

# Beilheim



The construction of the castle and the influx of soldiers that accompanied it brought great trade to the simple blacksmiths of Bergsdorf, and subsequently the arms trade grew about them in this district. It was chosen as site for the first Court of Arms in 1884 and then unsurprisingly for the construction of the new barracks in 2265. Being the home of such institutions aided the district's trades and cemented its reputation as strongly associated with military professions. As such the district is Ulrican territory and the home of the cults' conservative element for as long as anyone can remember. Indeed the name Beilheim means 'Home of the Axe'.

Beilhiem is home to a lower-middle class, mainly of warrior types: watchmen, local soldiers and mercenaries. Towards the north of the district there is more noticeable wealth derived from the weapon-smiths. Here also is Bergsburg's small community of Kislevites and Norscans. These are the descendents of refugees from the chaos incursions of the 24th Century and now live as a closed clique of fur and carvings traders.

Beilheim is neatly sandwiched between Verenenstadt and Helmsberg. North of Der Klein Dampf can be found the timid quill-pushers of Verenenstadt, all but ignored by most Beilheimers – although the watch have taken to maintaining a stronger presence when necessary to ensure that Ulrican church-goers take any route to the temple except via Kirchenplatz. Meanwhile, Helmsberg is considered a den of thieves, although in style Der Rachof blends in quite well with those buildings south of Ruhigerstrasse.

## Main Thoroughfares

### Jacobstrasse

Leading from the wall to Martialplatz, it is the widest street in the district and is partially paved. A statue of Jacob van der Ree, stands at the halfway point. In the afternoon a line of street sellers set up providing a selection of very tasty pies and snacks.

### Mimm's Well

Once simply an old well in a leafy courtyard close to the wall, this area has been adopted by Bergsburg's Norse and Kislevite immigrants. The stone well is decorated with carvings and amulets while simple wards hang from the branches of nearby trees. More accurately the area is now a shrine to a lesser northern deity known as Mimm. Locals of all faiths come here to throw brass pennies in the well and the shallow water glimmers as a result of the belief that this practice brings good fortune. The alleys surrounding this courtyard lead into the heart of the Norscan and Kislevite community including the best fur traders and talented wood-turners. Although small they are well established and have come to dominate this tiny pocket of the town. Only recently Bergsburgers have started to refer to the whole area as "Mimm's Well."

### Maurweg and the Heads of Ulric

Continuing from Verenenstadt, Mauerweg follows the eastern wall with several flights of steps accounting for the rising gradient in the direction of Helmsberg Hill. An interesting ornamentation on the wall is the Heads of Ulric. Five stone wolf heads stare out of the wall, embedded at waist height. In the gaping mouths of these gargoyles can be placed anonymous information about anyone in the city. The iron letter-boxes below these heads are locked and only watch captains have access. Over the years a number of informants have used these heads resulting in notorious arrests of prestigious figures: some have been charged while others are found to be the victims of malicious accusations.

### Martial Platz

This small paved square faces onto the Court of Arms, part of it encompassed by the building's arc. The Interior guard uses the area for ceremonial parades and also for the training of the local militia. Through most of the town's history executions were carried out here, and the gallows still stand as testimony to this, (although corporal

punishments for court-martials are still carried out here). Most days, mercenary parties gather as recruiters for expeditions or military excursions traditionally come here to muster forces. A number of low-quality inns face onto the square.

### **The Arms Arcade**

The area known as the Arms Arcade is an enclosed courtyard of workshops, devoted to the manufacture of armour and all manner of weapons. The Spear-Makers' Guild represents all the artisans here (sword-smiths, armourers, fletchers, saddlers, etc). The first floor of the Arcade is an open galley and artisans who often double as experts in their trade weapons use both this and the courtyard to tutor students. When they have time - and time is money - they will conduct impromptu classes to a queue of eager warriors who wait patiently in the courtyard.

Although the Arcade represents the most prestigious workshops in the district, the name denotes an area where the artisans and businesses associated with Bergsburg's warrior class are situated.

### **Esterkai and South-East Beilheim**

Home of the small-time traders and warehouse owners, the properties here lead down to the quayside. The Beierle family has come to dominate this area, and most traders are somehow related to the merchant Georg Beierle. Locals joke at this, and the area is commonly referred to as 'Beierleburg'.

### **Der Rachof**

The area around Rachofstrasse is the roughest in Beilheim; here are the homes of local watchmen and militia including rented properties of the soldiers of fortune who find their stay in the city prolonged. Here, the tradition of anti-Sigmarite sentiment is at its most

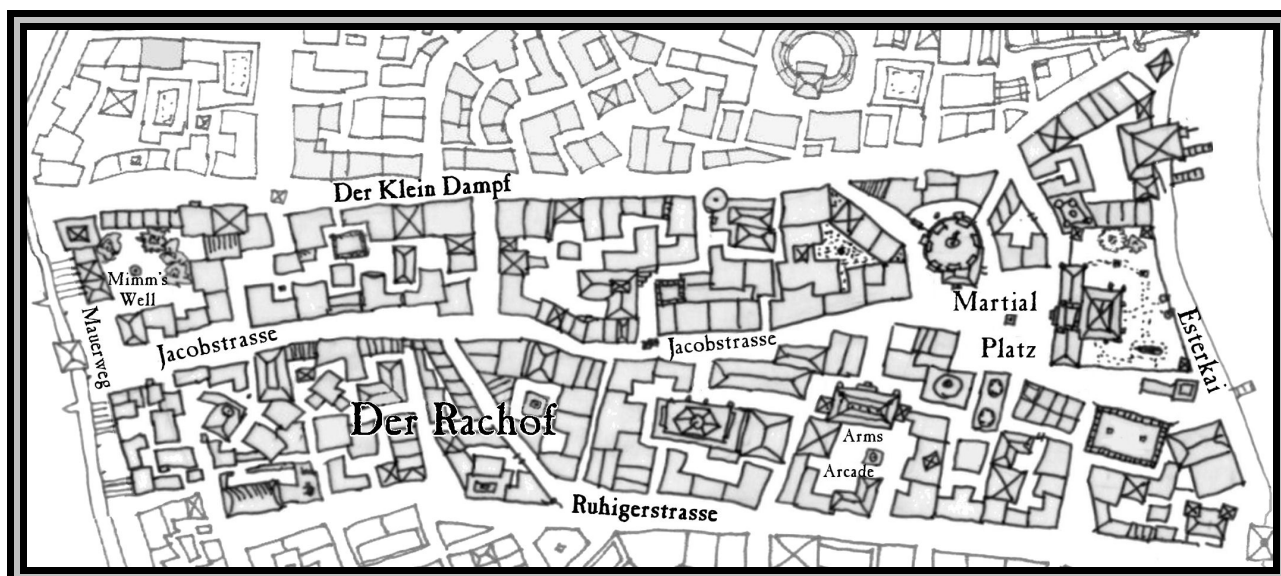
forceful, (something that Beilheim's community leaders have done little to dispel) and this collection of dark alleys has become known as Der Rachof. Graffiti and heavy symbolism ward most off, while known supporters of Sigmar would be lucky to leave the place alive.

### **The People**

Beilheim is predominantly the home to Bergsburg's men-at-arms: mercenaries, soldiers and militiamen, in addition to the artisans of trades associated with these professions and prospectors who are attracted by cheap rents. Due to the fact that the Court of Arms and the barracks are situated here, many watchmen and their families have also made the district their home. Inevitably, the warrior culture is reflected here: taverns, gambling houses and brothels create a rowdy atmosphere that can become intimidating. During the day it is relatively peaceful.

Although in passing un-noticeable, there is a strong underlying tone of Ulrican radicalism in Beilheim: Sigmarites and their teachings are especially un-welcome. Locals are astonishingly biased, regularly cursing Saint Franz for any misfortune and tending to spout the most extravagant conspiracy theories regarding the Church of Sigmar. This radicalism has produced some extremist groups in the past although nothing, as yet, too malevolent.

Street lighting has been neglected and residents rely on torches, adding to the districts intimidating reputation after dusk. Petty crime is low, unsurprisingly criminals avoid an area where Ranald is almost as unpopular as Sigmar. Violent crime is casually accepted by the Watch, who rarely intervene in brawls between soldiers, (fights that tend to get out of hand) and while Pit-fighting is officially banned it continues untroubled in shadowy Beilheim establishments, sometimes under the eyes of high-ranking city officials. Watch patrols are laughably reliable: when their contacts are involved they appear at



the first hint of trouble, while when assaults on a known sigmarite occur they are conspicuously absent.

As long as they keep a low profile, PCs should be able to avoid trouble.

### **Der Brauhaus**

A small, cosy tavern next to St. Skulda's Bridge and situated on the riverbank. It is frequented by river-men and local traders, including Florian the Tailor.

### **Debtors' Jail**

Bergsburg's original jail is like a stunted tower and in considerable disrepair standing at the northern entrance to Martial Platz, (the wooden support of the old hanging galley still visible). It is now the Debtors' Prison where a handful of inmates live in poor conditions; some days Shallyan Clerics can be found handing food through the bars.

### **The Gold Nugget Inn**

Hugo Zungenbrecher runs the Gold Nugget, popular with prospectors and adventuring types. The furniture is nailed to the floor, but otherwise it is reasonably pleasant.

### **Quay-master's Office**

Situated at the northern end of the Esterkai is the Office of the quay-master who is charged with administering the quays. The current quay-master is 'Blind' Gotz, whose eyesight is actually very good except when it comes to contraband goods.

### **The Bear's Bait**

Kudo, a Kopfschlag exile, runs The Bear's Bait. It's a large hall-like inn affording much needed space to a thirsty clientele of warriors. In a converted beer cellar Kudo runs a pit-fighting racket; an orgy of violence entertains the invited most weeks. As the watch are heavily involved, the operation continues with their knowledge. The Court of Arms

This impressive stately building surrounds a leafy courtyard and backs onto the river. It is the administrative centre of the military in Bergsburg and oversees recruitment, training, justice, and also proceeds over armorial disputes and regulations of military matters. Faustus Asprill's elegant offices overlook the beautiful gardens that lead down to the river.

### **The Spear-Makers' Guild**

This workshop run by the infamous Waldermar Wallenstein produces some of the best pole-arm weaponry in the Empire and is especially famed for its halberds; supplied directly to The Watch, the Hochland First Company and local mercenaries.

### **Brombeer's Cartographia**

This little Cartographia is situated just south of Der Klein Dampf where the cantankerous Kurt Brombeer has a fantastic collection of maps.

### **Khazar Forretnik**

This merchant house (or Forretnik) belongs to the Khazar League of Northern Merchants. Built in traditional Kislevite fashion with its hexagonal dome and gilded cupola it stands out as probably the most unique building in the city. Both Norscan and Slavic merchants are associated with the League but the very eastern-looking Radii Nazvanov runs its operation in Bergsburg, and the house doubles as his private residence.

### **The Beilheim Barracks**

An ugly building, the new barracks is on the main road through Beilheim just after the Court of Arms. Its design is simple and worryingly defensible: a rectangle, two stories high of windowless grey stone. Underneath, there is rumoured to be a dungeon for more dangerous or important criminals. The Watch dislikes the place (preferring the cosy Schuldanturm) almost as much as they dislike the barracks commander Captain Bokic.

### **Berenbergen's Pathfinders**

Just south of Martialplatz the moderate dwelling of Hannes Berenbergen doubles as his business offering guides and equipment for those embarking on less orthodox travel outside the city.



## Gold Nugget Inn



### History

Hugo Zungenbrecher was born in Middenheim, he was the son of a blacksmith and a dressmaker. He had 4 brothers and 3 sisters. They led a very poor life, since father liked a good drink and spent most of his money on alcohol. The money his mother made was their only source of money. When he was 18, he left the house in search of adventure and money. He gathered enough money for a one-way trip to Altdorf. On the road between Middenheim and Altdorf, his coach was attacked by bandits. Being a blacksmith's son and apprentice, he was very muscular, so he put up quite a fight. But he was still outnumbered and lacked the skilfulness and grace of a real warrior. He tripped over the body of one of the passengers who were already slaughtered by the bandits, and fell on his back. He closed his eyes and waited for the sound of a sword cutting through the air.

But the killing blow didn't come.

The man who seemed to lead the bandits, Hermann Spilkher as he found out later, found his resistance quite impressive and made him an offer: "Join us, and I will train you. Refuse, and I will personally remove your intestines."

Hugo wasn't really fond of the idea of being a highwayman, but he didn't really have a choice. He joined the bandits who trained him in the arts of fighting. As time passed, he grew closer with the rest of the gang, but he still longed for adventure and easy money, not for hiding in wet and dark woods and eating dead squirrels. One night, after stealing a crossbow and some money from the gang's "budget", he sneaked out the camp.

On his way to the nearest town, he came across a

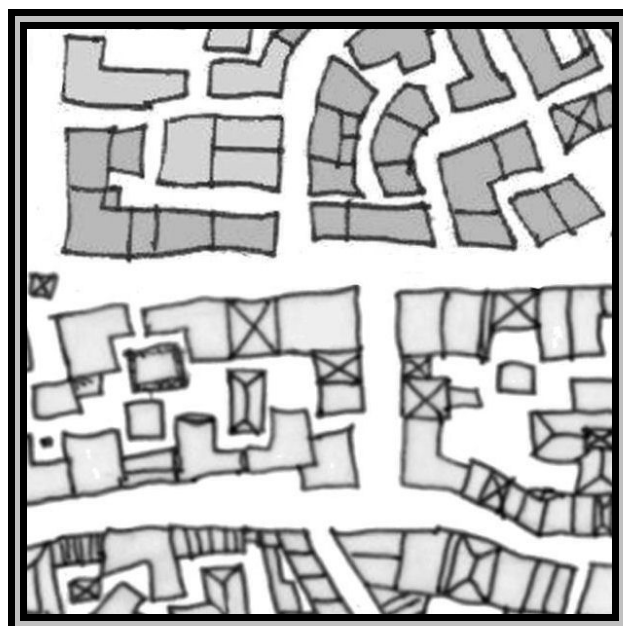
wagon driven by a Dwarf called Ulmir who offered him a lift. Ulmir told Hugo he was on his way to Bergsburg, a town near the Middle Mountains where gold could be found. Hugo thought it was as good a place to go as any other, so he offered Ulmir his assistance in his search for gold. The dwarf was reluctant at first, but he saw the boy was muscular and thought "What the hell, I could use an extra pair of hands".

So they arrived in Bergsburg, a peaceful town. It was already full of people who wanted to get rich, so Ulmir decided to break camp a short end away from the city. The next day they went to the Prospector's Guild. They were received by Helmut Schilfgras. He explained the privileges and obligations that the members of the Guild had. After signing a few documents, Ulmir and Hugo were official members. After buying a map of the Middle Mountains, they returned to their camp to get their equipment.

As they were about to leave for the Mountains, Ulmir said "Leave your money here," while pointing at a small chest. Hugo frowned. "What? Why?". "Just trust me," said Ulmir, while putting his own purse in the chest. Hugo shrugged and followed his example. Ulmir then buried it under his wagon.

When they reached the Mountains, Ulmir produced from his pocket a small, bronze statue of a naked woman with an outstretched arm. Ulmir balanced it on his finger and the statue slowly began to spin. Than it spun faster and faster until it become nothing but a blur. Suddenly, it stopped, with its arm pointing in the direction of the mountains.

"Right", said Ulmir, "We'll start digging here." "Are you certain?" Hugo asked with a sceptical look on his face. "The map doesn't mention any gold in this area." "Oh, believe me, we're in the right place", Ulmir replied with a smug grin on his face.



They started digging. They kept on digging there for the next three weeks. Ulmir occasionally used his statuette to determine the direction in which they should dig, but still, there was no gold. Hugo was slowly starting to get desperate. They were running out of supplies and money. Still no gold. After a long day of digging, they returned to their small camp. Ulmir was so tired, he fell on his sleeping bag and immediately fell asleep. In the middle of the night, a soft noise woke him. He slowly opened his eyes and saw a dark figure standing above him with a knife in it's hand, ready to stab him. His mind still clouded by his weariness, he realised he was going to die. He closed his eyes. He heard the sound of something sweeping through the air. A scream of pain followed. When he opened his eyes again, he saw the dark-robed man run towards the tree line with a crossbowbolt sticking out of his hand. Hugo, holding a crossbow in his hand, walked towards him.

"Are you all right?" he asked. "Yeah. Sure. I must be getting old. Letting a punk sneak up on me like that..." he mumbled under his nose.

They went back to sleep. The following days were still unsuccessful. Hugo suggested digging somewhere else, but Ulmir was steadfast. "If the statue says we dig here, we dig here," but he wasn't so certain himself.

The next day, Hugo's pickaxe struck something. Something shiny: gold! Finally! They were rich! Ulmir yelled "I knew it! I knew it!"

They kept on digging for the rest of the afternoon, and at the end of the day, they had a small fortune. Ulmir decided to hide it inside a large oak, "just in case". The next day, after reporting to the Prospectors Guild that they had found gold, they resumed digging, but in their enthusiasm, they forgot to place support-pillars, which

resulted in a cave-in. When the walls of the shaft started to crumble, they ran towards the entrance. They were almost out of the passage, when Ulmir noticed the ceiling was collapsing too fast and that they weren't going to make it. At least not both of them. He yelled "Hugo, look out!", jumped and shoved Hugo out the passage.

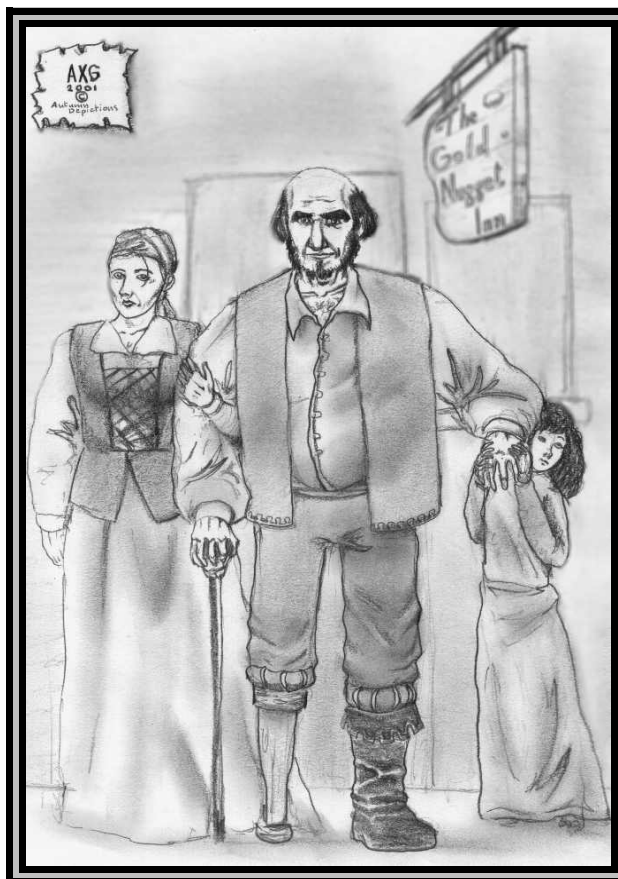
That saved Hugo's life, but cost Ulmir his. One of the falling boulders crushed Hugo's leg. He screamed in excruciating pain and passed out. When he regained consciousness, he saw that the mine had totally collapsed and that Ulmir didn't make it. He knew that if he stayed here, he'd die. He pushed the boulder off his leg which caused so much pain, he almost passed out again. He crawled to the nearest camp where a young woman found him. She and her father brought him to the Temple of Shallya, but it was too late, the crawling had caused too much damage, they couldn't help him. His leg had to be amputated. After Hugo recovered, he had Ulmir's body removed from under the boulders and buried nearby the large oak by people Hugo hired with the gold he and Ulmir had found. He buried his bronze statuette with his body.

He visits the grave on the day of Ulmir's death. He also donated a large amount of gold to the Temple of Shallya for saving his life. If it wasn't for them, he probably would have lost a lot more than 'just' a leg.

That was 25 years ago.

### Ulmir's Statuette

The character who tries to use it has to balance it on one of his fingers (Dex test). Then the statuette starts to spin and when it stops it hangs in mid-air, as if some unseen force held it aloft. It points in the direction of any gold in the area - NB this will also include Gold Crowns in the owner's pockets! Ulmir stole it from a Necromancer during his time of adventuring. Unfortunately, this item is tainted by Chaos. It is highly addictive. When the owner is separated from it, he has to make a WP test every hour. If he fails, he becomes frenzied and his only goal is to be reunited with his beloved item. The frenzy ends when he recovers the statue. The owner also has to make WP test every two weeks. If he fails, he gets a 10% penalty for the WP test he has to make when he's separated from the statue. It works cumulatively. (two failed tests mean a 20% penalty etc.)



**Prices***Single room: 18/-**Double room: 28/-**Large room: 35/-**Breakfast: 10/-**Lunch: 15/-**Dinner: 1GC***Today**

Now Hugo has an artificial leg to replace the one he had lost all those years ago. He wanted to run an inn, so he applied for membership at the Innkeeper's Guild. They were reluctant at first, but his gold was a very strong argument indeed. After becoming an official member he build an inn he christened "The Gold Nugget Inn". He then married the girl that had found him when he was injured, Elsa Kennenburg, now Elsa Zungenbrecher. They now have an 11 years old daughter, Emma, who helps them with serving the guests. The inn is the local hangout for adventurers and prospectors who want to try their luck in the mountains. That clientele can be rather troublesome, therefore Hugo employs some mean bouncers. Albrecht Rutiger, a prospector known for his bad luck, is a regular guest.

The inn has survived many barfights, but thanks to Hugo and Elsa's care it still looks pretty good. The table has the form of a 'U'. It makes serving guests a lot easier for the barmaids and also supplies dancing space if there are any parties. The table and the bench are spiked to the floor. It prevents fighters from smashing the furniture on the heads of their opponents. There are also a few seats at the counter (also spiked to the floor), but those are usually taken by the regular guests. On the 1st floor are: 4 single rooms, 2 double rooms, 2 rooms for four people (with two bunk beds and a commonroom. In every chamber is a closet, a bowl with fresh water and a towel.

Hugo uses a cane when he walks around. He doesn't do that too often as he usually stays behind the bar while his wife and daughter serve the customers. He also employs a professional cook: a Halfling called Dirk Potbelly. He's an old friend of Ulmir. Together with two humans they used to be what people call "adventurers". Rumours of gold in the Middle Mountains attracted Ulmir's attention and he left the group. Now, years, later, Dirk decided to visit his old friend. When he heard Ulmir died saving Hugo, he decided to offer him his skills as a cook. "You must be a very special person if Ulmir decided to sacrifice his life for you," he said. Hugo also employs two bodyguards who throw out anyone who

causes trouble - Marcus Bernstein and Ellard Blumenvasen. They are both very tall and muscular. Ellard and Marcus stand in the corners of the main hall, Ellard at the door, Marcus at the stairs.

**Hugo Zungenbrecher**

Hugo has muscular arms, but after years of standing behind the counter, he developed quite a beer-belly. He is getting a bit bald, but still has immense sideburns. He usually stays behind the counter, but if he has to move around, he uses a cane.

**Hugo Zungenbrecher****Landlord****Male Human****Innkeeper (ex-Miner, Outlaw)****Main Profile**

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
57	41	46	38	23	32	36	37

**Secondary Profile**

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	4	3	2	0	0	0

**Skills:** Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Consume Alcohol, Disarm, Drive, Gamble, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Navigation, Perception, Secret Signs (Thief), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Set Trap, Trade (Prospector)

**Talents:** Rover, Suave, Strike to Stun, Strike Mighty Blow, Street Fighting, Streetwise

**Armour:** None**Armour Points:** Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0**Weapons:** Sword, Blunderbuss

**Trappings:** Inn, Horse & Cart, Sword, Blunderbuss, Gold (In Bank), 200 Crowns in House.

## Marcus Bernstein

Description: Marcus is very tall and muscular. He wears black leather clothing because he needs all the protection he can get during those barfights. He has long hair but he keeps his face shaved clean. When he was a child, he suffered from some mysterious disease, which has made him a bit unstable. \*When cornered he has to make a coolness test to avoid Frenzy. Mind you, in normal situations, he's a very calm and cool person who doesn't talk much.

### Marcus Bernstein

Doorman

Male Human

Bodyguard

#### Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
48	24	53	46	40	29	43	23

#### Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	11	5	4	3	0	0	0

**Skills:** Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Intimidate, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

**Talents:** Ambidextrous, Coolheaded, Frenzy\*, Street Fighting, Strike to Stun, Strike Mighty Blow, Very Strong

**Armour:** Leathers

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

**Weapons:** Club, Sword, Knife (In Boot), Knuckle Dusters

**Trappings:** 5 Crowns, Leather Coat and Trousers

## Ellard Blumenvasen

Description: Ellard, especially when compared to Marcus, talks a lot. Too much, actually. Some people are even willing to pay him just to shut him up. He has a pet cat, Cherna. She follows him everywhere. \*When someone hurts his cat, Ellard automatically frenzies. Ellard has cropped brown hair. He is also very tall and muscular, but he's not as skilled as Marcus. He wears leather clothing for the same reason as Marcus.

### Ellard Blumenvasen

Doorman

Male Human

Bodyguard

#### Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
43	31	46	52	30	29	37	29

#### Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	11	4	5	4	0	0	0

**Skills:** Animal Care, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Gossip, Perception, Performer (Sing), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Street Fighting, Swim

**Talents:** Disarm, Frenzy\*, Sixth Sense, Strike to Stun, Very Strong

**Armour:** Leathers

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

**Weapons:** Club, Knife

**Trappings:** Cherna (The Cat), 10 Crowns, Leather Coat and Trousers

## Dirk Potbelly

Description: Dirk's a very kind and helpful person, but disturb him when he's cooking and he'll get very angry and yell "Silence!" and suchlike. His chicken soup with spices is his speciality. He has hairy feet and a very round belly (that explains the name). He has dark blond curly hair. Cooking is his passion, but in his spare time he plays his harp.

<b>Dirk Potbelly</b> <b>Male Halfling</b> <b>Cook (ex-Entertainer)</b>							
<b>Main Profile</b>							
<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>Ag</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
32	21	33	28	48	36	31	43
<b>Secondary Profile</b>							
<b>A</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>SB</b>	<b>TB</b>	<b>M</b>	<b>Mag</b>	<b>IP</b>	<b>FP</b>
1	9	3	2	3	0	0	0
<b>Skills:</b> Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire, the Moot), Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Dance, Sing, Musician), Read/Write, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook) <b>Talents:</b> Acute Hearing, Etiquette, Lightning Reflexes <b>Armour:</b> None <b>Armour Points:</b> Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0 <b>Weapons:</b> Cleaver, Knife, Ladle <b>Trappings:</b> Ladle, Knife, Cleaver, 12 Crowns, Harp							

## Elsa Zungenbrecher

Description: Elsa is a slender, tall, pretty woman, with a soft look on her face. She usually serves the guests or helps Dirk in the kitchen.

## Emma Zungenbrecher

Emma is a small, 11 year old girl who dreams of adventuring. She loves to hear stories from Dirk about the time he used to be an adventurer. But her father has other plans for her. He wants her to learn things he wasn't able to learn when he was her age. Therefore he asked Dirk to teach her the art of reading and writing. She also helps her mother with serving the guests and loves playing with Cherna.

## Elsa Zungenbrecher

**Landlady**

**Female Human**

**Servant**

### Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
21	23	32	30	30	30	29	45

### Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	3	3	3	0	0	0

**Skills:** Common Knowledge (the Empire, Herbs), Gossip, Haggle, Performer (Dance), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)

**Talents:** Etiquette

**Armour:** None

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

**Weapons:** Dagger

**Trappings:** Purse with small change (2 Crowns in total), Dagger

## Adventure Hooks

Somebody opened Ulmir's grave and stole both his body and the statuette. Hugo hires the adventurers to find the grave robber who's done it. (What actually happened: a grave robber stole the statuette. Its Chaotic taint kept Ulmir's dead body in a perfect state [except for the wounds]. The addictive powers of the statuette revived Ulmir's corpse. He dug himself out and set out to find the grave robber). For added intrigue, the patron who employed the grave robber was the self-same Necromancer that Ulmir stole the statuette from originally. The grave robber has since become "addicted" to the statuette and has decided not to hand it back to the Necromancer. The poor grave robber then has a group of PCs, an undead dwarf \*and\* an annoyed Necromancer after them. Finally, why not make the grave robber a nice woman who took the job because she needed the cash to cure her sick mother and you have the makings of an extremely devious scenario!



## Brombeer's Cartographia



### Shop Description

Brombeer's Cartographia is a small shop located down one of the smaller streets in Beilheim. From the outside it appears reasonably clean and in good repair, with a well scrubbed doorstep and a clean window. Above the door hangs a small brass model of a theodolite (an instrument used by surveyors for measuring horizontal and vertical angles).

The name of the shop is freshly painted in gold on green above the door: 'Brombeer's Maps and Charts'. The window displays a map of Hochland, slightly faded by the sun.

Upon entering a small bell will ring as the door closes behind the customer. If the impression from the exterior was of a cramped shop, then this will be reinforced on entering. The shop is a small room, crammed with plan chests and display cabinets. The walls are covered in beautifully framed maps and charts of all kinds including naval, astronomical, city plans and world maps. A number of globes hang from the ceiling - although many Old Worlders still believe the world to be flat, the majority of educated people hold that it is a sphere. Kurt Brombeer will discuss this subject at tedious length with any customer fool enough to bring it up.

(Author's Note: There's some comment on this in the Dogs of War WFB Army Book. The recent 'Age of Exploration' in Tilea has made the nature of the earth a disputed subject - some 'evidence' from explorers points towards it being flat, but many scholars still believe it to be round. Whether we take the WFB material as canon or not, this seems to be a good basis for the existence of the above globes - they are far from accurate, and Kurt Brombeer is a keen supporter of the 'round earth' theory. I

don't think the Elves would tell humans about the spherical earth - they seem to take an active role in keeping human exploration to a minimum.)

There is a glass case full of high quality surveying equipment and shelves of rolled maps line the walls. There is only room for three customers, and even they will have to be careful to avoid knocking something over. Despite the crowded nature of the shop, everything is immaculate. The shelves and plan chests do not have a speck of dust on them, and there are no fingerprints on the glass of the display cases. All maps and charts are filed in their proper place and labeled clearly.

The counter is large, taking up a fair amount of the room. Behind it is a small drawing board on which there is a map in progress, not yet identifiable as an elevation of the area around Bergsburg. Kurt Brombeer will always be sitting behind the counter during opening hours, usually working on a new map. When the bell rings to announce the arrival of a customer he will invariably turn around and scowl in irritation.

Brombeer's Cartographia is the leading provider of maps and charts in Bergsburg. This is not a shop for browsing - customers are expected to request a map and then cope with Kurt's bad temper until they leave with what they went in for. Only upon inspection of their purchase will the customer realise the quality of what they have spent their money on - Brombeer's maps are exquisite works of art as well as being accurate and reliable.

Kurt Brombeer is unfailingly rude and impatient with customers and long-term acquaintances alike. Regardless of social standing, a customer can expect to be made to feel stupid on the subject of maps and the world in general within minutes of his or her enquiry. His scathing attitude will rarely soften, unless the customer can impress him with some truly intelligent insight into cartography - this is distinctly unlikely to happen.

Kurt's main source of income is maps of the Middle Mountains, with particular reference to the seams of gold, which have been discovered there. Many prospectors arriving in Bergsburg for the first time will eventually find their way to Brombeer's to purchase one of his maps. Accurate though they are, Kurt is always sure to explain that the map comes with no guarantee that the seams and prospecting locations are necessarily still yielding gold. He keeps a loaded crossbow pistol under the counter in case unsatisfied or rowdy prospectors try to cause any trouble.

Aside from what Kurt refers to as his 'idiot's guides', he sells charts of just about anything which can be mapped. His range extends to astronomical globes and charts for the sky for all seasons, along with maps of the waterways of the Empire complete with locks, waterfalls and hazards. He also stocks maps of underground cave systems and lost Dwarf Holds, as far as this information is



available to the public. There are even maps for the distant lands of Lustria and the East, although few could ever begin to verify the accuracy of these.

Only about an eighth of all maps for sale are produced by Kurt himself. The large majority are either purchased from merchants, adventurers and other map dealers or are antiques - valuable for their beauty and/or forgotten information. Kurt will manufacture maps by commission, and he employs surveyors and researchers on a freelance basis to collect the information required for him to plot the actual map. This work pays well, and if the surveyor proves reliable and accurate, he or she will be asked to provide data on a long-term basis. After four or five years of service, a surveyor may actually begin to feel welcome in the shop.

Some of the antique maps are of parts of the world that Kurt has been unable to identify, due to the language in which they are written, or the limits of even his vast geographical knowledge. He is always keen to establish the nature of these maps, as they will increase considerably in value as soon as he can identify them. Kurt will also purchase maps from prospective sellers providing they can be proved to have some basis in reality, and he has not already got a superior version.

Upstairs from the shop is Kurt's bedroom, bathroom and study, where he works on larger maps and compiles his research. Downstairs is the kitchen and a door out to a small back yard. The shop has a basement in which Kurt has a secure safe containing his savings, a number of exceptionally rare maps (of which he only shows copies to the customers) and some items of jewelry.

### Shop History

Brombeer's Cartographia has been in its present location in Bergsburg for three generations. It was opened by Oswald Brombeer (Kurt's grandfather) who, as an

explorer of the mountains, had grown tired of travelling and decided to settle down and begin a trade. His extensive experience of the world had lead him to develop a considerable skill at cartography, and this combined with an artistic (albeit rather technical) eye enabled him to produce excellent maps. Brombeer's slowly became one of the Empire's respected outlets of maps and charts and a destination for adventurers and explorers as much as nobles and landowners.

When Oswald died, the shop was passed to his only son, Eberhardt. Trained by his father, Eberhardt inherited his network of information gatherers and surveyors, along with his expertise in map making. Brombeer's continued to thrive within its limited market. Eberhardt had three children - Anna, Kurt and Martin, each of which showed considerable intelligence and artistic skill. However, Anna decided that map making was not for her, and went off into the world to see the places described in two dimensions on her father's drawing table. The last Kurt ever heard from her she was about to board a Remean merchant ship on it's way to Lustria. As the second oldest, Kurt became proprietor of the shop following his father's death. Already in his forties, Kurt had never left Bergsburg and it's close surrounding, but displayed an uncanny ability to imagine and plan maps in his head without even seeing the subject. He has still never been further than two miles from the city.

When Kurt took over the shop, Martin saw that there was little satisfaction to be had from helping his brother in running the shop. Always more artistic than technical, Martin went to live in Nuln, where he is a portrait painter of some repute.

In recent years the shop has remained as well though of as ever - Kurt's brusque manner has not turned away satisfied customers in any great numbers. Recently, he has received a commission from the Graf's Household in Middenheim to produce a map of the city and it's surroundings. This has given him great pleasure, as there is no love lost between himself and Herr Gruber of Middenheim, the city's largest map dealer. Kurt currently has a team of surveyors researching the region for him.

### Some Maps

Some of the more interesting maps that can be found in Brombeer's are outlined below, and prices should be determined as the GM sees fit - but remember that these maps are rare (some are one-offs) and Kurt will not part with them easily, or at all in some cases, so they should be prohibitively expensive. For more common or reproduced maps (for example maps of the city or the local area), prices are, according to the amount of details, around 10 GC. If a map represents a recent discovery of gold, the price can increase as high as 100 GC, this time according to the size of the find.

## De Novus Mundus

This map is an early representation of the eastern coastline of Lustria. Produced in Bilbali soon after the first explorers returned from the New World, it shows major tributaries and hazards of the coastline, along with the location of one major city in the interior. There are also a number of imaginative and fanciful drawings of creatures that dwell in the jungles and seas around the continent. Kurt is scathing "What do you mean "Are they real?" Of course they aren't. They only put that rubbish on to fill the gaps. What do you want? White spaces?"

## His Imperial Majesty's Empire, By Province and City

This map depicts the Empire in its entirety. Originally drawn during the reign of Magnus the Pious, it is geographically quite accurate. Kurt has had this map copied a number of times, and it is something of a 'best seller'. All major roads and rivers are represented, and major settlements accurately placed.

## La Citta Del Parassita

A dirty and poorly executed map, Kurt has yet to discover where this Tilean map purports to represent. It seems to show a massive swamp with a large fragmented city in the centre. There is crabbed scrawl around the edges, which makes little sense, confused as it is by unrecognisable runes and misspelled Tilean. Kurt acquired this map from a native of Miragliano, who had found it in the possessions of his recently deceased brother - a man who had wandered into the city badly burned and insane two years after his disappearance.

## Currents of the Claw Sea

A naval map, this outlines the main characteristics of the Sea of Claws around Norsca and the Northern Empire's coast. This map was produced by the Imperial Navy for use by their fleet around 70 years ago. It contains a number of errors, including the absence of a number of islands and sandbanks.

## Khazad Zhufbar

A destitute Dwarf prospector sold Kurt this map ten years ago. It is in Khazalid and outlines the major caverns and halls of the dwarf hold. Originally intended for Engineers and Soldiers, the map has notes on defence and the structural integrity of the tunnels. This map contains extremely sensitive information, which would be indispensable to anyone planning to attack the dwarfhold. Suffice to say the Dwarfs do not know that Brombeer has a copy, and Kurt himself is worried about it. He has put out some tentative appeals for an audience with the head of the local Engineer's Guild, to return the map free of charge. He is worried that having seen it will make him a target of some of the more unhinged Dwarfs, and rues the

day that he ever bought the map.

## Mosharaj Al-Ahwarizmi

This is an extremely ancient map, inscribed on crumbling papyrus. Much of the detail has faded, but it seems to be a map of a desert and the means by which one can reach a lush oasis. The writing is in an antiquated form of Arabic and Kurt has only succeeded in translating a small amount of the text. The oasis is depicted as a tropical paradise with many tents and strange wildlife. Kurt believes that this map originates from before the Arabic Wars and may have come from one of the many nomadic tribes to be found living in the desert of Araby. The map was purchased by his father from a noble of Ostland who was selling off the family library. Other than the oasis, the map has few features (like the desert), but the eastern edge is marked with what appears to be a pyramid complex and several apparent warnings not to approach.

## Unidentified Map

This map has no writing on it, and is inscribed on a sheet of a resilient white substance with a waxy texture. Kurt has no idea what this map represents or what purpose it was designed to fulfill - not only does it depict an odd geometric network of lines and shapes, but they have shifted and changed position slightly since he begun studying it at the age of 16. He has detected that it is magic, but can tell no more of its nature. It has always been in the shop, and he has no idea where his grandfather found it.

## Outside Relations

### Guild of Tradesmen

Kurt is a fully paid up member of the guild, as the less they bother him, the happier he is.

### Prospectors' Guild

Kurt's maps of the gold seams of the Middle Mountains are "officially endorsed" by the Guild. Any prospector who asks about maps of the area will be pointed in the direction of Brombeer's by the guild staff. Kurt is supplied with regular updates based on the latest reports from prospectors returning from the Mountains. He takes a dim view of this connection, but recognises the importance of the income from these maps, which allow him to pursue the more interesting aspects of his business.

### Dwarven Engineers' Guild

Since realising what the map of Khazad Zhufbar represents (see above), Kurt has become keen to be rid of it. He is trying to obtain an audience with the head of the guild, to confidentially dispose of the map into safe hands. His contact is Jotri Raefanson, who is the Guild

Secretary, whose admiration for Kurt is being strained by his continual and uncharacteristic secrecy on this recent matter.

## The Council

Eberhardt Brombeer was granted an ongoing commission to produce all mapping used by the town administration, and Kurt has continued the work of updating and revising charts of the city and its surrounding area. Loathed though he is to admit it, he feels a small amount of pride in this area of his work - it represents more than 'just business' to him.

## Kurt Brombeer

*"You expect me to pay good money for that thing? I've seen better scrawls from a baby. Now go back and \*look\* at the land - then come back to me with your map. \*Then\* I'll talk to you. Now get out."*

**Description:** Kurt is an elderly man with a slight stoop. His is thin and pale and never looks particularly healthy. Despite his age, his eyes sparkle with a brilliant deep blue. His white hair hangs long and straggly down from his bald pate. His voice is reedy and sarcastic, and he has a tendency to brush off the attentions of a customer with a characteristic wave of his left arm. He dresses in deep blue clothes, which are of a fashion popular 40 years ago. He is scrupulously clean, and dislikes being touched.

**Personality:** Kurt Brombeer is a very difficult man to get on with. Lacking even the most basic courtesy, he will mock and ridicule anyone he meets with a savage sarcasm. His impatience when discussing maps is legendary within Bergsburg, and bearing in mind that he can rarely be enticed into talking about anything else, he is more than capable of making anyone feel stupid.

Aside from his siblings, Kurt has no family. He has never had an interest in having children or meeting a wife and his personality means that no woman has ever had the slightest desire to change that. His only concern is that he has now left it too late to pass the shop onto anyone else. He has tried to train an apprentice to take over when he is too old, but has yet to keep one for more than a week, describing them all as 'bodgers and scribblers'.

Kurt is not particularly religious, but pays lip service to Verena. Occasionally he will attend her temple, admiring (but never out loud) the affinity that her clerics have with searching out the truth - something which he believes his maps should always endeavour to represent.

Kurt has an all-consuming obsession with maps. Regular customers sometimes joke that if only he could map human relationships, he would begin to find them worth bothering with. Indeed it is Kurt's obsession that has kept him at arm's length from people since he was a boy - even his own siblings and parents found him surly and intractable. He keeps up a continuous and lively

### Kurt Brombeer

Male Human

Scholar (ex-Student)

#### Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30	45	35	27	43	49	44	27

#### Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	3	2	4	0	0	0

**Skills:** Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, History, Runes), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Magical Sense, Read/Write, Speak Language (Reikspiel, Khazalid, Eltharin, Arabyan, Classical), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Trade (Cartographer)

**Talents:** Artistic, Linguistics, SWG (Crossbow), Super Numerate

**Armour:** None

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

**Weapons:** Pen Knife, Long Ruler, Crossbow Pistol

**Trappings:** Tools of Trade, Large Selection of Maps

correspondence with other map dealers, collectors and researchers, frequently penning furious missives to Herr Gruber of Middenheim, the subject of his most intense professional rivalry. Many of his correspondents recognise his expertise, and relish the arrival of one of his letters. Few of them take his spiteful comments seriously, as underneath there is always a considered and intelligent opinion on the subject.

## Adventure Hooks

### I Want That Map!!!

While the PCs are in the shop, a customer enters who never visited before. After looking around a bit (and getting appropriate comments from Kurt for this) he asks for a detailed map of a specific area of Bergsburg. While Kurt searches for it, the customer notices a tiny rough map of an underground complex that is pinned on a wall. When he asks about it, Kurt reveals that he got it recently at an auction where the possessions of a deceased citizen were sold, and he has not found out yet what it details. The customer has difficulty concealing his concerned excitement and wants to buy the map, but Kurt wants to

keep it until he finds out what it depicts, partially because it may turn out to be very valuable and partially because he wants to study it for his own interest. The customer says he wants it anyway and offers a good amount of money, but Kurt gets angry and refuses, he doesn't like the eagerness in the man's eyes.

Kurt's hunch is correct: The man is Klaus Zichengabe, a member of the Purple Hand, sent to Bergsburg to open up a small circle of "friends", and that is what he needs the Bergsburg area map for - he has found a house to his liking in that area and wants a detailed map of the surroundings. The other map (showing the underground complex) is something he recognized quickly as a very correct map of his cult's secret underground meeting rooms in (Middenheim, Talabheim, it doesn't matter - GMs choice). Zichengabe has no idea how it got here, but he has to get it, of course. Not wanting to look too eager and he quietly buys the other map and leaves.

That night, the shop gets turned over by a group of thugs. The cultist has hired them to look for the map - but Kurt has put it in the safe, getting the odd feeling that it might be a sensible thing to do. Since the thugs do not know about the safe, they leave empty-handed after being disturbed by Kurt.

The next morning Kurt (who does not want to start rumours and bother by involving the Watch) contacts the adventurers and asks whether they are interested in a job... He wants them to find out more about the map, and recommends that they start by looking around the city searching for the other items that were sold at the auction and which may turn out to be useful leads.

Further investigation will reveal that the former owner came from the town chosen by the GM to be the location of the map above. It is up to the GM's discretion as to whether the PCs find out why he left and came to Bergsburg - he was a low level member of the Purple Hand who had a change of heart as he began to realise some of the more sinister implications of his membership. Escaping to Bergsburg, he left the cult for good - his fellow members were unable to find out where he had gone. Unfortunately, he suffered a grisly death (any disgusting accident will do - the Purple Hand had nothing to do with it, but the PCs should not know that).

The closer the PCs get to the solution of the riddle, the more attention they will gain from the Zichengabe, who is looking for other hints as well... As the two parties begin to piece together the answers, Zichengabe receives an order from his superior within the cult to destroy the map at any cost. Frustrated that he cannot work on a more subtle level, he hires some local troublemakers to burn down the shop. Can the PCs prevent Kurt from burning to death and uncover Zichengabe?

Ironically, the safe is fireproof.

## **The Return of Anna Brombeer**

While the adventurers are in the shop, the door opens. Martin Brombeer, Kurt's brother, has come all the way from Nuln and greets his brother warmly. After a brief exchange of greetings, Kurt continues to question the PCs, leaving his brother, who is loaded with luggage, to stand where he is. When the PCs leave, they hear from outside that the brothers are having a massive argument. The words 'Anna' and something about a lady called 'Lustria' are the only words which they can make out.

A month ago, Martin was working on a portrait of the Dean of the University of Nuln. It was the end of a long sitting, and he returned to his home at well past midnight. Martin dismissed his assistant at the door and stepped through into his kitchen to eat some food before sleeping. He was astounded to see his sister Anna sat in a chair by the fire. The room was very cold, and Anna seemed not to reply to his greeting, simply gazing into the fireplace with a blank expression.

Martin was afraid, but could not quite work out why. He had no idea where Anna had been on her last journey, but he had not expected her to show up in Nuln. Anna sat in silence for a few minutes, while Martin continued to attempt to talk to her, more through nerve than anything else. Eventually, Anna's lips began to move, silently at first, but with her voice gradually building to an audible monotone. She seemed to be displaced, describing a scene which was happening before her eyes. She told of a tropical jungle, a gigantic crashing waterfall and a small settlement by the coast. She kept mentioning the heat and the flies. The narrative detailed an evening service in a small temple to Sigmar. Things were progressing in the usual way for the small congregation as Anna sang along with the hymns, never breaking from her expressionless tone of voice. Martin sat in the cold night of Nuln in rapt fear, incapable of breaking away from her narrative. The story changed, the town was under attack. Unknown assailants were burning the houses and Anna described seeing the Priest cut down. Suddenly, Anna screamed - her voice broke into an anguished timbre and she fixed Martin in the eyes, "Can't rest! My body lies on the shore.... Neudorf... the waterfall... Lustria." Anna's voice was again inaudible. Martin passed out.

When he awoke, Anna had been gone. Having a vague idea of what he had seen, Martin consulted with a Temple of Morr, where he was told what he suspected - he had seen the ghost of his dead sister, whose body was lying somewhere without proper burial. She had fixed on him, and would not rest until she was interred within the earth. Martin did not know where to start, and tried to ignore the problem for the time being. One week later, Anna was once again sitting in his chair, and though she did not speak this time, Martin realised that he would be haunted by her until his own death if he did not attend to the problem of her body.

After a short period of deliberation, Martin decided to travel to Bergsburg to ask Kurt for his help. The spirit of his sister appeared to him twice on the journey, and always while he was alone. When he arrived in Bergsburg, he was nearing a nervous breakdown, which was exacerbated by Kurt's unwillingness to believe the story of his dead sister, putting it down to 'You artist types - all you do is drink. I'm not surprised you see things when you stumble home in your cups.'

Martin leaves to stay in a local inn and is obviously distraught. If the PCs see him leave Brombeer's he will look both depressed and terrified. The next night, Kurt has a terrible nightmare in which his body lies broken and trapped under some fallen wooden beams. He can feel that the air is thick with humidity and heat and all around he can hear a constant drumming coming from the jungle. Waking from the dream in a cold sweat, he sees his sister sitting on the end of the bed. She repeats the monologue which Martin heard.

The next day Kurt calls the PCs to the shop. He is obviously shaken and tired. Martin is with him. Drawing a copy of 'De Novus Mundus' from the drawing board, he begins explaining to the PCs how he and Martin are too old to start gallivanting off around the world, but he would reward them handsomely if they were to provide him with a more accurate map of Lustria. Martin then interrupts and details the whole story of Anna's ghost. Kurt looks angry and then resigns himself to telling the truth. He has marked the probable location of Neudorf, next to a waterfall on the Isthmus of Lustria....

This would be the perfect introduction to a campaign in Lustria, if a group has already spent enough time in town and the GM wants a change. How will they get to the continent? Who (or what?) killed Anna? Did she have any children who survived her? And if so, what will have happened to them?



## Berenbergen's Pathfinders

Hannes-Peter Berenbergen, local explorer of noble descent started his company (the first of its kind in Bergsburg) in order to provide those travelling to and from Bergsburg with information, equipment and guides. Although most of their customers come from the prospecting community there is always someone who needs to head into the wilderness, and as the majority of Imperial citizens see the mountains and forests as areas fraught with danger, the services of Berenbergen's Pathfinders are often in demand.

### Hannes-Peter Berenbergen

*"Oh where is it? I put it here. I swear I did. Someone must have moved it. By Venera where is the damned thing? Wait no - here it is! Put it there earlier, I remember now."*

#### Hannes-Peter Berenbergen

**Male Human**

**Explorer (ex-Scout, Outrider)**

#### Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
51	48	37	44	40	50	47	50

#### Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	4	2	0	0	0

**Skills:** Academic Knowledge (History), Animal Care, Command, Common Knowledge (The Empire, Kislev), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Search, Secret Language - Ranger Tongue, Secret Signs, (Scout), Silent Move, Speak Language (Reikspiel, Kislevan), Trade (Cartographer)

**Talents:** Charm Animal, Coolheaded, Orientation, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling, Longbow, Fencing), Sure Shot

**Armour:** None

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

**Weapons:** Rapier

**Trappings:** Velvet Jacket, Spectacles, Walking Stick

Hannes has neck-length hair that, once brown is now mainly grey. With his clothes, manner and spectacles he resembles more a scholar than a once noteworthy explorer. This appearance belies a vibrant personality: once Hannes gets going he gesticulates, practically exuding excitement upon hearing of new ideas. Hannes has a notable limp, although in recent years he has got more used to the prosthetic limb that replaced his lower left leg. Since this injury his physique is not what it was and he looks older than his 46 years.

Hannes was born the son of a minor Ostland noble but following his father's early death he returned with his mother to her place of origin, Bergsburg. While his mother's health was failing, Hannes funded expeditions into the forests and mountains with the fortune to which he was heir. Over time and after expeditions in Kislev, Norsca and Albion he had spent much of this money. It was during a trip into the Middle Mountains four years ago that he fell and suffered a broken leg that became infected and had to be removed. A few years ago his mother died, and Hannes was forced to sell off her business assets to pay off some debts.

Hannes now helps plan potential expeditions and draws maps on the information brought to him. Widely travelled he is truly interesting and is keen to talk to other adventurers. He is a regular at both the Temple of Verena, where he can often be found if not at home, and at Brombeer's Cartographia where even Kurt appreciates his wide knowledge in the field.

Hannes uses the pigeons he trains and keeps in the attic to carry messages into the mountains and elsewhere, including the Last Inn where they have a contact in Pietr Jacquelin. From Pietr they have learned that Waldemar Klutchens is not to be trusted and may warn any who ask after the Last Inn to be wary of this man.

## Charlotte Wasmeier

Short and slim, Charlotte has short auburn-coloured hair cut to the line of her neck. Her emerald-green eyes are thin and sultry and her skin beautifully freckled. These fresh, different features have made her the object of beauty to locals.

Charlotte was the only survivor of a travelling entertainers caravan that was raided by beastmen. By good fortune Hannes and Thoran, returning from an expedition into the tangled hills, came across the young girl: her name was tattooed onto her wrist in old world classical while another on her back depicted strange symbolic lettering, (which Hannes has never been able to decipher). Thoran had heard tales of foundlings and warned she would only be bad luck. However, Hannes' curiosity and kindness got the better of him and they returned to Bergsburg with the young child. That was ten years ago.

Unknown to both of them the girl was part of an outlawed cult of wizards and their caravan was attacked by a clerical group who murdered them. Later the remnants were scavenged by beast-men. A gifted natural spellcaster from an early age, Charlotte has had little tuition, although recently her visits to the Cro-Ach-Liea monastery might explain an increase in ability. Mischievous by nature, she is prone to use magic to alleviate her boredom, mostly to the misfortune of others, (particularly those who may have angered her). As yet, she doesn't really realise the legal implications of her actions, and she has already brought herself to the attention of a member of the Wizards' Guild who heard of a recent public 'incident'. The guild is investigating and this could lead them to the story of the Barren Hills massacre and a most embarrassing interest for one prestigious cult in The Empire.

Charlotte acts as the household's healer and provides remedies to enhance recovery and alleviate illness, a common problem of prolonged exposure to the elements. Occasionally, she accompanies an expedition in order to pick rare herbs that grow in less accessible locations.

### Charlotte Wasmeier

**Female Human**

**Hedge Wizard**

#### Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33	32	27	30	34	35	41	42

#### Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	2	3	4	1	0	0

**Skills:** Common Knowledge (the Empire), Channelling, Charm, Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary)

**Talents:** Hedge Magic, Petty Magic (Hedge)

**Armour:** None

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

**Weapons:** Dagger

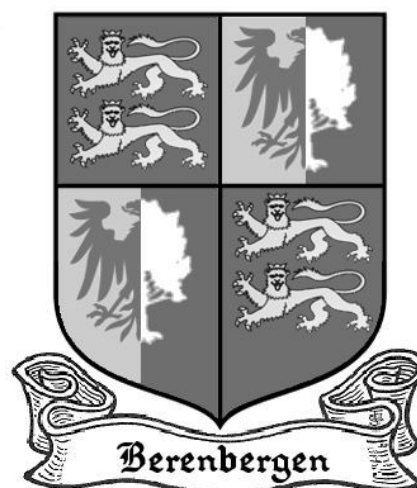
**Trappings:** Healing Draft, Bracelets, Silver Necklace, Long Grey Coat with Fur Hem

## Tarni Tardreksdottir

*"You panners always blame your bad luck on my tools: those spades were steel tipped- try digging in the right place. "*

Despite the local's jokes, Tarni does not look like her brother Thoran. Her hair is fairer and braided she has a short slim physique for a Dwarven woman and is also reasonably fair for her race. She appears young despite the fact she is just over 90 years old. Her age, was it widely known, would probably be the subject of either more jokes or general disbelief.

While Thoran was impossible to keep down, spending time wandering the mountains, Tarni was always much happier in the workshops learning traditional crafts. The younger of the two, she has completely differing skills and personality although the two get on very well – their closeness shown by the arquebus that Thoran carries, a rare weapon hand crafted by his sister. Tarni spends her mornings working at Pathfinders, supplying local prospectors and travellers with a range of tools. In the afternoon she works at the Dwarven Engineer's Guild



under Vomtrek Blackanvil. This arrangement is only tolerated due to the fact Tarni is one of the Guilds' more talented members.

Recently Tarni observed Charlotte performing what was obviously magic. The two spoke briefly and Charlotte was forced to reveal the nature of her powers. As the two are friends, Tarni has promised to keep the matter a secret.

### Scouts and Guides

Pathfinders' employ a small number of independent guides who they hire to parties of prospectors, adventurers, explorers and the like. Although they have a range of contracts some of the more regular ones are detailed below:

### Thoran Tardreksson

*"After this ice-field we go for the ridge right of it, via the east face- it's the least dangerous. After that things get a little tricky..."*

Thoran is a medium-sized Dwarf, not reflecting his stamina, which is extraordinary even for one of his race. With a short thick ginger beard, reasonably well kept, he can always be seen in his shorts whatever the weather. Prospectors and scouts who know him joke that it is to show off his very muscular thighs, while his sister Tarni maintains that it is a stubborn show of toughness.

Twenty years ago Thoran travelled to the World's Edge to meet some kinsmen and go on a Dwarvish expedition. Although he recounts tales of the expedition, it is never in clear context and he never reveals any details of what it was meant to achieve. All that Hannes knows is that the expedition was eventually unsuccessful. On his return from the Mountains after several years Thoran was noticeably much more superstitious and had inscribed on his body a rune of luck, a gift from a shaman rune-smith who lived in an inaccessible part of the Worlds' Edge.

### Tarni Tardreksdottir

**Female Dwarf**

**Tradesman**

#### Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38	28	37	44	39	38	34	44

#### Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	4	3	0	0	0

**Skills:** Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Secret Language (Guild Tongue) Speak Language (Khazalid, Reikspiel), Trade (Carpenter, Weapon-Smith)

**Talents:** Dwarf-craft, Grude-born Fury, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Savvy, Stout-hearted, Sturdy

**Armour:** Leather Jerkin and Apron

**Armour Points:** Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1

**Weapons:** Mace, Dagger

**Trappings:** Heavy tool belt with wide range of tools, bronze hair clasps, solid gold ring with Bergsburg DEG mark on it



**Thoran Tardreksson****Male Dwarf****Miner (ex-Runebearer)****Main Profile**

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
522	40	45	53	41	37	45	23

**Secondary Profile**

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	5	4	0	0	0

**Skills:** Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire, Middle Mountains), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Outdoor Survival, Navigation, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface (+10%), Secret Signs (Scout), Speak Language (Reikspeil, Khazalid), Swim, Trade (Prospector)

**Talents:** Dwarf-craft, Flee! Grude-born Fury, Night Vision, Orientation, Rapid Reload, Resistance to Magic, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed, Gunpowder), Stout-hearted, Sturdy, Very Resilient

**Armour:** Leather jerkin**Armour Points:** Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0**Weapons:** Axe**Trappings:** Tough Leather Boots, Pack

**Expedition Equipment:** Arqebus, 2 hand picks, Mail Shirt, 5 iron spikes, 10 yards of rope and 50 yards of rope Grappling hook, shield, skis, mule, saddle bags, provisions, shovel, one man-tent. Modified crossbow that will shoot rope and grapple

Thoran is undoubtedly the most experienced mountaineer that Hannes has ever met.

Thoran has witnessed at first hand the activities of the Flaschgang Pass group. Unsure of what to do he has held his tongue for now but for him they are shameful and Dwarves without honour. He will aid in any means an attempt to stop them although he does not find it his responsibility to initiate such an act. Thoran's superstitions cause him to be nervous of Charlotte, who he refers to as the foundling and who he fears to have magical powers.

**Eli Kammer**

*"Quiet, I hear something...there! See it? No? Are you blind?"*

Athletic with a blonde hair in a single plait to her mid-back Eli resembles (in Hannes' words) a Norscan Valkyrie. Despite her looks and physique Eli dresses like a rustic, scruffy and adorned with the trappings necessary of a successful adventurer. Her senses are extra-ordinary and this and a mixture of innate caution and common sense have seen her survive numerous danger-fraught expeditions.

Born in the Spider's Head, an Inn on the Talabheim road, Eli is no stranger to Hochland or the rest of the Empire for that matter. A seasonal worker, she spends most of her summers travelling far-reaching parts of the Empire or abroad. Herself very bookish, Hannes often

**Eli Kammer****Female Human****Scout (ex-Coachman)****Main Profile**

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45	54	344	45	45	36	41	30

**Secondary Profile**

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	4	4	4	0	0	0

**Skills:** Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Drive, Follow Trail, Gossip, Navigation, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs, (Ranger, Scout), Speak Language (Kislevian, Breton)

**Talents:** Acute Hearing, Charm Animal, Excellent Vision, Orientation, Rapid Reload, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder, Crossbow). Sure Shot

**Armour:** Mail Shirt**Armour Points:** Head 0, Arms 0, Body 3, Legs 0**Weapons:** Sword, Dagger

**Trappings:** Blunderbuss, 6 shots of powder and ammo, Shield (1AP, all), Horse and trappings, Backpack -2 blankets, cutlery, tinderbox, small pot, water flask, silver necklace-6gs. Hooded cloak, Leather boots, Breeches, Shirt, Belt ck

employs Eli on information gathering mission, mapping the blank areas on his charts.

Eli has extensive knowledge of the roads traversing the Empire in addition to travel in the Grey Mountains and the Vaults. An excellent guide and more than capable of looking after herself she now only works seasonally for Hannes spending most summers on her own adventures.

## Logan

Logan has never looked better. In poor light he could be mistaken as a bear. Bearded, (well just generally hairy) and of a heavy build, Logan feasts on his catches too often these days becoming quite fat, a feature he hides well under numerous layers of fur. Logan doesn't talk much but when he does it's either to relay life-saving survival tips or to indulge his very vulgar humour.

Logan is a trapper and an outdoorsman through and through. He has an aversion to towns, their sights and sounds; he has nothing good to say about them and claims all the negatives even though he has never even set foot in anywhere even half the size of Bergsburg. Adventurers will have to head out to Hovelhof where local villagers will then direct them to find him. His realm is the length of the southern foothills of the Middle Mountains, an experienced trapper who knows this part of Hochland like the back of his hand indeed he often has the 'run' of this area. Logan is often employed to take potential prospectors into the foothills on the gold trails.

## The Building

The Pathfinders building is situated in the more affluent side of Beilheim near the river among the older buildings of the district. The ground floor has subsided somewhat perhaps as a result of being close to the river, however, now only half of the ground floor of the building is above street level. It is entirely made out of white stone that has greyed over the centuries and is now spotted with moss. The first floor is half stone, half-timber and dotted with small, grimy windows. The panes are barely translucent and a dim light in the darkness is the only sign of any habitation. By the fully timbered second floor the building's subsidence becomes notable. Faint cooing can be heard from above on quieter days and the dark slate roof tiles are covered with dots of what looks like greyish-white paint.

## Ground Floor

### Passage Way

The official way into the premises is by ducking under an arch in a wall of the main street into a dark passageway that is never lit and down to a low doorway. Steps have been built into the passageway as the narrow oaken door in the wall seems to have sunk by several feet. First time visitors may feel as though they are entering a cellar.

## Logan

**Male Human**

**Hunter**

### Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	46	34	40	33	28	27	29

### Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	4	4	0	0	0

**Skills:** Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire, middle mountain foothills), Concealment, Follow Trail, Gossip, Perception, Search, Secret Signs, (Ranger), Set Trap

**Talents:** Hardy, Rover, Rapid Reload, Very Resilient

**Armour:** Leather Jerkin

**Armour Points:** Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

**Weapons:** Axe, Hunting Knife, Crossbow

**Trappings:** Pouch of bolts, Leather Jerkin (0/1AP, body), 10 yards of rope, Fur sling bag - 2 animal traps, cutlery, tinderbox, small pot, water skin, Fur hat, coat, leggings and vest.

## Lobby

A slat in the door and a rusted doorknocker sculpted in the shape of a dragon's head faces the visitor. Would-be entrants will be viewed before they enter and when necessary asked for identification, (whoever is enquiring will no doubt be armed). Beyond this door is the lobby area. Uncomfortable wooden benches line the walls and big iron hooks are fixed in the walls for coats and belongings.

On the wall facing the front door is a framed map of Hochland, it appears to be old: by the style and the layer of dust that covers it, but otherwise accurate. A collection of old boots of varying sizes is always stashed under the benches and at all times of year this room seems to be chilly. There is one archway in the room leading to a stairwell.

## Stairwell

The stairwell smells musty and is only a little warmer than the lobby. Central to the building is the solid stone spiral staircase. Behind and underneath it are two other archways, both small and one almost hidden from view. The doors in each are thick and locked at times when Tarni is not around.

## Kitchen/Workshop

The Kitchen is the largest room in the house, strangely out of proportion to the number of inhabitants who have ever lived here. The room's function has been corrupted to that of an artisan's workshop and workman's tools of all sizes and types decorate the shelves, cupboards and walls. Despite the vast range of equipment in this room it refuses to appear cluttered and items seem to be arranged in some sort of categorical system. What was once a window on the wall opposite the hearth has had its panes removed and now faces onto the street functioning as a service hatch. Although high on the wall this hatch is only a few feet off the ground outside. A kitchen chair serves as a platform for vendors of shorter stature. From here Tarni does a regular, good business with prospectors and others, buying/selling and repairing a range of tools and equipment.

## Storage Cellar

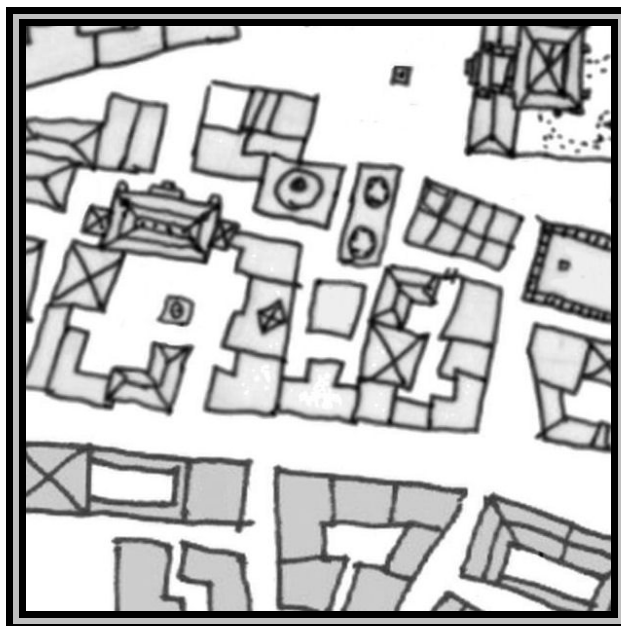
Underneath the spiral staircase is a door leading to the storage cellar. Here supplies and miscellaneous equipment is stored. Immediate supplies are located to the left of the door underneath the ceiling hatch that leads to the yard. Barrels, boxes and crates crowd against the opposite wall and it would take a few hours for someone to find anything even if they did know what they were looking for. Although poison and traps see to any vermin who might venture here, the damp, dark conditions have lead to a bout of red-mould growing in the furthest corner from the door. Unknown to the rest of the household Charlotte has been cultivating it and uses it for herbals remedies and (if need be) defensive purposes.

## First Floor

The first floor is in deep contrast to the lower in that it has been furnished to some expense. Although the impression remains that this is a house inhabited by untidy people.

## Yard

The yard is flagged in the same manner as the street and has seven-foot double doors just wide enough for one cart. A timber roof covers the area between the door and the house; this means that roughly a third of the yard is sheltered enabling carts to be unloaded in bad weather or in secret. Horses and mules cannot fit into the yard, as the breadth of the gates is too narrow. Instead they are stabled



at a nearby business that offers Hannes very favourable rates. There is a double-door hatch to the left of the yard that leads directly to the storage cellar.

## Meeting Room

A small door leading off the stairwell leads into all the rooms on this floor, the first of which is the meeting room. Central to this room is a large oak table, its surface slightly scratched but otherwise in good condition as are the eight chairs that line its perimeter. A single bookcase is the only furnishing. It is filled with useful reference volumes that Hannes often uses when discussing ideas with expeditionary groups. Mid height on the bookcase is Hannes' shrine to Verena in her aspect as the Goddess of learning, carefully crafted by a Bergsburg artisan out of Ivory. On Verenan festival days and personal occasions there will be a candle and rare flowers by the shrine.

## Study

The study is untidier than any other room in the house if this seems possible. Unlike the workshop this clutter is very real, Hannes has even managed to lose some important items among the vast volume of papers and unfinished maps flooding this room. The room is T-shaped, the point of the 'T' jutting out over the yard and is built over the yard's roof. There are three windows here but all can hardly be reached over the angled desk and stool where Hannes does most of his cartographic work and studying. Hannes can be found here most of the time probably sitting in one of the two comfortable armchairs or desperately trying to locate an important piece he was working on. Unknown to most underneath the desk and a pile of parchment is a trapdoor leading to the yard below. There is no ladder, however, and escapees without aid would have to endure a three-yard fall.

## **Map Room**

This room is finely furnished in local wood and should in fact be the study although Hannes' pre-occupation with maps has caused it to become something else. There are several bookcases and a map rack filled with scrolls and map rolls. In addition, an antique cabinet from the three-emperors period is filled with writing and mapmaking equipment; quills, rules, coloured inks etc. Next to it is a ship's compass on a stand serving as a most accurate measure of true north. On the wall are several maps and a portrait of Baron Roland. In fact Hannes has no interest in art of this sort and the portrait conceals another map behind it; that of the Forest of Shadows. Of the other maps, one is a huge framed map of the Middle Mountains, surveyed by prospectors and Dwarven scouts from Middenheim, Bergsburg and Wolfenburg about a century ago. It is an excellent piece but - as Hannes will point out whenever given the chance - it is inaccurate. Hannes has personally copied it and uses first hand accounts from Thoran and others to improve upon it. This amended map is the best of the mountain range to exist in the Old World.

## **Second Floor**

Here the stone stairwell ends and three small doors lead off into the bedroom area. A trapdoor at the top of stairwell leads to the roof and pigeon roost.

### **Thoran's Room**

The first room is bare and looks as though it might be a spare room. It's small with a low uncomfortable bed that is pristinely made. There is no other furniture. This is Thoran's room when he chooses to use it, which is very rarely due to the amount of time he spends in the mountains. Even when he is in the house he can be found in other rooms sleeping on the floor. The ceiling in this room flips down to reveal a ladder and a small independent loft space, which serves as Thoran's treasure trove. In this space are three chests (all locked) and several sealed iron tubes with runic inscriptions lining one side. The chests are filled with valuables obtained from various expeditions including, although Thoran has never realised this, some magical items. The iron tubes contain coded Dwarvish maps: these are Thoran's prized possessions and only he knows what secrets they contain.

### **Hannes' Quarters**

Hannes had the largest bedroom in the house covering half of the second floor and the largest door from the stairwell leads into his quarters. He has a large double bed, several wardrobes, and a bookcase along with a couple of chairs surrounding a small table and chessboard. Family portraits hang on the walls, and impressive rugs coat the rough floorboards. Although untidy in the same fashion as any of Hannes' personal spaces tend to be, this room tends to feel cosy. The

veteran explorer often spends time here, especially when he tires from walking on his bad leg.

### **Charlotte's Room**

This room is entered through a small door that is often locked and also protected with a magic lock spell at most times when Charlotte leaves the house for a long period. Hannes simply believes he has the wrong key for the room and has given up trying to get in, not that he needs to. Inside, the room is filled with strange artwork and trinkets, and there is not much floor-space with all the possessions and items crowding it. There is a wardrobe over-filled with clothes, and hidden within this is a heavily iconic shrine to Forsagh, the god of dreams and prophecies, (a less well-known aspect of Morr). Underneath the bed is a chest filled with Charlotte's most prized possessions, including an old pendant with a symbol of Ranald etched on it.

### **Tarni's Room**

This room is little different from Thoran's although there is more sign of habitation. Alongside the bed stands a wardrobe and a cabinet. In the cabinet's top draw is a collection of silver tools: guild trophies and family heirlooms, otherwise a small carved marble statue of Grungni is the only visible decoration.

### **The Pigeon Roost**

Hannes' hobbies include pigeon fancying. He trains about 15 or so birds to fly to distant locations about the province. Should he need to get in contact with one of his scouts or guides, he will send message by pigeon. There are a number of agreed points where these birds fly to, and which the guides check whenever they come across them.

## **Services**

Deposits will be required for any items that are taken on expedition, especially so if they are unaccompanied by one of the company scouts.

Everyone will always be given oral directions and advice by anyone in the household. Care is also made to give travellers advice even if they do not ask. This advice can be considered very reliable. The household look after their own sort. They know that the mountains can be a dangerous place and this advice is always free.

### **Hire Services**

All the items below are also available for hire. To check if the items are available for hire use the same availability percentage as in the items for sale. The hire price will be 20% of the item hire and a deposit will be necessary as to the whole cost of the item.

## **Repair Services**

Tarni will repair items unless she believes them to be too badly damaged to do so. The repair cost will be at a minimum 10% of the cost of the item and at the GM's discretion for the remainder.

## **Expeditionary Services**

### **Thoran**

16 GC per day for well-covered areas, new areas (not mapped) at 22gc per day. All participants must have the equipment that Thoran stipulates otherwise he will not go ahead. Thoran knows the Middle Mountains as well as anyone this side of them and can guide individuals along most routes or climb most peaks. He is not keen on undertaking any climbing expeditions with novices.

### **Eli Hammer**

Lesser known forest roads (and through the barren hills) to Wolfenburg, Herzig, Salzenmund, (also Erengard). Main roads throughout Empire, especial knowledge of rural Middenland, Talabecland and Hochland. 20 gc per day or 120gc per week (based on 8 day week)

### **Logan**

Middle mountain foothills and alpine forest routes – 8 gc per day.

#### **Healing Services**

Magical Healing: 15gcs per spell cast

Conventional Healing: 5gcs per use of skill

Herbal remedies: Varies depending on availability

#### **Map drawing Services**

As arranged with Hans, may be reduced if they know him or are providing interesting information on an undiscovered area.

## **Adventure Hooks**

The detailed map of the Forest of Shadows in Hannes' study is unique in that it is the first to attempt to map this wild area. During an expedition two years ago to survey the area the expedition split in two and one group never returned, and despite searches nothing was ever found of them.

An Ostlander group now claims that one of these scouts was in their pay and they are claiming joint-ownership of the map that they believe was made afterwards. With an influential noble supporting them the group has solid backing and is taking their action to a

judge in Bergsburg. Hannes faces bankruptcy if he loses but will not give up the map. Instead, he has asked Thoran (who was on the first expedition) to return to the Forest of Shadows and retrace his steps, hoping to discover the group and the documents they were carrying proving they were working for pathfinders. One of the most hostile environments in the Old World the forest is a strange eerie place, rumoured to be home to followers of chaos, remnants of the last incursion. Only the brave, foolhardy and those with wide experience of evil baddies may apply.

Meanwhile in the city there are other groups, powerful groups, with a keen interest in the map. All are keen to obtain the map, (at all costs) but what is more important to them is that only one copy exists. A struggle ensues, its scale will depend on how much the GM appreciates that in the Old World, Land and Knowledge are Power. The knowledge of land contained in maps is scarce and subsequently power indeed.

## **The Barren Hills Massacre**

The discovery of the girl hedge spell-user by Dieter Klumpf eventually leads him to the story of the Barren Hills massacre: 'In the isolated hills there had been hushed whispers of a massacre of travelling hedge wizards by a fanatical Cult with links to the Church of Sigmar. As this was 10 years ago the stories have since long abated.' So a chilling discovery for those in the Wizards' Guild and an potentially embarrassing footnote in the History of the Church of Sigmar, who state it never occurred.

The Wizards' Guild mount their own investigation and approach the PCs early, probably through Pathfinders, in order to recruit some non-academics to aid the investigation by escorting one or two of their members on a fact-finding trip to the Hills. They are inevitably harried on this journey by agents of the Church of Sigmar, keen to prevent them from uncovering anything unsavoury which, at the discretion of the GM, they may or may not do.

Whatever their discovery in the Hills the PCs return to a Bergsburg full of rumour and suspicion. They PCs will be pursued by the faithful of Sigmar as heretics seeking to denounce the church and egged on by smug, opportunistic Ultricans. Verenenstadt is tense, a clash of the classically educated seems likely to erupt at any time, with young academics throwing words and books at each other in the districts normally peaceful taverns. What happens now? Will Erasmus Vogel use his Council Power to force a Sigmarite apology? Or will public mistrust of Spell-Users win out? Do the PCs have evidence to sway the argument, and if so, are they brave enough to make it public?

## Items For Sale

### TYPE ITEM PRICE AVAILABILITY

Tools Grappling Hook 4/7 65% chance of stock, Made To Order (\*mto) in D3 days.

Iron Spike 12/- 90% chance of stock, mto in 1 day.

Shovel 25/- 80% chance of stock, mto in D2 days.

Pan 2/4 80% chance of stock, mto in D3 days.

Pick 3/9 80% chance of stock, mto in D3+1 days.

Rope (yard) 4/- 90% chance of stock, mto in D3 days.

Saw 8gc 60% chance of stock, mto in D3+1 days.

Skis 14gc Mto in D4+1 days.

Carrying Expedition pack (holds 400) 5gc Mto in D3+1 days.

Backpack (holds 250) 2/3 90% chance of stock, mto in 2 days.

Leather flask 22/- 75% chance of stock, ordered within 1 day.

Metal Flask 60/- 50% chance of stock, mto D4+1 days.

Leather tube case 3gc 50% chance of stock, ordered within D6+1 days.

Sack 15/- 90% chance of stock, ordered within 1 day.

Sling bag 6/- 85% chance of stock, ordered within D2 days.

Water skin 9/- 90% chance of stock, ordered within 1 day.

Illumination Candle 5/- 95% chance of stock, mto in 2 days.

Fuel Oil (pint) 8/- 90% chance of stock, ordered within 2 days.

Lantern 14gc 60% chance of stock, mto in D3+3 days.

Misc. Blanket 2/8 75% chance of stock, ordered within 2 days.

Tent – 1 Man 15gc 50% chance of stock, mto in D3+1 days.

Tent - 3 Man 40gc 25% chance of stock, mto in D4+3 days.

Tinderbox 35/- 60% chance of stock, mto in D2+1 days

Iron Rations (1week) 3/10 80% chance of stock, ordered within 2 days.

Dwarven Spirit (hipflask) 2gc 70% chance of stock, ordered within D3+1 days.

Modified grapple crossbow 35gc Customer provide crossbow, modification = D3+3 days.

## Heinrich Witzenber

Heinrich has blond hair and blue eyes, has a gut that hangs over his belt and he is losing his hair. Heinrich is all of 47 years old which makes him one of the most senior watchmen in Beilheim.

A couple of years ago Heinrich realised he had not many years left in the Bergsburg Watch and had little to show for his years of service to the city. He felt that he had spent all his life serving and following the law, and it had done nothing for him in return. Crime, as he had observed over the years, paid well and quickly.

Heinrich decided to get as much money and enjoy as many small luxuries as he could before he became too old to work. So, he began to extort money from the shops and businesses along his beat, promising them greater protection from crime if they paid his small fees. Conversely, if they wouldn't or couldn't pay, he made it clear that misfortune would befall their business. Heinrich always implied that he was working for one of the notorious gangs of Helmsberg. This was never the case but it was enough to make the traders of Beilheim fearful.

Outwardly Heinrich is a jolly fellow and gets on well with his fellow Watchmen. He is sociable and good at his job. He had many years of blameless service behind him which stood him in good stead when he turned to crime. He has dedicated so many years to the service that many wouldn't believe any accusations without strong evidence. Heinrich counts on this reputation to protect him. His seniors consider him above reproach and the little suspicion he has fallen under recently, which might have got a younger, less trustworthy officer into trouble, only served to underline to them the increased difficulties of law enforcement in the modern age.

Heinrich is well known to many petty criminals in the area of Beilheim just north of the Ruhigerstrasse. Crooks in the area know him as "Whistling Witzenber", and know him as an efficient and honest officer of the watch. Only a few know of his protection racket. Heinrich has even killed a local shopkeeper whom he suspected of spreading word of his extortion.

Heinrich has the complicity of three fellow watchmen in his crimes. These were all little more than thugs before he got them their jobs. They are grateful and loyal to him for this, for they could never have got such jobs without Heinrich vouching for their integrity.

Heinrich recently got a visit from a senior member of the Kreuzer gang (see the Helmsberg district description). He made it clear that the Kreuzers were well aware of Heinrich's actions and that unless he started paying them a high proportion of his ill-gotten gains then he would be exposed.

## Heinrich Witzenber

Male Human

Watchman

### Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33	23	52	45	76	80	55	22

### Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	5	4	4	0	0	0

**Skills:** Academic Knowledge (Law), Common Knowledge (The Empire), Gossip, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Specialist Weapon - Fist Weapons, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

**Talents:** Luck, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

**Armour:** Leather Jerkin, Helmet

**Armour Points:** Head 3, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 1

**Weapons:** Sword, Dagger

## Florian Schroder

Florian is of medium height and build. He has black hair and brown eyes. The most prominent feature of his face is the almost absence of a chin and a rather naive expression in his face. He has a scar on his right throat that was caused in his childhood. He normally dresses in a black coat and a simple white linen shirt. During any meeting of the guild he wears a simple black cap with an expensive golden brooch that depicts his membership in the Guild of Tailors.

Florian has been a tailor for fifteen years. He has a small workshop in the Beilheim district, down at the western side of the Drakwasser River. Here he can be found during most of the day from dawn till sunset. The shop is in no way different from other workshops in the Empire. It is stuffed with cloth and clothes that await treatment. Once a week he travels to a small village near Bergsburg, in fact nothing more than two huts, where he gets fur. All of the other material he needs is bought through the Guild of Tailors, which again buys it from a merchant on the market and of course gets a considered refund. One of these merchants is Udo Reisen who has delivered a good deal of wool to Florian over the last

**Florian Schroder**  
**Male Human**  
**Tradesman**

**Main Profile**

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
39	31	43	34	46	32	42	35

**Secondary Profile**

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	4	3	3	0	0	0

**Skills:** Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Tailor)

**Talents:** Flee!

**Armour:** None

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

**Weapons:** Knife

**Trappings:** Black Clothes, Cap with Brooch, Belt with an assortment of Needles and Strings

couple of years. Most of his time, Florian is working on simple linen clothes, but there are some pieces that are a little bit more expensive in his shop. Next to the door stands a dummy on which he tailors the clothes.

Florian is a long time member of the Guild of Tailors and attends the meetings of the guild regularly, but has never been seen to stand up and take a position. Instead, he always votes with the majority and tries to keep himself out of any conflict within the guild, when in doubt abstaining from vote. In fact, he has little to no influence upon the politics of the guild, and it seems that he has never wanted such a position.

Florian is married and has four children, three sons and a daughter. His eldest son, Oliver, married a year ago and left the house of his father. Contrary to the tradition, he will not take over the shop of his father, instead becoming a smith. Therefore, Florian's second eldest son, Fabian, is the one who is destined to become a tradesman and he helps his father in the shop. Until now he was not been accepted as an apprentice of the guild and will have to wait until his fourteenth birthday, before he can do so.

He lives right above his workshop in a small flat with two rooms. His wife works at the market and sells groceries for a local farmer. They are far from rich, but their income is sufficient to pay the rent and ensure food

and even the odd piece of meat on the table. The children only get the most basic education, since Florian and his wife Miriam cannot pay for any tutoring except for the small school that is run by the Temple of Verena. Here the children learn little less than basic arithmetic and the most basic writing skill, that enable the pupils to write their own names and some other basic words. Much of the time in the temple's school is spend with learning the religious concepts of Verena and Shallya.

Florian is friendly towards strangers, yet always a little introverted. Although he frequently joins his colleagues when they go to the Brauhaus, a small tavern right at the river, he is mostly silent during the evening, agreeing when the others do and laughing when the other laughs. His colleagues, however, seem to like him, even though they do not know him very well; in fact, they only know what he is working at, and where he lives. Most of his connection to the outside goes through his wife Miriam who is quite easy to get along with. The two do not seem to suit each other very well, but as far as the neighbours know, they have a very harmonic relation.

Florian is not very intelligent - even among his colleagues, who mostly haven't drunk the wisdom with spoons, but rather with a sieve, he is regarded as rather simple. However, he has a certain shrewdness, that compensates his lack of intellect. He is also what can be regarded as a coward, running at the first sign of any danger and leaving behind whatever he may fear.

## History

Florian was born in Bergsburg thirty-seven years ago and never really left the town. His father was a tailor and as the eldest of eight brothers and sisters, he took over the business, although he never really enjoyed tailoring. He married at the age of seventeen and has three sons (aged eighteen, sixteen and fifteen) and a daughter (aged fourteen) with his wife Miriam. Except for his eldest son Oliver, all still live at their parents' house. Shortly after he had finished his apprenticeship, his father died of a heart attack and Florian became a member of the guild. His relation with the other guild members was rather difficult from the start. This was due to the fact that he was one of the youngest members of the guild and all the others were much more experienced than Florian.

He has always been rather introverted, but this seems to have become even more apparent during the last two years. His colleagues have hardly noted this, but it is obvious for his wife and children.

## Secrets

Florian's life is far from being easy and that was much worse during the first years after his father died. Most of the old customers of his father went to other tailors, rather than going to Florian and he was on the edge of bankruptcy. During this time Florian began to cheat the guild of its share. After a year this was noted by the clerk



of the guild, and he kept a close eye on Florian and his business, even going as far as shadowing Florian's workshop and counting the number of customers. After about half year of gathering evidence, the clerk directly confronted Florian with his findings and threatened to exclude him from the guild, which meant that he would have to stop his business. Florian was desperate at this time and feared that he may lose what little he had achieved in life. But a stranger offered him a pretty simple solution. This stranger was a smuggler on the way between Middenheim and Talabheim, and the solution involved the murder of the clerk. After the body of the clerk was found in a small pond east of Bergsburg, the smuggler made sure that Florian was aware of the fact that he owed him a favour.

A few years later the smuggler appeared again and wanted to "pound" his debt. He demanded that Florian should make special clothes for him with extra pockets. Since the smuggler had risen in the hierarchy of the Talabheim underworld, he now has a constant demand for such clothes. Florian now fears that his little secret may be found out sooner or later, and has therefore begun to avoid everyone but necessary contacts, i.e. the public except for the guild and his customers.

## Georg Beierle

Georg's age has left its marks in his face in the form of many wrinkles. He is rather small and pretty slender. His hair is dark brown and he has brown eyes. The most prominent feature of his face is his nose that resembles the beak of an eagle. His lower jaw protrudes in a way that has earned him the nickname "Nutcracker".

He mostly dresses in simple dark clothes, mostly black or brown. Even though the clothes are simple, they are of high quality. He often wears a monocle, even though he does not need one; he thinks that it gives him a more intellectual appearance.

Georg Beierle is a small trader in the Beilheim district of Bergsburg. He is the father of fourteen children, of which only nine have survived the first weeks. His children have all married, and Georg is now the grandfather of twenty-four grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. His family nearly occupies the eastern quarter of Beilheim themselves. Here the family is omnipresent and not a grain falls to the ground unnoticed. The centre of this quarter is Georg, who has a tremendous amount of influence upon everything and everyone in "his" part of the city. In a society as hierarchical and patriarchal as The Empire, he is the natural head of the family; in fact, others members of the family that still live with Georg are legally considered partly incapable. Even though this is very much theory and most of them participate in the daily life without any restrictions, there are some places where practice follows theory. This is

especially true for any female member of the family, who cannot appear in the very archaic and structured system of the courts without the head of the family.

Georg is often referred to as "three-eyed" since he wears a monocle. For most of the day he can be found in and around his warehouse. Here a considerable part of his family can also be found, where they help him in his daily routine, and it is extremely difficult to get a job in Georg's warehouse, unless someone wants to marry into the family, in which case it is as easy to get employed as it is for the sun to appear tomorrow.

Since the quarter is more or less in Georg's hands, he is kept in high esteem and it is nearly impossible to hear any criticism from the people in the quarter. But even outside the quarter Georg is well known and popular. He is renowned for his donations to the Temple of Shallya, as well as for helping the poor. Especially the clerics of Shallya know him very well, since he is one of the most enthusiastic churchgoers and can be found in the Temple every day after he has closed his warehouse.

His influence upon the Council of Bergsburg on the other hand is not direct. In fact, he always declined to become a member of the council and does not seem to be very interested in the dealings of the council. This goes as far as that he not really seems to pay attention to what is going on outside the quarter, which he seldom leaves.

## Georg Beierle

**Male Human**

**Tradesman**

### Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	29	35	32	41	48	51	53

### Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	3	3	3	0	0	0

**Skills:** Academic Knowledge (Theology), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

**Talents:** Super Numerate

**Armour:** None

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

**Weapons:** Dagger

His business is that of a merchant. He imports and exports a various number of goods. He is not specialised on everything in particular. As a merchant Georg is quite successful, something which has gained him the wealth to be very generous. He gives 10% of his profit to the Temple of Shallya and has become the most regular sponsor of the Temple. Nevertheless, he has enough money to guarantee a moderate prosperity. Even though his life is rather ascetic and he leads a simple life compared to that of other equally successful merchants, he also seems to enjoy the importance of himself.

Towards strangers Georg is a very friendly person. He welcomes visitors frequently in his house and will offer hospitality for everyone who asks for it. The only disadvantage is that he expects any visitor to pray with him regularly and donate something to the cult of Shallya. He also seems to know any writing connected with the church of Shallya by heart and often answers a question by citing some passages from them. His hospitality goes as far as that he is holding a banquet on every holy day Shallya in the quarter and invites every citizen of Bergsburg, of course after the prayers in the temple, to participate. The head-priestess of Shallya is a regular visitor to these banquets.

Georg is as a member of the Guild of Merchants. He has never had a position within the guild and seems to be as uninterested in the guild, as he is in the council.

## History

Georg was born in Bergsburg about sixty years ago, no one really remembers the year. He is the son of a small merchant and lay-priest of Shallya in Bergsburg. His mother has spent three years in the Temple as an initiate, but left when she has met his father. After his father's death, she again joined the cult of Shallya until her death as a nun.

During all his life, Georg was in one way or the other influenced by the cult of Shallya. Here he received his first education and later began to organise activities for the children of Bergsburg. Even though he wished to become a cleric, his father intervened and convinced Georg that he should rather become the successor of his father and support the cult of Shallya from the "outside". Therefore, Georg began to help his father and showed a surprising skill in calculus. A few years before Georg's father died, he had more or less replaced his father in the business. From the start he gave the cult of Shallya a decent share of his profit, very much to thank the church for taking care of his mother. After his mother died, he continued to donate the church, now solely for religious reasons.

He has married at the age of nineteen, which is rather late, and his wife Magdalena has given birth to fourteen children. She is a devout follower of Shallya, as he is. She still does a lot of work for the temple, but the age has also left its mark on her and she is barely capable to continue

with most of her work in the temple.

## Secrets

Even though Georg has no direct influence upon the council and always points out that he does not want to have such influence, Georg has found a much more effective way of having influence. Since he is one of most renown churchgoers and donates a considerable amount of money every month to the temple, the clerics would never try to disagree with him and support his interests in the council much better and more effectively than Georg would ever be able to.

Georg can be considered a zealot and bigot. He never accepts any question of his belief and is pretty choleric. Even though he preaches the tenets of Shallya, he is very narrow-minded and bigot. On the one hand he helps the poor wherever he can, on the other hand he protects his interest and even went as far as threatening some to stop his donation should they vote in the council against his interests.

His bigotry goes as far as that he denies the existence of one of his daughters who was raped by a group of brigands near Bergsburg. Georg has blamed her for the crime and considers her to be non-existent. She later committed suicide since Georg did his best to prevent her to come back to Bergsburg and has advised her fiancée not to marry her unless he wanted to go bankrupt.

## Albrecht Rutiger

*"I hear young Grafenrich struck lucky up at Grauspitze, three pounds he brought down with him. I was up there not two months ago, didn't find so much as a rusty nail."*

Physically, Albrecht is a small, weedy looking man, with rounded shoulders and generally nondescript in appearance - his hair is mousy brown and he has brown eyes. He is typically dressed in equally nondescript outdoor clothing and has a fed-up, sullen, depressed facial expression. If spoken to in conversation, he will be pessimistic about almost any topic ranging from something as mundane as tomorrow's weather ("rainy I expect") to something as exciting as the annual carnival ("it'll no doubt be spoilt by the rain").

Albrecht is a member of the Prospectors Guild. He has been especially unsuccessful and is renowned throughout the Guild as having the worst luck out of all of them. It's not that he's particularly bad at his job, it's just that he never gets lucky, an example would be where he'd spent all day panning for gold in a location, given up and gone home for something to eat, 5 minutes after he'd left another prospector would come along and look in the same place and would find a few nuggets of gold. As a result he is generally in a bad mood. He never participates

in any of the card games that invariably go on in prospectors' spare time ("there's no point is there, I'd only lose").

If you want a non-chaos related NPC, stop reading here, PCs can bump into Albrecht in a tavern or the Last Inn and he might serve as a useful introduction to the Prospectors Guild. You may however want to read further and see what happens when Albrecht's luck appears to change for the better...

Recently, Albrecht has been looking decidedly more cheerful and upbeat. He's even had money to spend and has bought a couple of rounds of drinks which is almost unheard of. Nobody is sure what has effected this change.

What happened was that Albrecht was working alone in the depths of the Middle Mountains (no other prospectors like working with him as they seem to be affected by his bad luck when they do), the day was drawing to a close and, as usual, he didn't even have a single flake of gold to show for his efforts. He was just packing up his stuff to go home when he noticed a very peculiar rock that his gold searching had uncovered, it was very black and, unbeknownst to him, was in fact a lump of Warpstone.

He suspected that it was rare and therefore valuable as he had never seen any rock like it before, despite being a prospector for a decade or more, and so decided to take it. Further examination revealed that the rock wasn't just black, it emitted an intense black light, which seemed to swallow light from its immediate vicinity, creating a small patch of darkness around it. From this he deduced the rock to be magical in nature and decided that the best chance of selling it would be to take it to a wizard. As it wasn't gold, he didn't feel obliged to announce its discovery to the Prospectors Guild but memorised the location of the find for his own future reference. To cover his tracks and dissuade other prospectors from visiting the vicinity, he marked the area with prospectors' signs saying that there was no gold in the area, which is technically true. (See the Prospectors Guild for details of a new skill, Secret Signs: Prospectors.)

Upon return to Bergsburg, Albrecht approached somebody he knew to be interested in magic. This person is as yet undetermined, see Open Links below. Whoever they are, they immediately identified the rock as being pure Warpstone and found it extremely valuable, they paid Albrecht a large sum of money on the understanding that a) he would provide further Warpstone and b) he would not tell anyone of their dealings. This was not a problem to Albrecht as he is keen on making further cash and would not want any other prospectors muscling in on his business.

Seeing the potential to earn serious money, he soon returned to the Middle Mountains to look for more Warpstone. He has managed to find a few more lumps in the same stream (the exact amount is up to the individual

## Albrecht Rutiger

**Male Human**

**Miner**

### Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	33	32	37	30	26	33	24

### Secondary Profile

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

**Skills:** Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Common Knowledge (River Lore), Evaluate, Navigation, Gossip, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cartography), Trade (Metallurgy), Trade (Prospector)

**Talents:** Orientation

**Armour:** Leather Jacket

**Armour Points:** Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

**Weapons:** Dagger

**Trappings:** Tools

GM - the more he has found, the richer he will be, which will affect the possible storylines outlined below). The source of all this Warpstone is a ubiquitous "chaos meteorite" which landed much further upstream many centuries before. It broke up on impact and some fragments have recently been washed downstream due to the recent spring thaw.

The PCs may get involved with Albrecht in a number of several ways, depending on how much Warpstone and therefore income he has:

If Albrecht is rich as a result of trading lots of Warpstone, the Prospectors Guild may be getting suspicious as to the source of his wealth as he has not declared any gold finds to them and he is not trading any gold nuggets. They may wish to hire some outside investigators as Albrecht would recognise anybody associated with the Guild. The PCs could either follow Albrecht round town to find out who he is selling his gold nuggets to (this is what the Guild will have told them anyway) or they could try following him into the mountains to see what the source is (the Guild may be keen on having the location mapped as it seems like a rich seam based on Albrecht's sudden wealth).

If Albrecht has only found a couple of lumps of

Warpstone so far and hence is not suspected of defrauding the Guild (yet), he may disappear while in the mountains: perhaps Skaven have gotten wind of this latest source of Warpstone and kill him or take him prisoner; alternatively he may simply have had an accident or been waylaid by bandits. The Guild then hire the PCs to attempt to rescue their missing member and will give them clues as to his last known whereabouts.

The other aspect of all this trade in Warpstone to bear in mind are the physical and mental effects on Albrecht. He may develop one or more mutations as determined by the GM (suggested mutations would be Cowardice, Extremely Thin or Fits), this will also vary according to how much Warpstone you have had him find so far. Any visible mutations will cause Albrecht to spend even more time alone in the mountains as there will be less chance of people noticing. More importantly perhaps could be psychological change, after going through the cheerful, generous phase which people noticed first, he may become increasingly paranoid that others might find the source of his new-found wealth, particularly if the Guild starts hassling him. The mysterious Warpstone purchaser may decide that Albrecht is becoming a liability if his mutations and/or mental instability start becoming obvious. He may arrange an accident for Albrecht. The PCs get asked to carry out the accident on behalf of the Warpstone purchaser or investigate his death by the authorities (depending on the morals of the PCs in question).

### **Adventure Hooks**

#### **Players Prelude Part I**

For maximum effect, the PCs should meet Albrecht in a tavern in Bergsburg - a suitable place would be the Gold Nugget Inn. This is while he is still at his unluckiest and he will continually curse his fortune (or lack thereof) and, to be honest, will not be the best of company. Perhaps he gets picked on by some other drunken prospectors who make fun of his bad luck. He will befriend any PC who sticks up for him. Other than that, the PCs should not notice anything special about Albrecht, just have them bump into him occasionally, muttering about his latest episode of bad luck - although he will buy a (small) drink for any PC who stuck up for him. The idea here is to run him as "background noise".

### **GM's Background**

After last meeting the PCs, Albrecht headed off on his fateful trip to the Middle Mountains. While prospecting in a previously unsurveyed area, he came across a strange black rock that emitted black light and appeared extremely magical. He guessed that it must be valuable to somebody of the magical persuasion and collected as much of it as he could find. He then headed back into town with it. After making discreet enquiries, he made contact with an Evil Wizard (NB see Open Links below, I

have no intention of developing an Evil Wizard myself, I expect that there will be several candidates that I can "link to" in the future). The Evil Wizard recognised the rock as being Warpstone and offered Albrecht a substantial amount of gold for it on the understanding that Albrecht would return with more. Albrecht has since made several other trips and has been well-rewarded.

#### **Players Prelude Part II**

A few weeks later (depending on what other campaign events are going on), the PCs should bump into Albrecht again. They should scarcely be able to recognise him! He will be happy, chatting up barmaids, buying rounds of drinks, etc. If the PCs have previously stuck up for him they will be greeted like long lost brothers/sisters and have many drinks bought for them. Only if a PC has an exceptionally high Fel and roleplays the situation well should Albrecht give them any inkling as to what has happened, leave them to draw their own conclusions and suspicions.

#### **Open Links**

The exact identity of who Albrecht is selling the Warpstone to is as yet undetermined, there have not been any submissions so far that could link here. Perhaps it is an Evil Wizard (TM) who plans to use the Warpstone in his demonology, necromancy or some other dark ritual. Perhaps it is a human agent of the Skaven (who may in turn arrange for Skaven assassins to follow Albrecht, determine the source of the Warpstone for themselves and then kill him as mentioned above).



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