine Tasting Festival is vast, subtle, and snobby. The ignorant are disdained for their lack of knowledge, though few can be bothered to actually teach them what they need to know, as everyone is too busy enjoying the new vintages. All Fellowship-based Tests are Hard (–20%) until a given character manages to figure out how to speak when asked for his opinions on a given vintage, which he most certainly will be. Desperate PCs who are tired of everyone ignoring them can hire a local expert to help them out. This will set them back around 3 *s* a day (it's a seller's market), but as long as they have this expert nearby during conversation, they only suffer a Challenging (–10%) penalty. Although, it will probably be far more entertaining to make them suffer until they figure out how to fake it.

How to Taste Wine

The first and most common mistake: wine tasting isn't just about the taste. A PC that gulps his wine before considering it will immediately be snubbed as an oaf from that point on in any given conversation by any onlookers. Remarkably clear glasses sit on the stalls throughout the city. Drinkers are expected to return their glass to the stall from which it came, unless they have their own, which many connoisseurs do.

A wine taster first considers the appearance of the wine, then its aroma, and finally its taste. The tasting portion is broken into three phases: the Attack, the Follow Through, and the Finish. A wine's appearance varies by age and grape. "Reds" actually range from deep purple to near-black burgundy, whereas "whites" vary from bright green to mid-tone brown. The majority of the grapes grown in Averland lead to white wines, though there are a few vineyards trying experiments with reds. Wine leaves a tint on the glass called a "rim" that helps determine its age, and drinkers swirl their glasses about, considering the wine's "legs." Wine scents vary tremendously, from flowery hints to subtle chocolate undertones. Wine that smells foul, though, invariably is.

The Attack is the initial impact of the wine on the senses. A strong Attack is greatly preferred to a feeble one. The Follow Through is the wine's actual taste and how it sits on the palate. The Finish is the aftertaste or the effects the wine has that linger on its drinker. The various terms are discussed using many of the same terms one would use for describing a bout of swordplay, and unenlightened listeners that stumble onto a wine tasting conversation are apt to think that a great battle is being discussed. The following terms and phrases are all likely to crop up during the Festival. Many, but not all, are used while discussing a wine's taste—note that a few of them are confusing or are completely contradictory to what they sound like they'd mean.

Averland Winespeak

Abgang: The total impact of a wine, including its effect on the stomach and potential hangover to follow.

Attractive: The taster liked it despite flaws. A complement to cheap wines and an insult to expensive ones.

Brilliant: An exceedingly clear wine. Generally a bad sign in whites and an excellent sign in reds.

Burly: A strong flavour, usually said in a positive way.

Charming: Doesn't meet expectations.

Corked: This wine's stopper went bad, and it tastes like wet wood mulch.

Deep: Many, layered flavours, a good sign.

Direct: High alcohol content. This wine will get you smashed quickly.

Easy: Simple but readily appreciable.

Fat: Fills the mouth readily but lacks finesse. Just okay.

Harsh: Powerful, rough taste. Age will make it acceptable, but don't bother to wait for it.

Round: Like Fat, only far more positive.

Stern: Hard on the tongue.

Common Phrases

"Ansgar would approve." One of the highest compliments a connoisseur will offer a wine. This wine is second to none.

"Fit for the Emperor's table." A fine vintage but one likely to be priced way beyond what most could afford.

"Perhaps it needs to breathe more." A suggestion that a wine be left out in order to increase its flavour. Generally an insult.

"A Cloak-worthy offering." I would only use this wine as a cloth dye. It's lousy.

"Fetch me a worm." I intend to open this bottle and drink a lot of it.

"Now that's a Mousillon vintage." Revolting and likely to cause plague. Indicates a horrible wine but is always spoken cheerfully.

Supple: Not quite strong enough. Bends around the tongue instead of engaging it.

Toothsome: A reference to the fact that you almost have to chew this wine before swallowing it. Not a good sign, unless the speaker is a Dwarf.

Wocky (Short for Jabberwocky): A near poisonous wine that should be avoided at all costs.

A Small Sampling of this Year's Vintages

Many wines are named for the town or region from which they originate, though naming them after their vineyard or brew master is also quite common. There are around 80 wines of various types and qualities at the Festival this year.

Grenzstadter

A local offering, this deep Averland wine has become famous throughout the Empire and is extremely popular in Marienburg. Grenzstadter is a golden white that carries the faintest hint of apple along with a subtle earthy undertone. It always fetches a high price, not just for its popularity, but because it is famous for causing little to no hangover effects.

Bilbali

A dark red named for the great city in northern Estalia where it was first made, Bilbali is aged 10 years in massive wooden vats placed in caves along the Great Ocean. The resulting distinct combination of woody flavour tinged with the faintest hint of sea spray results in a very direct, stern wine that is extremely popular with soldiers and sailors both.

Whistler's Finest

A Moot wine produced by the Whistler clan, this rosy white has a subtle flavour reminiscent of flowers with a faint taste of mint. All Whistler wines are exclusively pressed by the feet of the Whistler Halflings and their relatives instead of any machine, a fact they're extremely proud of. Correspondingly, a fair number of wine connoisseurs won't touch the stuff, which is a shame as this wine is a delightful round offering, not unlike the Whistlers themselves. Whistler children hand paint all the bottles, covering them in flowers and various creatures they've heard described in the stories of the Big Folk.

Gewürztraminek 22

The follow up to last year's champion, Gewürztraminek 22 is an extremely sweet red wine that doesn't overwhelm the tongue. All the locals hope this year's offering is not up to last year's excellence as it comes from Stirland, their northern neighbour and rival province.

Loningbruck "Ruby"

Loningbruck is a popular cheap Averland wine, though whether it is popular for its taste or price is somewhat debatable. While Loningbruck is actually a white wine, its distinct red colour, from which its nickname comes, is the result of trace amounts of Averland longhorn cattle blood added to the fermentation vats from which it springs.

Aulenbacher

Marked with the twin-tailed comet of Sigmar, this straw-coloured vintage comes from a small vineyard run by Sigmarite monks at the foot of the Black Mountains. It's an inexpensive wine, popular with burghers and merchants. Regular drinkers typically insist that only glasses marked with one of Sigmar's symbols be used when drinking Aulenbacher, as it brings forth its inner richness.

Happenings at the Festival

While the PCs are engaged in an investigation, the atmosphere of the Wine Tasting Festival should be hard to resist, especially since everyone they speak to will probably be enjoying themselves. PCs without a wine glass in their hand will continually have one thrust upon them. Remember to utilize the effects of the Alcohol table on page 115 of the core book. If your PCs stubbornly refuse to drink, have them start making **Willpower Tests** every hour or so, starting with Easy (+20%), but getting progressively harder as time goes by. All of Averheim is celebrating, and it is really hard not to join in.

The local nobles and some of the wealthier merchants have subsidized all of the wines being offered at the Festival. Correspondingly, a number of stalls have the names of their sponsors listed on them, and it's considered good form to drink

to their health. The cheaper wines sell for a mere 1 *p* to 3 *p* a glass, whereas all but the rarest go for but a single Schilling. (Now you know why people come so far for the Festival.)

Of Dwarfs and Gragrint

A small street on the northern side of the city has banners marked with Khazalid runes, and stalls found throughout the rest of the city are markedly absent. The majority of the Dwarfs in Averheim can be found here during the Festival. Dwarfs, on the whole, prefer their ales and beers to wine and frequently comment on the generally weak flavour that most wines offer. Any PCs that stop here will be invited to partake of a "real drink." What sort of drink? Gragrint—the only drink being offered at the stalls on this road.

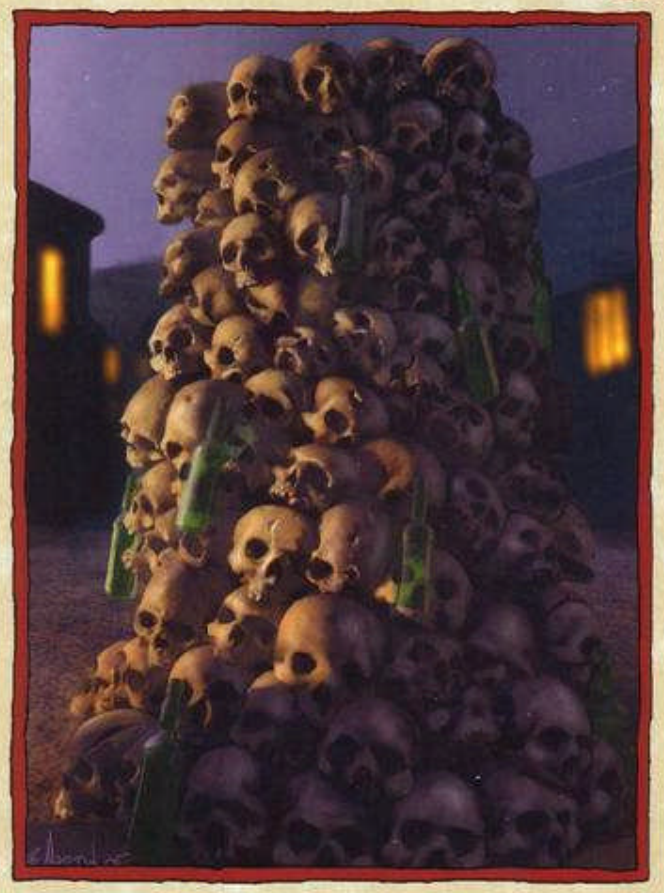
So what's Gragrint? A few centuries ago, a Dwarf brew master named Elmador Rorekson who was visiting a Human vineyard, smelled something delightful coming from a vat that had been put aside. When asking about it, he was told that it was the leavings of the grapes: stems, pits, partial vines, and eventually the juiceless husks. "Well what are you going to do with it?" he inquired. "Throw it away," was the response he received. Scandalized, Elmador made arrangements to take the leavings away for further fermentation. After a few years of experimenting, he perfected his new drink, which he called, in typical literal Dwarf fashion, "Gragrint," which roughly translates from Khazalid as "Leftovers."

Gragrint is not technically a wine; it's a spirit, and a strong one at that, but no Averlander likes to argue with the Dwarfs, and they've never tried to enter any Gragrint brews into the Festival's wine contest, so they're allowed to display without incident. This year, they're quietly proud that one of their own, Brew Master Cranneg Norgrimson, has been picked as one of this year's judges, even if it is just to judge weak grape juice. As it is, Norgrimson frequently comes by to drink a cup of Gragrint to clear his palate before heading back out to judge other vintages.

The Dwarfs here have never heard of Humans spontaneously combusting before now and declare any rumours that it has happened in the past absurd.

The Plenzerplatz Display

At the centre of the Plenzerplatz rises the Pillar of Skulls, a vast column of Orc skulls marking the point where the infamous Orc Warlord Gorbad Ironclaw's army was turned back several centuries ago. For the Festival, a circular wooden platform has been erected around it, and a number of the nobles and merchants that paid for portions of the Festival can be found here, drinking and accepting the thanks of passers-by. Sigmar's Lector Kurt Algirsson will certainly be here, as will the Iron Countess, Marlene von Alptraum. See the Notable Persons section for further details. There are a number of bottles of famous and infamous vintages on display here, which can be bought for exorbitant sums if one has the means. Two examples:



Manann's Own

A legendary vintage, brewed by the renowned hermit Gotthold Koch from grapes only to be found in a field he prepared high in the Grey Mountains. Supposedly, the grapes were never exposed to the light of the sun; they were cultured in a shuttered field and reared entirely by Morrslieb's light. Manann's Own is rumoured to have a near ghostly bouquet; the wine supposedly almost evaporates on the tongue, leaving only the delightful breath of its passage. A single bottle goes for over 500 *gc*.

Annaliese

This wine is on display mainly so people can shudder at it. Cultivated in Sylvania, it supposedly comes from a small vineyard that dwells under the shadow of the World's Edge Mountains. Rumour holds that it is turned once every Hexensnacht for a decade and tended by a vintner who is one of the Restless Dead. It is whispered to have a taste like burning cinnamon with a distinctly iron finish. A bottle goes for around 40 *gc*, but few dare to buy it.

Drunken Stumblings

The following random events are a few examples of what the PCs may come across as they roam the Festival thronged streets of Averheim.

The Glass Blowers' Brawl

A massive fight breaks out between rival glass blowing factions. The argument begins with some swearing fervently that only long stemmed glasses properly carry the taste of wine, while the other side declares that you absolutely require a rounded cup to enjoy a rounded taste. Characters can support either faction or just try to stay out of the way. Note both sides go to heroic efforts to not break any glass, which lead to various goblets being swept up and used as impromptu shields. After a few minutes, a City Watch patrol will show up, truncheons at the ready, to restore order. One of the Watch at least will be heard to mutter, *"Every year, the same damn thing."*

The Noble's Round

The Baron Kastor Leitdorf and his nephew Raimund offer to buy the crowd near them a round of a particular expensive-but-notable wine. The characters can partake if they wish and get a chance to talk with both men, a conversation that may stand them well in the immediate future. (See **A Fiery Sunrise** on page 237)

The Halfling Disputation

A group of Halflings sit about in a square, pie in one hand, wine in the other, energetically debating in high excited voices the merits of appropriate foot techniques in regard to grape crushing. The three recognized methods are the trod, the stomp, and the jump, all of which have their proponents. The trod is a leisurely measured pace over the grapes, the stomp is a repetitive motion in a single vat, and the jump consists of continuous plunges into big vats. The only thing they all agree on is that the jump is the most fun but perhaps not the most effective.

But it Tastes So Good!

Stalls throughout the Festival sell pies, fruits, sweetmeats, and pastries with prices typically ranging from 1 *p* to 1 *s*. One particular stall, though, is in cahoots with the nearby wine vendors. All of them have vintages that make one exceedingly hungry. The cooks have various wonderful smells wafting from their stall to suck in the unwary and offer a wide variety of pies for 3 *p* each. Any characters that are at a point where they have to make **Toughness Tests** to stay sober must make an **Average Willpower Test** or buy one of these "delicious" pies, which do, indeed, taste really, really good at the time. Characters that partake must succeed at an **Easy (+20%) Toughness Test** or develop the **Galloping Trots** from page 136 of the *WFRP* core rulebook.

Gargle versus Spit

Two noblemen square off in what looks like a formal duel, swords at the ready. When the PCs ask bystanders what is going on, they'll state that the two men have come to blows over which wine tasting method is more becoming of a gentleman. One favours spitting after a swish through the mouth, which the other says is wasteful, whereas the other claims that a good gargle is the way, which the latter finds revolting. They've decided to fight till first blood to settle the matter.

The Blind Taste Test

The PCs are invited to participate in a rare blind taste test. For a mere 5 *p*, they will be allowed to sample three excellent vintages and then give an opinion on which was the best, which the dealers will dutifully record for further use. In reality, all three cups will hold the same cheap wine with some dubious ingredients thrown in to flavour them.

— Enter the Halfling —

As sun sets on the third night, screams echo down the streets of Averheim along with cries of *"Another Burning!"* and *"Sigmar Save Us!"* along with a variety of expletives. The PCs will likely race towards the scene of the immolation, which, since they will be going against the crowds who will all be running away, will require some effort. Common methods include a successful **Strength Test** to shove people aside, an **Intimidation Test** to frighten others out of the way, or an **Easy (+20%) Scale Sheer Surfaces Test** followed by several **Routine (+10%) Agility Tests** to race across the rooftops of the city.

A gruesome sight greets their efforts. The twisted burning body of a warrior clad in chain mail lies at the centre of a small square, surrounded by flames that flicker and dance over the ground. As the PCs arrive, the flames flare bright purple, seemingly completely unnatural. The warrior's chain has partially melted from the heat; his face and lips are an unidentifiable ruin. Those standing around the body stare down at it in mute horror, some making the Sign of the Comet.

All the PCs should make a **Challenging (–10%) Perception Test** as they gaze about at the scene. Any PC that specifically states something along the lines of, *"I'm not looking at the man; I'm looking around for a Halfling,"* gets a +20% bonus to his or her Perception Test. Successful characters will see several Halflings, but one in particular stares at the body with a disturbing expression close to a rapture—one degree of success or more will also show he doesn't have a pie of any kind.

As the flames swiftly die down, the Halfling, whose name is Clempo Buttleburr, notices any PC looking directly at him. Otherwise, he'll slip off undetected. A **Search Test** of the body and the surrounds will reveal saltpetre (see Odette Rechaud's testimony on page 229). The PCs have little time however before the City Watch comes on the scene and shoos onlookers away.

If seen, Clempo flips the PCs a rude gesture and runs for it. He is fairly quick, and his small stature lets him plunge easily through the crowd, whereas the PCs, unless any of them are also

Halflings, is likely to be slowed in the press of the crowd. Let the PCs chase him for a bit, until he dives down a barrel-lined dead end. When several of the PCs have managed to catch up, Clempo appears from behind a large barrel at the end of the blocked off alleyway with a burning torch held in his hand.

"Lies! All lies! It's a blasphemy. A blasphemy! You think it's all me, don't you? DON'T YOU? Well you're wrong. The inner fire is a lie. It burns not! No holy flame to scourge, to cleanse. It doesn't burn true. It doesn't burn at all… but you will."

Then, with a grim smile, he drops the torch. The PCs will probably notice, as the lit torch plummets towards a line of gunpowder poured along the cobblestones, that they are standing in an alley filled with barrels. All PCs should make a **Challenging (–10%) Agility Test** to dive out of the alley. Failure subjects them to a Damage 4 Impact hit from the exploding barrels Clempo prepared in advance to aid in his get away. They must then make a **Routine (+10%) Agility Test** or Catch on Fire.

Surviving PCs that stick around to explain their actions will have to talk to the City Watch who, regardless of how good the PCs' story is, will almost inevitably take them to their Captain (page 242). The PCs doubtless hear several city factions immediately claimed the credit for killing the arsonist.

— A Fiery Sunrise —

Early the following morning, on the fourth day of Harvest-Tide, all kinds of rumours fly about town, but the one that will definitely catch the PCs' attention is that a noble caught fire late in the night (after the arsonist was killed) and survived! A **Challenging (–10%) Gossip Test** reveals the identity of the miraculous survivor as Raimund Leitdorf, whom the PCs may possibly have met at the Festival.

Depending on their previous actions and contacts, the PCs may or may not be able to easily find where Raimund is staying. If forced to resort to street rumours, a **Hard (–20%) Gossip Test** places him in an exclusive inn in the Merchant's quarter called The River's Secret. Either Schnozberg or a message from Bruckert could also provide this information. Getting in to see Raimund will require either a combination of **Hard (–20%) Charm** or **Blather Tests**, some provable skill in the healing arts, or disclosing their letter from Magister Rone.

Raimund is in a private suite on the second floor, surrounded by heavily armed and armoured guardsmen. He looks remarkably well for a man that was recently saved from a fiery death. If Raimund has met the characters before, he'll smile and remark upon his pleasure at renewing the acquaintance. Any PC with Witchsight will see all the colours of magic swirling about Raimund in faster and faster patterns, which may cause them to hurry the conversation along. His story is fairly straightforward.

"I was walking along the bank of the river, drinking this delightful little offering from Tilea, a fairly robust red as I recall, when I had the most curious experience. It was well past dark, but I swear I could suddenly clearly see the far bank. I looked into town and saw these brilliant colours whirling through the streets and into houses. Then, looking down, I saw the colours pooling in my chest. I looked at my hand, and it began burning with a blue light, but I felt no pain. I turned my arm, admiring it and the next thing I knew I was cold and spitting out river water. A group of militiamen tackled me into the river, I gather. Stout lads."

Raimund knows little else on the subject, though if asked if he ever drinks at the Upright Pig he'll wink and say, *"On occasion."* The PCs will have only a short time to question him before he says, *"Gentlemen, I still feel giddy from all this excitement, perhaps later?"* his retainers will then usher them out, which is good, as he is about to explode.

The PCs get no more than a block away when a brilliant ball of white-blue light wipes out the greater portion of The River's Secret in a single, silent detonation of mystic energy. It takes out a perfect sphere, leaving smooth curves in walls of the surrounding buildings. Vacating the area will doubtless seem prudent.

— Swearmonger Revealed —

The PCs may very well be a little shocked at recent developments. They'll probably go looking for a drink, which is extremely easy to find, as grim happenings or not, the Wine Tasting Festival keeps going. While the PCs are having a drink, a wiry little man sidles up to them without actually looking at them and says, *"Good morrow, Gents. My employer would like to know if you lot would be interested in just what's been going on around these parts."* Questions along the lines of *"Who's your employer?"* bring the reply, *"One who knows about fire."*

Whatever the PCs response, the little man says, *"The Maid's Fancy at noon. What have you got to lose, really?"* He swiftly departs, easily getting lost in the crowd. The Maid's Fancy is a small tavern on the south side of town, near the southern gate. It's a quiet little bar, well away from the centre of the Festival. When the PCs come in, the bartender nods to them and swings his head with a glance towards a small room to the rear of the tavern. The room is windowless with a series of chairs and a slight man with a well-trimmed black goatee sitting with his back towards the far wall. *"Gentlemen,"* he says, gesturing towards the chairs, *"Sit or stand as you prefer."* He steeples his fingers together and begins.

"My employer has been following your investigation with some interest. With this morning's events, he believes you would be more prepared to hear what he has to say." He pauses waiting for a sign of agreement from the PCs. "My employer's name is Albrecht Swearmonger, a businessman who, from time to time, invests in different ventures. Several years ago, a man named Doctor Waldemar Draupnir approached him and his former business associate, Faustman, with a project that the Doctor believed would allow an individual to acquire the…gift…of magic. Doctor Draupnir's project didn't work out quite as intended, or at least, quite as it was described to Mr. Swearmonger. He objected but found his former partner most adamant that the new course of Doctor Draupnir's discovery would profit them both far more. Mr. Swearmonger regrets his involvement in the entire affair and dearly wishes to have the whole matter resolved. Would you be interested in assisting?"

The man with the goatee studies the PCs and carefully listens to their responses before slowly nodding. He's had them watched for days and already has a good idea of their characters, but he's a showman at heart. Reaching up, he pulls off the goatee and tugs the wig from his head, revealing close-cropped red hair, and he says, *"Gentlemen, I'm Albrecht Swearmonger. And I'm very pleased to make your acquaintances."*

Swearmonger describes what he knows of the Fire Wine, stating that he doesn't know why some people blow up and some only immolate. He tells them about the loony, Ewald, but he doesn't know why either he or Raimund Leitdorf detonated. If any of the PCs have consumed the Fire Wine, he shakes his head and flatly states, *"You likely have but three or four days at most. Your only hope is Draupnir, who Faustman never lets out of his sight these days."*

"Our real problem, Sirs, is Faustman intends to sell the damnable brew to the highest bidder tonight at a special sale that he has orchestrated. While the city is distracted with this year's winners, the Fist will hold his auction. His customers are all very dangerous people, and thus I have a somewhat radical proposal for you. I want you to help me prove the Fire Wine is a hoax…and I want you to kill me."

He grins widely. Swearmonger suspects a number of the bidders attending the auction are too powerful or well connected politically to try to kill him and the PCs, especially since the city doesn't even have an Elector Count to back up its authority to dispense justice. He also feels it's unlikely that the bidders would simply walk away from the opportunities the Fire Wine

represents. If, however, they think the Fire Wine is a con and they've been duped, the tables could turn in his favour.

Swearmonger's plan is to slip into the riverside warehouse where the auction will be held, decrying his partner's complicit villainy. The PCs will then storm in with whatever allies they can muster, pretend to kill Swearmonger with stage weapons, and then produce their letter from the Imperial College and declare Faustman the Fist a fraud wanted by the Wizards' Guild. What can possibly go wrong?

The PCs may decide that they don't trust Swearmonger in the least (wise of them, really), but in this case, he's telling a large portion of the truth as he knows it, and the plan he presents does have a marginal chance of working. He will certainly be open to PC suggestions. Ultimately, he wants to stop the horrors he knows that he is partially responsible for, and he's prepared to do whatever it takes to do so. Removing his old business partner is just a bonus.

— The Brutal Finish —

The bidders are assembled in Faustman's warehouse an hour after sunset, ready to begin their auction. A few of Faustman's guards are, and always have been, in Swearmonger's pay waiting for the time to act, or in this case, simply not act and let what will happen, happen.

Depending on the PCs' actions they may or may not have allies to assist them. Their best bet would be to approach Captain Joerg Bruckert for help, in which case, they'll have two squads of his best men to back them up. Alternatively, Leopold Schnozberg might show up with a few stout lads in tow.

Faustman's warehouse is a large dockside building, well away from the city centre. A small collection of plush chairs has been set up in the midst of an otherwise clear floor. Faustman, Draupnir, and a number of thugs equal to the PCs' forces plus four more are scattered about the room, not to mention the bidders and their troops.

The PCs are to meet Swearmonger just after sunset to coordinate their attacks. Presuming everything goes smoothly, Swearmonger, followed shortly by the PCs will stroll in just as Faustman says, *"Do I have a bidder?"*

Swearmonger cries out. The PCs pretend to cut him down and yell their accusations. Several guests turn sharp eyes on Faustman at accusations of a hoax. Someone yells out *"Swearmonger is Faustman's old partner!"* Pandemonium ensues.

Cry Havoc!

So what could happen? All sorts of fun. The bidders go berserk; see their entries below to determine how they might respond. The Baron "revealing" himself in particular will cause a minor shockwave in the midst of the fight. Any PC that drank Fire Wine will doubtless want to get a hold of the fleeing Doctor Draupnir. Faustman and his Fingers wade in, determined to kill the PCs. Two rounds in, Clempo shows up, hurling naphtha distillates at any target that strikes his fancy, though he will definitely try to hit Draupnir.

Just how spectacular the fight gets is up to you and your PCs. Note the crowds of Averheim should start cheering at an appropriate and climactic moment during the fight. (Best at Festival was just announced over at the Plenzerplatz—to the surprise of all, the Whistlers took it.) If the fight goes against him, Faustman will attempt to escape and bandage his wounds, plotting revenge for another day. The bidders, other than the Lamb, cannot afford to be captured and will eventually try to fight their way clear. The PCs, if they have any sorts of brains at all, will swiftly realize that they are hopelessly outclassed by a number of the combatants involved and will do their best just to survive till the fight winds down.

Bidders All

The Lamb, Vescio Matalla

Vescio Matalla is a feared and respected mercenary captain, widely famed for his efficient Tilean mercenary band, the Pale-But-Hale Company. Vescio is called "The Lamb" because he is a natural albino, and Tileans tend to have a grim sense of humour about such things. Vescio is anything but a lamb in combat. His mercenaries daub their armour off grey-white in honour of their captain. Matalla is a widely famed wine connoisseur in soldier circles, and he has mainly come to Averheim for the Festival, getting his hands on the Fire Wine, whose authenticity he finds suspect, would just be a bonus. Matalla will immediately side with the PCs if they seem to be legitimate and if the City Watch is backing them up as he frequently works for the Empire. Presuming he survives the fight, which is likely, he'll claim he didn't know that "Fire Wine" was illegal.

The Lamb, Vescio Matalla

Career: Captain (ex-Mercenary, ex-Sergeant)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
73%	47%	51%	57%	55%	45%	48%	47%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	18	5	5	4	0	4	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics) +10%, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Empire, Estalia,

Ogres, Tilea), Dodge Blow +20%, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Search, Secret Language (Battle Tongue) +10%, Speak Language (Reikspiel, Tilean), Swim

Talents: Disarm, Lightning Parry, Menacing, Quick Draw, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed Weapons), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Warrior Born

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Best Craftsmanship Great Weapon (Two-Handed Sword)

Trappings: Hooded cloak

The Vampire, Baron Apostal Piron

Baron Apostal Piron is a petty Sylvanian nobleman with sharp ambitions to match his incisors. Piron is a Vampire of the Von Carstein line who has tried for several centuries to find new and unusual ways of removing his more irksome brethren that they won't see coming. Seeing as Vampires have seen just about every old form of death there is the Baron feels justified in thinking that this new so-called Fire Wine might do the trick. He hasn't decided whether he'll mix it with blood first or just get a suitable candidate sloppy drunk with it before presenting them, along with their presumably tainted blood, as a gift to one of his "undesirable" relatives. Piron fully expects to walk away from the auction with the Fire Wine. Indeed, had someone else won it, he would've eventually seized it regardless. The revelation that the Fire Wine is a fake automatically includes the notion that someone thought they could deceive him. This will not please the Baron and he will take his anger out on the surrounding crowd.

The Vampire, Baron Apostal Piron

Race: Vampire

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
65%	42%	62%	63%	66%	45%	70%	65%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	21	6	6	6	1	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, History, Necromancy), Charm +10%, Channelling, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Border Princes, Empire, Estalia), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip 10%, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Shadowing, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel, Sylvanian), Torture

Talents: Dark Magic, Disarm, Frightening, Keen Senses, Master Orator, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Arcane), Public Speaking, Schemer, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing, Parrying), Undead

Special Rules:

- *Blood Drain:* If he inflicts at least 1 Wound on an enemy while grappling, the victim loses 1d10% from his Strength Characteristic as well. If the victim survives the encounter, 1% of the losty Strength returns each hour.
- *Natural Necromancer:* The Baron can control Undead in the same way Necromancers do (see *WFRP*, page 161).
- *Pass for Human:* The Baron can pass for Human if need be, retracting fangs and claws and softening his features. When in this form, the Baron looses the Frightening Talent. He can switch back as a free action.
- *Transfixing Gaze:* The Baron can immobilize opponents with nothing more than his gaze. He can use this ability against a single opponent within 6 yards (3 squares); this is a half action. The target can resist with a successful Will Power Test. Otherwise, the victim is transfixed and considered helpless for 1 round. The Baron can maintain the effect each round with another half action. The victim is not allowed further Will Power Tests if the Baron chooses to maintain his transfixing gaze.
- *Vampire's Curse:* The Baron cannot cross running water except over a bridge. He shows no reflection in a mirror. He must also drink several pints of blood every day or lose 10% from all Characteristics in the Main Profile (though all loses are regained as soon as feeding takes place). While in direct sunlight, the Baron halves all Characteristics (rounded down) and suffers 1 Wound (regardless of Toughness Bonus or Armour Points) per minute of exposure.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Claws, Fangs, Rapier, Main Gauche

Trappings: Purse with 200 *gc*

The Fanatic, Alette Ulricsdottir

Alette Ulricsdottir is a loyal follower of Ulric. The word "loyal" grossly understates her fervour. Even "fanatic" is somewhat dull when compared against the raging fires that burn within her. She feels her fellows are far too tolerant of the blasphemous worship of the usurper, Sigmar, and takes the whole situation very personally. Alette wants the Fire Wine so she can "share" it with a large congregation of Sigmarite followers at a service presided over by the Arch-Lector himself. While Alette is aware that use of the Fire Wine wouldn't strictly be in keeping with Ulric's teachings, she feels the fire aspect of the deaths would be symbolic of his ever-burning hearth fires and, therefore, justified.

The Fanatic, Alette Ulricsdottir

Career: Flagellant (ex-Zealot)

Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45%	23%	41%	50%	32%	27%	50%	52%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	5	5	0	2	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology) +10%, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Empire), Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Read/Write, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Coolheaded, Fearless, Fleet Footed, Hardy, Public Speaking, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Strike Mighty Blow, Suave

Insanity: Profane Persecutions (Devout Sigmarites)

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Flail

Trappings: Religious Symbol (Ulric), Religious Relic

Lackey Hordes

All of the bidders and Faustman have lackeys with them proportionate to the allies the PCs managed to wrangle for themselves. The Lamb has a few of the lads from his Pale-But-Hale company, the Baron has some naturally pale Sylvanian wretches, Ulricsdottir has some strapping northerners with her and the Fist has a large number of thugs. The lackeys serve more to add to the overall fight ambiance, not specific challenges for the PCs.

The Aftermath

How the Finish went down will, of course, strongly influence the aftermath. Presuming the PCs more-or-less triumph (that is, survive), they will find that there are only three bottles of the Fire Wine present—which the PCs will obviously wish to get their hands on as proof for Rone and the Imperial Wizard College that they succeeded in their assignment. Swearmonger will stand up, dust himself off, and congratulate the PCs on their "performance" regardless of how it went. In the future, the PCs will have a fairly useful ally in Averland, as Swearmonger swiftly rises to prominence in Faustman's absence.

If they already had an agreement with the City Watch, Captain Bruckert happily lets them go their own way with minimal explanations. He will, however, insist they leave town within a day or two, no more. If not, they'll have a fair bit of explaining to do when the Watch shows up at the corpse-strewn warehouse and starts asking questions, that is, if they are still around to answer them.

If Doctor Draupnir is alive, he can be persuaded to discuss what he knows of his creation. The field that produced the Fire

Wine is utterly corrupt and no healthy plant will ever sprout from its soil. He knows that Faustman had at least one more bottle of the wine beyond the three in the warehouse, but he has no idea where it is. Draupnir is pretty much a dead man, as Swearmonger will kill him if the Watch doesn't. Hopefully, the PCs journey to Nuln will be a pleasant one.

The Fire Wine

The Fire Wine is stored in slender lead bottles and tastes a bit like icy lemonade with a slight earthy undertone. It has a sparkling aftertaste not unlike champagne. Anyone that drinks a single cup of it that is neither insane, a Wizard, or has Magister relations within two generations will immolate in three days. There is no way to survive such an inner fire. Of course, if a character drinks a whole bottle, the damn stuff works. Such a character can move into either the Hedge Wizard or Apprentice Wizard careers for 100 xp, regardless of their actual career exits. Halflings and Dwarfs are not affected by the wine. Those belonging to the other categories have mystic energy build up insides themselves that must be bled off. Those without the requisite magic skills eventually explode into a 30-foot diameter ball that destroys everything around them (or sucks it into the Realm of Chaos if you prefer). Wizards have a trickier time of it—the next 10 spells that a Wizard casts after they consume Fire Wine, regardless of how much or how little, must have two extra die rolled for them that do not add to the casting total, but do count against the Chaos Manifestation charts.

— Notable Persons —

Joerg Bruckert, The Captain of the Watch

Captain Joerg Bruckert is a good man in a bad position. He is nominally in charge of keeping order in Averheim in the name of the Elector Count—the problem being, of course, that there is no Elector Count at present to keep order in the name of. The lack of a central authority has lead to a great deal of unrest, with the nobles carefully dodging his requests, the merchants ignoring a number of their rightful taxes, and the thieves growing ever bolder. Bruckert can't anger any of the noble factions too much, as one of them is bound to produce a ruling Count. As representatives of an actual, legitimate authority in the Empire, even if it is run by Wizards, Bruckert is prepared to let the PCs get away with a hell of a lot on two conditions:

One, the PCs need to resolve this "fire business" quickly and depart town immediately after; two, he and his men get the majority of the credit, which will stand him in good stead with the future Elector Count.

Of course, if the PCs are brought before him without disclosing who they are, it will be a different matter. As "wandering troublemakers" he doesn't have a lot of sympathy for them causing him yet more aggravation. A license to practice magic from the Imperial College of Wizards will give him pause, though—and he'll demand the PCs tell him who they are, lest they spend the next few harvests in jail.

Joerg Bruckert

Career: Captain (ex-Watchman, ex-Sergeant)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
57%	43%	50%	49%	46%	54%	48%	62%

Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	19	5	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics) +10%, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Border Princes, Empire +20%), Dodge Blow +20%, Follow Trail, Gossip +20%, Intimidate +10%, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel, Tilean), Swim
Talents: Acute Hearing, Coolheaded, Disarm, Lightning Parry, Menacing, Savvy, Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Very Strong, Wrestling
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack & Leggings)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword), Main Gauche and a Crossbow
Trappings: 5 bolts, various legal paperwork, purse with 10 *gc*, quiver

The City Watch

The City Watch of Averheim is in as nearly a tough a position as their Captain. The people of Averland know there is no Elector Count to back up their authority—making both the thieves and the merchants particularly bold. A number of watchmen, seeing which way the wind was blowing, have gone on the take with one, or more, of the various factions running Averheim. The Watch has all but abandoned enforcement of a number of laws, particularly those regarding tolls, fees, and smuggling. They concentrate on stopping particularly violent crimes, but the bold can get away with just about anything else.

Typical Watchman

Career: Watchman (ex-Soldier)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	31%	33%	41%	30%	38%	28%	30%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Coolheaded, Disarm, Savvy, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Cudgel) and Dagger
Trappings: Lantern and Pole, Uniform

Clempo Buttleburr, Pyromaniac At Large

Clempo was once an Engineer's assistant with a penchant to see the world beyond the Moot. He saw far more than he ever counted on. The terrors of war and the hordes of the north unhinged Clempo's mind. After seeing one too many creatures of Chaos set to flame, he came to understand that all foul things had to be burned away, as that was the only true way to cleanse them. He also lost the ability to distinguish fair from foul. Clempo has an intimate understanding of fire, and a number of his naphtha concoctions are particularly volatile. Since the Fire Wine doesn't actually start natural fires, he considers it an abomination. Clempo is short, even for a Halfling, and he lacks the ponderous gut his race is famous for. His unblinking green eyes, though, hint at the mad Firebug within.

Clempo Buttleburr

Career: Engineer (ex-Student)
Race: Halfling

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30%	59%	23%	28%	58%	61%	32%	45%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	2	2	5	0	3	1

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering, Genealogy/Heraldry), Academic Knowledge (Science) +10%, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, Halflings), Consume Alcohol, Gossip +10%, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Classical, Halfling), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%, Trade (Farmer, Gunsmith)
Talents: Etiquette, Fleet Footed, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Savvy, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder, Sling), Super Numerate
Insanity: Firebug
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Two Pistols with ammunition enough to fire each 8 times, a satchel of naphtha distillates in clay pots
Trappings: Bottle of wine, Bags filled with gunpowder, Engineer's Kit (Clempo's naphtha distillates can be thrown four yards. They cause Damage 3 hits, and those struck must make a successful Agility Test or catch on Fire.)

Faustman the Fist

A young Karl Folker learned early on that only the strong could get anywhere in the world. The sixth child of an Averlander farming family, Karl watched his family work themselves to death for little to no return. At the age of 12, he made his way to Averheim where he joined the first Thieves' Guild that would have him. His willingness to commit any act, no matter how unsavoury, swiftly drew the attention of his superiors. Some of them, concerned by his ruthlessness, tried to have him removed. Their bones lie at the bottom of the Aver, but they did teach him the value of caution. Faustman is a sturdy-looking brute in his mid-forties. His hair is streaked with iron grey, and his countenance is never without a calculating look. Over the years, his face, hands, and arms have acquired a myriad of scars, which he doesn't bother to conceal as he believes, correctly, that they readily show his willingness to take matters into his own hands if need be.

Faustman the Fist

Career: Crime Lord (ex-Thug, ex-Racketeer, ex-Fence)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
55%	46%	47%	58%	47%	44%	62%	46%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	20	4	5	4	0	4	0

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire) +10%, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +20%, Evaluate +20%, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Intimidate +20%, Perception +10%, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Shadowing, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Torture
Talents: Coolheaded, Dealmaker, Disarm, Hardy, Menacing, Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Resistance to Poison, Schemer, Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Street Fighting, Streetwise, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Super Numerate, Very Resilient

Armour: Leather Jack
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Best Craftsmanship Hand Weapon (Sword), Sword-breaker
Trappings: 30 *gc*

The Fist's Fingers

Faustman used to have a number of particularly effective agents and assassins at his disposal, the majority of which have been co-opted or killed by Swearmonger's efforts. His infamous Fingers, though, remain fiercely loyal. The Fingers consist of a pair of identical twins named Tobias and Ernst Gorst and a third man named Gorg Krause with such similar features to the twins that he looks like he could be their brother. All three men shave their heads and wear similar clothing to enhance the effect. They are all three utterly devoted to Faustman and obey his orders without question. The PCs may have to fight one or more of the Fingers several times during this adventure. Indeed, the GM may wish to have some grim fun by having them fight the Fingers one at a time, perhaps thinking they've "killed him" only to have to fight "him" again.

Typical Fist's Finger

Career: Thug
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
52%	30%	40%	41%	35%	25%	31%	35%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Disarm, Hardy, Lightning Reflexes, Quick Draw, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Warrior Born, Wrestling
Armour: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Mace), Knuckle-dusters
Trappings: Hooded cloaks, Identical Clothing

Doctor Waldemar Draupnir

Doctor Draupnir is a wretched, broken man, one who succeeded in his life's work only to fail at the moment of his triumph. How so? The Fire Wine won't work on poor Waldemar—it doesn't work on Mutants, which he's become after his long-term exposure to Warpstone, though there is no immediate outward sign of this. The Doctor appears to be a bookish sort in his 40s with slightly greying skin and a haunted look.

Doctor Waldemar Draupnir

Career: Scholar (ex-Student, ex-Physician)
Race: Human/Mutant

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
24%	26%	38%	52%	35%	65%	58%	35%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	4	4	0	5	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, Engineering, Magic), Academic Knowledge (Science) +20%, Charm, Common Knowledge (Empire +10%, Tilea, the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Evaluate, Gossip, Heal +10%, Search, Perception +20%, Prepare Poison, Read/Write +20%, Speak Language (Classical) +20%, Speak Language (Arabic, Khemrian, Reikspiel, Tilean), Trade (Apothecary)
Talents: Coolheaded, Etiquette, Linguistics, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Magic, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Strike to Stun, Suave, Surgery
Special Rules:
Chaos Mutation: Leathery Skin (The Doctor's skin is a distinct shade of grey. If cut, an Easy (+20%) Perception Test reveals his blood is mixed with lead.)
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Dagger
Trappings: Three Healing Draughts, Trade Tools (Medical Instruments), Bag of various herbs

Albrecht Swearmonger

The man now known as Albrecht Swearmonger was born in Marienburg 40 some years ago. Between then and now lie more cons, swindles, fortunes won, loves lost, riches squandered, and names discarded then "Albrecht" can possibly remember. Albrecht is a slight man of indeterminate age in appearance, at least, that's what he seems to look like. It's difficult to say with certainty. The only thing that any of Swearmonger's employees know to be absolutely true about their boss is that he is a cunning man who misses little, and he's a loyal follower of Ranald—all else about him seems subject to change.

Albrecht Swearmonger

Career: Crime Lord (ex-Rogue, ex-Charlatan, ex-Cat Burglar)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
44%	50%	34%	37%	64%	66%	58%	67%

Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	17	3	3	4	0	2	1

Skills: Blather +10%, Charm +20%, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire), Concealment, Disguise, Dodge Blow, Evaluate +20%, Gamble, Gossip +20%, Haggle +10%, Perception +20%, Performer (Actor), Pick Lock, Scale Sheer Surface, Search +10%, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%

Talents: Alley Cat, Dealmaker, Flee!, Luck, Mimic, Public Speaking, Resistance to Poison, Savvy, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Street Fighting, Streetwise, Trapfinder

Armour: Leather Jack

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Best Craftsmanship Dagger

Trappings: Several sets of clothing, 1 set of Best Craftsmanship clothing, disguise kit, one dose of Chimera Spittle, 10 *gc* and 20 *s*

— Noteworthy Averlanders —

The Iron Countess Marlene von Alptraum

The head of the Alptraums is Countess Marlene, a woman who was literally raised from birth to rule Averland. Her mother, the former Grand Countess of Averland, Ludmila von Alptraum, was generally a well-regarded ruler until her absolutely ruthless and brutal suppression of the once free-chartered town Streissen during a bread riot. Even though Ludmila's actions were technically legal by Empire law, Count Marius Leitdorf, despite his many "eccentricities" of character, managed, ironically enough, to make her and her family look unstable, thus enabling him to take over Averland with her passing. Now that Marius is two years in his grave, Ludmila's daughter has carefully positioned herself and her family to once again rise to the power she believes is rightfully theirs. Marlene von Alptraum is no fawning lady of the court; since an early age, she has regularly participated in driving the Alptraums' cattle to market. At fifty-seven years of age, she is deadly accurate with a pistol from horseback and has regularly shown steadfast courage in fighting off marauding Orcs and wolf-riding Goblin raiders, causing both admirers and enemies to name her the Iron Countess.

Well aware of the importance of appearances, she has made certain to very publicly fund large portions of the Wine Tasting Festival. Depending on who, if any, your characters are working for and if they make their identities public, Countess Marlene may wish to have a word with them about their intentions while in Averland.

Baron Kastor Leitdorf

While the Leitdorf family nominally controls Averheim, their real power base stems from their rich holdings in both Streissen and Wuppertal. The Leitdorfs, however, cannot agree on what colour the sky is, much less how to proceed in trying to reclaim the Elector Countship. Multiple factions split the family, each vying for some internal candidate or another. Most observers agree that Baron Kastor Leitdorf, a man very much cut from the same cloth as his illustrious late uncle Marius, is the Leitdorf to watch. A master swordsman and skilled orator, Kastor rarely fails to turn any given situation to his advantage. In the case of the Wine Tasting Festival, he merely wishes to enjoy himself, as well as keep an eye on the Alptraums. Kastor walks about the Festival with his retinue, occasionally buying rounds of wines he favours for the surrounding crowd. This, obviously, makes him fairly popular.

Lector Kurt Algirsson

It is a sad fact that the majority of the Cult of Sigmar's Lectors in Averland can accurately be described as fat, lazy, and corrupt. While Lector Kurt Algirsson is indeed a plump man, few accuse him of corruption, and none of laziness. Algirsson regularly travels the roads of Averland, seeing to the needs of his flock. He is well aware that the majority of Averlanders hold Taal and Rhya higher in their hearts than Sigmar. Nevertheless, he is still welcomed wherever he goes, due in no small part to his willingness to pitch in and help with the harvest.

Lector Algirsson is one of the only influential people in Averland who isn't looking to turn the recent, strange series of terrible fiery deaths to his advantage: he wants the deaths stopped, he wants a suitable explanation, and if there are any guilty parties to be punished, he wants their heads impaled on pikes. Depending on how your PCs became involved in *A Brutal Finish*, they could possibly be working directly for the Lector, in which case they'll find him to be a seemingly jovial priest, with an inner core of pure iron. The good Lector is a very large man, with a girth that more than vaguely resembles a large beer keg. He is in his early forties and regularly shaves his scalp. He frequently smiles, but the observant will notice that his outward mirth seldom reaches his intense blue eyes. He likes to joke his warhammer is more suitable for tapping in spigots than caving in heads, but the many notches down its well-worn handle say otherwise.

If characters have been sent to talk to Algirsson by cult authorities, he'll question them in a private study. Questions like, "Do you act in defence of Sigmar's people, or have you taken on this charge to further your own reputations?" are typical of what he asks. Once satisfied with the characters answers, Algirsson will nod once, decisively and say, *"So be it."* Surprisingly nimble for such a large man, he'll step across the room to a book-laden desk and sweep up a sheet of parchment, which he thrusts towards your PCs. *"Here. This letter bears my seal and the authority to work in Sigmar's name. Be cautious with it and do not produce it without cause, for as many doors as it will open, it will certainly close others."* Algirsson will expect progress reports every few days.

REGIMIUS WOELLER

Career: Journeyman Wizard (ex-Apprentice Wizard)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
27%	32%	28%	33%	30%	38%	33%	33%
Advance							
+5%	+5%	—	+5%	+10% ✓	+20% ✓✓✓	+25% ✓✓✓	+10% ✓
Current							
27%	32%	28%	33%	35%	53%	48%	38%

Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	10	2	3	4	0	0	3
Advance							
—	+3 ✓✓	—	—	—	+2 ✓✓	—	—
Current							
1	12	2	3	4	2	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic) +10%, Academic Knowledge (Science), Channelling +10%, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Lore (any one), Coolheaded, Lesser Magic (any two), Meditation, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy, Suave
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Quarterstaff
Trappings: Backpack, Good Craftsmanship Clothing, Pewter Cutlery, Grimoire, Printed Book, Pewter Tankard, Writing Kit, 9 *gc*

You grew up in a poor village in eastern Stirland where you would have spent all the days of your life, if not for a wandering "scholar" who saw the spark of mystic power within you. He arranged for you to be apprenticed to the Imperial Colleges of Magic where you excelled at your lessons. After years of study, you were eager to take your skills out into the Empire where you thought you could do some good. Two years, one fanatic cult, and a few almost-pyres later, you've lost most of the illusions of your youth. Despite many setbacks, you managed to help a number of your fellow citizens from the shadows and thus as a Journeyman Wizard, you've aligned yourself with the Wind of Ulgu and the Lore of Shadow.

UDO EPPLEDOFF

Career: Mercenary (ex-Fieldwarden)
Race: Halfling

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
21%	38%	18%	23%	45%	35%	25%	40%
Advance							
+10% ✓✓	+10% ✓✓	+5% ✓	+5% ✓	+10% ✓✓	—	+10% ✓✓	—
Current							
31%	48%	23%	28%	55%	35%	35%	40%

Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	9	2	2	4	0	0	2
Advance							
+1 ✓	+2 ✓✓	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current							
2	11	2	2	4	0	0	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Common Knowledge (Halflings), Common Knowledge (Tilea), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gamble, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Search, Silent Move, Speak Language (Halfling), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)
Talents: Marksman, Night Vision, Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, Resistance to Chaos, Savvy, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling)
Armour: Medium Armour (Leather Jack, Mail Shirt)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0
Weapons: Crossbow with 10 bolts, Hand Weapon (Sword), Knuckle-dusters, Shield
Trappings: Backpack, Good Craftsmanship Clothing, Pewter Cutlery, Healing Draught, Lamp, Lamp Oil, Spade, Pony with Saddle and Harness, Pewter Tankard, 6 *gc*

You grew up in the Moot, but from an early age, the Elders shook their heads as they watched you charge past, and they declared, "That one's got wandering feet!" Years of fighting the walking dead, while originally exciting, eventually proved somewhat dull and repetitive. The Elders were proved right as the open road irresistibly called you off to adventures far from home. The last few years have seen you in and out of many tight spots. To your own surprise, you've found that you have quite a talent for killing. You're still not certain how comfortable you feel about that—a brief visit home may be just what the heart ordered.

MARKUS GEISSLER

Career: Barber Surgeon (ex-Initiate)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
25%	28%	31%	38%	40%	32%	40%	35%
Advance							
+5% ✓	+5% ✓	—	+5% ✓	+10% ✓✓	+10% ✓✓	+10% ✓✓	+10% ✓✓
Current							
30%	33%	31%	43%	50%	42%	50%	45%

Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	11	3	4	4	0	0	3
Advance							
—	+2 ✓✓	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current							
1	13	3	4	4	0	0	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Drive, Gossip, Haggle, Heal +10%, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary)
Talents: Coolheaded, Lightning Reflexes, Public Speaking, Resistance to Disease, Suave, Surgery, Very Resilient
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword)
Trappings: Robes, Religious Symbol of Sigmar, Four Healing Draughts, Trade Tools (Barber-Surgeon), Trade Tools (Medical Instruments), two Textbooks (Medicine and Science), and Writing Kit

You grew up in Nuln, the third son of a rich merchant family. In your youth, your doting parents denied you nothing. Your elder brothers were expected to take over the family business and join the military, respectively. In turn, your duty was to join the priesthood. It didn't take. Faith, so easily grasped by your fellow Initiates, seemed a bitter yoke to you. The life of a priest was not for you. Your family, disgusted by your refusal, abandoned you to your own devices. You've turned your sharp mind and your wide education towards your new trades: part time physician, part time adventurer. So far, neither has really paid off, but they certainly haven't been boring.

THEODORA MADER

Career: Thief (ex-Servant)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
21%	32%	23%	31%	38%	26%	29%	40%
Advance							
+5% ✓	+5%	+5% ✓	—	+15% ✓✓	+5% ✓	+10% ✓✓	+10% ✓✓
Current							
26%	32%	28%	31%	53%	31%	39%	50%

Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	11	2	3	4	0	0	2
Advance							
—	+2 ✓✓	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current							
1	13	2	3	4	0	0	2

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Pick Lock, Search, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)
Talents: Excellent Vision, Flee!, Hardy, Lightning Reflexes, Streetwise, Suave
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword), Dagger
Trappings: Good Craftsmanship Clothing, Pewter Tankard, Tinderbox, Storm Lantern, Lamp Oil, Slingbag, Sack, Lock picks, 10 Yards of Rope

You grew up in Altdorf at a bustling tavern, deciding at an early age that pulling lager and avoiding drunken groping was no way to go through life. After learning all that your simple upbringing had to teach you, you enrolled in a school conducted by a small local Thieves' Guild. You learned a great deal, indeed, about the way the world truly works. The thieves who taught you were under the mistaken impression that their tutelage meant they owned you. Sharp words, a sharper knife, and a hefty withdrawal from their supposedly well-concealed vault disabused them of the notion. Of course, you haven't been back to Altdorf for a few years, which is just fine with you. Life on the road has been far more interesting and even better instruction in how to part fools from their valuables.

Designer's Notes: The Curse of Chaos

A few months ago, while working out the details for an upcoming sourcebook, Kate Flack mentioned to me that Warhammer books covering Chaos in its various forms have a history of driving writers, editors, and developers mad. These books chew up writers and leave them as shuddering heaps of gibbering flesh. In short, people tend to leave these projects a bit shell shocked. Of course, being no stranger to the weird, the evil, and the perverse, I scoffed at the ominous words, and assured Kate that I've stared into the abyss of massive projects before and no little book about Chaos would unravel me.

Months pass and other projects, such as *Forges of Nuln*, came to the fore and the conversation with Kate faded into the dim corners of my little attic. And then, Chris Pramas, my boss, recruited me to help in the final stages in wrapping this project. Being a loyal minion, I readily agreed, but there, amidst the cobwebs of my mind, Kate's dire warning rang. Still, I ignored it and set about to finish this tome. Oh the hubris!

It's important to note that I had a two week window for finishing the manuscript and following on its heels was Gen Con Indy, easily the largest gaming convention in the United States. To make matters worse, I was due to leave my office for five of these days for a brief trip south. So time was critical. But me being me, nothing is impossible, right?

Well, files started drifting in and as I opened them, I realized that this would be a bigger job than I had initially thought. Naturally, I knew that Magic in the Old World has long been a tricky subject, and this book needed to marry the ideas of the first edition to the evolved concepts of the current incarnation of the Warhammer world. Tricky indeed. The design team did an excellent job, but even still, there were facets of subject that had to be reconciled, many of which were contained in a fairly extensive comments file. This monolithic document highlighted the necessary changes that needed to be made to ensure Realms of Sorcery fully reflected the nature of the Old World as it stands today. And so it fell to me to make certain these changes were made.

Work began. I laboriously went through each line, replaced tables, modified text, and added other sections. We shot each revised file back to the editor and then proofreader to ensure last minute changes didn't result in dreaded typos or contradictions certain to create endless debate amongst diehard fans. Kara Hamilton and Scott Neese both went above and beyond the call of duty, moving through these files more than once. After 80 hours of computer time later in just a handful of days, I left and punted the manuscript back to Chris so work could continue while I was away.

When I returned, we had more official changes, more tweaks, and more nips and tucks to make. And through it all, we stared down the barrel of a more than imminent deadline. Artists left in mid-project, requiring Hal Mangold to scramble to find new ones. Files exchanged hands more times than I'm comfortable to recount here, but in the end, it seemed this beast would be born into the world, slick with the blood and sweat of those who pulled it through.

But no, the Ruinous Powers are fickle masters. Not content with the daily offerings we made to Tzeentch, they rewarded our unholy devotion by smiting my computer. The Sunday before I left for Indianapolis, I was in the middle of reviewing more text when I discovered my printer had failed. No surprise really; the printer was almost 8 years old. So I went out and bought a new one. Thinking my woes at an end, I returned to work and made a great deal of progress that night. By the next morning, the sky was bloody and I swear I heard Khorne's mad laughter. The computer was dead. Nothing I did, including a fleeting thought of mouth-to-mouth, saved it. Sweating, on the verge of panic and a heart attack, I took the machine to a local repair shop, where I was told they could save it, no problem. But as fate would have it, a half hour later, not only had some foul Daemon devoured two of my fans, it also infested the power supply, and melted the motherboard. I was doomed. Chaos killed my computer!

Obviously, this story has a happy ending, you're holding this book after all, but the road was long, hard and very expensive (for me at least). And I'm happy to say that I recovered the files (on disc and in email) and we were able, up to the very last minute, to get this book to the printer. From this experience, I've learned an important lesson: the Dark Gods have a long reach indeed. So, while I work on the blasphemous *Tome of Corruption*, tucking a newfound tentacle behind my left ear, I'll be sure to never, ever, forget how insidious the Ruinous Powers actually are.

—Robert J. Schwalb
August 30, 2005

Designer's Notes: Plagues, Trains and Automobiles

While *Sigmar's Heirs* was being edited, I decided that I had to get away from work for a little while or my head was going to explode. It had been years since I'd taken an actual vacation, since there's always more work to be done when you run your own business. After a solid year of working nearly every day, I knew I needed a break though. Particularly because *Realms of Sorcery* was coming up next and it was going to be the biggest *WFRP* project since the core rulebook.

So while Marijan and Jeff were doing the initial drafts of their sections, I flew from Seattle to the East Coast. I had a pretty simple plan: spend a few days in Massachusetts seeing friends and family and then head down to my old New York City stomping grounds. That weekend was supposed to see a reunion of my college game group, at least those members still in the NYC area. The trip was undermined before I even left though, as an impending deadline and a problem manuscript meant I had to take a project with me for further development. The first few days of my "vacation" I ended up working on my mom's computer to finish that up. During that time I also got word that a friend's grandfather had died and this was going to affect the planned weekend reunion.

Nonetheless, I stayed with my plan and hopped on a bus to NYC a few days later. The four hour ride turned into an eight and half hour odyssey, as accidents, traffic, and a clueless driver all combined to rob me of a whole afternoon in the Big Apple. Then the reunion was scuttled and shortly thereafter I got sick. And not just any sick, but Nurgle plague sick. Oh, it was delightful. I tried to soldier through it, playing a miniatures game with my host as I shivered and sweated, but it was hard to enjoy myself. The next day I checked into an "Old World" hotel in Manhattan. The shoe-boxed sized room I could have lived with if it had had its own bathroom, but no. Here I'm puking sick and I have to leave my room every time the plague lays me low. Fantastic. Despite all that, I do manage to get together with another old friend that evening at Veselka on the Lower East Side. The next day I was scheduled to fly home, which was a relief. At least I could be sick in my own bed.

I woke up the next morning to find it was snowing. I took the subway to JFK airport immediately to see if I could catch an earlier flight. There wasn't one but they said my flight was still scheduled to depart on time. Looking out the giant windows of the terminal, I found this idea dubious but hunkered down to wait. The hours ticked by and my flight got slowly pushed back, one hour at a time. At 7 that evening they cancelled it entirely. I had to return the next day at 7 am for a different flight. What I did until then was my own problem. Naturally by this point the airport hotels were full, so I bowed to the inevitable and just stayed in the terminal. Those giant glass windows made it Chaos Waste cold, and I lay on the floor, feverish and shivering in my p-coat, all night long. Seventeen hours after I got to the airport, I finally got on a plane for home.

Worst. Vacation. Ever.

It's safe to say that I did not get the mental recharge I needed from this experience, so I did not start into *Realms of Sorcery* in the best state. And big projects with multiple authors and multiple points of view are never easy in any case. Thankfully, I at least knew what I wanted out of this book. I knew it could not simply be a big book of new spells and game mechanics. That can work for some games, but not *WFRP*. This book needed to delve deep into magic in the Warhammer World and in particular the Colleges of Magic. It needed to ooze with flavor and give you a real understanding of the power and the peril of the Winds of Magic. At the same time it had to expand out the rules from the core book and give wizards more options. It was an ambitious plan, to be sure, but an achievable one.

I won't lie to you; it was a slog. At times it seemed we wrestled the power of Chaos made manifest. But slowly, it all came together. Each member of the Creative Team made valuable contributions and Kate Flack from BI made sure at every stage that it had the proper Warhammer feel. The result is the tome you hold in your hands. We can only hope that that which did not kill us made the game stronger and wonder what fresh challenges the Chaos-ridden *Tome of Corruption* will bring us.

—Chris Pramas
August 31, 2005

Appendix I: Reference Tables

Table AP–1: Expanded Minor Chaos Manifestation

Roll	Result
01–04	**Witchery:** Within 10 yards (5 squares) of you, milk curdles, wine goes sour, and food spoils.
05–08	**Fumblehand:** A randomly selected item you are holding or carrying flies 1d10 yards (1d10/2 squares) in a random direction, thrown invisibly by Winds of Chaos.
09–12	**Rupture:** Your nose begins to bleed and continues until you make a successful Toughness Test. You can test once per round.
13–16	**Nailrot:** A randomly chosen finger or toenail turns black and falls off. It will grow back normally.
17–20	**Breath of Chaos:** A cold and unnatural breeze blows through the area.
21–24	**Horripilation:** Your hair stands on end for 1d10 rounds.
25–28	**Waxy Earful:** Your ears become entirely plugged with wax, requiring a successful Heal Test to clear. Until you receive such treatment, you suffer a –10% penalty to all tests involving hearing.
29–32	**Wyrdlight:** You glow with an eerie light for 1d10 rounds.
33–36	**Cold Sweats:** All those within in 10 yards (5 squares) of you immediately break into a cold sweat lasting 1d10 rounds.
37–40	**Sleeping Nerves:** Every muscle in your body tingles for 1d10 rounds. You suffer a –5% penalty to all tests made in that time.
41–44	**Unnatural Aura:** Animals within 10 yards (5 squares) of you get spooked and unless controlled with an Animal Training Test, flee the scene.
45–48	**Milky Eyes:** A milky film covers your eyes for 1d10 hours. You suffer a –10% penalty to any tests involving sight in that time.
49–52	**Bane of Flora:** All plant life within 10 yards (5 squares) of you withers and dies.
53–56	**Haunted:** Ghostly voices fill the air for the duration of your spell.
57–60	**Handfrozen:** The bones and muscles of one of your hands (determine which one randomly) are frozen into an unnatural position by Chaos energy. Though this is not painful, you cannot move your fingers from their bizarre arrangement for 1d10 minutes.
61–64	**Aethyric Shock:** The magical energy coursing through you causes you to lose 1 Wound regardless of Toughness bonus or armour.
65–68	**Creeping Congregation:** Insects fill the area around you, buzzing and crawling. They do no harm and disperse within 1d10 rounds, but they are obvious—and potentially frightening—to everyone in the area
69–72	**Mental Block:** You channel too much magical energy. Your Magic Characteristic is reduced by 1 for 1d10 minutes.
73–76	**Channel Burn:** The channels of magic in your body are burned by coursing magic. You suffer a –1 penalty to every Casting Roll you make in the next 1d10 minutes.
77–80	**Intestinal Rebellion:** Your bowels move uncontrollably, soiling both your clothing and pride.
81–84	**Grave Offence:** You uncontrollably shout something horribly offensive to those around you. The GM may overrule you if your invention is insufficiently offensive.
85–88	**Fluid Transformation:** All liquids on your person—including spell ingredients—turn to brine.
89–90	**Kin Inconvenienced:** Roll again on this table. Your closest living relative (an offspring, sibling, or parent, considered in that order, "closeness" being defined by proximity to you in age) suffers the resulting effect, regardless of how far away he is.
91–92	**Accumulation of Chaos:** Roll twice more on this table. The first roll is what happens now. The second roll (which the GM should make in secret) defines what will automatically happen the next time you cast a spell, in addition to any other effects Tzeentch's Curse will bring if you roll doubles, triples, or quadruples.
93–97	**Whimsy:** The GM can choose any result from this chart or make up a comparable minor effect.
98–00	**Unlucky!:** Roll on **Table AP–2: Expanded Major Chaos Manifestation** instead.

Table AP–2: Expanded Major Chaos Manifestation

Roll	Result
01–04	**Witch Eyes:** Your pupils turn bright red. They revert to their original colour at dawn the following day.
05–08	**Silenced:** You lose your voice for 1d10 rounds.
09–12	**Hairless:** Every hair in your body falls out.
13–16	**Blacknail:** Every finger and toenail on your body turns black and falls off. They will grow back normally.
17–20	**Wracked:** You suffer burning pain for 1d10 rounds, suffering a –10% penalty to all tests made in that time.
21–24	**Channel Conflagration:** The channels of magic in your body are set ablaze by coursing magic. You suffer a –1 penalty to every casting die you roll in the next 1d10 hours.
25–28	**Overload:** You are overwhelmed by magical energy and are stunned for 1 round.
29–32	**Rag Doll:** You spontaneously fly through the air 1d10 yards (1d10/5 squares) in a random direction, landing roughly and suffering a Damage 2 hit.
33–36	**Fire!:** Your clothing bursts into flame (see *WFRP*, page 136).
37–40	**Loadstones:** Every piece of metal on your body is permanently magnetized.
41–44	**Limbfrozen:** The bones and muscles of one of your arms or legs (determine which one randomly) are frozen into an unnatural position by Chaos energy. Though this is not painful, you cannot move the affected limb for 1d10 hours.
45–48	**Tongue-twisted:** Chaos energy infuses your mouth; anything you say for the next 1d10 minutes comes out as gibberish, rendering spellcasting impossible during that time.
49–52	**Chaotic Wind:** Chaos blows through any magical spell ingredients you are carrying. Any spell cast using them will make one of any associated Casting Roll's dice a Chaos die.
53–56	**Craven Familiar:** A Daemon Imp (see *WFRP*, page 229) appears from the Aethyr and attacks you next round.
57–60	**Chaos Foreseen:** You get a glimpse of the Realm of Chaos and gain 1 Insanity Point. Any time after this event, you can spend 200 xp and gain the Dark Lore (Chaos) Talent.
61–64	**Undone:** Every tie, clasp, and fastener of every type on your body flies violently open. Belts come undone, pouches fly open, boots come unlaced, and so on.
65–68	**Regurgitate:** You throw up uncontrollably, unable to do anything else, for 1d10 rounds. In that time, you spew up much more vomit than could possibly have been contained in your stomach.
69–72	**Aethyric Attack:** Magical energy burns through you, causing you to lose 1d10 Wounds regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour.
73–76	**Enfeeblement:** Chaos energy wracks your body, debilitating your constitution. Your toughness Characteristic is reduced by 10% for 1d10 minutes.
77–80	**Mindnumb:** You channel too much magical energy. Your Magic Characteristic is reduced by 1 for 24 hours.
81–84	**Daemonic Possession:** You are possessed by a Daemonic entity for one minute. During that time, the GM controls all your actions, and when you take control of your body again, you have no memory of what you just did.
85–87	**Kin Affected:** Roll again on this table. Your closest living relative (an offspring, sibling, or parent, considered in that order, "closeness" being defined by proximity to you in age) suffers the resulting effect, regardless of how far away he is.
88–90	**Storm of Chaos:** Roll on **Table AP–1: Expanded Minor Chaos Manifestations**. Every creature within 1d10 yards (1d10/2 squares) suffers that effect.
91–92	**Store of Chaos:** Roll twice more on this table. The first roll is what happens now. The second roll (which the GM should make in secret) defines what will automatically happen the next time you cast a spell, in addition to any other effects Tzeentch's Curse will bring if you roll doubles, triples, or quadruples.
93–97	**Perverse Delight:** The GM can choose any result from this chart or make up a comparable major effect.
98–00	**Trick of Fate:** Roll on **Table AP–3: Catastrophic Chaos Manifestation** instead.

Table AP-3: Expanded Catastrophic Chaos Manifestation

Roll	Result
01–05	**Wild Magic:** You lose control of the magic as you cast your spell. Everyone within 30 yards (15 squares), including you, loses 1 Wound regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour.
06–10	**The Withering Eye:** Chaos energy wracks your body, debilitating your constitution. Your Toughness Characteristic is reduced by 20% for 1d10 hours.
11–15	**Broken:** Your will is utterly broken. Your Will Power Characteristic is reduced by 20% for 1d10 hours.
16–20	**Stupefied:** Your mind regresses to protect you from a worse fate. Your Intelligence Characteristic is reduced by 20% for 1d10 hours.
21–24	**Tzeentch's Lash:** Magic power overwhelms you, knocking you out for 1d10 minutes.
25–28	**Aethyric Assault:** The Winds of Magic lash out at you. You suffer a Critical Hit to a random location. Roll 1d10 to determine the Critical Value.
29–32	**Rageboil:** Everyone within 10 yards (5 squares) of you is immediately and irrationally outraged by your very presence. They all move to attack you—even your allies—and only come to their senses after 1d10 rounds.
33–36	**Albino Affliction:** Your skin and hair are bleached utterly white by roiling Chaos.
37–40	**Heretical Vision:** A Daemon Prince shows you a vision of Chaos. You gain 1d10 Insanity Points. Any time after this event, you can spend 100 xp and gain the Dark Lore (Chaos) talent.
41–44	**Mindeaten:** Your ability to use magic is burned out of you. Your Magic Characteristic is reduced to 0. For each full 24 hours that passes, it increases by 1 until it returns to full strength.
45–48	**Boiling Blood:** For a brief instant, your blood literally boils in your veins. You suffer 2d10 Wounds, which are reduced by Toughness but not armour.
49–52	**Uninvited Company:** You are attacked by a number of Lesser Daemons (see *WFRP*, page 229) equal to your Magic Characteristic. They appear from the Aethyr within 12 yards (6 squares) of you.
53–54	**Chaotic Servitors:** 1d10 Daemon Imps (see *WFRP*, page 229) appear from the Aethyr and do your bidding for 1d10 rounds.
55–65	**Daemonic Contract:** You suffer 1d10 wounds (regardless of Toughness Bonus and armour) as a two-inch Chaos rune burns its way onto a random part of your body. Should you ever collect 13 of these, they will spell out a contract that signs your soul away to a Ruinous Power (GM's discretion). Removal of the branded skin will make no difference to the contract.
66–68	**Windblock:** You are stuck unable to breathe for 1d10 minutes (see "Suffocation" in *WFRP*, page 136), after which you—gasp!—manage to draw breath.
69–71	**Lineage Concluded:** The infection of Chaos renders you sterile or barren.
72–74	**Eyefuse:** You close your eyes as the Winds of Magic howl about you, and your eyelids are fused shut. You cannot see until this is corrected by magic or surgery.
75–77	**Spasmodic Paroxysm:** Your entire body convulses violently as the pure stuff of Chaos courses over you; you bite off your tongue. You become very difficult to understand and suffer –5 to all Casting Rolls until you are somehow healed.
78–80	**Witherlimb:** A randomly determined limb withers and becomes permanently useless.
81–83	**Mutating Wind:** You must make a Will Power Test or suffer a Chaos Mutation (see *WFRP*, page 229, or the *Old World Bestiary*, page 79).
84–86	**Called to the Void:** You are sucked into the Realm of Chaos and are forever lost. Unless you have a Fate Point to spend, it's time to roll up a new character.
87–89	**Kin Afflicted:** Roll again on this table. Your closest living relative (an offspring, sibling, or parent, considered in that order, "closeness" being defined by proximity to you in age) suffers the resulting effect, regardless of how far away he is.
90–92	**Vortex of Chaos:** Roll on **Table AP–2: Expanded Major Chaos Manifestations**. Every creature within 1d10 yards (1d10/2 squares) suffers that effect.
93–95	**Hoard of Chaos:** Roll twice more on this table. The first roll is what happens now. The second roll (which the GM should make in secret) defines what will automatically happen the next time you cast a spell, in addition to any other effects Tzeentch's Curse will bring if you roll doubles, triples, or quadruples.
96–00	**Dark Inspiration:** The GM can choose any results from this chart or make up a comparable catastrophic effect.

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