

Outside the City



Some areas of interest lie just outside the walls of Bergsburg. There is the Castle which sits atop the cliff above the falls, dominating the skyline and overlooking the city below. There are also two small settlements to the northwest of the city. The first, known as Trade Town, lines the Middenheim road and offers services to caravans and traders. The second is a squalid shanty town that houses the very poor and diseased who have been attracted here by the legend of the falls.

Beyond the immediate vicinity are many villages and minor settlements, some of which are detailed here. There are, of course, many coaching inns that dot the Old Forest Road, a single day's drive between them.

Trade Town

Lining the Middenheim road, Trade Town, as it is known to locals, has grown up during the past few hundred years from a simple caravanserai. Here, traders can leave their goods and enter the city looking for a buyer. This is necessary as if the buyer intends to take the merchandise further along the trade route, he has managed to avoid paying the taxes entering the city would incur.

This culture of tax avoidance and its location outside the civic by-laws of Bergsburg means that the Trade Town has attracted a deal of illicit activity. Some of the buildings to have sprung up here, besides the taverns, hostelrys and smithies, include a money changers, a furriers and a timber merchant. One of the most popular inns here is The Dagger's Slice, run by Elna-Maria Benz.

Shanty Town

Bergsburg is proud of its reputation as a merciful place with decent living conditions, free of disease. That could not be further from the truth in Shanty Town. Built into the wall of the city there is a small fountain that drips the water from the falls into a heart shaped bowl. Originally, local shepherds would water their flock here.

Later, pilgrims and the infirm who could not afford to stay in the city congregated around the fountain, as their only access to the fabled waters. Soon rudimentary shelter's were built and a permanent settlement emerged. Now, this squalid and stinking shanty town is home to only the most diseased and desperate. The few people who live here are served with hot food and some supplies every fourth day by an initiate of the Temple of Shallya.

Hochland Crossing Coaches

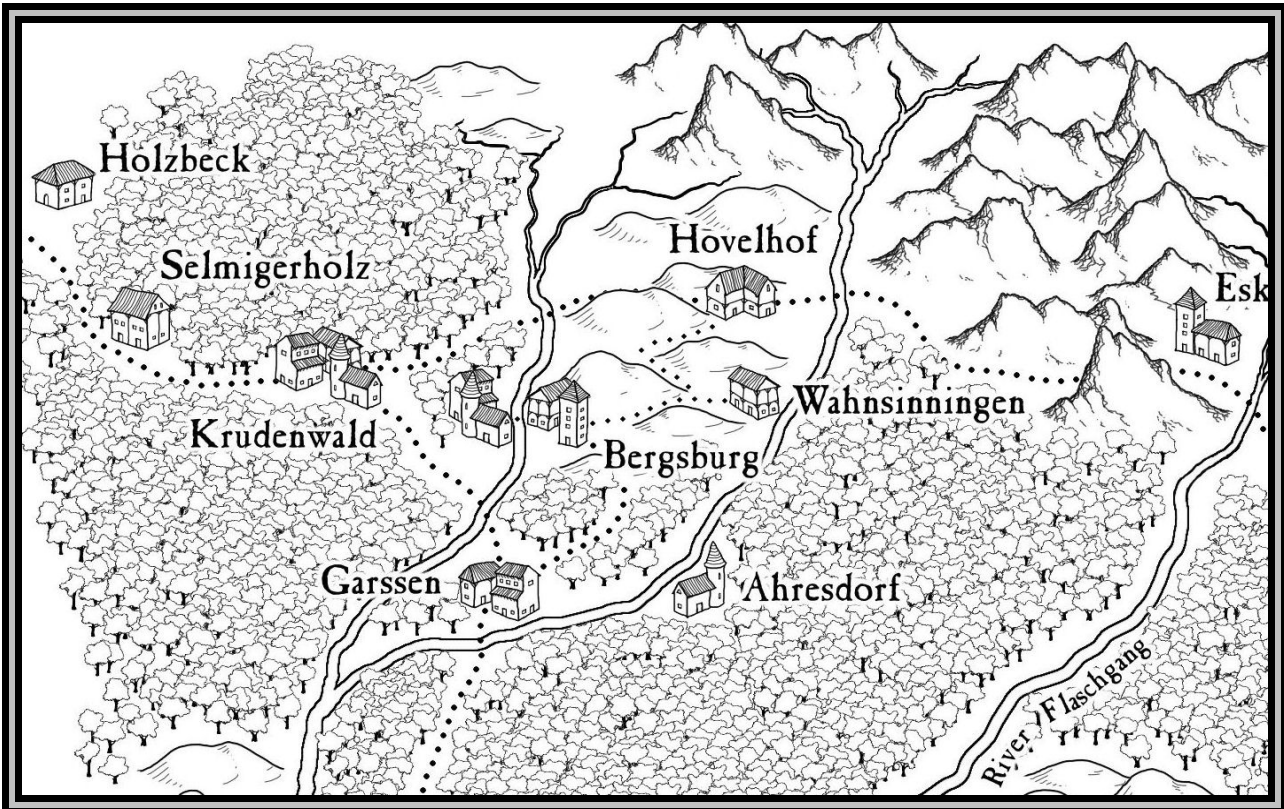
Hochland Crossing Coaches is one of the major companies on the Middenheim to Talabheim road. They own many of the coaching Inns on this route.

Ahresdorf

Deep within the highland forest, Ahresdorf is an isolated logging community. Because its people are so cut off from other settlements, some would say reality, the Ahresdorfians have developed a famous arrogance. The foresters have formed their own 'Guild of Woodcutters', known usually by its initials, to protect their logging interests. They viciously hunt down any they might suspect of encroaching on their territory, even innocent travellers.

To get the logs into the river and float them down towards the Drakwasser, the guild built a huge quay known as the 'Wide Wharf'. Although it is only twenty years old, the wharf has fallen into disrepair and cannot meet the needs it was designed for, so most launch their timber into the river in the old, traditional way, even though this is against GW policy.

The one saving grace of this unfriendly town is the excellent Hog's Head, which serves up some tasty morsels, even if you do have to wait a long time to get served.



Garssen

Home to The White Hound Templars and their schloss, this farming village is said to be the safest in the Barony.

Hovelhof

High up on the slopes of the Middle mountains, Hovelhof is a forbidding place and its people are hardy. Many are trappers or foresters and some are drawn further into the mountains looking for gold.

Krudenwald

Krudenwald is the largest settlement in Hochland besides Bergsburg, though it is by no means large. It trades in timber and has a reputation for the quality of its crafted wooden goods. The garrison here is not small as encroachments by beastmen and bandits are common.

Between the Coach stops of Krudenwald and Selmigerholz, the route has a reputation for danger and the coachmen are loathe to tarry on this stretch of the road.

The Middle Mountains

The Middle Mountains are the largest and most significant highland area inside The Empire. As well as being inhospitable, it contains unknown dangers and grim perils. Not even the dwarves have managed to develop a settlement here. However, it is the source of much gold, and there are always some prepared to risk their lives

through the lure of great wealth. It is rumoured that the High Wizard of the Amber College makes his home in a cave in the Middle Mountains, that he shares with three wolves.

The Last Inn

From the outside, the Last Inn barely looks like a proper building, let alone an inn. It doesn't even have an inn sign, but then, it doesn't really need one. The Last Inn is the last sign of civilisation as you head from Bergsburg into the dangerous wilderness of the Middle Mountains. The building consists of an extensive collection of wooden shacks and lean-tos, all nailed onto one another for mutual support. Somewhere in the middle, propping everything else up, is an ancient stone structure, probably a hermit's cottage.

Most of the building is the inn proper, though a couple of the outer areas act as stables and/or dormitories as necessary. A badly maintained stockade and overgrown ditch form some rudimentary defences. The interior is, if anything, more chaotic and muddled than the outside appearance might suggest. Dozens of rooms, seemingly placed at random, contain a variety of smoky taprooms, quiet snugs and dormitories.

There are no private rooms to rent and the privies are all 50 yards away, outside. This is not a place for soft city folk, it's for hardy mountain people, prospectors, explorers and adventurers.

A popular feature of The Last Inn is the Bathroom. In one of the original stone buildings of the Inn, a huge brazier keeps water hot before it is poured into one of the large stone troughs that are used as baths. These baths are looked forward to by the prospectors coming down from the mountains, and for those on the way up, it is a last chance for luxury before they brave the wilds. They are, however, expensive.

On a typical evening at the Last Inn the wind whistles round the eaves making sometimes strange keening noises as the rain beats down loudly on the roof. A couple of new holes have been found since the last time it rained and Gloria Elderflower has put some pans down to collect the drips. But the huge fire in the centre of the main room burns brightly and the customers sit as close as they dare to keep the Middle Mountain cold from their bones. A large pot of stew hangs above the fire and Gloria gives it an occasional stir, as the homely smell wafts across the room.

Nathanael Grendl stands behind the bar talking as pleasantly as he can to a self-styled scout, Pietr Jacquelin. The scout drinks slowly, saving his remaining money, on the lookout for some greenhorns who may need a guide. Waldemar Klutchens has fallen into conversation with a group of prospectors, as he clears their plates. He's trying to convince them that the map he has acquired from a dying old dwarf is a surefire route to a rich seam, that the dwarf told him about with his last breath. The prospectors are too experienced to fall for that and send him on his way with an order for more beer.

Hanging from the ceiling in an old brass cage is a forlorn snotling, Glucklein. He sees Klutchens taking the plates and squawks plaintively for a scrap. Klutchens picks a bone from the leftovers and throws it sneeringly at the snotling. The Greenskin catches it and huddles over it in his rocking cage, gnawing hungrily for what meat he can pick off.

In the far corner, well out of everyone's way, an old man, Thys Hagrardersson, sits, slowly finishing a bowl of beans. As the door opens he looks across to the entrance, but only strangers enter the bar, so the look of hope that momentarily played across his features goes again, and he shivers in the chill draught.

The new arrivals are in good spirits. They look like a group of hopefuls just come up from Bergsburg. They say 'More gold has been lost up the mountains, than found,' and this is the reason why. The party is all kitted out with the best equipment and will be spending even more money tonight, the Inn being their last chance of civilisation before the cold, harsh reality of the Middle Mountains hits them. They might even order baths.

Waldemar Klutchens sees them and makes his way straight over, introducing himself and showing them to a table near the fire. He takes their order, mustering all the charm he can. "You've all got maps of the latest strikes, of

course," he mentions casually as he goes to fetch their drinks.

"You don't need a map, fellows," Jacquelin says. He has seen the opportunity for gain, too. "Not when you have one of the finest scouts in the Middle Mountains, at your disposal."

Nathanael Grendl

"Tis another fine Middle Mountain day. The birds are singing in the trees as a gentle breeze plays upon the leaves. No, that's that damn Glucklein calling for his breakfast as a gale takes another tile off the roof. Why did I ever leave Talabheim?"

Grendl is pleasant looking young man. His features are those of a city dweller, and he can look out of place in the wilds of the Middle Mountains. He is a good communicator and has an incisive, somewhat cheeky, wit. Recently the hardship and grind of running The Last Inn has begun to get to this Talabheimer. Now, he is just as likely to be found morose and cynical as lively and witty. His melancholy days are beginning to outnumber his positive ones.

Grendl is the manager of the Last Inn. He has worked for Fabius von Hasselbank in Talabheim and after a severe beating by a gang of Eldenstadt thugs volunteered

Nathanael Grendl							
Male Human							
Burgher							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	30	36	42	29	38	29	39
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	4	5			
Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Prospector)							
Talents: Savvy, Suave							
Armour: Fur Coat							
Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0							
Weapons: Dagger, Sword							
Trappings: Cache of Savings, Lucky Rabbit's Foot,							

for some country life with Hasselbaink's new venture. Grendl is missing the city though, and has already sent word to his boss that he should be looking for a new manager. Grendl, although a hard worker by nature and not one to let his charge fall into disrepair, is simply marking time, waiting to be relieved. When Grendl leaves, he will be going straight to Talabheim, spending as little time in Bergsburg as possible. He has managed to alienate Helmut Schilfgras, the head of the Prospectors' Guild. He organised an expedition on behalf of von Hasselbaink, the owner of the Last Inn, which was partly financed by the guild. The expedition was a failure and von Hasselbaink lost as much as the guild. Schilfgras, however, suspects he has been cheated by Grendl and his backers.

Waldemar Klutchens

"Sirs, listen. This map here was given to me by a dying dwarf. No word of a lie. And do you know what he said to me, with his very last breath? He said, 'This is a map of the richest gold seam this side of the World's Edge Mountains. But don't sell it to just anyone. Make sure whoever buys it has the integrity and skill to make the most of the riches when they dig it out of the ground.' And with that he expired. No word of a lie, gentlemen."



Waldemar has crawled up from the slums of Helmsberg as far as The Last Inn. He is a clever man and an autodidact. To talk to him, you would not guess that he was in his twenties when he taught himself to read. His mother and father were both wastrels and drunks who let their seven children run wild with the streetgangs of Schwarzmauerstrasse.

Although likeable, Waldemar is a cunning and sometimes ruthless opportunist, always with an eye on making some money where there is some to be made. He has used his charm and taken advantage of Grendl's trusting nature to acquire some considerable wealth (considerable wealth for a Helmsberger) at the expense of the Last Inn's owner. Klutchens is tempted to take what he has acquired so far and return to Bergsburg. But he hasn't been caught yet and he feels his luck will run for another month or two. In truth, though, Klutchens does not know when to stop, and will probably stay at the Last Inn until his embezzlement and thievery have been discovered.

Klutchens has a variety of scams for getting money that range from the simplest of giving short change to the most drunken customers through to pickpocketing lucky prospectors. He also has a variety of items to sell to the unwary adventurer. He has made several false maps partly copied from an original by Kurt Brombeer that promise gold seams, or ancient hidden tombs etc, but in reality lead to a nondescript and dangerous part of the mountains. Klutchens also has access to the account book that Grendl keeps. When he gets a chance, he looks over old entries and takes advantage of ambiguities or poor bookkeeping, and sometimes makes his own alterations, to determine how much money he can safely take from The Last Inn's cache.

Waldemar Klutchens							
Male Human							
Rogue							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
43	26	33	36	37	37	3	43
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4			
<p>Skills: Ambidextrous, Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Gossip, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel)</p> <p>Talents: Luck, Public Speaking, Streetwise, Street Fighting</p> <p>Armour: None</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0</p> <p>Weapons: Dagger, Club, Knuckle Duster</p> <p>Trappings: Savings, Various Maps, Fool's Gold</p>							

Gloria Elderflower

"Is that hot enough for you, sir, or shall I just pop a bit more hot water into it there, sir. Ah go on. A little bit more hot water for you sir. Ah go on, sir, go on. A little bit more for you. Ah go on, go on, go on, go on, go on."

Gloria is the cook and cleaner of the Last Inn. She is also in charge of the baths. She is paid little, but as there is nothing to buy up at The Last Inn, she is happily saving for her retirement, when she will return to Bergsburg. Gloria is almost constantly working and when she retires, the owners will need to hire two maids to replace her. During the day, after making sure the baths are ready, she cleans the sprawling inn as best she can, then takes a couple of hours rest before preparing the food for the evening. Gloria is not the best cook but she is very good at making the most of the poor quality ingredients she often has to work with, especially in winter.

Glucklein

No one remembers when the tradition started but the snotling in the cage has always been an omen of good luck for many prospectors passing through the Last Inn. This tradition may be related to the dwarven mining

custom of carrying snotlings in cages for advance warning of poisonous gases. When the present one dies, it is never long before a new one is brought down the mountains to replace it. And they always have the same name.

Poor Glucklein, stuck in his cage, watches all the food and drink being consumed below him and has to beg for morsels. He used to throw his waste out at the people below, but he soon learned that much pain would follow, so now he tries to keep quiet and hopes for the generous scraps he sometimes gets.

Glucklein is quite a good mimic. Sometimes, to get attention, he joins in with the halfling, "Go on, go on, go on, go on, go on."

Pietr Jacquelin

"See, that there is what I'd expect of the inexperienced. You can go up No Man's Pass and then traverse the Keen Blade Peak, but you'd end up dead, if you were lucky. You need to go round Blizzard Point and then cross the Gold Steps, by a route known only to a select few. Anyway, that's the way I'd go. You can go up No Man's Pass."

Jaquelin came up with a bunch of would-be prospectors from Bergsburg some years ago. After several

Gloria Elderflower							
Female Halfling							
Guild Master (ex-Miner)							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
43	37	42	44	35	42	33	43
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	5	4	4		8	
<p>Skills: Bribery, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Navigation, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Signs (Prospector), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cartography), Trade (Metallurgy), Trade (Prospector)</p> <p>Talents: Luck, Orientation</p> <p>Armour: None</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0</p> <p>Weapons: Dagger</p> <p>Trappings: Cache of Gold</p>							

Piecter Jacquelin							
Male Human							
Miner							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
39	25	32	44	25	30	29	31
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	4	4		8	
<p>Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Navigation, Read/Write, Secret Signs (Prospector), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Prospector)</p> <p>Talents: Orientation</p> <p>Armour: None</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0</p> <p>Weapons: Dagger, Staff</p> <p>Trappings: Fine Fur Hat, Tools of Trade</p>							

months without any luck, they hired a guide who said he would take them to a little known but gold rich area. After losing one of their party to a rock fall and one to the elements, with no gold to show for it, the rest of them decided to call it a day, and go back to their home town.

Bergsburg, however, held nothing for Pietr and he had the idea that being paid by the other prospectors could be more lucrative than prospecting itself. Since then, Pietr has based himself at The Last Inn and is always on the look out for employment. He knows of a couple of the more well known routes into the Middle Mountains, but not where any gold might be found. Instead, he concentrates on looking the part of the wise guide and impressing the greenhorns.

Business is sufficient for Pietr's needs and he has enough money to live on, if not any to spare. He still lives in hope that the party he is guiding will strike it lucky despite him, and always insists on a ten per cent share of the finds, over and above his flat fee.

Thys Hagarardersson

"There she was, the great black bear, staring me right in the eyes, no farther from me than I am from you now, slobbering all down her front, she was. Then Sven picked out the pasty from the snack that had just been disturbed and threw it at her. Hit her square on the nose, it did, and she turned tail and fled, wailing like a whelp. Ah, those were the days, eh Sven...Sven?"

Thys had been a prospector for many years, even introducing his son to the lifestyle. His career met with ups and downs but he earned enough money so that he doesn't need to work again. Thys lives at the Last Inn and will not leave. Now in his dotage, Thys generally sits in the corner of the Last Inn's main bar drinking or eating slowly, or peering out of the narrow window.

About ten years ago, Thys and his son, Sven, moderately successful prospectors, were making their way back to a rich gold seam they had discovered deep in the mountains. It was late in the year but they decided they could afford this last trip before the winter drew in. They were surprised by a violent blizzard and they lost each other. They always had an understanding that the place they would meet up again, if they ever got separated, would be the Last Inn. Ever since then, Thys has stayed here, waiting for the return of his son. He has completely lost track of time and though sometimes he realises it has been many years since Sven was lost, sometimes he believes it was yesterday, or that his son is still with him.

Despite this, in better moments, Thys tells a wealth of entertaining stories about their lives together, prospecting. He can be having a fine time, drinking and sharing these tales. Then, suddenly, he will remember his loss, and go all sullen again, just staring into space. Whenever the main door opens, Thys will look to see if Sven has finally

returned. Every time, there is genuine hope that he will be there, and every time these hopes are dashed.

Gunther Hamm

"Can you take me to Bergsburg? I'll make it worth your while. No, I don't have any money on me. I've got lots in Bergsburg, though. No I don't have any gold. Why would I have gold?"

Gunther is a very shifty looking prospector. He has been up on the mountains for several years and his clothes are beginning to turn to rags. He is quite old and has been prospecting off and on all his life.

Recently, Gunther finally achieved his life ambition and struck it big, very big. Now he does not really know what to do. He barely made it back to the Last Inn in his agitated state, and now is almost too frightened to leave. The realisation of his dreams triggered a latent paranoia and Gunther is terrified that he will lose his gold. He constantly thinks to himself all manner of convoluted schemes whereby he might be relieved of his find.

Gunther needs a group of strong and very honest looking adventurers to escort him back to Bergsburg. He intends to pay them well, once he has sold his gold for coins. However, such is his state of mind, he will deny he has any gold or money on him. He does not have the imagination to come up with a convincing story, he just insists that he has lots of money in Bergsburg, a claim that his appearance does not support.

If some party agree to escort him, the chances are he will change his mind at the last moment, anyway.

Grilnasir Grommel

"So, you see my friends, 'And grungni's footsteps fell hard upon the glassy rock of Karazaz, and all about the spirits fell in shards of rocky scree.' in Khazalid, as you just heard, this stanza keeps the repetition of the rhythmic theme that occurs throughout the verse. With its connotations of brittleness and mistrust, the description of the glass mirrors that of the rock spirits from the previous verse. And I think you will be impressed by how this is resolved in the coming movements. Who would like more beer?"

Grilnasir is from the World's Edge Mountains, near Karak-Kadrin. He was born into a wealthy and respected clan, but when he was younger fell into a bitter feud with his brother. The feud got so serious that the clan ruled it must be decided by combat. This combat was lost by Grilnasir and he knew he had no option but to leave the World's Edge Mountains forever, or at least until the death of his brother.

Since then, Grilnasir has made his home in the Middle Mountains some way from The Last Inn. He makes monthly trips to the inn to buy supplies and sell his gold.

Grilnasir Grommel							
Male Dwarf							
Miner							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
53	17	46	48	21	48	50	33
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	4	3			
<p>Skills: Academic Knowledge (Poetry), Common Knowledge (the Empire, Dwarfs), Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Reikspiel, Khazalid), Secret Signs (Prospectors), Trade (Brewing, Cook, Carpentry, Engineer, Fishing)</p> <p>Talents: Art, Orientation, SWG (Two-handed)</p> <p>Armour: Furs</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0</p> <p>Weapons: Pick, Great Axe</p>							

Grilnasir's cave, the site of a gold seam Grilnasir himself worked, is remarkably homely and civilised for its extreme location. Some of the other dwarfs who work the mountains visit here when they can. Grilnasir is even content to have non-dwarfs visit his cave, and if he ever sees a party of prospectors in trouble or ignorant of impending bad weather, he will extend a cordial invitation to them to shelter with him.

Grilnasir's hospitality is impressive, with excellent food, and beer. He is an excellent cook making minor miracles from the resources at his disposal. As the basis for these meals, he catches fish and traps the local birds of prey with clever lures. He also brews his own beer which is of good quality considering he can not get any of the quality ingredients he would prefer. This hospitality does however have a significant drawback. Grilnasir fancies himself as an epic poet in the mould of Hengashet, or Vurnal. He will expect any guest to listen to his works, or at least one of them. He keeps his writings in an array of leather-bound volumes on a shelf above his desk. Once his guests' food and drink has been properly afforded, he will proudly pull a book down, perhaps 'Grungni grot krilnak gheti dur' (How the four winds bowed down to Grungni) or 'Laudengrave ack Klindohro' and commence his recital.

Unfortunately, the grandeur and pace of dwarven

poetry translates poorly into Reikspiel. Therefore, Grilnasir feels it his duty to read each Khazalid verse in full, then afterwards, performing the verse again in Reikspiel, explaining any nuances the impossible translation might leave unnoticed. He also, occasionally, digresses onto points of Dwarven history or technical matters of the strict Dwarven poetical forms. Each of these verses takes a good few minutes to read, but a conventional epic has forty verses and together with the translation, explanations and digressions, an evening of Grilnasir's poetry can take a dozen hours.

Given the proper respect and appreciation Grilnasir feels his poetry deserves, his guests may have made a friend for life, and their travels in this region of the Middle Mountains will be the safer for it.

Hans Ledendorf, Jurgen Spendelbach

"My dear chap, Spendelbach, this poor unfortunate has perchance inebriated himself down a steep ravenous, unconditioning himself in the procedure."

"Indeedly so, my good Ledendorf, and 'tis undispensable. 'Twould be amiss of us if we did not condescend to enlighten his load somewhat."

"My connotations precisionly, sir Spendelbach."

These two have been on the mountain too long. The prospectors call it 'Gold Blindness', and it can strike any human who has been scratching at the austere mountain in the hope of 'quick' fortune, for too long. Experienced prospectors keep an eye out for it among their colleagues and are quick to convince them to go back to civilisation, if they see it coming. The condition (or range of conditions that the prospectors group under this single term) is surprisingly common. The sight of a pair of sufferers feeding off each other's delusion is unique, however, as far as anyone knows.

Gold Blindness manifests itself in Ledendorf and Spendelbach in a variety of ways. The two of them speak to each other in an absurd approximation of Reikspeil. They use big words whenever possible and often get the meaning, or the word, wrong. In fact, they manage to avoid talking to anyone else at all. All that each one wants to convey is spoken to his partner, in such a way that the third party may (or may not) know what he requires. For this reason, rather than any other, the other prospectors are wary of the pair. Many sordid rumours pass amongst them as to what Ledendorf and Spendelbach get up to.

Between them they have a delusion that they are the lords of the Middle Mountains; they have already struck it rich in the gold fields and now own these lands. This is not always clear to others as their manner of communicating makes it difficult to know exactly what they think. They have a haughty disdain for anyone else and no respect at all for the lives of others.

The pair of them are cowards, but will pick on a loan

prospector or traveller, and at the first opportunity, murder him. Their favourite method of attack is to simply push a heavily loaded traveller down a slope and as he struggles to right himself, stone him to death, or 'avalanche him unto divinity' as they might put it.

The pair live in a shack in the foothills and occasionally visit the Last Inn for supplies, and to trade their meagre finds.

Adolfus Mannlich

"It's a good life, a good, honest way to make a living. I've been at it more years than I care to remember and it's been good to me. Yeah, I lost my arm of course, and I don't have any money left, sure. But it's a good life."

Adolfus Mannlich is an old, experienced prospector who has worked the Middle Mountains for some years. Mannlich was successful, and had managed to make enough money to live by and set a small amount aside. A couple of years ago, he lost his left arm in a mining accident. Although he is lucky to be alive, the doctor's bills nearly consumed his life's savings and Adolfus has had to start again, as he sees it, from scratch.

Adolfus dislikes Bergsburg and prefers the wilds of the mountains and The Last Inn. Occasionally he can be found in town, on a visit to sell his finds with the Prospectors' Guild. Since his accident, Adolfus has become a lot less cheerful and optimistic about his plans to buy a small farmstead in the foothills, and now thinks he will be prospecting until he drops.

If anyone requires a guide, they could do worse than Adolfus, who knows this side of the mountains very well indeed. Adolfus has a distrust of adventurers whom he sees as reckless opportunists, as opposed to the steady honest prospector, but he could be convinced to accompany a party that pays well.

History

The founding of the Last Inn dates back almost 500 years, to the time of the "Big Rush", when gold was found for the first time. Joining the stream of prospectors heading into the mountains were Titus Bovenderg and Gustaaf Wekker, hoping to find their fortunes. They were ex-dockers from Marienburg who had worked on the Rijk all their lives. When the rumours came of vast wealth to be found, they decided to take their chances and travel inland. They sold up and spent the proceeds on prospecting gear, camping equipment and the like.

Being city dwellers, the ways of the countryside were a mystery to them and they found the going tough. They'd travelled the main roads and reached as far as Bergsburg but the route became increasingly dangerous the further they got into the mountains. They'd only travelled a few days out of Bergsburg but were already becoming

Adolfus Mannlich

Male Human

Miner

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
23	14	33	31	30	27	30	34

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4			

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Navigation, Read/Write, Secret Signs (Prospector), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Prospector, Carpentry, Cook)

Talents: Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Dagger, Pick

Trappings: Tools of the Trade

increasingly disillusioned. Back in their Marienburg tavern, they'd imagined they'd take a quick stroll and be able to pluck huge nuggets from where they lay scattered on the ground. They hadn't planned on the inclement weather, steep gradients, thorn bushes, stinging nettles, never mind the risk of attack from bandits or hostile creatures.

While looking for a place to set up camp, on a rainy, windswept night, they spotted a decrepit stone building hidden amongst some trees. Upon further investigation they decided it must be the former cottage of some isolated hermit, now long gone. The basic structure of the building was still intact, though it was overgrown, inside and out, by weeds. They cleared a space just inside the doorway and set up camp, grateful for the roof over their heads to shelter them from the weather. They managed to get a fire going and were huddled round it, sipping some broth when they became aware of an approaching group - other hopeful prospectors from the looks of things, who'd seen their firelight.

The group asked if they might join them and settled gratefully around the fire. They appeared even less experienced than Titus and Gustaaf, if that could be possible, and lacked even the most basic equipment. They

looked half-starved and weatherbeaten and claimed to have been wandering, lost, in the mountains for some days now. Despite their apparent inexperience, against all odds, they had managed to find a small amount of gold and were trying to find their way back to Bergsburg to get it cashed in, before returning to the mountains to continue prospecting.

Never ones to miss as good a business opportunity as this pass, Titus and Gustaaf offered to sell their prospecting and camping equipment. The greenhorn prospectors had no idea how much the gear cost and even less idea of how much their lump of gold was worth. Titus and Gustaaf on the other hand had a very good idea and could see a large profit in the making. The novice prospectors were fairly confident that they would soon find more gold and could save themselves a long walk to Bergsburg and back, so they readily handed over their gold find in exchange for the equipment - Titus and Gustaaf "generously" included some of their broth in the bargain.

That was almost the end of the story, Titus and Gustaaf were already contemplating returning to civilisation and leaving the mountains for good - a few days spent in them were quite enough for these city boys. However, Edelbert, apparently the leader of the prospectors, asked if Titus and Gustaaf would be here again next week, with some more supplies, as it'd save him and his friends a lot of walking and they'd be prepared to pay over the odds for their trouble. This thought of inflated profits appealed to Titus and Gustaaf's mercantile ambitions and they soon agreed to meet them again in a week's time.

The next day, the prospectors headed back into the mountains, while Titus and Gustaaf made their way back down to Bergsburg, ready to invest their gold in more supplies and also some building equipment, to try and make their newfound home more habitable. That particular group of prospectors never made it back the following week, presumably falling foul of some danger or other out on the mountains, but Titus and Gustaaf's future was assured as plenty more ill-prepared hopefuls trekked up to the mountains past their cottage. As time went on, prospectors picking their route into the mountains began to deliberately pass Titus and Gustaaf's in order to collect supplies as it saved them lugging them all the way from Bergsburg. Titus and Gustaaf, good businessmen both, invested heavily and had soon added further services and goods to their portfolio - casks of ale, crates of foodstuffs and bales of bedding were carried up using mules and soon they had named their establishment "the Last Inn".

Though not particularly haute cuisine, their wholesome food was a vast improvement on the trail rations carried by most prospectors and ale is always welcome. Soon, the small stone building was not large enough to accommodate the customers so wooden extensions were tacked onto the stronger stone walls and

extra rooms added. Over the succeeding centuries, further building work has resulted in the current structure, where the original cottage is almost completely hidden by wooden extensions.

Times were not always so good for the Last Inn of course. The numbers of prospectors ebbed and flowed and the inn was even abandoned for a time during a particularly bad winter. It has survived to the present day though, for prospectors are always willing to pay a premium for supplies to save them the long, and sometimes dangerous, trek all the way back to Bergsburg. After a remarkable 19 years, Titus and Gustaaf's ownership of the inn came to an abrupt halt when Titus was sadly savaged by a bear as he gathered wood in the forest. A distraught Gustaaf sold up after receiving a generous cash offer and spent the last of his years on the other side of the bar in Bergsburg, a perpetual drunk.

The new owner was one Heinrich Blamensch, a wealthy businessman who already owned three taverns in Bergsburg and was attracted by the healthy profit margins the Last Inn seemed to sustain. He kept the inn for a few years before selling it on, to another aspiring Bergsburg landlord. This trend for absentee owners continues to the present day, with the inn changing hands frequently. The present owner, Fabius von Hasselbaink of Talabheim, hasn't ever visited Bergsburg but was recommended the purchase by his financial advisors. It's a standing joke each year among the staff and regulars as to who'll own the inn come spring.

The Last Inn makes some of its money by buying gold, at a lower rate than the Prospectors' Guild would, of course, and also trading its good and services directly for the gold.

Adventure Hooks

Undercover Elephants

Fabius von Hasselbaink is concerned that his investment in the Last Inn is not achieving the capital he expected of it. He has complained strongly to the agent for his Hochland Businesses, Handolf Schottenberg of Verenenstadt. Although both Hasselbaink and Schottenberg were inclined to trust Grendl, they have come up with a plan to test his honesty.

The party are to pose as Greenhorn prospectors staying at the Last Inn and are to be given several hundred gold crowns to spend. The only conditions are that the party spends all the money at the Last Inn, and makes a careful note of everything they spend it on. Resourceful parties who discover that Klutchens is actually behind the shortfall will be rewarded.

This is an adventure for generous GMs or those that believe it's about time their players are landed with a bit of good fortune for a change. It may also test the honesty of the players who may be inclined to keep some of the

money themselves, hoping the blame passes to Grendl, or skip town altogether, in which case Hasselbaink's full wrath and extensive connections will be used to hunt them down.

Also, if the party are spending like mad things for a few days, they may attract the attention of some hardened but failed prospectors who might fancy some easy money

Cro-Ach-Liea



Cro-Ach-Liea is an isolated meeting place and commune for followers of the Old Faith, located in a valley south-west of the city in the Drakwald Forest. The valley has the largest concentration of wild bee hives in the region, and the reclusive druids have succeeded in becoming the principle supplier of honey, mead and beeswax to Bergsburg. It is through this trade that the citizens will have heard of the community, but few outsiders visit the sprawling grounds of the commune and its gardens, in fact few even venture into the meadows of rich flowers within sight of the city walls.

It is known that the inhabitants value their privacy, and the valley is seen as hazardous by superstitious city-dwellers - harbouring some ancient druidic power to keep out intruders. Bergsburgers who know of the commune call it a monastery of the Old Faith, but such institutions are a modern invention and the cult of the Earth Mother has no such formal arrangements.

Most contact between the city and the community is therefore initiated by the inhabitants of Cro-Ach-Liea. Some of these are druidic priests, whilst the remainder are druids and firm believers in the power of the Earth Mother. Principle among them is Father Jurgen, a scruffy-looking, unassuming man who spends more time in Bergsburg than the rest. His quiet demeanour hides the fact that he is in fact an extremely powerful druidic priest, capable of channeling considerable magical power from the earth.

Getting There

Leaving the city by the Löwentor, a narrow and poorly-maintained track leads south from the trade town. It winds downhill through farmland towards the river and the Drakwald Forest where it runs alongside the bank. Several hours travel downstream, the forest thins once again to reveal numerous meadows of flowers clinging to the walls of the valley. A tributary of the river climbs gradually up into the forest, through a broad valley blanketed with more fields of flowers - those who can read secret sign - druid will see various signifiers that they are entering a sacred place. Travel through this riot of colour is difficult and tiring on horse and near impossible on foot. PCs suffering from hayfever are -20/-2 to all tests during the spring and summer. The only route that can be realistically taken is the path alongside the stream, a gentle brook that winds its way lazily downstream. The journey, although only a few hundred yards, seems to take days, and the day drags slowly on.

Layout

At last without warning the banks of the stream vanish and open out into a small man made pool, where a low wall has dammed the forest stream, and a rocky waterfall gurgles nearby. It is an idyllic scene, and regardless of the weather on the journey to Cro-Ach-Liea, there is a 80% chance that the valley is bathed in sunlight. Even if the rest of the forest is experiencing a rainstorm, there is a chance that a break in the clouds will light the area.

The 'Chapel'

On the far side of the pond beyond a stretch of verdant grass stands the main structure. It is a strange but impressive construction, built from four huge stone boulders with wattle and daub, wood and clay filling the gaps. Adjoined to the valley wall, and half-buried in earth, it stands solemnly on a small ridge overlooking the meadows. The boulders are heavily overgrown with moss, and the dappled sunlight plays across it's stone walls through the trees that line the valley walls.

At first glance, the valley seems to be deserted. Closer inspection of the stone 'chapel' reveals that a narrow doorway between the stones is visible, clearly of fairly recent construction and quite sturdy (T7 W12, CR50). This will be closed and locked, unless the PCs have been escorted here by one known to the community (the remainder of this description will assume that this is not the case).

Above the door, nailed to a wooden spike, is the freshly decapitated head of a goat. Unauthorised entrance will unleash a curse placed there by Father Jurgen. Those attempting to open the door will attract the attention of a single bee the buzzes annoyingly close to them. If they persist in trying to open the door another bee will arrive. Attempts to break the door will draw another bee, then another, then another.... Once the players wisely decide to

desist the swarming bees will disperse slowly. Druids and druidic priests are permitted an Initiative test to notice that the bees ignore them regardless of what they try to do.

Shouting for attention or knocking loudly produce no answer, so most likely the players will explore the area and walk around the structure. Around the corner of the ridge, the flower meadows give way to thick woods almost immediately. The right hand side of the chapel actually has a large tree growing so close it is damaging the foundations, and warping one of the clay walls. The stone is also visibly scratched here, and a wooden passage with a small door is just visible.

There are also some strange imprints in the earth nearby - a successful Identify Tracks test will conclude that something large was thrown back from the door with some force. This should dissuade players from trying to force the entrance - an Int test could be used by unusually helpful GMs. If the players fail to notice the signs, they take a 3D4 strength hit and are thrown back physically D6 yards. Further attempts to gain entry to the 'chapel' will prove equally fruitless.

The Pool and Stream

On close examination, it is clear that the water is quite deep. At the edge of the stonework bank are set a number of metal loops, and new metal chains hang from them. Slightly further upstream is a waterwheel, attached to a small stone outbuilding. It is sturdy and will take the weight of a light human adult (140lbs). It bears the faint (I test -20) marks of wet, webbed feet. The brook continues up the valley into the thick forest, where several hidden springs join to form its source at some point unexplored by humanity. In the grounds of Cro-Ach-Liea there are three stone bridges over the stream at various points. These are made from gigantic stones somehow moved into place - they bear only the faintest trace of craftsmanship.

The Hives

The field to the right of the chapel can be accessed by way of a small stone bridge over the millpond and a winding 20 yard path through thick brambles. The field itself is fenced off with a 2 foot high rickety wooden fence on one side and a large stone wall on the forest side. It contains nearly a hundred hives, well spaced, and individually numbered. Some are rude wooden constructions, while others are natural wild bee hives hanging in small trees. Three small stone buildings dot the field, containing storage barrels, nets, clothes, honey pots, beeswax and related apiary equipment. The largest of the buildings sits in the shadow of a large elm tree in the corner of the field close to the chapel. This is where the mead is fermented and stored - behind a locked door can be found a large quantity of meads of many varieties stored in barrels. Some are little more than fermented honey, while others contain floral or herbal extracts to

enhance the flavour.

Exploration of the grounds will take some time, but all the buildings, though in good state of repair, appear empty. There is a heavy, somnolent feel to the place, and a sense that time is standing still. The day drags on and on, and when nightfall finally comes, it is a refreshing relief.

Note: the inside of the 'chapel' has not been described, and it is up to individual GMs to decide whether players will ever enter it, and what they will find if they do. There could be a gigantic monolith, sheltered from the elements for some reason. Within the 'chapel' the walls of the valley could be carved into niches and grottoes for the druids to sleep and live in, with Father Jurgen dwelling in a particularly deep cave at the base of the interior.

History

The Old Faith does not maintain records of the past, other than through the legends and tales passed down from follower to follower. As such, the origins of Cro-Ach-Liea are lost to history. The inhabitants keep no library, and the few books to be found in the 'chapel' are recent purchases concerning trade and apiculture. But the site and construction of the 'chapel' is undoubtedly ancient, almost certainly predating Sigmar by several centuries. The valley is located at a site of great significance to the Old Faith, where five ley lines converge. Overgrown stone circles and forgotten cromlechs dot the entire area in a rough circle radiating out from the valley .

The druids of old would have recognised the importance of the valley, and they would not have failed to notice the almost unnatural fertility of the soil, the millions of flowers and the almost permanent sunshine. It became a seasonal meeting place amongst their number, and later a permanent habitation for followers of the Old Faith wishing to learn and meditate in a place sacred to the Earth Mother.

The 'monastery' was first mentioned by outsiders in records held in the Temple of Verena in Bergsburg, where reference is made to the "keepers of the old ways" living in a valley deep in the woods. In more recent decades, the city has grown used to trade from Cro-Ach-Liea, with Father Jurgen becoming a more common sight in trade town each year. He has also quietly purchased a number of goods for the commune, including equipment for apiculture and even some 'creature comforts'.

Inhabitants

Few followers stay at Cro-Ach-Liea at any one time, rarely more than 9 or 10 can be found in the valley meditating, tending to the bee hives or collecting food from the forest. Those that come to the valley come and go as they please - some staying for years, while others leave after a few days or move on with the seasons.

The Old Faith recognises only the order imposed on them by the Earth Mother herself, and as such the community is maintained by the efforts of those who choose to stay here. However, uninvited non-followers are likely to be made unwelcome, and Father Jurgen will do his best to see them off - even to the extent of 'defending his territory' by turning nature against the visitors. They will never be allowed into the 'chapel' unless they themselves are druidic priests.

There is no hierarchy at Cro-Ach-Liea, but Father Jurgen is recognised as the most wise and experienced priest by all who attend. He is the valley's only permanent resident, and it is he who ensures that the honey is collected and sold and that the buildings do not fall into total disrepair. Food is grown on a small patch of ground in the forest, but much of it is foraged or hunted for by residents. Provision of food for others is encouraged, a few would fail to comply for fear of inviting the wrath of Father Jurgen.

Outsiders meeting the inhabitants of Cro-Ach-Liea will (initially) be welcomed but gently persuaded to leave. If they spend a night amongst the buildings, or linger too long exploring the grounds, they will eventually have an encounter much like the following:

A hooded figure will emerge from the eaves of the forest and stroll towards the chapel. He is deep in thought and will not notice the PCs unless they draw attention to themselves. This is Brother Mendel, and he will be surprised to see the PCs, but will maintain a friendly countenance and extend a welcome to the visitors. He will enquire as to their business and offer to guide them out of the valley either tonight, or first thing in the morning.

They will not be permitted to stay in the chapel unless they are followers of the Old Faith. He explains that he is the only druid present at the moment, but that the others should return shortly. This is a lie - several other druids are in attendance elsewhere in the valley. Followers of the Old Faith will be encouraged to stay, and Mendel will look for an opportunity to take them to one side and ask them to request that their friends leave this sacred place.

Here are some ideas for characters that the PCs could encounter:

Mendel

A tall druidic priest with a distracted air, Mendel has been at Cro-Ach-Liea for almost 7 years. He assumes the role of elder when Father Jurgen is away - something that is happening with more frequency in recent years. He believes that outside influence (through trade and visitors) is damaging to the sanctity of the valley.

Gregor

An extremely old follower of the Old Faith, Gregor came to the valley nine months ago. He is extremely

reserved, and speaks in single words only very rarely. Much of his time is spent tending to the hives alone.

Isolde

A friendly druid in her late 20s, Isolde has a strong rural Ostland accent. She will treat players with kindness, tending to them until Mendel learns of their presence and asks her to get them to leave. She stays in the valley during the spring and early summer before moving on and returning next year.

Oln

Tense and tetchy, Oln was village elder in a tiny hamlet in the Reikland until earlier this year when a proselytising priest of Sigmar arrived and denounced him. Oln is unusually sensitive to sites and lines of earth power, and this keeps him restless but unable to stay away. He is in his 50s and physically rather powerful - mirroring the fact that his familiar is a bear.

Gerta

A wise and elderly druidic priestess, Gerta has lived in the valley on-and-off for two years. She has an amazing memory for stories, folklore and songs - if the PCs can spend any time with her they will pick up a great deal about the Old Faith and tales of the pre-Sigmar Empire.

Matthias

PCs are unlikely to encounter Matthias, as he is kept permanently locked in a cavern below the 'chapel'. A young man in his early 20s, he has always been rather fanatical and borderline schizophrenic. Last year he became a druidic priest, but the influence of his familiar, a wild cat, was too much for his mind and he snapped. The bestial side of his personality that all druidic priests must learn to control took over, and now he is little more than an animal. Some inhabitants of Cro-Ach-Liea deem him to be closer to nature, and therefore more holy than the rest of them, but the remainder feel that his insanity may be the consequence of outside influence on the valley.

Father Jurgen Ahresdorf

"Mmm.. the earth gives marvellous blossoms for the bees, and in turn they give us honey for mead and to sweeten our food. We can only marvel at her works and pay due respect."

Jurgen is short and slightly plump, and although he looks young for his age (as with many druidic priests) he is clearly an elderly man. He is a relatively tidy grey beard that he tucks into his belt, and a completely bald scalp. As befits a man who lives in the great outdoors, he wears a permanent tan and has a lined and inscrutable face. His clothes, both at Cro-Ach-Liea and in Bergsburg consist of a long, unbleached white robes fastened at the

Jurgen Ahresdorf							
Male Human							
High Priest (ex-Anointed, Priest, Initiate)							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41	48	44	38	48	51	60	46
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	3	3	2		
<p>Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, Theology), Animal Care, Channeling, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Drive, Gossip, Follow Trail, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Reikspiel, Classical), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Swim</p> <p>Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Ambidextrous, Divine Lore (Taal & Rhya), Etiquette, Lesser Magic (Magic Lock, Magic Alarm, Dispel), Meditation, Public Speaking, Petty Magic (Divine), Seasoned Travelle</p> <p>Armour: Robes</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1</p> <p>Weapons: Ancient Runic Knife</p> <p>Trappings: Robes, Ceremonial Sickle, Primitive Knife marked with Runes*, Purse with 12 Gcs</p> <p>* Jurgen's knife causes fear when unsheathed, and acts as a slaying weapon against undead. Its runic markings identify it as a human artifact from centuries ago, predating the Empire. It is a druidic weapon.</p>							

waist with a length of ivy, which may have some symbolic importance. When travelling he will throw a heavy fur cloak around his shoulders. Father Jurgen never wears anything on his feet.

Enigmatic and exuding wisdom as befits his status as a powerful druidic priest, many are surprised when Father Jurgen haggles with traders and argues with the tough characters of the trade town. He has an unflinching, forthright character, unwilling to suffer fools gladly, and reasonably plain-speaking. In Cro-Ach-Liea he tends to be more relaxed and calm, but an undercurrent of abrasiveness still remains. Father Jurgen treats almost everyone (except for non-humans, who he respects greatly) in a patronising fashion. He does not make jokes.

Jurgen was raised on a small farm just outside Ahresdorf, by simple peasant parents. During his early years, he showed some odd behaviour, speaking to the wind and spending hours contemplating trees and the earth. Never particularly helpful on the farm, and surrounded by a strange air, his superstitious parents were happy to allow a passing academic to take him with him.

The academic was Lucian Stahlruder, a celebrated battle wizard of the Jade tradition who was walking the forest of the Empire. He recognised Jurgen's latent magical ability, and decided to take him on as an apprentice, despite him being only 4 years old. Stahlruder took Lucian to his home in the forests of the Reikland and began his training.

As Jurgen grew, his mastery of simple spells and primitive battle magic grew with him. But he also began to resent his master for plucking him from the rural life that he had known and loved. Well before he was ready to continue along the arduous task of learning specific colour magic, he left his tutor to return to the wooded hills of Hochland.

It was on this return home that he experienced some sort of religious epiphany - travelling on foot through the forests of the Empire, he was struck by the majesty and harmony of nature. The contrast with the comparatively crude philosophy of the battle wizard struck him, and he embraced nature worship in all its glory. On arrival in Hochland he followed the lines of power that he could feel flowing beneath the soil, eventually arriving in the valley of Cro-Ach-Liea. Here he became a druidic priest, soaking up the wisdom of the older druids who came and went. He saw how the attack spells of the Jade wizards were an unsubtle parody of druidic holy magic.

Over the years, Jurgen remained at Cro-Ach-Liea and in time he was the longest resident. In the past decade he adopted a leadership role for the druids who met there, and he instituted a modest honey trade to enable Cro-Ach-Liea to be maintained. Eventually, the honey trade grew to the level at which it is today, but with a distracting effect on Jurgen.

As he ages, he has started to long for the comforts of city life - an ironic reversal of his life past. The memories of warm beds and the comfortable life of Lucian Stahlruder haunt him and grow ever more appealing. Though still loyal to Cro-Ach-Liea, his spiritual faith is weakening, and the appeal of the profits from the honey trade increases.

Outside Relations

Trade Town

Father Jurgen deals with several merchants who are based in the city, and most of the liaisons and deliveries are made in the trade town outside the western walls.

Erasmus Vogel at the Wizards Guild

Father Jurgen has had limited contact with Erasmus Vogel in the past, but their discussions are always held entirely in secret. What they talk about is unknown, even to other members of the guild.

Toryiy Zaililin

Although he has never ventured into the valley itself, Toryiy is aware of the area from his hunting excursions. He has met Father Jurgen on the journey to Trade Town on occasion.

Adventure Hooks

The Honey

The honey, mead and beeswax of Cro-Ach-Liea are of superior quality, and players may be sent to collect some for a merchant patron. Some believe that the honey has magical qualities, and ascribe all kinds of dubious powers to it's consumption.

The Money

Nobody outside the valley is exactly sure what the inhabitants of Cro-Ach-Liea do with all the money they make from trade. They don't seem to be at all protected, and you can sure that they have great stashes of gold, rare books and religious relics up there, can't you? Remember that Bergsburgers think of Cro-Ach-Liea in terms of a monastery - and everyone knows how wealthy they are. IN actual fact there is very little of financial worth in the valley (except the honey), but PCs may choose to believe the rumours and follow Father Jurgen back from the trade town.

What Does It Do?

PCs are always picking up things that don't belong to them, including items plucked from barrows and stone circles. If they have an artefact that they take to be of druidic origin, or some other item that they need identifying, they may choose to visit the valley to consult the druids there. Whether assistance will be forthcoming is up to the GM, although it is likely that if they do help, the druids are likely to want something in return.

Training

If any of the PCs are druids or are inclined that way, Cro-Ach-Liea is an ideal place to be trained or receive guidance. The itinerant nature of the inhabitants will mean that suitable tutors may not be present, but this is up to the GMs discretion. Remember that druidic training will not be at all like that of a secular wizard or even another religion.

Protect The Valley

Although the valley is sacred, the possibility of attack by some of the forest's more evil denizens cannot be ignored. Maybe Father Jurgen comes to the trade town to recruit the PCs to come and help defend the community against the raids of beastmen, goblins or worse.

Postal Service

A wealthy merchant that deals with Father Jurgen wants to order a large consignment of beeswax, but does not have the means to contact him. He hires the PCs to find the valley and deliver a message to Father Jurgen. Alternatively, someone could be trying to contact one of the other druids (such as Mendel) without Father Jurgen finding out.

An Accidental Visit

Players wandering in the Drakwald Forest could always happen across the valley by accident. Anyone travelling by river cannot fail to spot the luxuriant flower meadows that line the bank near to the valley.

The Ley Line

This adventure would only work if the members of the community have met and learned to trust the PCs. It would be ideal for any druidic PC to be charged with this mission. Mendel or one of the other older druids will take the PCs to one side and express his concerns regarding the lines of earth power that converge on the valley. One of them seems to have disappeared somehow, and he fears that a source of great natural magic deep in the forest may have become tainted or destroyed. No druid has ever penetrated far enough into the forest to identify what it may be that has caused the problem, and Cro-Ach-Liea would be grateful if the PCs could investigate for them.



Flaschgang Pass Caravan



Bergsburg lies on the Grosse Oststrasse, or the Old Forest Road between Talabheim and Middenheim, giving it excellent communications with those large cities and from there, the rest of The Empire. Travelling anywhere from Bergsburg usually requires the use of this highway, or the Drakwasser that meanders through the dark forests towards the Talabec. If you wish to travel to Wolfenburg, then taking the Talabheim route is convenient and relatively safe. It does, however, nearly double the length of the journey.

For those in a hurry, or for those who might wish to avoid travelling the empire's more well-trodden paths, Wolfenburg can be reached much more directly by taking the Flaschgang route. This involves travelling up nearer the Middle Mountains and more or less following the tree-line around the mountains. Needless to say this is a very dangerous undertaking and should not be attempted without a good guide and large numbers.

The route is surprisingly fast and flatter than you would expect. Using the tree-line as a guide ensures that the undulation is kept to a minimum. There is one major obstacle to traverse during the trek about one third of the way into the journey. Flaschgang Pass gets its name from a small tributary of the Talabec which runs from the Middle Mountains. The Flaschgang (Flat Way) River, though small, due to a natural fault in the surrounding rocks, has carved a huge 'V' shaped valley for itself. It can be followed for many miles on its gently climbing course into the heights of the Middle Mountains. This is a convenient route for prospectors to take into the mountains. It does, though, present a problem for travellers wishing to traverse it on the Bergsburg to Wolfenburg trade route. Travellers must make their careful way down one steep side of the rocky gorge, cross the river at the bottom, then make their way up the other side. This is difficult enough for those on foot; for a caravan train with mules and carts it is an extremely risky

endeavour indeed.

The Flaschgangers

Only one caravan regularly makes this journey. Three times each year, Vlarin Onkling leads his dwarves on the hazardous route to Wolfenburg and back. He and his crew will carry almost anything that is asked of them, but their prices are high. They will also allow themselves to be accompanied. Unlike most caravaners on a hazardous journey, glad of the company, Vlarin will require payment of anyone who wishes to join them on their trek.

Vlarin's crew, The Flaschgangers as they are known, are all dwarves. They winter in Osttor among their own community, that often swells during the colder months, where they spend much of their time at The Iron Bar. The six dwarves are a hardy and tough bunch. They always look bedraggled and trail soiled, even when they are just about to leave for their first run of the year.

Vlarin can usually be contacted at his home in Osttor, which he shares with most of the other Flaschgangers. When asked about anything by humans, the Flaschgangers mumble and grumble their obtuse answers. Any request or unusual cargo is greeted by sneers and derision. Anyone actually asking to accompany them on the journey will be made to feel like they are asking the earth. Vlarin is the worst of all the dwarves for this; it is as if the worst thing you could ever do to him would be to put business his way.

Any dwarves accompanying the caravan will be treated fairly, although somewhat distantly, until they prove themselves in the harsh environment of the Middle Mountains. Barely a word will be said to humans, save barbed comments and insults. If a human shows himself to be trustworthy and is no hindrance to the caravan and doesn't try to start any conversations, they may find themselves grudgingly accepted by the Flaschgangers by the end of the trek. Halflings will be outwardly treated with the same disdain as humans in the caravan, but the dwarves will secretly be glad of their company if they cook much and talk little. Elves should not even request a place on the caravan.

The Flaschgangers have four mules and two carts at their disposal but prefer to do the run with only one of them, if they can. Any merchant who requires that the second wagon is loaded is usually charged a punitive rate by Vlarin.

Crossing the Flaschgang takes a long time, a whole day to get down, and another to get back up again, but this time is used well by the dwarves. When the Flaschgang is reached, two of Vlarin's dwarves, loaded with heavy packs, leave the party and make their way up into the Middle Mountains. If Vlarin is asked about this, he will tut and say they are just paying their respects to Grungni. They go up to the dwarven gold mine of Durakril where they exchange their supplies for gold.

The seam at Durakril has been mined for several years and has several more to go. It is a well kept secret between the Flaschgangers and the miners. All the gold from there is sold in Wolfenburg, where it is believed the gold comes directly from licit sources via Bergsburg. To maintain this charade, if the caravan is being accompanied, the two dwarves who travel there will return with similarly loaded packs, stuffed with rocks and rubbish, as well as their smuggled gold. The two dwarves will rejoin the caravan, possibly with a miner or two in tow, three or four days later.

Vlarin Onkling

"You want me to take you to Wolfenburg. You want me to carry your wares. You want me to keep you safe. Yet you don't want to pay me the going rate. Yes I know we set the going rate, that's because, by Grungni, we're the only ones going. You'll do well to remember that"

This grizzled old dwarf has seen and done many things during his long years traversing The Empire. He makes a wild spectacle with his long unkempt hair and his even longer braided beard held together with a real snotling skull brooch. He has an enchanted dwarf Rune of Fortitude tattooed on his forehead, which gives him an extra three W points.

He originally started his career as a muleskinner taking goods up and down the Black Fire Pass. Eventually he bought his own wagon and team and began to carve himself a niche in the market. Vlarin joined up with Grash Brindal and Karadin Purn and specialised in taking goods to out of the way, highland settlements in the World's Edge Mountains. They gradually built a reputation for being reliable on the more dangerous runs and steadfast in the face of peril. They also acquired a reputation for not caring about the legality or morality of the wares they carried.

Three years ago, Vlarin was commissioned by Ruthand Schnoz, who had worked with him before and knew he could be trusted, to take supplies up the Flaschgang Pass to the newly developed mines there at Durakril. It was here that Ruthand and Vlarin developed between them the plan to use a caravan between Wolfenburg and Bergsburg as a cover for smuggling the gold into Wolfenburg. All the dwarves involved in the scam are sworn to secrecy on pain of death.

Because of the danger involved in the crossing and the traversing of Flaschgang Pass, Vlarin had to hire three more dwarves for his team. He found many willing and more than competent applicants in the Osttor district of Bergsburg, and Vlarin was happy to choose the least scrupulous of these to join his crew.

Vlarin will never pander to the naivety or weaknesses of his clients. More than one traveller has been left to fend for themselves in the mountains. One wealthy merchant who brought his own wagon spent the first part of the

Vlarin Onkling

Male Dwarf

Scout (ex-Miner, Coachman)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
65	20	54	51	34	45	66	45

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	20	5	5	4			

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Drive, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Gossip, Haggle, Navigation, Perception, Read/Write, Silent Move, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Scout), Speak Language (Reikspiel, Khazalid)

Talents: Charm Animal, Night Vision, Orientation, Rover, Seasoned Traveller, SWG (Entangling)

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1

Weapons: Warhammer, Whip

Trappings: Rune of Fortitude Tattoo, Caravan

journey wondering why the dwarves had brought an extra empty wagon with them. All became clear when they reached Flaschgang Pass and he realised that his wagon and horses would never traverse the gorge. Vlarin was then in a very strong position when it came to discussing the price of renting the extra wagon and mules.

Last year, two humans, Pavel Dvoric and Sacha Pandalic, accompanied the summer caravan. They got curious about the two dwarves disappearing into the mountains for four days, and managed a peek into their bags, in the dead of night. Unfortunately for them, one of the Flaschgangers noticed this and the two Kislevites are now to be found at the bottom of a deep ravine, some way off the main route. At first glance they may look like the victims of an unfortunate accident, but a fall into the ravine would not explain their necks, neatly cut with a sharp blade from ear to ear.

Grash Brindal

Grash Brindal is a hardened smuggler from the World's Edge Mountains. He ran a tidy business, passing off Estalian Brandy, via the Border Princes, as Bretonian Brandy. Eventually, the Averheimers he was dealing with

found out the truth; he was ambushed and many of his fellows were massacred. Grash fled but soon got a job with Vlarin Onkling. Vlarin and Grash trust each other implicitly and make a good team. Vlarin is the brains and the brawn, while Grash has brains and even more brawn. Grash is probably the most affable of all the Flaschgangers and is used to dealing with humans and knows their ways and psychology. Strangely for a dwarf, he bears no grudge for his colleagues' deaths at the hands of the Averheim smugglers, regarding the incident as a hazard of his chosen profession.

Karadin Purn

Karadin is a meat-headed thug. He does not have an original idea in his mind. He knows that the schemes of Vlarin and Grash have kept him in beer for many years and that is good enough for him. He will do almost anything they ask of him, without question. Karadin is notorious at The Iron Bar for being the one dwarf to avoid.

Grumbald Linkerand

Grumbald is a failed prospector. He is much more suited to his new life of following orders and earning a wage, and having a close-knit group to get drunk with, rather than using his wiles and intelligence to find gold. He was down on his luck in Osttor, hanging out with the biggest losers of the dwarf community there, when he was hired by Vlarin. He is most grateful for this and follows his orders loyally. Grumbald genuinely dislikes humans and blames them for the straits he had got himself into in Bergsburg. When they get to town after a hard journey and after a lot of ale, Grumbald, Orvandin and Karadin are not above prowling the streets of Osttor looking for a good fist-fight with some unsuspecting humans.

Orvandin Kargil

Orvandin Kargil is a completely unscrupulous character. He actually requested to be the one to kill the Kislevites last summer. He also has his own agenda regarding the gold of Durakril. Usually either Grash or Karandin will be one of the pair making their way to Durakril. But if Orvandin ever finds himself making the journey with Grumbald or Grondin he will kill them and make off with the gold.

He is the dwarf that travellers with the caravan may have the most trouble with. The other dwarves will give the party a hard time but are confident in their own superiority and will not let things degenerate into a fight. Orvandin, however, will love to come to blows with a PC, knowing the other dwarves will back him up. Vlarin, though, has had his doubts about Orvandin for some time, and Orvandin should not be so confident about the other dwarves' support.

Grondon Drivit

Grondon Drivit was one of the dwarves that accompanied Ragnar Stonehammer and Brogarth to Bergsburg. Over the years he sees little of his old friend but, when he is in the mood, still recounts an entertaining tale about the events surrounding Bryn Rynn. He is the party's cook and knows a bit about medicine too. Though not a hardened wilderness slogger like the others he is a valuable member of the team. Some of the meals he manages to come up with from the meagre resources he sometimes has to contend with can taste pretty disgusting.

Grondon Drivit was in the party that found Bryn Rynn.

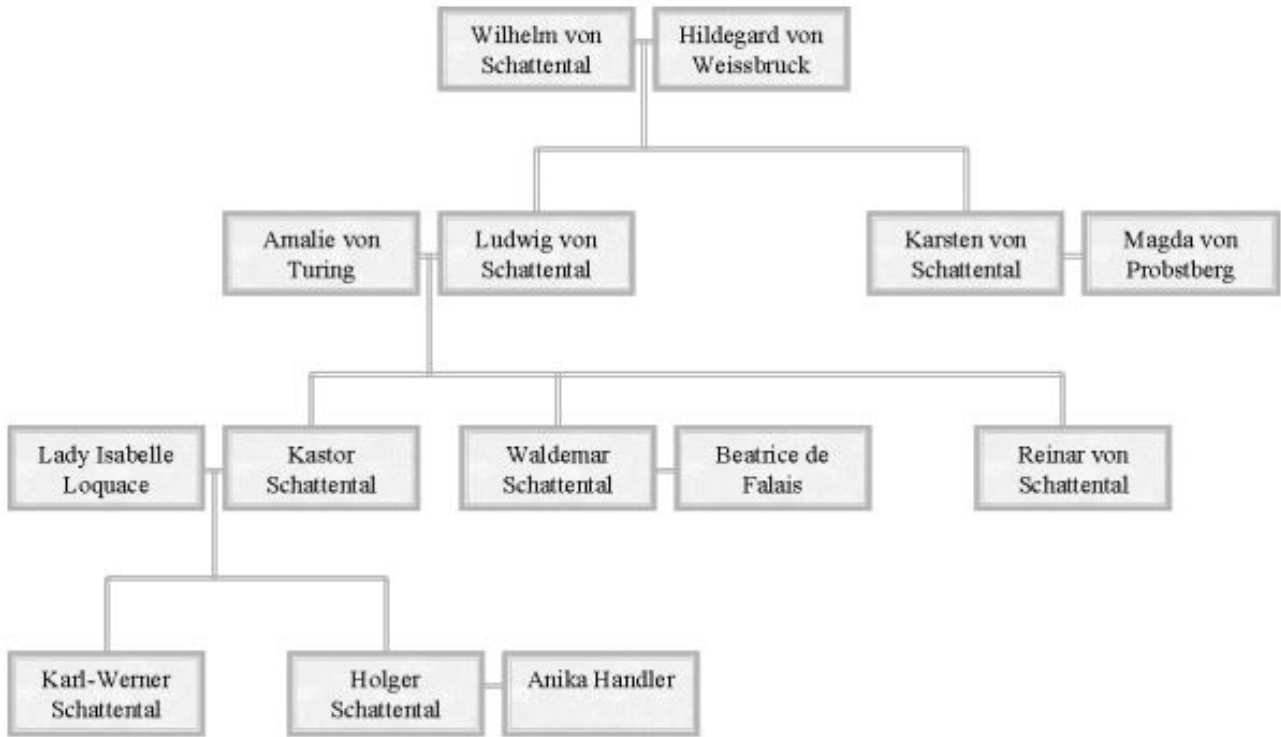
Adventure Hooks

Quick Exit

The PCs are in trouble in Bergsburg and need to leave town quickly. As luck would have it, the Flaschgang Pass Caravan is due to set out the next day. Vlarin will require a high price to accommodate them at such short notice. The journey will be hard for them and the Flaschgangers most disagreeable. The party should grin and bear it. If they do become a pain for the dwarves then the Flaschgangers may suddenly become more friendly. They will put their disagreements behind them with much ale and mirth making one evening. The party will awake the next day with very sore heads from the drugged ale and find themselves alone on the mountainside with very few possessions indeed.



The Schattentals



Notes on the family tree

Karsten is Wilhelm von Schattental's firstborn son, and he was the one who decided to accept the estate near Bergsburg. He drank himself to death soon after arriving there and since his son also died, the estate passed to Ludwig and his sons. Magda von Probstberg lived on the estates until she died of old age.

Kastor was born before Waldemar. Amalie von Turing died giving birth to Waldemar Schattental. Waldemar met Beatrice on one of his journeys to Bretonnia. She died of an unknown infection after being bitten by a rabid hunting hound (Waldemar never remarried).

Timeline

-80 yrs The feud with the von Steinburg family escalates from aggressive competition to hurling insults causing a lot of bad blood between the families.

-75 yrs After a brief period of particularly vicious insults and the spreading of nasty rumours by the von Steinburg, the first violent clashes between the families occur as the von Schattental feel obliged to protect their honour by retaliating.

-47 yrs Larger skirmishes occur, with large mercenary bands.

-45 yrs Most of the money in both families are spent on hiring mercenaries or training recruits, neighbouring families choose sides and join in the fray.

-42 yrs This little "private war" is getting out of hand. When the most powerful family in the area join the von Steinburgs, the Schattentals realize that the outcome has been decided. They lose the feud after a few short battles and a devastating defeat near their own estate.

-41 yrs In losing the feud the Schattentals also lose their lands and receive the Bergsburg estate in return.

-40 yrs The Schattentals arrival in Bergsburg.

-38 yrs Ludwig's older brother Karsten drinks himself to death. Two weeks later Karsten's son dies in a hunting accident.

-30 yrs The main building repaired, Ludwig dies. Kastor returns from the Imperial Army.

-20 yrs The rebuilding of the estates, Kastor in charge

-9 yrs Kastor dies, Holger inherits the trading company, while Karl-Werner inherits the estates.

-5 yrs Holger and Anika marry.

-4 yrs The construction of the Schattental stables.

Present



Introduction

The Schattental family first came to Bergsburg around 40 years ago, after they lost a short but costly feud with the noble von Steinburg family, near the heartland of the Empire. In losing the feud they forfeited their lands, although the von Steinburgs gave them a small country manor as a "compensation" for their lands (the manor is suitably far away, so the winning side could get the losers conveniently out of the way). Apparently the von Steinburgs found the situation very amusing, but the Schattental family did not.

The family has since relocated to this manor, near Bergsburg, with their belongings. Some eight members of the family survived and twice this number was lost during the feud (some died of poison, some were imprisoned and some were killed in battle). With the reduced income they now have, they actually have to work to make ends meet, something that appears to trouble some of the family members. At least they still own land, but the family lost the Barony they held near Altdorf, along with the title.

"Once a noble, always a noble" was the motto that some of the family members clung to, but this did not help them in the real world outside the high society circles they were used to. Especially the head of the family, Ludwig von Schattental, found the defeat difficult to handle. Now without a title, the 'von' prefix was removed from their name (the family held land in the Schattental area, the 'von' signifying they came from this area) and one of the family members drank himself to death for the shame of it. The Schattental area lies near Altdorf around a part of the River Reik between Altdorf and Carroburg.

Meet the Family

The current head of the family is the Lady Isabelle, she is the one making the decisions, since her youngest son Karl-Werner, who owns the estates, is rarely there to do his duties. Her oldest son, Holger, runs the Schattental

Trading Company and lives in Bergsburg with his wife Anika. Anika runs the stables on the estate, with the help of two stableboys. Waldemar, Lady Isabelle's brother-in-law, spends most of his time browsing in the family library. He occasionally travels in search of new books or to visit some library, he imagines himself to be quite the scholar.

Of the other people on the estates, Helmut runs the winery and Gregor runs the brewery, they both have apprentices to help them out. Hans is the family's long-time servant and Anna-Lena Jaeger is Lady Isabelle's maid.

The Estates

The large estate is located two miles outside Bergsburg and consists of one large main building and several smaller ones nearby and also a large stable on the outskirts of the estate. The large centre building is two storeys high, with one half of the building rising yet another floor up. It looks very solid and all the windows on the ground floor have iron bars in front of them. The building looks like a cross between a keep and a country house, and in fact it is an old border keep, but over the years it has been rebuilt and modified into a country manor (this was done by the previous owner). The smaller buildings house the servants, the stables, the winery and a small workshop containing a furnace and a large number of tools and other equipment. The workshop is used by Waldemar for his research projects and by Hans, the servant, whenever repairs have to be made.

The main road to Middenheim follows the estate boundary and a smaller avenue lined with tall trees, branches off the main road and leads to the main building. Behind the main building, the many smaller ones are arranged in a square to form a small courtyard. One part of the estate is covered by large apple trees, providing some of the income to run the estate. Most of the apple harvest is turned into apple brandy and sold in Bergsburg. Another part of the estate is used for grapevines, and this is turned into wine.

Originally the estate was either barren or covered with a thin forest, the houses were in need of repairs and the well had dried up. During the first ten years, the buildings were set in order and the well dug deeper, a small apple orchard was planted and a small vegetable garden was located near the main house. Ludwig Schattental was in charge, but he was without hope, being used to the splendours of Altdorf and high society there. He never managed to do much with the estate, barely able to sustain his family and their servants. When Ludwig passed away, Kastor, his oldest son, returned from duty as an officer in the Imperial army, to take over the estates. Almost immediately he set about changing the estate.

The first thing he did was to formally name the property "The Schattental Estate". In the twenty years he was head of the family the estate has undergone quite a

transformation. From a small unimportant family, they have now become very influential in the Bergsburg area. Kastor managed to revive some contact with their former allies and his time in the army also gave him many new contacts that have helped him rebuild the estate into a proverbial goldmine.

Most of the forest was cut down and the apple orchard expanded to cover almost one third of the estate and a brewery was built near the main building. Gregor, whom Kastor had met during his army years, had retired from military service and he agreed to begin working for the Schattentals. Gregor had worked with brewing and winemaking before a drought put his employer out of business. He suggested that Kastor begin planting grapevines as the climate was ideal. Helmut was hired to set up a winery and now almost half the estate is covered with grapevines. The small winery is gaining status among the connoisseurs of Hochland as small, but exclusive. This is no small thanks to Kastor's connections who helped spread the rumour and opened the right doors to the right people. The wine is very good quality, but it could never have gained its reputation so fast by the quality alone. The apple brandy also is of good quality but it is mostly sold locally in the Bergsburg area.

(If the PC's inquire at the winery they will be able to purchase "Bergsburg Silber" (white wine) for 30/- per bottle, "Bergsburg Apfel Spezial" for 12/- per bottle and a cheaper, lower quality wine intended for local sales, "Schattental Weiss" for 6/- per bottle. Barrels are also available upon request, but usually only sold to the innkeepers of Bergsburg)

With both a brewery and a winery on the premises, the Schattental estate is becoming a well known supplier of high quality spirits. There are two assistants in the brewery, Aldred and Jakob, both of these are learning the craft and are currently doing most of the heavy work, while in the winery there are three assistant; Gerda, Leonhard and Erwin Rollem.

Over the last ten years the Scattentals have recovered some of their former glory, the estate has now become a beautiful garden of plenty. Planting of the last part of the estate has begun and the family intends to turn this patch of land into a formal garden, full of herbs and healing plants. This was Isabella's idea, a beautiful garden is soothing to the soul and this garden soothes also the body with its herbs. A herbalist and two labourers are currently working to prepare the grounds for planting. Eventually the herbs will be cultivated and harvested regularly and sold to herbalists and pharmacists in Bergsburg (with a heavy discount for the Temple of Shallya, and any clerics of that faith).

The stables are a recent addition, having been built only four years ago, and the stable master, Anika, had some difficulty settling in after a row with Gregor, they soon worked out a solution; they simply ignore each other and pretend the other does not exist. Isabella is of course

not happy about this, but both are stubborn and refuse to back down. The Schattental stable is the breeding ground for a large part of the horses sold in the district, many merchants and travelers buy their riding horses here. The stables house almost 20 horses (of which 5 are trained warhorses) and 7 foals. If any PC's are interested in purchasing a horse, the price will be around 250-300 GCs for riding horses and around 800-900 GCs for well trained warhorses. The warhorses are trained by Anika herself while most of the riding horses are trained by the two stableboys.

The Schattental estate now employ a large number of people during harvest, especially many from the poorer areas of Bergsburg are given work.

There are ten guards employed at the estate working three to a 4 hour shift. They patrol the grounds around the buildings on a regular basis, and guard any transports into Bergsburg from the estate.

Waldemar Schattental

An ageing noble, about 6' tall and greying hair, he has dark brown eyes and a slight stoop. He spends much of his time reading in the library in the Temple of Verena, or in the family's own library. He reads mostly books regarding alchemy - he has had no formal training in alchemy (only a degree in history), but he styles himself an alchemist. Having had no proper training he is not very good, but adequate to inspire his follower and adoptee, Heinrich Vosterkind. He is engrossed by his research and seldom speaks to strangers outside his family or those employed on the estate.

Lady Isabella Schattental

Weak physically, but very strong mentally. She looks old and frail, but is still in very good health.

In name, Karl-Werner is running the estate but Isabella is the real head of the family. Born to a noble family in Tilea. She was married to Kastor at an early age, and spent many of the first years alone while he served in the Imperial Army. Kastor died nine years ago. She has always taken an interest in running family matters and it is well she has. After the humiliating defeat and the move to Bergsburg much of what has been done on the estate has been her doing. Kastor was at first in the army and his father Ludwig was no use on the estate.

It was Isabella who was responsible for the restoration of the buildings and the digging of the well. When Ludwig died and Kastor returned, he took over most of the responsibilities., however he was away on travels much of the time, attempting to reestablish connections with some of their old allies and creating trading opportunities. This meant that Isabella was still in charge of the estate whenever he was away. Later, when Kastor passed away, Karl-Werner has spent much of his time with his plans and schemes and he is not interested in the

Waldemar Schattental

Male Human

Noble Lord (ex-Noble)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
44	45	27	28	52	39	54	51

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	2	2	4			

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Chemistry, Heraldry, History, Law, Metallurgy), Blather, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Haggle, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Performer (Musician-Harp, Story Teller), Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Reikspiel, Classical)

Talents: Disarm, Etiquette, Luck, Public Speaking, SWG (Fencing, Parrying)

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Dagger, Rapier

Trappings: Pouch containing 7 Crowns, Belt with 15 Crowns sown in (very difficult to find), Signet Ring, Fine Clothes

day-to-day administration of the estate, so Isabella is still running the estate.

(The appellation "Lady" is an inherited title from her own family in Tilea)

Holger Schattental

Merchant, owner of the Schattental Trading Company

6'2" tall and normal build. Dark brown hair and eyes. As the first born Holger was sent to Altdorf to study, but he never spent much time there. He wanted to travel and so offered his services as a free lance to a Tilean noble. He served there for three years before he returned to his studies in Altdorf. During these three years he fought in several battles and smaller skirmishes. He seemed to lack the interest in his studies and never made much of an effort, though he found he was good at numbers and at judging other people. Upon returning to Bergsburg he took over the Schattental Trading Company after his father passed away, and has run it since. There was no

Lady Isabella Schattental

Female Human

Courtier (ex-Noble)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25	21	26	29	40	59	57	45

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	2	2	4			

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Heraldry), Blather, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (The Empire, Tilea), Evaluate, Intimidate, Perception, Performer (Musician-Harp, Singer, Story Teller), Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Reikspiel, Tilean)

Talents: Etiquette, Luck, Public Speaking

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Dagger

Trappings: Fine Clothes, Signet Ring, Gold Bracelet and Necklace (worth 130 Crowns)

trouble entering the Merchants Guild as his father had been a very influential member of the guild, and many of the merchants were acquainted with Holger.

Holger met Anika five years ago when she came to Bergsburg to discuss trading rights for the Schattental Trading Company with the Mercants Guild. They met more often than was required to work out a trading deal, and people soon realised why, when Holger proposed to her.

Karl-Werner Schattental

6' tall and well build, he has a large frame and pale skin. A self-centred and stuck-up wannabe noble, he wants to reconquer his family's past possessions and lands. He is very ambitious and goal oriented, he has chosen his career path from what he thinks will please others and make them accept him as equal (this is a very common career path for young nobles). He is not one to soil his hands working on the estate.

Whenever he meets someone who he sees as below him, he *insists* they address him as "Sir Karl-Werner", those above know of course that he has no title. Karl-Werner is currently in Altdorf doing what he can do to

Holgar Schattental							
Male Human							
Merchant (ex-Knight, Noble)							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
61	34	52	43	47	41	47	48
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	15	5	4	4			
<p>Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, Cartography, Heraldry, History), Blather, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (The Empire, Tilea), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue, Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel, Tilean)</p> <p>Talents: Disarm, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Luck, Public Speaking, Schemer, SWG (Cavalry, Fencing, Flail), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Strike to Injure, Super Numerate</p> <p>Armour: None</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0</p> <p>Weapons: Dagger</p> <p>Trappings: Schattental Trading Company, Fine Clothes, Signet Ring, Pouch with 50 Crowns, Dagger, Writing Kit</p>							

Karl-Werner Schattental							
Male Human							
Knight (ex-Noble)							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
48	51	36	47	52	38	42	52
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	3	4	4		7	
<p>Skills: Academic Knowledge (Heraldry, Law), Animal Care, Animal Training, Blather, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel)</p> <p>Talents: Etiquette, Luck, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun</p> <p>Armour: None</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0</p> <p>Weapons: Sword, Dagger</p> <p>Trappings: Fine Clothes, Bottle of fine Brandy, Sword, Dagger, Signet Ring</p> <p>Insanities: Terrible Thrustings</p>							

revive this already lost cause. He longs to restore his family's former glory. He visits Bergsburg and his family about once a month. He fears the day his mother passes away and he will have to live on the estate. He would much rather move to Altdorf and live with the people whose attention he craves.

His outlook on the world is a bit mixed up, he despises the other nobles in Altdorf for taking his family's land and riches, yet he wants their attention and recognition. He deludes himself that he can actually reclaim the land the family used to hold, but their current financial situation, though good, is simply not enough to wage a war, either with arms or law.

Anika Schattental

Anika is tall, thin and very pretty, she is also very headstrong and determined. Born in Middenheim, her father was a trader and brought her with him on his

travels, so she learnt the trading business well. Losing her father to a bandit ambush, she continued the trading on her own and gained a reputation as a very good trader. She saved up the funds needed to set up her own little trading company and only made it into the Merchants Guild in Middenheim on the word of a good friend of her father. She began importing wine from Brettonia and made quite a good profit from this, and wine was what originally brought her to Bergsburg. Having heard rumours of the high quality wine so close to Middenheim she was interested in getting an exclusive deal for her trading company. But something in Bergsburg drew her attention and made her stay.

She first met Holger Schattental five years ago when she visited the Merchants Guild in Bergsburg. They met several times during her stay and in the end she moved to Bergsburg permanently and married Holger. She moved to the Schattental estate and now primarily works with the horses, based on her experiences from her travelling days. She still runs the trading company in Middenheim, but now as a subsidiary of the Schattental Trading Company.

Anika Schattental
Female Human
Merchant (ex-Noble)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35	44	38	33	54	51	56	57

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	4			

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Animal Care, Animal Training, Blather, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel, Bretonnian), Trade (Herbalist)

Talents: Dealmaker, Etiquette, Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Savvy, Schemer, Super Numerate, Sixth-Sense

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Dagger

Trappings: Fine Clothes, Writing Kit, Dagger, Signet Ring, Necklace (worth 40 Crowns)

She gets along well with everybody except Gregor who she finds absolutely intolerable, nobody knows what their row was about and they are not telling. Anika is a follower of Taal. She was introduced to the cult by her father who felt more comfortable travelling through the wilds after a prayer to Taal, and as an animal trainer Anika has continued to pay her respects to him.

Anna-Lena Jaeger

Anna-Lena was born in Altdorf and grew up there, she was employed by Karl-Werner on one of his trips to the city and moved to Bergsburg to help his mother. Karl-Werner claims that nothing short of the best care is good enough for his mother, but it's really the status that she brings. Having the money to bring in a maid from Altdorf is quite a status symbol, and Karl-Werner is obsessed with status in his climb up the social ladder.

Anna-Lena does of course not know this. She believes his words and thinks well of him for caring so for his mother and is secretly in love with him. Her hopes rise every time he comes to visit his mother. She always makes up her mind, "This time I will tell him" but

Anna-Lena Jaeger
Female Human
Servant

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
22	39	29	26	44	37	28	40

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	2	4			

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Heraldry), Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Performer (Dancer), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Etiquette, Flee

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Dagger

Trappings: Livery

courage deserts her every time she sees him. It has never occurred to her that his goals are on his familys past, and that he hopes to marry into another noble family to further his social climb.

Hans Kelsinger

Yet another in the faceless multitude of servants, Hans is a very ordinary man, quite unremarkable. He has served the Schattentals for most of his life, both his parents served under the Schattentals in Altdorf. Hans were among the few servants who moved with the family to Bergsburg, the rest seeking employment with other families. He is very loyal.

Mathias Pozendorf and Anders Oswald

These two boys are native to Bergsburg and were hired by Anika to help her in the stables, as the business grew. Anika is mostly busy with the running of the stables and the training of the warhorses, so most of the work is done by the boys. They have both learnt much about animal training from Anika, who is very skilled in this field.

Helmut Weiner

Helmut is a small man of 5' and weighs a little more

than is good for him. He has a big belly and has in the past been mistaken for a large halfling, which he truly resents. In his younger days he was very fit and his small size enabled him to go where others could not. Helmut began his career robbing graves and tombs, but after the infamous robbing of Morr's temple in Talabheim, he has suffered from scotophobia (fear of darkness) which pretty much prevented him from continuing this line of work. He began an apprenticeship far from Talabheim and has ended up in Bergsburg after some travelling. His past activities is still a secret and he wants it to stay that way, and he will be very offended should anyone find out and make it known.

Gregor has become a good friend to Helmut and the two are often observed on the porch in front of the winery building late at night armed with several torches to light the place and a few bottles, discussing the virtues and vintages of brewing.

Gregor "Grossbart" Brauer

Gregor is a huge bear of a man of 6'3" and very strong. He has a magnificent long beard that would make any dwarf proud. He talks loudly and has opinions on everything, he is a proud and stubborn man.

He began as an apprentice at an early age, but his employer went bankrupt due to a drought in the area, so he joined up with a mercenary band as a soldier. After a few years of soldiering the mercenary band was hired by a noble to fight in a little 'Private War' which eventually turned into a siege of the enemy castle. During the two years the band was camped outside the walls they never managed to find the secret access tunnels to the castle through which supplies were brought in, so they never managed to break the defences or capture the castle. During this time Gregor was set to a number of different tasks within the army and his experience grew as did his responsibilities. He was eventually entrusted to direct the artillery teams. In the end the Noble did not have the funds to keep up the siege and it was called off.

Gregor decided that he had had enough of warring and retired from the mercenary band only to be contacted by Kastor about a job on his estate, where he has been ever since.

Gregor has become a good friend to Helmut and the two stableboys. He often recounts tales of his feats in battle to the boys and they listen enthralled. In fact it takes very little to set him off talking about all the battles he's taken part in, so the people living on the estate have become accustomed to quickly changing the subject whenever it seems he's on the verge of mentioning his battle experiences.

Outside Relations

Crystal Clear Glassblower

The owner of Crystal Clear, Heinrich Vosterkind, was adopted and raised by Waldemar. Heinrich lives on the Schattental estate in one of the small buildings. He spends most of his time in his workshop, but he also lends a hand whenever needed around the estate.

The Temple of Sigmar

After the retreat from Altdorf almost 40 years ago, the Schattental family has held on to their customary beliefs, that of the Sigmarian faith. The Schattentals are without a doubt the most prominent churchgoers in the Temple of Sigmar, and they all visit the temple regularly. The only exception is Anika who is a follower of Taal. The family was acquainted to His Eminence Rudolf Geissmann, but the relationship has become much closer since the marriage of Holger and Anika. Anika began building a stable not long after she settled in and Rudolf Geissmann can be found near the stables as much as his duties will allow. There were some nasty rumours in the beginning concerning the two, after people observed Rudolf's frequent visits to the stables, but this has mostly died down. However Berthold Kant brings this old rumour up as frequently as he can to discredit Rudolf. "It can't be just the horses drawing him to the stables?"

The Schattental Trading Company

The Trading Company was set up by Kastor Schattental about 25 years ago to sell the products of the Schattental estate, and also to prevent his two sons from dividing the estate between them. Kastor wanted the estate to remain as a whole, so he set up the trading company so that each son would inherit something. As the firstborn Holger was given the first choice, and he chose the trading company as it suited him better than the estate. Karl-Werner, the younger son, was very happy with this, as the land could help him gain the recognition he craved (a "landed" man earns more respect from higher up the social ladder than a man without land, ie. a trading man or a craftsman).

The Council and The Baroness

The Schattental family's estate makes them subordinate to the Baroness and Karl-Werner believes that this gives him the "right" to her time. As a land owner, and an influential one at that, the Baroness is obliged to hear him out, though he takes advantage of this fact to a great extent, far more than he should. Karl-Werner is a frequent guest of the Baroness whenever he is in Bergsburg and much to the Baroness' relief this is not often. He is continually trying to impress her and his behaviour is a real annoyance to the Baroness, but she is much too polite to tell him directly and her hints just seem to bounce off him.

The main reason Karl-Werner spends so much time with the Baroness is to try to convince her that she should contact the Duchess of Talabheim and petition for noble status for Karl-Werner (ie. the Schattental family) with the Hochland-Talabheim nobility. Only the Duchess can grant titles within the duchy, and Karl-Werner desperately wants the family (and himself of course) to regain a noble title.

His struggle to reclaim the land his family once owned has given him a good knowledge of the law, and using this he has found an old ruling that allows every Hochlander of noble birth "to be present at the meetings of the Council of Bergsburg when matters directly involving himself, his family or his property is the subject of the Council's meeting." However the council is not too pleased with having Karl-Werner present and disturbing matters.

Karl-Werner's older brother Holger has a much better relationship with the Council and works well with them in his capacity as representative of the Merchant Guild. Holger, Anika, Isabella and Waldemar are often invited to social occasions which for some reason always happen to be whenever Karl-Werner is out of town. The relationship between the Schattentals and the Baroness is becoming more than a little strained. Isabella tries her best to patch things up, but recently things have become much worse (this is because of Karl-Werner's alcoholism that still is unknown to everyone).

Lady Isabella has recently petitioned the Baroness for the right to buy more land in order to expand the vineyard. As it happens it is the Baroness who owns the land adjacent to the Schattental estate and Karl-Werner's behaviour of late has had a negative effect on her regarding this petition. It seems unlikely that the petition will be granted if his behaviour does not improve.

The Inns of Bergsburg

E.g. the Gold Nugget Inn, the Last Inn, the Dancing Landlord amongst others.

Both the Schattental winery and the brewery sell their products to most of the inns in Bergsburg and so they are familiar with most of the inn owners, and Helmut Weiner and Gregor Brauer know them pretty well.

Cro-Ach-Liea

The Schattentals trade for honey with Cro-Ach-Liea which lies a short distance outside Bergsburg in the Drak Wald forest. They use the honey as an ingredient in their beverages.

Adventure Hooks

Karl-Werner could contact the PCs in order to escort him or a shipment to Bergsburg, however there are bound to be problems, but you knew that didn't you...

Violent bandit raids threaten the trade route from Bergsburg to Middenheim, Karl-Werner needs protection on his travels, or even better if the PC's could remove the threat (Karl-Werner would get a nice PR boost from this in Bergsburg, since he hired the PCs).

Perhaps the Steinburg family is out again, this time to make sure the Schattental family stays down for good. They only let the Schattentals go last time as a "friendly gesture" (actually nothing is so humiliating to a noble as having all status removed and being ridiculed by his former peers, which of course was the real reason they were let go). The Steinburg family have heard rumours of a new trading company in the Bergsburg area with a rather familiar name.

They would like the matter investigated and a few acts of sabotage ... I meant accidents... would make them feel better. Nothing like kicking your noble neighbour when he's down, right?

The Steinburgs are not about to risk having the Schattentals rising up and retaliating.

Of course the PCs must not know that the Schattentals are weak and down, I'm sure the Steinburg family have received several thinly veiled threats and experienced acts of sabotage by suspected Schattental allies. Actually the Schattentals currently have the capability to inflict some real damage to the Steinburg family, but it would cost them dear and they would not be able to inflict as much damage as they would like (ie. enough to topple the Steinburgs) So, the Schattentals wait until they can kick back and at least have a chance of winning.

The Steinburgs realize this and are keen to prevent any recovery for the Schattentals, therefore the need for pre-emptive strikes. This could give the PCs an ally for life, and a vengeful enemy... regardless of which side they choose...

The White Hound

During the last incursion of Chaos in 2302/03, beastmen warbands attacked the Empire from the numerous forests that lay within the realm. In one such attack, they wiped out a pilgrim caravan that was heading to Bergsburg in order to visit the Temple of Shallya. One of those pilgrims was Lothar von Utt, a minor noble who had fought in the early stages of the war against Chaos and had started to develop mutations due to its malign influence - nothing really notorious but it was clear that soon he would have to withdraw from normal society to live as an outcast, or something worse.

As the beastmen slayed the pilgrims, Freiherren von Utt made a suicidal defence of the main core of the caravan. When he killed the band's champion, some of his mutations were revealed to the attackers. The Chaos

White Hound							
Creature: Spectral Beast							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45	00	55	44	18	18	18	29
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	30	4	5	10			
<p>Skills: Follow Trail, Perception, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Silent Move</p> <p>Talents: Ethereal, Fearless, Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover, Undead</p> <p>Special Rules: The White Hound can only be harmed with magical weapons. A creature hit by the hound will be paralysed as described in WFRP rulebook. It can pass through solid objects without penalty. It may not touch or manipulate material objects.</p>							

beastmen recognized one of them, tainted by Warp, and offered him a place as their leader in reward for having slain the last one. "A sign of our patron, indeed," they said.

But von Utt was not eager to become a Chaos servant. "Listen to my oath, for cursed may I be before falling so deep. My will belongs to Shallya, forever," answered he. With great skill, he was able to defeat half a dozen of the beastmen before falling fatally wounded. Shallya saw the incident, and decided to bless her "champion", although the oath had already taken effect and von Utt became a spectre as his last spark of life was banished from him. The Mercy Goddess took him and shaped him like a great white hound, as she told him, "Now, listen to me, I will not remove the curse you laid upon yourself, as no warrior can claim to be a true follower of Shallya, but you will defend those who seek my mercy as my champion, with no weapons but teeth and claws. You will cast fear and terror upon my enemies, those who want my ruin and the ruin of the Empire." Lothar felt eager to serve Shallya in that new shape and has done it ever since, protecting pilgrims within the boundaries of Hochland.

Nowadays, none remember the fate of Freiherren Lothar von Utt, but the legend of The White Hound stays in everybody's mind. Furthermore, in those who want to see the Temple at Bergsburg, many claim to have seen the Hound, here and there, moving as an apparition between forests, hills and rivers.

The legend of the White Hound is well known among

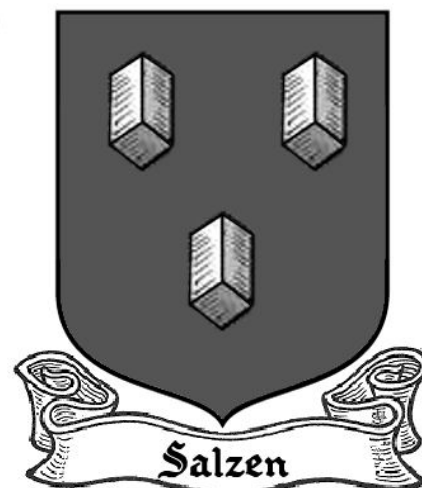
the more rustic communities of Hochland. This tale is commonly told around the fire to help keep out the winter chill. It can also be found in several tomes in Bergsburg including Das Kleinesachenbuch, a volume of Shallyan connected stories which is popular with the children of Shallyans and also in The Lore of Hochland, a copy of which is held by the Library of Verena in Bergsburg.

The White Hound can only be harmed with magical weapons. A creature hit by the hound will be paralysed as described in WFRP rulebook. It can pass through solid objects without penalty. It may not touch or manipulate material objects.

The White Hound is an ethereal creature with no physical substance, luminous and semi-transparent, but looking like a great hound of the size of a Khorne Fleshhound. The Hound is subject to instability while outside the boundaries of Hochland's Barony. It is immune to any other psychological test and cannot be forced out of combat. It causes fear in all living creatures and can cause terror if it chooses to do so. If the attacker is a chaotic creature, the hound can attack back physically with his strength showed in the profile, with a bite and a claw attack.

The White Hound's profile is a mixture of that of a Khorne Fleshhound and that of a spectre, which reflects its dual nature.

Salzen Mines



Within the Middle Mountains lie Hochland's only salt mines owned and run by Clemons Salzen who inherited them from his father. During his tenure, the mines have gone from strength to strength, despite opposition from the Temple of Shallya. The mines are one week northeast of Bergsburg over arduous terrain around Breder. Miners are supplied to Clemons as indentured workers, debtors or

petty criminals, working off their debt to society. For this, Clemons pays the Barony 1 shilling a week per miner plus a bond of 5 GCs in case of death or escape (it's far cheaper to pay this 'death tax' than install safety measures). Few serve full terms (never under three months) and those who do are broken in body and spirit. A few escape each month, when Clemons organises a hunt that nobles may pay to join, together with the guards who gain bonuses for recaptures. Most fugitives are caught and tortured, none spared. Those slaves with ambition, Clemons employs as overseers; only the ruthless and determined need apply.

The Cult of Shallya bitterly opposes the mines; however, as they supply a substantial part of Baronial revenues and Clemons breaks no laws, prosecutions are difficult. To shield his interests, Clemons keeps the Heffelmann, Bahnbaum, Jinks und Scharatt law firm on retainer. Challenges are rare, however, since the mines are well outside Bergsburg, and only nominally part of Hochland. Clemons' brother Albrecht is the Chief Priest of Handerich in the city and transports 'workers' for a small fee.

History

Clemons Salzens' father came to Bergsburg prospecting for gold. Unlike most expeditions, the mission was well funded and large. Whilst he mined no gold, Heinrich found large salt deposits local wildlife had been licking. Salzen immediately bought the (largely worthless) land from the Barony, together with permits to work salt. Prospectors had long used the 'lick themselves, but Heinrich simply resigned from the Prospectors' Guild and hired thugs to protect his property. Handsome Heinrich married Greta, the (notoriously) ugly heir of the Gruber fortune, who bore him two sons and a daughter. Taking out a large loan with the Merchants Guild, Heinrich quickly made his fortune whilst waiting for his father-in-law's death. Profits were huge, as salt was sold to Bergsburgs' butchers and preservers. Heinrich invested profits extracting deeper seams and fortifying. As conditions deteriorated, Heinrich hired indentured workers, debtors and petty criminals, paying the Baronial bond. High mortality rates meant it was cheaper to pay death penalties whilst hiring.

Heinrich branched out in later years and started a salt trading company to bequeath his youngest, after his father-in-law's sudden death (Albrecht has since gone into the Cult of Handerich). Clemons has worked hard since, and the mines are highly productive. Hostility from the prospectors has died as opposition from Shallyans has grown. In reply Clemons maintains a very large force of guards and pays taxes promptly. This is lucrative for the Barony, together with indentured fees. Clemons circumvents Hochland's strict antislavery laws by paying for miners outside city limits and transports them via (Albrecht) Salzen Salt Trading. As Head Cleric of Handerich in Bergsburg, prosecutions against Albrecht are tricky. Brigandage is becoming a problem in the

nearby hills, though the fortified settlement and guards mean there's been no bother yet, eventhough nearby prospecting has been hit severely. Shallyan clerics have been trying to gain access, to 'assess public safety', as mining conditions worsen. Clemons has resisted this; as "it's private property where the public aren't allowed, and it isn't in Bergsburg in any case thank you very much." and this lucrative business is worryingly near the Ostland border, besides being remote and difficult to reach.

The mine itself is more like a small town than a mine, with a few dozen well-equipped guards and overseers and scores of convicts. Most of the mines' underground and entrances are heavily guarded and surrounded by perimeter walls. Clemons' manor is a separate strong point together with barracks and a guard tower. Another 15-foot glass topped granite wall, over a stake lined ditch surrounds the whole. Regular and random patrols keep watch, both within the complex and surrounding areas.

Clemons Salzen

Mine Owner

Clemons Salzen							
Male Human							
Merchant (ex-Burgher, Miner)							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35	37	42	43	44	64	53	56
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	4	3			
<p>Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law, Metallurgy), Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Disarm, Drive, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Flute), Public Speaking, Read/Write, Ride, Set Trap, Speak Language (Reikspiel, Kislevan, Classical), Street Fighting, Strike to Injure, Trade (Mining, Gems)</p> <p>Talents: Lightning Reflexes, Linguistics, Luck, Orientation, Sixth Sense, SWG (Gunpowder, Fencing), Suave, Super Numerate, Trapfinder</p> <p>Armour: None</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0</p> <p>Weapons: Rapier, Pistols, Dagger</p>							

Clemons has a round smiling face and is tall and thin. He dresses conservatively as a prosperous (modest) merchant. He carries a pair of exquisite pistols that he makes sure people know he can use, and a number of hidden knives that he makes sure they do not.

Clemons is lean, tall and ruthless. Clemons turned the mine from profitable into the proverbial Golden Goose. He's done this by a combination of business acumen and ruthless cost cutting (on fripperies such as safety and sanitation). The thing he spends considerable capital on is guards; owning a small private army. Clemons knows the Baroness doesn't like him, but he pays his (considerable) taxes promptly and takes care large numbers of costly felons (whom he pays for). Clemons employs large numbers of overseers; former miners' who've won his good graces informing on and disciplining convicts. Salzen lives in a fortified manor at the edge of the complex with his wife (Mia) and daughter (Chloe).

Relations

The Merchants Guild

As a wealthy and influential member, Clemons has a good relationship with the guild. He's been known to donate generously to them for the training of guards.

The Cult of Handerich

Clemons' young brother is the Head Priest of the cult in Bergsburg and Hochland, and the Salzen mines export a good deal of salt to his import business. The brothers also have a private arrangement in the transport of indentured workers. As such, their relationship is close. Clemons also occasionally uses the Temple Guards as mercenaries when he needs extra manpower. Most other religions ignore this small cult, though most have a mild antipathy towards them. The Cult of Shallya often disapproves of the way some of Handerich' followers treat the poor.

The Cult of Shallya

The relationship is bad, as the Shalyans disapprove of Clemons' ruthless business practices and the terrible working conditions in the mines. There is also anger at his use of prisoners and what is effectively slavery. The cults tried many times to close the mines but with Baronial finances shaky and obstruction from the Church of Handerich they've never managed to do it. Yet.

The Barony

The Baroness has a difficult and strained relationship with the mines. On the one hand, she can't stand Clemons, and deplores his ruthless impersonal cruelty. On the other, she is desperate for the tax revenues he always promptly pays (rare in the province), and he takes care of some costly, dangerous prisoners. Clemons has always carefully

Overseer

Male Human

Bodyguard

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35	27	53	47	29	24	30	21

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	5	4	3			

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Street Fighting

Talents: Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, SWG (Entangling)

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Whip, Dagger, Club

Mine Guards

Male Human

Jailer

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38	29	43	6	38	24	32	28

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	4	4	3			

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Street Fighting

Talents: SWG (Entangling)

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Whip, Dagger, Club

complied with Hochlands laws, and often donates salt to the Barony. Also none of these revenues go to the city, but straight to the Barony (except for some minor Imperial levies). Doubtless the fact the mines sit close to the Ostland border has never occurred to the Baroness.

The Watchmen have little to do with the mines, but are mildly supportive for removing inconvenient prisoners to the mines.

The Populace barely think of the mines, though they do produce good salt, pay lots of tax and remove those dangerous criminals, so they can't be all that bad.

The Butchers and Meat-Merchants' Guild buy most of Clemons' product, as he sells at a much lower cost than the distant Kislev mines, (though the salt isn't as high a grade as Kislev's).

Adventure Hooks

Break Out

The adventurers have fallen afoul of the law (or as debtors) in Bergsburg and been sent down for a long stretch in prison. Fortunately for them, they've been bought (with no equipment) as indentured workers for a three-month spell in the Salzen Salt Mines, and everybody knows that escapes have been taking place there. The prisoners are firmly shackled and chained hand and foot to a gang of fellow slaves (sorry; prisoners), before being manacled to wagons and driven towards the mines. Unfortunately, they're separated with no party member in the same wagon as another. Guards surround the column, and conditions in the mines are bound to be poor. Several of the other prisoners appear to be ill, and was that a sneeze? It doesn't matter if a few 'workers' die on the way of course, and their death fees have already been paid...

If they do manage to escape the mines (likely going through underground and partially flooded old workings after dispatching or bribing guards), the adventurers will be in the Middle Mountains with no equipment surrounded by the dangerous wilds (not to mention lots of other escaped prisoners/ bandits). If you're feeling generous you could allow them to steal some basic supplies from careless guards. Regardless, a couple of weeks backbreaking toil in the deep mines never did anyone any harm did it?

Alternatively, you could have the adventurers bribe or deal their way out of the mines, if they have the contacts, as similar arrangements have been made with Clemons and Watchmen in the past. They'll still be wanted criminals in Bergsburg and Hochland (with the additional crime of bond breaking).

The Hunt is On

Some poor fools have escaped the notorious Salzen

Salt Mines, and a group has been hired to escort some nobles (or perhaps they are nobles?) and merchants as they aid the guards hunting some 'big game'. There're rumours some of bandit gangs have been congregating, some may even be escaped prisoners. As the adventurers close on the quarry, they realise they look somewhat familiar...

These two adventures can be run together if you're feeling mean and don't mind splitting a party up for a time.

Toryiy Zaililin

Toryiy has a well-trimmed head of fair hair and a slight, slender face - even more so than other Wood Elfs, which gives him a lean, predatory look. His eyes are small, blue and piercing. He dresses in practical hunting gear at all times, with the only concession to city life being that they are scrupulously clean unless returning from the forest.

Although capable of subtlety and charm, Toryiy seems to enjoy acting brusque and awkward with elf and human alike - his mocking pedantry being a consequence of this. Toryiy is unashamedly self-interested, and makes no apology for selfishness. He is, however, not entirely bereft of fellow feeling, and an active interest in the peculiarity of humans leads him to seek out their company.

Toryiy was born and raised for the first 50 years of his life in the depths of the Laurelorn Forest. After this period he left the Laurelorn somewhat acrimoniously over disagreements with his community regarding elven philosophy, culture and traditions. On his journey from the forest he met a human hunter decided to travel with him for a while. As his first real contact with a human, he was surprised to find him both peculiar and somewhat amusing. He decided that it would be interesting and entertaining for him to live amongst humans, and after an extended period wandering the northern Empire, he ended up outside Bergsburg, in the trade town that sits outside the western wall. One of a very small number of elves that dwell or travel through the area, Toryiy enjoyed the company of his new human companions, although it would be wrong to say that the feeling was mutual.

Toryiy, being a hunter, makes very few trips into the city of Bergsburg proper and such trips usually end at the Hunter's Trophy in Grossplatz. He does business here with Oswald Kern, and he will cheerfully recommend the trader as 'the best in all Hochland'. Much of his time when not out hunting is spent at The Dagger's Slice, an inn in the trade town. He has a room reserved here for when he returns, in common with many of the ranger-types that frequent the tavern. It is here that he uses as a base to trade meat and furs and to rest and recuperate after a

Toryiy Zaililin							
Male Elf							
Hunter							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
26	61	36	47	45	36	33	32
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	4	5			
<p>Skills: Common Knowledge (Elves), Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Secret Signs (Ranger), Speak Language (Eltharin), Speak Language (Reikspiel)</p> <p>Talents: Coolheaded, Excellent Vision, Marksman, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Very Resilient</p> <p>Armour: None</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0</p> <p>Weapons: Longbow with 18 Arrows in a Quiver, Hand Weapon (Axe), Dagger, Antitoxin Kit</p> <p>Trappings: Good Clothing, Leather Boots, Purse with 6 GC, Backpack, Blanket, Tinderbox, Other at GM's discretion</p>							

hunting excursion or during the winter. Toryiy is an excellent and cunning hunter, and funds are often in plentiful supply. That said, his prodigious talents on the flute enable him to obtain the room at a special rate providing he plays for the inn at least three times a week. He enjoys playing, but he also gets a thrill out of showing humans what real music sounds like.

Toryiy is not a popular character amongst his peers in the trade town, largely due to certain irritating conversational habits. He is known to most humans as 'Tory', but also as 'Story Killer' owing to his tendency to correct any slight inaccuracy or idle boast in another's anecdotes. "The bear was only 8 feet and an inch tall, not 10 feet tall as you proclaimed.", or "It wasn't raining that hard, in fact it took us an hour and twenty three minutes to get as soaked as you said we did in just a few minutes." - such pedantry is typical of Toryiy during a fireside discussion in the Dagger's Slice. He also has a tendency to worsen the situation by claiming that he understands perfectly well the need for humans to boast and act illogically. With typical elven arrogance, Toryiy seems to be incapable of comprehending how this may cause

offence with humans, and even other elves find it redundant and rude. He is also self-centred - the main reason that he did not see eye to eye with his elven community in the Laurelorn Forest. He acts out of self-interest at all times, although this may involve altruism at some points. The benefits to Toryiy will always become clear in time, however.

Toryiy is part of a fraternity of expatriate elves called the 'Branches of Laurelorn' whose members dwell in Hochland and a few in Talabecland. It was borne out of a desire to enjoy civilised conversation and comradeship amongst the primitive humans. Toryiy is the only permanent member of the group in and around Bergsburg (to his knowledge) and although unpopular among his peers, he has been accepted because of his contacts and knowledge of the local area. This combines with a need for such an extreme minority to stick together in the face of an occasionally hostile local populace.

Toryiy can be encountered while hunting or returning from an excursion into the forest. He may be singing some soothing song or playing a sweet but sorrowful tune upon his highly prized flute.

Outside Relations

Trade Town

When not out on a hunting trip, Toryiy will be almost certain to be staying here. He knows many of the traders and merchants that come to exchange goods.

Hunter's Trophy

Toryiy trades with Oswald Kern whenever he returns with quarry that is worth Oswald's while.

Adventure Hooks

The Missing Flute

Toryiy's flute is his one link back to his life in the Laurelorn Forest, and more importantly to his brother. The item therefore holds a great deal of sentimental value. However, to many others, Toryiy's flute is also clearly an exquisite and valuable piece of craftsmanship - it could easily fetch a sum of 100GC, if not more. One day, while Toryiy is staying The Dagger's Slice, the inevitable happens and he wakes to find his flute has gone. After wildly and fruitlessly accusing the inns paying guests and staff, he is at a loss to explain who could have taken it.

The truth of the matter is that Boris Kaiser, a labourer turned burglar from Sudentor took the flute. He was intending to burgle the room of a minor merchant staying in the inn, but having accidentally broken into Toryiy's room, he made the best of it and took the only valuable he could find - the flute. Boris is a desperate man, whose family will be evicted from their paltry lodgings if he

cannot raise the rent, and he has taken to stealing from the itinerant merchants in trade town assuming that they will be moving on soon anyway.

Boris is not an expert, but he realised immediately that the flute was worth a great deal of money to the right buyer. He took it to Stubfoot's Pawnbrokers in Sudentor, where he recieved 25GC from the proprietor for it. This enabled him to pay off his landlord and stave off eviction for another couple of months.

Enter the PCs. Toryiy isn't willing to part with money, but he will exchange some service or favour for their help. If they find the culprit, he can escort into the more dangerous parts of the forest or aid them in some other way. It is even possible that the landlord of The Dagger's Slice will offer some sort of reward to the PCs for finding the culprit, to keep the investigations away from his inn. You might also arrange a circumstance where the PCs owe Toryiy a favour.

When the PCs finally do catch Boris, he will plead with them to not turn him in to the Watch. His family needs him and they will be kicked out on the streets if he is taken away. He will even break down and cry, sobbing horribly and wretchedly. The PCs will have a dilemma between seeing justice done and showing mercy. Even if the PCs spare him, Boris may still be caught, perhaps by an NPC questioned by the PCs themselves. By now Toryiy's flute may already be sold on - finding it could be another adventure in itself.

Felix Foodwagon

Felix is a 64 year old halfling and is 4'1" with brown, curly hair and large, round brown eyes. He seems to always have a friendly smile, and any negative confrontation is usually coped with a heart felt chuckle. But behind his cheerful countenance, privately lurks a cruel streak that whips out ever so often. A minor noble that was passing through town once made fun of Felix's goods and his family name. The next morning, the noble sat down and had a half-a-dozen concealed needles within a seat cushion pierce right into him. The following resulting bounty still hasn't been relinquished. The foolish noble never regarded Felix nor should he have for everyone knows normal halfings don't do things like that. However, Felix isn't exactly normal. Indeed, Felix hides the fact that he is very aware of things, and he knows a lot more then he ever lets on. Many a dark secret are buried deep within this strange soul.

Felix doesn't live in Bergsburg, or at any one place in particular. But often he passes through Bergsburg to pick up any leftover and second hand goods to sell to the hamlets and villages of the region. He is well known for his famous stew made of vegetables and meat cooked just right with some herbs and spices that Felix refuses to

Felix Foodwagon

Male Halfling

Tradesman

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28	50	36	32	59	37	39	56

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	3			

Skills: Animal Care, Blather, Drive Cart, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Secret Signs (Pedlar), Silent Move, Sixth Sense, Trade (Cook), Trade (Herbs)

Talents: Flee!, Rover, Savvy, SWG (Sling)

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Sling, Dagger

Trappings: Sling with a side bag of stones, long knife in belt, a large stew pot of his famous stew (5 Shillings a Serving) with serving bowls & utensils, wagon & horse, mattress & 4 blankets, 2 sacks containing: 4 pots & pans, 14 small knives, 200 pins, and 5 reels of coloured ribbon, lantern, pack containing: tinderbox, cooking utensils, 4 blankets, & 10 yards of rope, barrel of various vegetables & salted meats (for his stew), hidden box (concealed in compartments under the wagon) with 10 crowns, pouch with 2GC-worth in shillings and pennies

reveal to anyone. This stew is famously known as "Pedlar's Stew" and often causes crowds once word gets around. He has been given offers of positions in houses of nobility, but he always refuses to accept such a position. He is a soul you can't tie down to one place. If he couldn't be free to go where he wished, he'd kill himself if he couldn't escape first. This unique spirit and attitude is why he left the halfling ivory tower of the Mootland, at least that is what he'll tell you. The truth, however, is that Felix is a wanted criminal for taking bribes from smugglers in the Mootland. Felix has never given a penny about the law, and he reluctantly recognizes it but not always accepts it. And for this reason, the law rarely stands in the way of his friendships and choices.

He has a restless spirit to him, and it sometimes gets out of hand in every day life; he often hurriedly takes off, and forgets to pick up items and passengers - all in a rush

not to be tied to one place too long. Moreover, Felix prides himself with wearing no shoes and being as manly as the humans and even the dwarves claim to be. He often avoids or sacrifices comfort for others, and derives a certain satisfaction and pleasure from doing so. If he had the option of sleeping on a mattress or the rock covered ground, he'd choose the ground and give the mattress to someone else, even if they already had one. This is not done out of the goodness of his heart but a display of toughness for other people. Felix is a spirit to be reckoned with for though he is openly friendly to all, he is secretly hateful of those who scorn and mock him. And revenge is never quite beyond him.

The Inquisition

"No one expects the Bergsburg Inquisition. Amongst our many weapons are such diverse elements are fear, surprise and a fanatical devotion to Sigmar."

Grand Inquisitor Johann Kramer

"I don't care if you're Karl-Franz himself, get out of my way, man. I'm on the business of Sigmar and the Grand Theogonist. Get out of my way or, Sigmar save us, I'll run you through."

Kramer is tall and powerfully built; his physique has yet to show the signs of ageing that his face does. From a distance with his noble bearing he could be thirty years old. Looking closely into his wrinkled eyes, he could be fifty. The truth lies between the two. His thick dark hair is greying and his face, though handsome, shows the strain of much physical and mental stress, the hardship and responsibility his rank brings.

Recommended by Arch-Lector Aglim of Talabheim, Johann Kramer has been appointed by the Grand Theogonist to lead the Inquisition of Hochland. He has a warrant from the Grand Theogonist to prove his office and is very proud of this document. If anyone of high authority impedes him he will pull the parchment from his pocket and read it aloud.

"Our dear son Johann Kramer has been by letters apostolic delegated as Grand Inquisitor. We decree that the said Inquisitor be empowered to proceed to the just correction, imprisonment and punishment of any person without let or hindrance."

Grand Theogonist

Kramer makes as his base the Temple of Sigmar and St. Franz in Bergsburg. However, he spends at least half of his time on the road amongst Hochland's more rural communities. He is aided by his scribe Erwin

Johann Kramer

Male Human

Witch Hunter (ex-Anointed, Priest, Initiate)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
68	53	54	52	60	44	57	53

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	17	5	5	4	2	8	

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, Chaos, Magic, Theology, Law, Necromancy), Channelling, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel)

Talents: Armoured Casting, Divine Lore (Sigmar), Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Fast Hands, Lesser Magic (Blessed Weapon, Dispel), Meditation, Petty Magic (Divine), Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: Chain Coat

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Drinfang, Hammer, Dagger, Shield

Trappings: Drinfang (Magical Sword), Holy Warrant, Malleus Maleficarum.

Insanities: Delirious Saviour

Hempelmann and his bodyguard, a knight of the Temple of Fiery Heart, and three men-at-arms.

Johann is a man driven by the sure knowledge that The Empire is under threat from dark forces. He has no time for pleasantries nor formality and treats the lowliest beggar as discourteously as he would a grand duke. Apart from occasional visits to The Dagger's Slice in Trade Town, visits that are becoming more frequent (see Contacts), he will not allow himself time for enjoyment or simple idleness and spends what time he can in libraries researching his enemy. He avoids playing the petty politics of his church, but despite this, and because of his undoubted ability, he has risen to the position of power that suits his skills.

Unlike the common perception of the Inquisitor as a man who suspects everyone and will bring down the



wrath of Sigmar for the most minor indiscretion, Johann is not quick to judge. He relies heavily on a wide intelligence network that stretches throughout Hochland, and has many members in Bergsburg. Johann, however, will not wait for the law to bring his justice; if he is sure of someone's guilt he will dispose of them as quickly as he can. Show trials and the demonstration of his powers to the common man as deterrent do not interest him.

As his holy warrant declares, Johann is to all intents above the law. This may bring his downfall. So dedicated is he to his office and Sigmar's will that he respects no secular institution, nor the power of the nobility. He has trod on many influential toes in Talabheim and has already started making enemies in Hochland. Johann is, to an extent, a protege of the Grand Theogonist. When he moved to Talabheim, the Arch Lector there was also quick to appreciate his talents. These two friends in high places have protected the Inquisitor thus far from those he has angered. The Arch Lector Aglim, being used to receiving complaints about his chosen agent, will diplomatically ignore these.

Drinfang, Johann's sword, was a minor artefact of the Temple in Altdorf and was given to him by the Grand Theogonist himself. Any demon hit (not wounded) by the sword must check for instability after every hit. Also, the sword offers protection from demons, as a Protection Ring (demons).

The Malleus Maleficarum (Hammer of the Witches) is the seminal tome on witch hunting. Written by Jeremiah Sprenger, this is the most indispensable work in Johann's collection.

History: Johann was born the second son of a minor noble family of Altdorf. His ambitious father, Sigmund, groomed Johann for a career in Sigmar's order, while his older brother, Karl, was prepared to take Sigmund's role as head of the von Kramer-Eggen barony. There were rumours that not much love was lost between the two brothers as Karl had no time for the church of Sigmar, and

Johann considered his brother weak and not a worthy heir to his father.

Many rumours of the night Karl and Sigmund died abound within Altdorf high society. Johann was charged with their murders and spent three months incarcerated in an Altdorf prison, while the schemers among the Altdorf nobility vied for the vacated barony.

What is less known, though, is that a hearing into his alleged crimes took place in camera, with many high ranking members of the church of Sigmar present, including, by some accounts, the Grand Theogonist. Johann was completely exonerated. Instead of taking his place as the new baron, Johann changed his name and donated his lands and much of his inherited wealth to the church and moved to Talabheim.

In Talabheim, Johann moved through the ranks of the church like any other cleric, but always had a special interest in the machinations of the chaos cults. He uncovered a plot there by the followers of Tzeentch which further brought him to the attention of Arch Lector Aglim and was eventually made Grand Inquisitor for the barony of Hochland.

Rheumae Chloros

Johann's current investigations are taken up by the hunt for what he feels may be a cult of the Unclean. He has little information on this band, but knows they work in Middenheim, and probably Bergsburg. He has intercepted a message from Middenheim that could have been bound for Bergsburg, and, Johann believes, a wealthy merchant of the city.

"The Calendar must be found. It is the timetable of our descension written in stone, remember. We believe it must be near the water. The time is close, but we must know exactly when.

Rheumae Chloros.'

Johann believes this to be an important matter, but as yet, has found no reference to Rheumae Chloros anywhere.

Acolyte Erwin Hempelmann

"I realised, when you opined that the good Inquisitor should be left to follow his duty wherever it may lead, that you were a very astute character indeed. And then your wise decision to stay out of this particular part of our investigation, confirmed this to me, most profoundly."

Erwin Hempelmann's body appears barely able to tolerate the rigours of the life of the Inquisition. His tonsured head, academic bearing and thin frame mark him

Erwin Hempelmann							
Male Human							
Priest (ex-Initiate)							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35	43	33	39	35	53	43	42
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	1		
<p>Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, Chaos, Cartography, Law, Theology), Blather, Charm, Channelling, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Heal, Magical Sense, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel, Kislevan, Bretonnian)</p> <p>Talents: Divine Lore (Sigmar), Etiquette, Linguistics, Meditation, Petty Magic (Divine), Schemer</p> <p>Armour: Black Robes</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1</p> <p>Weapons: Hammer, Sword, Shield, Dagger</p> <p>Trappings: Geistbuch, Writing Set</p>							

out as a typical scribe. This is an impression Erwin is happy to give, and his unworldly, studious air also contributes to underestimation. This is a misjudgement he will often exploit.

Erwin has been Johann's assistant for many years and is unquestioningly loyal to him. This loyalty does not make him unable to work on his own initiative, however. Hempelmann is undoubtedly a thinker and a planner. Those wishing not to be kind might describe him as a schemer. Erwin has a natural skill for diplomacy and finds it easy to flatter or charm his way into the confidence of his betters. Many times has he smoothed over the brash offence his master has caused, whether with or without his master's knowledge or permission. An effective strategy he often employs is to put an idea into the minds of others, while convincing them they have thought of it themselves.

Erwin's researches into the depths of Chaos rival his master's, though his encounters with the lost and the damned are generally of a more theoretical nature. Erwin will always attempt to avoid force and has rarely been left with no choice but to draw his sword. He complements

his master greatly and the two are firm friends, treating each other almost as equals. The beginnings of Johann's megalomania has recently begun to affect their relationship. Erwin has not, as yet, begun to consider this a cause for concern, merely putting it down to the strains of high office.

Sir Karl Vledermaus

"The peasants in this town are beyond my tolerance. Don't they know why we are here? Don't they know we offer them the greatest protection they have? They should get back to their muckspreading and their spinning, and leave us to our well-deserved leisure."

Kramer's bodyguard is presently made up of Karl Vledermaus, a Knight of the Fiery Heart and three men-at-arms attached to that temple. Though not as fanatically loyal to the cause as their master, the Inquisitorial bodyguard certainly respect Johann and their knightly orders require that they lay down their life for him. The soldiers are sorely insulted that they have been refused permission by the Lector to quarter in the Temple buildings.

When not on duty, this arrogant band can be found in the drinking dens of Verenenstadt and beyond. They consider themselves superior to the provincial Bergsburgers and do not mind letting all within earshot know this. Though forbidden to start a fight, they will gladly welcome a chance to defend themselves. They have been warned as to their conduct before by Johann, but whereas Johann is never off duty, his bodyguard often are.

Karl is a good and loyal leader and is happier in the presence of his men-at-arms, than that of Johann Kramer. He and his men have little time for the pipsqueak scribe whom they take every opportunity to ridicule behind his back. Because a secondment to the Inquisition is one of the most prestigious posts for a templar and his squires, morale among the bodyguard is generally very high.

Outside Relations

Lector Rudolf Geissmann

The Lector loathes the Inquisitor; he feels Johann represents everything about the Church of Sigmar that Rudolf himself strives to 'play down'. Although Rudolf is not naive enough to think that The Empire can do without the Inquisition, he feels it should be performed through the usual channels of the Sigmarite hierarchy, and not some autonomous war machine.

If Rudolf were to think more deeply about this, he might realise that part of his loathing may stem from Johann's association with the order of the Fiery Heart and his own spiritually poor experiences when he was a squire at the temple. Rudolf has allowed these feelings to get the better of him, and has refused to allow the Inquisitorial

Karl Vledermaus							
Male Human							
Knight (ex-Squire)							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
57	33	45	46	50	37	42	42
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	4	4			
<p>Skills: Blather, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Secret Signs (Templar), Speak Language (Reikspiel)</p> <p>Talents: Etiquette, SWG (Cavalry), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Suave</p> <p>Armour: Breastplate, Helm, Chain Coat</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 3, Body 5, Legs 3</p> <p>Weapons: Sword, Shield, Hammer, Dagger</p> <p>Trappings: Geistbuch, Writing Set</p>							

bodyguard to quarter in his Temple. Instead they billet at the Tieftor, with the watch.

Father Martin Mueller

Mueller treats Kramer very tentatively indeed. He thinks that perhaps they are like-minded in their utter contempt for all things Chaotic. At the same time, he fears him because his paranoia tells him that Kramer knows of his roll in the Magnaeran Heresy, and his presence at the temple is only a ruse to gather more evidence. Mueller has questioned Johann subtly on the issue but the Inquisitor's blunt replies leave Mueller with no more idea as to his suspicions.

Contacts

Johann Kramer has a wide network of informants and spies, many of whom are in Bergsburg and some of these can be found below. Some of the informants are paid and some do it because they believe it is the right thing to do. Some of the informants have been found by Johann in breach of the law, but he considers it prudent to let their minor indiscretions rest while he takes advantage of their information.

Zinssan Blauschweig

Here, at the Temple of St. Franz, Johann has found one of his most willing and dedicated informants. Blauschweig, a priest of the temple, idolises the Inquisitor and is ready to run the most mundane errand for him. His ambition is to join the Inquisition. Perhaps, for this reason, he dislikes Hemplemann and refuses to be drawn by his charm. He sees him as an effete pen pusher who is physically unworthy of such an important role.

On Johann's return from his forays into the countryside of Hochland, Blauschweig will be eager to supply news of everything that has happened at the temple in his absense. The Lector would be surprised and disappointed to discover the depth and frankness of these reports.

Georg Konstanz

Georg is a lieutenant of the watch and as such is well placed to monitor possible Chaos influences in the city. He sees it as his absolute duty to keep the city safe from the forces of Chaos. As the watch is not an adequate weapon against them, he has compromised his Ulrican beliefs by serving the Inquisition for the greater good of his home town.

Elna-Maria Benz

Landlady of The Dagger's Slice in Trade Town, Elna is often the first to see unusual characters as they arrive in town, or just pass through. The information she gives to Johann need not be of the utmost urgency, merely pillow talk, as the two of them are occasional lovers. Elna, against her better judgement, is madly in love with Johann, despite her myriad admirers. Johann would be madly in love with her, too, but will not allow his dedication to his vocation to waver.

Jeremiah Senfelder

Senfelder is a watchman often employed at the Lowentor Gate. During an investigation that came to nought, Johann discovered Senfelder was allowing the goods of one merchant house into Bergsburg without paying taxes. He passed on this information to the watch, but kept Senfelder's name out of his report. Johann decided it would be useful to have him as an informant. Because of his crime, the Inquisitor goes out of his way to be hard on the watchman, insisting on a weekly meeting where he must deliver a full and formal report. Although very little of use is passed on, Johann enjoys Senfelder's discomfort and the idea that he is meting out Justice in his own way.

Morton Bodewig

Although Bodewig is not really an informant, Johann will consult him at the Wizard's Guild on any matters regarding sorcery. Johann respects his great knowledge of

the subject but finds the man difficult to deal with. Bodewig is never cowed by the Inquisitor's authority and bluntness and makes his way deliberately through their consultations, always telling Johann what he thinks he should know, and not what he demands to know.

Adventure Hooks

For

Johann could decide the PCs are worthy contacts for his intelligence organisation. He will be grateful for any information they may give him, and in turn will be willing to give them expert opinion. He may also require them to go on reconnaissance, or more illegal missions, using the party for jobs that require a more subtle touch, or the Inquisitor's distance.

Against

Just because Johann doesn't jump quickly to conclusions does not mean he is never wrong. WFRP would not be the same without a fanatical and powerful enemy unjustly on the trail of the PCs. Due to his many contacts throughout Bergsburg, word of the party's deeds could easily reach the Inquisitor and be misconstrued as the work of Chaos cultists, if they are not careful.

Skaven Observatory

About one mile west of the Last Inn, lies an area of small foothills at the base of the Middle Mountains, too small to be worthy of a name. One of these seemingly innocuous mounds is actually a fully-functioning astronomical observatory.

Concealed in the ground close by the observatory is a trapdoor, covered with turf and stones, so that any traveller has no chance of stumbling across it unless it he was actively searching. Past this bolted trapdoor lies a vertical shaft, fading into darkness below. A mouldy rope ladder is attached to one of the sides, reaching over 20 yards to the tunnel floor below. Past this lies a maze of twisting caverns. Included in this labyrinth are barracks, laboratories and living quarters.

In the largest of the laboratories is a sturdy and well-maintained iron ladder, leading up to a locked and guarded wooden trapdoor, which leads into a small chamber inside the mound. This above-ground chamber has a peephole, through which a guard can keep an eye on the trapdoor outside. The peephole is virtually impossible (-30 to search tests) to discover from the outside as it is hidden behind a thin shrubbery. Next to the peephole is a stand for the Jezzail hanging on the wall. There is also a stool and small table for the guard.



Finally, a door leads from the chamber into the observatory itself. This small room is empty except for a couple of flea-ridden bunkbeds, a small rickety table and chairs, and a telescope. This is over 10 feet long, made out of copper and iron. There is a small, cushioned chair at the eye-piece end. The main lens is over 3 feet wide. There is a hatch in the ceiling, which can only be opened from the inside to allow the telescope to gaze upon the heavens. This hatch is kept sealed at all times during the day.

From the outside, the observatory appears as a small hill - unless open, the hatch is so well concealed, there is only a 10% chance of finding it, even if you were actively searching. When the hatch is closed, the telescope is retracted, so that it fits neatly inside the observatory. If the hatch is open, a curious traveller could make out a black square sticking up from the grass, with a glint of glass beyond it as the telescope is extended through the hatch.

This small Skaven observatory was set up 60 years ago by Clan Skatchr, which has observatories very similar to this one scattered all over the Old World. After several clans had found some substantial finds of warpstone near Bergsburg, the Council of Thirteen decided to set up this outpost to watch the skies for any other falls. It has had an unremarkable past, leaving the nearby town of Bergsburg alone, while it scanned the skies.

It has spotted many meteor falls over the years, and so has been kept maintained. They made no contact with Bergsburg, except for a couple of accidental brushes with prospectors, but nobody believes their mad stories anyway. Two years ago, a new Chief Observer was put in charge of the outpost, who goes by the name of Morslik. Unfortunately, his ambitions were greater than this backwater post, and so he has turned his attention to Bergsburg, and the foolish man-things who live there...



The outpost is normally inhabited by a couple of elite Stormvermin, and a dozen clan warriors who act as guards to Morslik and the three lesser astronomers. At least one astronomer will be found in the main observatory at all times. Morslik is usually to be found in his chambers, studying maps of Bergsburg, and sending his two special agents out to carry out his plans. During the night, a group of 4-7 skaven can be found in the surrounding area, foraging for supplies. In a concealed chamber beneath Morslik's room lies a small stash of warpstone, awaiting retrieval by Council guards.

Before Morslik arrived, they had no trouble with the local dwarfs or humans, since they had no idea the Skaven existed - except for a few drunk beggars, who nobody believes anyway. But now, Morslik is becoming more and more involved. A couple of prospectors have gone missing, some shepherds and their sheep gone-and the dwarfs have noticed some strange flashing lights in the foothills.

One of Morslik's recently-subverted human agents within the town was recently contacted by Albrecht Rutiger, about selling some weird, glowing black rock. Recognising the warpstone, he bought some for Morslik. Morslik has grown sick of handing over all of his precious warpstone to the Council, so has decided to keep this supply secret for his own use. Unfortunately, the Stormvermin and lesser astronomers in the outpost are fanatically loyal to the Council, so must be kept in the dark about this.....

Approaching the Observatory

If the PCs are approaching the Observatory, they will almost certainly (80% chance) be spotted by one of the Skaven on look-out. Aware that they are isolated, Morslik ensures that a sentry is on guard at all times.

When spotted, the Skaven will evaluate whether the PCs are heading for the Observatory or are just passing by. If the latter is the case (and the party numbers more than three), they will conceal the entrances and sit tight. Otherwise they will use the Observatory's jezzail to try and pick off the party one by one. If they succeed in reaching the entrance to the Observatory, then the guards will attack. The only way to avoid this response is to make it clear to the Skaven that the party are not intending to attack them. How the PCs do this is up to them...

Chief Observer Morslik

Morslik was born under Skavenblight, just another squealing mouth amongst so many others. But while his brothers used their strength to rise above the pack, he used his wits. They say he was even considered as an apprentice Grey Seer, but no-one knows what happened when he was tested. He came out, a crazy look in his eyes, fur hanging off his body, and staggered off into the tunnels.

Morslik							
Male Skaven							
Scribe (ex-Apprentice Grey Seer)							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29	14	37	42	39	47	29	30
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	4	5			
Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, Cartography), Common Knowledge (Skaven), Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Queekish)							
Talents: Acute Hearing, Aethyric Attunement, Coolheaded, Flee!, Night Vision, Orientation, Petty Magic (Warp), Savvy, Super Numerate							
Armour: None							
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0							
Weapons: Sword							
Trappings: Robes, Small Dwarven Telescope (stolen), Star Charts, Small Collection of Scrolls and Books stolen from Bergsburg (covering a wide variety of trivial subjects), Long Knife, Pet Giant Rat ('Vermine')							

Like so many failed candidates, he took up a job with Clan Skatchr. Rising quickly through the ranks, he decided that he wanted to show those Seers he could be just as manipulative as them, and so, he searched through their outposts till he found one that was suitable to his needs. Hiring a couple of renegade council agents to do his dark bidding, he set off for Bergsburg.

Sneelik and Ikirin

Morslik's Black Agents

Sneelik and Ikirin are identical twins, experts in matters of stealth. They're loyal to Morslik over their Clan and do many dark favours for him.

Adventure Hooks

It's unclear how much Morslik has infiltrated Bergsburg. Maybe he has subverted many influential personages within the city to his cause, and is manipulating the city to fuel his own, dark ambition. Or maybe he has only got a couple of beggars swayed, and is still gathering information on the town.

The outpost has so far remained almost completely unknown to the inhabitants of Bergsburg. Perhaps Morslik's schemes has led to several factions discovering the outpost, which are even now preparing to seek out the nest. The Skaven rulers would not be best pleased with the destruction of one of their most fruitful observatories however, and may decide to enact revenge.

The outpost is connected to the much larger Skaven underworld, and is a stopping off point for travelling dignitaries and other notables. Anything from a clan messenger, to a powerful Grey Seer and his personal bodyguard could be staying over there.

Food around the area has become scarcer and scarcer, and the Skaven have had to take to sneaking into nearby farms. A shepherd and his flock have been taken - but the shepherd's faithful hound, Kassy, managed to evade capture. Running back to the Last Inn, she bursts into the centre of the tables, where coincidentally, the PCs happen to be sitting. Pointing and whimpering, she tries to get their attention. She is carrying a piece of her masters tunic, and the messages may get more and more clear, depending on how dumb or lazy your PCs are. When they follow, Kessy leads them first to the shepherd's deserted farm and perhaps then to a seemingly ordinary hill, and starts scratching at the ground nearby.

However, GMs should bear in mind that this outpost generally remains a peaceful one. Aside from Morslik, the inhabitants are content to merely watch the skies and and report, and have no desire to meddle with Bergsburg.

Sneelik and Ikirin							
Male Skaven							
Gutter Runner (ex-Night Runner)							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45	29	44	32	46	23	26	21
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	12	4	3	6			
<p>Skills: Acute Hearing, Common Knowledge (Skaven), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Queekish)</p> <p>Talents: Fleet-Footed, Night Vision, Orientation, Rover, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun Swim, SWG (Entangling, Throwing, Blowgun), Trapfinder, Tunnel Rat</p> <p>Armour: Leather</p> <p>Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1</p> <p>Weapons: Hand Weapon, Net, Blowgun</p> <p>Trappings: Black Leathers with Hood, Blowgun and Darts, Long Knife (Rusty), Barbed Net, Rope and Padded Grappling Hook</p>							



Clan Skatchr

Clan Skatchr is not so much a Clan, but a Council subsidised and protected group. The Clan has a number of observatories in Skavenblight and in the mountains in the Old World. They watch the heavens and Morrslieb for signs as well as for falling Warpstone. Clan Skatchr is not very large, consisting primarily of researchers and their guards, so that the Clan is comprised of more academic types than any other Skaven Clan. Mercenaries and Stormvermin are hired to protect the Clan, and are always small in number.

Clan Skatchr Astrologers

Clan Skatchr Astrologers are members of a sub-cult of the Cult of the Horned Rat, who believe that watching the night sky will predict the coming of the Horned Rat. The Cult of the Horned Rat supports them solely since they keep watch on Morrslieb and trace possible Warpstone meteors falling from the sky.

Clan Skatchr Augers

The Clan Skatchr Augers have attained the pinnacle of Clan Skatchr learning. They are able to divine from the stars knowledge of events here in the Old World. They are carefully watched by Cult and Council agents, and anything an Auger says could be potential heresy. The Augers are quite intelligent however and make proclamations congruent to what the Cult and Council want to hear, keeping the truth or unpopular prophesies to themselves.

References

Clan Skatchr excerpt from the Book of the Rat, p184, by Garrett Lepper

Book of the Rat, an unofficial supplement by Garrett Lepper, taking an in-depth look at Skaven in WFRP.

Most of the Special Rules and Careers for Skaven are taken from Children of the Horned Rat.

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