

The Streets of Bordeleaux.

A WFRP Adventure by

L.J.A.Carswell.

Introduction.

The following scenarios and background have evolved from a campaign I once set in the city of Bordeleaux and from many other (often laughably obvious) sources.

As I have been working on component parts of this document for about 6 months, and I have only just put them together as one, it may seem disjointed, especially between the scenarios and the background and Sources of Knowledge areas. It is a work in progress, so here is a little contents page to guide you through it:

2. Bordeleaux: Fixed Locations.

A short guide written for my own benefit as a GM that is sufficing as a guide to the city whilst I rewrite it in a more narrative form.

7. Infernal Affairs.

A cameo adventure designed to primarily introduce the PC's to a key NPC who is central to the big adventure, "the Streets of Bordeleaux". This scenario is a bit of a hack-fest, very linear, and not a brilliant adventure in its own right. Oh, it has not been play-tested either. It is not essential for the playing of the next adventure, but sets it up nicely...

24. The Streets of Bordeleaux.

A full investigative adventure involving corruption, false identities, murder, chaos, the Authorities, the Inquisition, a chase, things that blow up and ships. Initially the story part of this adventure and the Information Sources part were separate. Now the Sources of Knowledge that the PC's can utilise at any time during the adventure are placed at the most convenient point right in the middle of the story (page 34). It has been play-tested only once, was a success, and the lessons I learned from that have been incorporated into this version.

In both of the above scenario's there are no maps given nor any experience awards. Although I have drawn maps, I currently have no way of putting them in the document, and they are not totally necessary anyway.

They are works in progress...so give me feedback by all means.
I hope you enjoy them,

Lee A.C.

19/3/00

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Bordeleaux: Fixed Locations.

By L.J.A.Carswell (redrum@tigger8.freeseve.co.uk)

This is a work in progress, and the more detailed a location is (or if it is an inn) is due to me using it in a scenario I have written. However, a brief outline of the geography of the city would not go amiss, so that you can begin to place the various buildings.

Bordeleaux is based upon two tall hills, but it is a city of smaller hills also. The two greatest hills are called Tower Hill and Execution Hill; with the Garrison and the Governors Place on them respectively. The people of Bordeleaux also call the banks of the river different names, rather than the North side and the south side, they are known as the Norimonde (northern side, with Tower hill), and Gauleon (southern side, with the Palace).

The docks are predominantly along the Gauleon, but many of the goods that are bought and sold end up in warehouses on the Norimonde. For both of the two banks, there is one safe street that leads down to the waters edge. Besides that, anywhere in the city under the level of the great Bordeleaux bridge is know as the under-bridge, and is basically a collection of slums in various states of lawlessness and decay. The Watch patrol the paved streets at the level of the Bridge religiously, and are often stopping peasants for wandering about in the wing part o town. Consequently, the nobility are also given short shrift should they go slumming it.

- *Garrison.*

Black, square and tall (see 'The Keep' movie). Only one gargantuan maw-like entrance into a broad expanse of parade ground. The keep is usually spotless, and kept black by forcing convicts to blackwash it. The garrison is known locally as le Maison de Mort. Inside it are based Bordeleaux's large force of well-trained troops, and the city prison.

- *Palace.*

A pale and ethereal building that sits like a crown on Execution hill. Its five slender towers end in steeples burnished with gold, whilst the pale marble of the rest of the circular palace are intricately carved with tall arched windows and classical pillar-work. Its grounds cover the top of the hill, 20 acres of land inaccessible to the rest of the city. Here resides Duc de Bordeleaux, the governor of Bordeleaux. The palace gleams from the top of the hill like a dawn when seen from the squalor below, and the broad cobbled expanse north of the palace is the Esplanade de Treason, regularly used.

- *Temple of Verena.*

Sitting on the lower western slopes of the Norimonde, Red sandstone was used to make the temple and the largest library in the land. It is very impressive, in the classic gothic style. The main cathedral is huge, with a single central tower (119feet) and three wings. The left wing is the area of worship; huge red columns rise up into the vaulted ceilings, which are decorated in saints and gargoyles. From here one could hear the vigorous debates of scholars, lawyers and bureaucrats below. Praying to Verena is done in the art of careful and articulate argument. The rear wing is the

library. The wing, like the others, is 60 feet tall, and is home to one of the greatest libraries in the Old-World. 6 levels of thin balustrade and books hug the sandstone walls, whilst below there are countless rows of desks, many filled with scholars reading avidly in the light of the small oil lanterns that cast a perpetually dim light in the huge hall. The right wing is the high courts of Bordeleaux. These are used often, but not often enough. The presence of three of the temple's officials in the city court has had seemingly little influence upon the judicial system of the city. At the end of the day, if the governor says jump, they all still shout how high? There are four courts in the wing, but often only one is used.

- *Temple of Jeanne Du Lac.*

This stone temple stands next to the garrison on Tower Hill, and is a long medieval abbey structure with a tall tower at either end (100feet). The temple is home to all of the official city ceremonies, but has seen greater times, and is in a state of dis-repair.

- *Temple of Myrmidia.*

This square, low leveled whitewashed stone building has a minaret at each corner and a large dome in the centre, it sits opposing the Breton Church, with the garrison in between. Inside, its huge main chamber converges upon a circular pool in the center. There are no pews in this temple, and frequently martial arts and weapon practice classes are taught here. It is in a fine shape, and its cleric is a powerful man.

- *Chateau de Gauleon.*

This is the home of the Bordeleaux bureaucracy, headed by the ambitious city administrator. It sits on the other side of the execution gate. It is a long tall building in stone, elegantly worked with a dark lead roof with many golden barbs. Its myriad windows all symmetrical on either side house the government of Bordeleaux, and the watch. Its small but elegantly tended gardens are filled with lawyers and merchants, racketeers and nobles.

- *Temple of Shallya.*

Sitting behind the palace and on the verge of the shantytowns of the under-bridge is the two-storeyed colonnaded temple to Shallya. Its ceilings are high and it is 150 yards long, and 100 yards deep, in it the sisters valiantly try to stave off the possibility of a plague.

- *Temple of Morr.*

The rates of death related deaths are very high in this city, and seem to have been in the past 10 years. As a consequence, the temple of Morr is busy, but shunned. Funerals are affairs where much of the time only the cleric will be present. The temple is situated in the center of the sprawling mass of graves on the east side of the Norimonde (north hill). The temple is very old, of dark granite with a long hall and a tall spire. Unceasingly there is a pale flame at the top of the spire, which eerily burns green in times of great death.

- *Vintners Guild.*

The vintners own a row of small chateaux on the Norimonde. They face directly onto the Gisoreux road, with the Rue Castille passing in front. Each chateau has the crest of one of six of the major wine families of the Bordeleaux region. Plotting and

espionage is more common behind those doors than in many royal courts. The families themselves own huge Chateaux on either hill.

- *Merchants guild.*

A moderately new building in the Marienburg style, this tall 5 storey stone house has small gable windows on the lead roof, with elegant and restrained cornices and large windows. It sits mid way on the Gauleon, nestled within the major mercantile houses of the city.

- *Glassmakers guild.*

The glassmakers guild is one of the few major buildings to be situated under-bridge. It sits at the east end of the southern city, its new bricks turned black by the smoke it produces from its many chimneys. It is well guarded and staffed by many people from the under-bridge itself. Its harsh working conditions often spark mass sackings, but in reality the guild is trying to offer a way out for many of the peasants.

- *Old Alchemists & Glassmakers Guild.*

About a quarter of a mile closer to the river than the “new” Guildhouse (see above), the Old Guildhouse exploded spectacularly a few years ago, and left a sickly green haze over the southern part of the city. It is now shunned, as often there are mists and hazes that appear there and remain even when it is a bright and sunny day. Those wishing to remain anonymous and carry out their business with a degree of secrecy from prying eyes now frequent it.

- *Collegius Arcania.*

This small magical college is subsidised by the garrison (by laws) and the vintners (they want a cheap alternative to the new and expensive glass). It is basically a single tall tower that perches precariously on the south side. Within its rough stone exterior and green copper roof, the few wizards of Bordeleaux perform idle research whilst living comfortably off their subsidies. They are notoriously difficult to get to answer the door.

- *Chateau de Morceaux.*

The most prestigious hotel in Bordeleaux sits with a view above the bridge and over to the west the temple to Verena. It has four floors, is very expensive and boasts the finest wine cellar in the world. Its bars and drinking rooms are exclusive social clubs, its rooms lavish, and the service manicured and arrogant. It was previously the residence of Prince Louis IX, built by his orders whilst his brothers murdered each other in the capital.

- *The Keep Etale Inn.*

A clean inn with a good reputation that sits in the perpetual shadow between the keep and the temple of Myrmidia. A favoured watering hole for the good mannered military officers and the watch, headquarters of the influential and illegal White feathers (a goodly cult that strives to reduce city corruption and bring justice to the mis-fortunate under-bridgers).

- *The Gibbet Inn.*

A seedy dive on the south side, just under the bridge and west. A typical meeting place for nobility to sample the life of the peasants, for deals to be done, and carnal satisfaction bought. The owner of the place has high hopes though, and has kicked out the child-slavers and the Wednesday night Nurgle society.

- *The Wig and Stylus Inn.*

A well kept if spartan inn on the west Norimonde, just below the temple to Verena. Many clerics and scholars sup the wine in its common room, and it has been in partnership with the Silver Sun Line for years, and so is always full of foreigners.

- *The Silver Sun Line shipping company.*

On the south docks, the main light cargo and passenger docks, there lies a large ramshackle wooden building with a large silver sun with rays on the front. It is always very, very busy, and every room is filled with papers, boxes and usually lots of women. This is where the Silver Sun line started from, and still does much of its business. Somewhere in the building are the travel schedules for its sponsored craft, their lists of cargo and passengers and the like. The new offices bought up-bridge are still to be restored, and so much of the old records have been brought out in preparation, enhancing the chaos.

- *The Great Bordeleaux bridge.*

A wonderful feat of engineering, the Bordeleaux bridge is 20 yards wide and 200 yards long. It stands at its apex over 200 feet above the river below, supported by an arch that begins 50 feet up from the waters edge on either side. It has many buildings built onto it at either end, but law forbids any building on the unsupported central 130 yards. It is constructed of huge pale gray stone, and the crest of the Duc at its apex looks down upon the thriving docks below. It is always full of pedestrians at the edges buying and selling, whilst great wagons full of wine and other stuff cross in the centre.

- *The Bordeleaux Blue Club.*

This three-storey building sits upon the western side of the Norimonde, sitting in an area more frequented by merchant trains and wagoners. Its stone exterior and solid construction mark it out from the many wooden warehouses on this side of the river, and it is always quiet during the day. A heart fashioned in stone on the lintel, and an ornate balcony on the first floor give it a little more distinctiveness. At night however, it transforms into one of the busiest and notorious night spots in the region. The rear of the building is a high hall, which houses a large stage and many tables for diners and guests. Visitors to the upper levels make their way using a wrought iron spiral stair that snakes along the side wall, leading to indoor balconies on the first and top floors. To get to the hall, one needs to pass through the main bar at the front of the building. Always packed after dusk with the bright young things of the city and the richer, older things too, would be guests should be warned of the prices, and the erratic door policy. On the first floor is the casino bar, a large purple room in which wine fortunes are won, lost, and drunk. Revellers here can stand on the balcony, watching the traffic on the river below and listening to the spinning of the roulette wheel and the tumble of dice. The top floor is home to the office and living quarters of the owner, Msr. Tauschante, and his second, DeSanchez. The sharper-eyed

observer may note that the roof of the building sports a very small Gable window, facing east. A visitor to the top floor would find no trace of this window in any of the rooms there...Finally, the basement is home to a dozen or so employees that serve to satisfy the more carnal desires of the guests.

Infernal Affairs. By L.J.A.Carswell (redrum@tigger8.freeseve.co.uk)

Power corrupts, and absolute power means you can do whatever in Khaine's halls you like!

- "The Enormous" King Charles I, Bretonnia 2419.

A string of brutal assaults.

A series of property burnings..

A wave of crime that refuses to be stopped...

2 Gangs.....

a bunch of Adventurers.....

and a jug.....

...it's hot in the city tonight.

ACT 1: Bordeleaux Welcomes You.

Scene 1 - A Touch of Class.

As the PC's enter the city, by either boat or coach, or on foot, they are set upon almost immediately by a group of Watchmen that number 2 more than their own group.

These Watchmen immediately begin taunting the PC's, demanding a Crown per leg entrance tax into the city, and generally pushing for a fight. They will insult any non-human and any non-Bretonnian, and will insult any locals as well.

Just as the situation is about to erupt, a shout is heard from the doorway of a solid looking building just 30 yards away. Standing in the doorway is a tall man in his 50's, dressed immaculately in a watch uniform, and holding a gold goblet in his hand. He calls, "*now now, calm down my countrymen. Please, come here, bring the visitors here*". He then disappears into the building.

Lt. D. M. Champignon.

The PC's are prodded into the building, and then into a plush office, where the well-dressed chap is pouring some wine from a crystal decanter into his goblet. He waves at the PC's and motions them to sit on the comfortable looking chairs around his office.

On the desk is a plaque with the words, "Lieutenant Didier M. Champignon".

The watchman apologises for the conduct of his men, and asks politely what the PC's are doing here. After a relaxed interview he ushers them out. As they are probably

jobless, he will mention the several people who have bounties on their heads, pausing thoughtfully at the notice for “Mad-Dog Trimberreta”. He then smiles and wishes the PC’s a nice time in Bordeleaux.

Wanted persons:

- Mad-Dog Trimberreta. A young, crazy looking olive skinned kid. Wanted for Multiple Murder, Resisting arrest and playing Blood-bowl on the Bordeleaux Bridge.
- Jerma Whit. A weather beaten blonde woman with a cruel smile. Wanted for Prostitution, Assault, Murder.
- The Shadow. A handsome man with a pencil thin moustache and beard. Wears eye mask. Wanted for Grand Theft on 22 counts.

<u>Watchmen.</u>													
Humans, Mostly Male.													
Personality and Appearance: Dirty and dishevelled, but with good gear, this bunch of Bordeleaux’s finest would not look out of place on the gallows. They are loud and abusive and the locals all steer clear of them.													
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	39	4	3	8	40	2	29	29	29	39	29	29
Skills: Strike to Stun; Strike mighty blow; Street fighting; Gamble.													
Possessions: Dagger; Hand weapon; Leather jacket (0/IAP Body/Arms); D6GC in Purse. They have a crossbow (S32, L64, E300, ES4, 1 Load) and 10 bolts between every 2 Watchmen.													

Scene 2 - Inns and Outs.

The PC’s will be looking for an Inn to stay at. As the city is highly busy at this time with the first wines of the year being sold in town, all Inns are full. They will gradually be directed to an area in the south east of the city known as Little Tilea. Along the first street they enter, Rue Dolmio, they see the sign of a large and pretty Inn swinging enthusiastically in the early evening breeze.

Warnings & Welcomes.

The PC’s enter the inn to be met by a smell of sweet basil cooking. They look around to see a large common room decorated in many plants and hanging flowers, dark beams and a large fire.

Although there are only a handful of people who appear to be drinking or eating in the place, a small old woman in black is talking animatedly with a tall fellow in a broad brimmed hat. As the PC’s approach the bar to ask about rooms, they will overhear the man in the hat saying, *“I’m serious, leave”*.

The old woman is saying in a condescending tone, *“yes yes, I know you are serious dear. I will make sure that we are safe”*.

The man in the hat makes to leave, he turns at the last minute, showing the PC’s a view of his piercing sky blue eyes, *“Madame Conchiglie, I am serious”*. He then

leaves. This is Crowne, trying to limit the damage that the forthcoming night will bring.

As soon as the figure exits the Inn, the old lady hobbles up to the PC's. Smiling toothlessly, she begins: *"oh my dears, you look tired, some hot meatball soup and some wine for you yes? Perhaps a nice comfortable bed for the night too? Mama will look after you"*.

The Silver Carafe Inn.

Named after the fine Carafe that has been in the Inn for over 200 years, this place is "olde-worlde", and was once a very nice place, but the area has let it down lately. It has 30 rooms, a lot for a city Inn, most are now empty and dusty, but cheap (13/- for a double, 25/- for a large).

The Carafe has a history. The Trimberreta criminal family has frequented it for 3 generations now, but recently this has tailed off somewhat, and now it would be fair to say the Inn is on its last legs.

It is run by Mama Conchiglie, an old ex-criminal herself, who mothers the regulars and guests and forgets things and takes no notice of anybody, Everyday Friday night she cooks a Tilean meal and serves wine to all the guests, and whoever else is paying. She is aided by two servant girls (local), and Serge, a barman/handyman in his 60's.

The Silver Jug.

The silver wine set is not matching, and although it is always highly polished, it still looks a little odd to the eye of a noble. The carafe, now used on festival days only, is about 12 inches tall with a round bottom (5 inches) that tapers to a slim neck. It has a handle that is actually done out like a Rose stem, and over the years the thorns have dulled a little, but are still sharp. Aside from looking very old, and even a little dented, the carafe is plain. It does however, have a unique feature. Looking down the neck of the carafe, one will be able to see very faintly on the base, at the very center, is an enameled white rose.

History.

The carafe is magical, holding a unique power that the current owners know nothing about. In the many and varied wars that have wracked Bretonnia over the years, the Cult of Shallya have seen their ranks split and reform over time. A now extinct order of the White Pipers, battlefield clerics whose specialty was saving severely wounded, and helping the mortally wounded, are credited with first having this jug. With it, they gave a final peace to soldiers who have terrible wounds, and eased their passing to the realm of Morr. Unfortunately the White Pipers perished to a woman over 300 years ago near the city of Mousillon.

The carafe is now known only to specialist theological and magickal scholars, and is presumed to be lost.

Game FX:

This jug was enchanted as to relieve the imbiber of pain. When filled with hot liquid (not wine, unless mulled!), the drinker will drain the contents and the cup will drain the drinker of his/her pain. The cup removes up to 10% of any penalties received through pain (from Critical Hits, arthritis, whatever). The pain returns at a rate of 2% of penalty every 3 hours.

Once the jug has been filled with pain, the rose will be red. Then the jug must be filled with cool liquid and poured out. Then the jug may be used again. NOTE! If it is poured on something, or if it is drunk, the victim will receive the transferred pain (up to the 10% penalty taken from the first drinker fading at same rate). **The Silver Carafe is closely based upon “The Cup of Thorns”, by Ouroboros (ouroboros8@webTV.net)**

The PC's may do something different to what they would be expected to do, for example:

- They challenge the man in the hat (Crowne). They get a little look at him, but he ignores them, expertly disarming them if necessary.
- They leave the Inn. Have a very seedy Inn just across the road. These are the only vacancies in town, and its getting dark

Act 2: Little Tilea.

Scene 1 - Real Home Cooking.

The PC's will realise that after an hour or so the Inn begins to fill up with tough looking men, and a few tough women. They are loud and drinking a lot, and Mama looks in her element. It seems that the Carafe has not seen a night like this for a while. PC's will hear one of the guests say: *“Hey Mama, you should get yerself threatened more often, huh?”*

It will soon be obvious that the crowd is not here simply for the wine and homely atmosphere, and as the evening moves on, talk gets around to the Red Line Gang. PC's can easily discover the following news and rumours:

- The Red Line Gang are amoral scum with no respect for the Thieves Guild or the Underworld.
- The latest string of attacks has especially hit the Trimberreta's hard; arsons and robberies carried out by the Red Line Gang.
- The Watch have been even more useless than usual in looking into the Red Line gangs activities.
- The Watch have been breathing hard down the Trimberreta's necks ever since this new wave of crime started.

At 11pm approximately, the PC's, and most of the patrons, will probably be sloshed on wine. They have not been keeping themselves sober, as the thought of them attacking the oldest Tilean Inn in town is plain ridiculous. However, if a PC looks out of the window, or is sitting near one and makes an Observe test at -10, they will notice a group of men have arrived outside carrying torches.

Scene 2 - Blood & Wine.

A rock comes hurtling through the window, hitting a fat man on the back of his head. As the shouts begin, and people flock to the window, a woman reads the note, have the PC's hear her words: *"You have crossed the Red Line. We'll take the silver from this place, you can keep the ashes"*.

As the people at the front door realise that it is wedged shut, a smoking bundle of rags is thrown in through another window, quickly followed by a handful of other black-green smoking bundles.

These are oily rags wrapped around rocks then set alight. The choking acrid green smoke quickly obscures all vision in the Inn common room, causing chaos. On the 3rd round, the fireplace flares up, shining pale green through the smoke, the heat becoming more intense. Characters in the smoke must make a **T** test each round or suffer a -10 penalty to **WS/BS/I/DEX** and 1- to **S** and **T**. It takes one round in the open to offset one failed **T** test, so 3 failed tests would take 3 rounds to recover from. If a PC fails as many **T** tests as their **T** score, they will collapse unconscious.

After 6 rounds, the doors are unblocked, and a hail of arrows will meet the fleeing, coughing patrons. This will happen if they break out of the windows also. The Red Line Gang members (22 of them), led by Crowne, will badly beat up the Tileans. Crowne has orchestrated the attack, but once the fight has started, he concentrates upon getting the silver wine set into a sack. When he returns, he will finally get his men to stop beating the crap out of the Tileans (some will undoubtedly have been killed), and they set off laughing. The PC's notice that two of the gang are taking a lot of pleasure from inflicting pain on the Tileans (Shruqee and Jorge). They are also keeping an eye on Crowne, and he argues with them when he tells them to leave.

"Crowne".

Human, Male, Enigma, ex-????, ex-outrider, ex-coachman.

Personality and Appearance: Taciturn blonde bloke in his 30's. Wiry build, but with lightning reflexes. Comes over as guarded and ready to punch you in a second. An enigmatic loner, somewhat different from the rest of the thugs with the air of a natural leader.

"...hmm..."

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	55	49	5	5°	11	61 ^a	2	54*	45	49	42	47	42

Age: 37

Alignment: Neutral

Skills: Ambidextrous*; Very Resilient°; Lightning reflexes^a; Animal care; Animal training - Horse; Drive cart; Ride horse; Specialist weapon – Firearms, Lasso; Musicianship - horn; Follow trail; Orientation; Silent move - Rural; Secret signs - Scouts; Strike mighty blow; Strike to stun; Street fighter; Dodge blow; Gamble; Disarm; Trick riding; Read/write; Law; Shadowing.

Possessions: Longsword; Sleeved mail shirt (1AP body/arms); Leather breeches (0/1 AP legs); Shield (1AP all); Pistol (S16, L32, E50, ES3, 2 Load); 17 shots; Dagger (boot); 24GC in money belt; Black mantle; Battered Brown wide brimmed hat.

“Jorge” – Corrupt Watch Sergeant.

Human, Male, ex-Watchman.

Personality and Appearance: Small cruel man with dark eyes. He is very devious and sharp witted, he will always devise a worse death for somebody given the chance.

“I wonder what noise you’d make if I did this to ya?”

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	52	50	4	3	10	58	2	46	25	42	41	36	27

Age: 33

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Strike to Stun; Strike mighty blow; Silent Move – Urban; Concealment – Urban; Consume Alcohol; Torture; Street fighting; Gamble.

Possessions: Dagger; Sword; Crossbow (S32, L64, E300, ES4, 1 Load); 12 Bolts; Sleeved mail shirt (1AP Body/Arms); 6GC in Purse; Helmet (1AP head); Bad breath; Leer.

“Shruquee” – Corrupt Watch Sergeant.

Human, Male, ex-Watchman.

Personality and Appearance: Large lumbering fellow in his 40’s with shiny black eyes and a tendency to beat people up rather badly. Likes fist fighting and enjoys killing people using his hands.

“Hur hur!”

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	52	41	5	5	9	38	2	26	40	26	43	30	30

Age: 42

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Strike to Stun; Strike mighty blow; Specialist weapon – 2 handed, Fist; Wrestling; Consume Alcohol; Street fighting; Gamble.

Possessions: Dagger; Big club (I-10, D+1); Very hard fists (D-2); Mail shirt (1AP Body); 3GC in Purse; Helmet (1AP head); One eyebrow.

Gangsters.

Humans, Mostly Male.

Personality and Appearance: The Red Line gang are made up of various experienced loner style criminals and corrupt watchmen. As they have been successful of late their gear is pretty good, but their sense of style is very bad. The Trimberretas are definitely the more stylish, and less overtly aggressive. They are equally as tough however, but usually would not kill for no apparent reason (unlike the Red Liners). In this fight the Tileans will be suffering from at least –10 to their characteristics due to smoke.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	39	4	3	8	40	2	29	29	29	39	29	29

Skills: Strike to Stun; Strike mighty blow; Street fighting; Gamble.

Possessions: Dagger; Hand weapon; Leather jacket (0/1AP Body/Arms); D6GC in Purse. The Red Liners have a crossbow and 10 bolts between every 2 gangsters.

Scene 3 - Typical Last Words.

The PC's will see Mama take several blows and lie prone in the road. Crowne himself stops when he sees her, but pulls off any thug still kicking her and leaves, kicking another prone person for good measure. The PC's, if they don't approach her, will be approached by her, or on her behalf by Serge, and they will hear her whispered and broken last words: "...tell young Pascal about this...he must know, tell him about the green smoke...he is at Edmundo's...he must avenge this...uuurghh".

The other thugs are all battered. The PC's, if they want vengeance themselves then Pascal seems to be a good supporter. Serge will nod this fervently. He will stay at the Inn though to try and clear out the smoke, which has turned into a strange orange green fire, sparked by the arrival of rags into the fireplace. It roars unearthly, and soon the street is running for water from the river.

The PC's may try the following:

- PC's try to join Red Line Gang, and catch Mama and return/kill her - Gits. This is not that much of a problem. Mad-Dog can discover that Mama was killed by the Red Liners, and can easily find out where they are from eyewitnesses. Any attempt by anyone who came out of the Silver Carafe inn and who wants to join the Red Line Gang will be met with derision then violence, even if they did kill Mama Conchiglie.
- PC's do not tell Mad-Dog about attack, or Mama's message. They leave area. They are out of the rest of the adventure!

Act 3: Its A Family Affair.

The PC's get basic instructions of how to get to Edmundo's from one of the victims. They are told that it is a basement bar directly underneath the Bridge on the south side, in an area called Shadowtown.

Shadowtown is very dark and grim, if the PC's got away with it in the gang attack, have them assaulted by some footpads. Eventually they get directions to a dark doorway at the foot of some dank steps off a side street. After knocking, a slit opens showing a pair of deep-set eyes and a grumbling accented voice asks, "*what joo want?*"

As long as the PC's say they are here from the Silver Carafe, from Mama Conchiglie, or with a message for young Pascal (the eyes will crease in a smile), a huge man opens the door, and they are shown into the club.

Edmundo's.

Edmundo's is a basement tavern in the basement part of town. It really is bad here. It is owned by an obnoxious ex-bloodbowl player from Estalia, and is frequented by all sorts of dubious types. Currently residing here is Mad-Dog Trimberreta, along with his fellows. The draw of the place is the gambling (cards and old-world Jenga) and the occasional entertainment's. Fights in here are short and deadly. Edmundo himself is a swarthy fellow who takes offence at the smallest thing, but for the patron flashing

gold, he will regale all with tales of his playing days before doing keepy-uppy with a tankard.

At any one point there will be D12+8 punters in here. All of whom are at least of a bodyguards standard of martial prowess. The PC's should have no trouble however if they say they are looking for the Trimberretas. They will be shown in to see Mad-Dog, and then they better have something useful to say or they sleep with the fishes.

Scene 1 - An Eccentric Performance.

PC's who looked at the bounty posters in the Watch house as they entered town will notice that the group that "Young Pascal" is in includes a wanted murderer! Mad-Dog!

They will be more surprised to hear the massive bloke introduce the PC's to Mad-Dog, saying; *"dese peeples wanna see yung Pascal"*.

Mad-Dog jumps at the nearest PC, grabbing them with a ferocious grip. Staring with wild eyes, he asks through gritted teeth, *"who is calling me 'young' Pascal? Who is going to die horribly real soon? Same answer, I think!"*

In a very erratic interview, the PC's will tell Mad-Dog about the attack. They will be astonished to see the man cry at the mention of Mamas death, but he will proceed to eat the scenery with rage once the full report is given. Once the PC's mention the green smoke, he will become very quiet, asking each PC, *"are you sure? Are you? Did it smell real bad?"*

After making sure the PC's are fed and watered, and if need be, treated by the resident healer (a drunk physician). They will see Mad-Dog talking in earnest to his colleagues, and after a while Mad-Dog will ask them if they want revenge on the stinking Red Line gang. Everyone knows that the green smoke comes from the Alchemists Guild, the OLD one. When it blew up, there was a stinking green cloud over the city, and sometimes in the area near there one can still see a green haze on a hot day. From the weapons the Red Liners used, and the stuff on their clothes, that's where to start looking.

If the PC's need a day to recover properly then that's fine, as Mad-Dog needs to get some more guys. If they are not too bad though, have them leave right away!

The PC's may try something on with Mad-Dog:

- Bounty Hunter PC's try to capture Mad-Dog. Difficult, as he has his strongest buddies around him.
- PC's tell Mad-Dog they think it's a trap. Don't work, he is too mad.
- PC's don't go to the Old Guildhouse. Mad-Dog will press them, offer them all sorts of stuff. If they refuse, he captures them as insurance if it is indeed an ambush; for why would they not want to come unless they knew it was a trap?

“Mad-Dog” – Pascal Trimberreta, Gangster.

Human, Male, Outlaw, ex-Footpad.

Personality and Appearance: Young, crazy, very dangerous to know. This dark tousle haired man is wanted by a lot of people. He has broken enough social laws to have earned the attention of the nobility, and there is a high price on his head, hence he is loved by many of the poor. He is a nutter though, but loves his family, and has stabilised their decline.
“I ain’t scared o’ nobody”.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	44	44	3	3	8	47	2	32	29	29	31	29	31

Age: 19

Alignment: Insane

Skills: Night vision – 10yds; Street fighting; Scale sheer surface; Blather; Silent Move – Rural/Urban; Strike to Stun; Dodge blow; Secret language – Thieves; Strike mighty blow; Specialist weapon - Fist.

Possessions: Dagger; Spiked club; Leather jacket (0/1AP Body/Arms); 27GC in Purse; Big sovereign ring (worth 11GC, counts as knuckledusters, D-2); Wild eyed stare.

Act 4: In The Pit.

The Old Glassmakers Guild.

This shell of a building once housed the Alchemists and Glassmakers Guild. Since the Guild has moved on now to more secure surroundings the place has fallen into disrepair. It hasn’t been helped by the fact that the place was virtually destroyed in an alchemical explosion before it was vacated either.

The ground floor of the building is actually about 20 feet below ground level, and was the basement and furnace room initially. After the explosion however, most of the upper floors disappeared, so now they only exist in rickety forms at the tow furthest ends of the building. It is at these ends that the few intact rooms are, the space in the centre being a mess of fallen masonry, rusted metal, pits and ovens. There are even some foul noisome pools about.

Scene 1 – Amongst the Rubble.

It is night when the PC’s go with Mad-Dog and his crack team of a dozen hardened criminals to the Old Guildhouse. Play up the whole camouflage aspect of the Tileans, they are very cocky and arrogant, and basically approach the large ruins as a group. A faint orange glow can be seen from the inside of the building.

Mad-Dog tells two of the boys to stay at the doors, as he and the others make their way through the rubble down into the Guildhouse. All is quiet.

The strange smells and dripping noises should put the PC's on edge. The orange glow gets brighter, and then suddenly as the group goes under a ruined upper floor, a large pit opens beneath them. About 30 yards away is a fire, a lone figure stands next to it.

As the group finally gets near the figure, the PC's can see it is Crowne, the blonde man from the attack on the Inn. He wears a black poncho and is warming gloved hands near the fire, which is actually quite large, and is tinged in blue and green from the poisoned rock and wood. There is a strange smell.

Crowne looks serious at the group, focusing upon Mad-Dog, but not before casting his bright blue eyes over the PC's. "*About time*", he says.

Scene 2 - Caught.

"*Give my regards to Khaine!*" shouts Mad-Dog as he pulls out his dagger and goes for Crowne.

At that moment, the PC's will be aware of movement above them and behind Crowne. A high voice behind them shouts, "*don't move you southern rats, we all have crossbows*".

Mad-dog and Crowne meanwhile have engaged in a deadly combat. They fight earnestly for about 30 seconds, Mad-Dog armed with his dagger, and Crowne defending unarmed. Suddenly Crowne stuns Mad-Dog with a surprise trip then elbow to the nose, before forearm smashing Mad-Dog in the nose again, knocking him out (play out this fight as if you are rolling for both combatants).

The Tileans sprint back and around the fire, 5 fall dead before Crowne shouts loudly to stop. There are 19 Red Line Gang members here, including Shruqee and Jorge. The remaining 6 Tileans and the PC's are brought together near the fire. Crowne has dragged Mad-Dog away, tying him up quickly and expertly like a young steer. Shruqee shouts at the Tileans to throw down their weapons. The PC's will be forced to or shot.

Jorge comes down from the shadows and congratulates Crowne sarcastically. He shouts at one of the gang members to go and tell Mortiga what has happened. He then turns and laughs at the PC's and thugs, "*looks like you've got the last and worst hour of your life to look forward to*".

Scene 3 - A Sound Beating.

Crowne calls to one of the gang members for more rope, and rough dock cord is brought in and the gangsters begin tying the hands of the Tileans. Crowne himself takes a length and approaches the PC he has looked at the most, or the most inventive and handy PC. Whilst the Tileans are swearing and scuffles break out, Crowne, just

before beginning to put the rope of the PC, mouths the word, *“sorry”*, then punches the PC in the mouth (striking to damage, pulling his blow, -1D). He shouts at the PC then, *“come on then scum, you want some?”*

As the gangsters laugh, they keep their eyes on the other PC’s, crossbows levelled. Crowne made sure he punched the PC away from the others, and from the gangsters. The PC will be encouraged to fight back, and Crowne will be fighting dirty but seems to be making his hits more for appearance than effect. After 3 rounds though he will stop pulling blows and strike to stun the PC properly. As the PC collapses, have Crowne lean over them, pulling them up by their shirt, his blue eyes staring into their own. As he drops something down their tunic he whispers, *“keep your eyes open”*.

As the PC is dragged back to the others, hands bound behind them, they will feel cold metal and then a sharp prick down at their side. Crowne has slipped them a knife. The PC’s are then, along with the remaining Tileans, forced into an old furnace housing. The only way in is the small door that the PC’s will have to crouch to get into, but they can see out through a hole in the wall made some time ago. Inside the furnace it is filthy and musty, the air is thick with dust and ash, making it very hard to breathe. It does have the advantage of allowing the PC’s to work on those ropes though.

Scene 4 - Bad Lieutenant.

After a long hour, by which the PC with the knife would have gradually worked it out and cut their bonds, the lookout can see movement from the entrance to the ruins. What seems to be a group of 5 men soon make their way down to the firelight, and the PC’s will see that the leader is very well dressed, but walks with a confident, dangerous swagger. He looks vaguely familiar. The men behind him also look vaguely familiar, Jorge is obviously recognisable, but the others...a PC who makes a successful INT test will realise they are the Watchmen who roughed them up on entry to the city, and the leader is none other than Lieutenant D. M. Champignon.

“My friends, so good to see so many of you here. So many new faces too...” Mortiga looks at Crowne.

“Monsieur Crowne is right proud of hisself Mortiga”, hisses Jorge.

“Pray, why is that Crowne? Jorge says you have a couple of things for me, I hope I haven’t come all the way out here to take the nightly vapours?” Mortiga phrases this question more like a threat.

Crowne turns and drags a now gagged and bound, but conscious Mad-Dog, into the circle of firelight. *“Looking for this cur, were you not?”*

Mortiga’s face lights up with mock surprise, quickly followed by a wide grin. *“Well done Monsieur Crowne. Its good to see a little initiative being taken in the organisation”*. Mortiga walks over to Mad-Dog, murmuring something and looking intently at the Tilean.

“I haven’t finished”.

Mortiga turns, surprised. *“Pardon, countryman?”*

“I found these too. Sitting on a bar in Little Tilea”. Crowne throws a black sack onto the ground near Mortiga’s feet. It clatters as it lands.

Mortiga opens the sack, pulling out a silver goblet in his gloved hand. He looks dead pan at Crowne, throwing him the goblet. He then tips out the sack; goblets roll on the uneven ground. He then picks up the silver carafe that was in the Inn of the same name. Holding it nearer the fire and turning it slowly to examine it, for 2 minutes an expectant silence falls over all concerned.

"Well well. This is a surprise. A couple of surprises, no less". Mortiga turns and looks at Crowne. Even Mad-Dog has stopped struggling to watch. *"Many thanks for this Crowne. As you obviously know, I like to collect such trinkets. However, it's the knowing that surprises me more than the trinket"*.

Mortiga's gaze is fixed with Crowne's for a second longer before he kneels next to Mad-Dog, apparently back into his stride. *"So Mad-Dog. Recognise this eh? Your family's no longer. I may well drink your blood out of it, but alas, I detest cheap Tilean Red"*. He swiftly draws a dagger and apparently stabs the bound man in the neck, but after a second it is obvious he has just cut the gag...

"...you stinking pus-ridden whoreson! I will eat your cankerous heart..." Mad-Dog continues in this vein for a few more insults until Mortiga calls to Shruqee, *"go fill one of these"* he tosses him a goblet, *"in that pool over there. It seems that our countryman here is shouting himself hoarse"*.

Mad-Dog is struggling furiously and shouting obscenities in his Tilean dialect. The Tileans in the furnace are getting restless. Crime is crime, but this is looking as if it could get much worse. At a nod from Mortiga, 3 thugs pull Mad-Dog to his knees and hold him, back arched. Shruqee returns with the goblet, laughing in his ominous and slow manner. He hands it to Mortiga. From this distance, PC's can see the goblet steaming. Mad-Dog utters a last curse then shuts up, clamping his teeth together.

"Open wide orc-spawn", grunts one of the thugs, trying to force the Tileans mouth open.

"On the contrary, I don't really think that will be necessary Cubby. Potions such as this simply demand to be drunk...muhahahahaha!"

Mortiga pours the liquid slowly onto Mad-Dog's face. After a second the Tilean begins shrieking in pain, then gurgling as the liquid falls down his open throat. Mortiga empties the goblet and drops it gingerly on the now writhing, moaning body at his feet.

Whilst the gang laugh at this, PC's looking at Crowne will see him looking over at them, with a very straight face. This moment is soon broken by Mortiga, as he stops laughing and says, *"well there's more where that came from. Are there any more Trimmereta's though?"*

Jorge hops into view, grinning. *"Oh yes Mortiga, we have the rest over there"*, he begins moving over to the furnace.

"Good, bring them out, I am about to see my new ruthless friend Crowne in action for the first time", sneers the Watchman.

“Mortiga” – Didier M. Champignon, Watch Lieutenant/Criminal Boss.

Human, Male, Racketeer, ex-Watch Captain.

Personality and Appearance: A suave man in his 40’s, Mortiga, or “M” as his Watch staff call him, is a real gent, but also a very nasty criminal. His one failing of late has been a concentration on the criminal side of things, as he has unnoticed the tiny worm of honesty growing in the belly of the local government. He is an avid collector of crystal and silver wine sets, and is fanatical about getting quality examples. He has a nice big house, paid for by crime.

“My dear Countrymen”.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	CI	WP	Fel
4	63	53	4	5	11	51	3	47	55	40	53	40	59

Age: 46

Alignment: Evil (Khaine – vague)

Skills: Strike mighty blow; Strike to stun; Consume alcohol; Gamble; Street fighter; Follow trail; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Specialist weapon – Rapier, Pistol, Parrying; Heraldry; Etiquette; Ride horse; Bribery; Read/Write; Evaluate.

Possessions: Rapier (I+20, D-1); Left-handed Dagger (I+10, D-1, Py-10); High quality clothes; Breastplate (1AP body, only in Watch uniform); Pistol (S16, L32, E50, ES3, 2 Load); 10 shots; 50GC in purse; Black hat with red feather; Gold Rings (30GC).

A Time Of Reckoning.

The PC’s by this point are likely to be terrified, enraged, or both. They have been powerless, as even if they were making noise they would have been ignored. However, now Jorge and 5 of the thugs with crossbows are at the door. It is opened, and the weaselly little man starts pulling out the (hopefully “apparently” still bound) people inside.

Once all the prisoners are out, they will be ushered towards the central pit area by the giggling Jorge. By the time they are at the fire and stopped, the Red Line gang only have 5 people to the PC’s rear, as opposed to 15 ahead.

Mortiga has been watching Crowne closely whilst the gang have hooted and jeered the Tileans (and PC’s), fingering the carafe.

“Shruqee, go and fill up Crowne’s goblet”.

The Tileans shift on their feet. Mortiga casts a lazy eye over the gang, fixing his eyes on one of the PC’s (he recognises them, but cannot place them). He then looks at Crowne, who is also looking at the PC’s. As Mortiga was looking away from him, he was imperceptibly shaking his head.

Mortiga smiles and selects the PC who Crowne had given the knife to. He points at him and with a wide smile, says, *“come countryman, this is Crowne. He is training to be a wine waiter at the Blue Club!”*

As the gang laugh, 2 thugs who shoulder their (loaded) crossbows manhandle the PC forward.

Shruqee gives Crowne the steaming goblet. The PC can now hear a fizzing and popping sound, coming from the silver cup!

Crowne grins at Mortiga as he walks lazily over to the PC. He raises the cup to the majority of the gang and Mortiga and says, “*bottoms up*”, before turning to the PC, who is now on their knees. As he raises the goblet he looks at the PC, nods, then throws the foul stuff at the two thugs before slamming into them with his fists...

The PC's may decide to make a break for it when they see fit:

- PC's try to escape as soon as they are out of the furnace. If they burst through the 5 armed guards, then Crowne uses the confusion to disappear into the shadows. He will try and help the PC's in a shadowy helpful figure way, but he is waiting to catch Mortiga unawares.
- PC's tell Mortiga about Crowne and the escape plan. Crowne laughs. Mortiga tells his men to be extra vigilant as he commands Crowne to kill the one who spoke (run as above).

Scene 5 - The Big Fight.

Hopefully, the PC's will all immediately use their surprise to attack the 3 guards and Jorge that stand nearest them. The Tileans will help, so for a round, the PC's should be on top. Their gear is conveniently stored in a bag near the fire too, so if a PC passes an **I** test they will recognise the bag.

The Red Line gang will fire all their crossbows on the second round, probably killing their own as well as hitting the good guys. They will then all steam forward and a big fight will ensue.

Mortiga will initially dive for cover away from Crowne and the PC's, around the other side of the fire. The next round he will fire his pistol at Crowne if he can, and with the carafe still in his hand, will try to get some of his men in between himself and Crowne and the PC's.

Crowne will firstly dive for cover after pulling the crossbow off the guard he got with the stuff; he will end up with the PC who he was going to kill behind a rock or something. He will smile warmly at the PC, before saying, “*nice one. Now's the tricky part*”. He is after Mortiga, and the PC will notice manacles on his belt. He looks up and after the first volley of arrows will burst from cover and head off after Mortiga.

On the fourth round a single figure with a crossbow and a grey hat comes down into the building. She is wearing a maroon armband with a crest on it. Quite happily, she shoots a gangster before looking around for someone. This is Scagnette. She has despatched the two gangsters outside and driven off Mortiga's carriage. She is looking for Crowne. She will ask the PC's where he went before haring off in that direction.

Sandrine Scagnette – Watchman.

Human, Female, ex-Bawd.

Personality and Appearance: Stocky but well proportioned woman in her late 20’s, Scagnette always looks severe, and her roman nose and high cheekbones contribute to this. She has long wavy black hair that is almost always tied up inside her hat. She knows everything about Bordeleaux, and is one of the few, like her partner, who cares enough about the people to want to rock the boat a little. She and her colleague are good friends, and she will do anything to back him up.

“What was that all about?”

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	44	39	4	4*	7	43	2	32	30	36	34	27	40

Age: 29

Alignment: Neutral

Skills: Excellent Vision; Silent move – Rural; Dodge blow; Very Resilient*; Bribery; Wit; Street fighting; Secret language – Thieves; Strike to Stun; Strike mighty blow; Shadowing.

Possessions: 2 Daggers (in boots); Mace; Sleeved Mail shirt (1AP Body/Arms); Crossbow (S32, L64, E300, ES4, 1 Load); 21 Bolts; Grey brimmed hat; Plain city clothes; Watch Armband; 15GC in purse.

Scene 6 – An Ending?

If the PC’s are quite happy in just handling Jorge, Shruqee and the gang, then this need not be run.

However, if your PC’s are desperate for revenge, blood, glory or whatever, they will get off after Mortiga as soon as they have killed the bad guy of their choice.

For the GM, Mortiga can be a useful re-useable bad guy, so he can escape, that’s ok. For the perfect ending though, he should be either captured or killed by the PC’s.

Mortiga has a hunch that there is probably someone waiting to get him at his carriage, so he decides to run for it across the twisted and mangled landscape that was once the alchemical warehouse, and is now a highly individual section of the nearby swamp.

Chemists Mere.

At the eastern walls of the Old Guildhouse, the masonry is slick with slime and the floor is wet and slippery. Through one of the many gaps through a now tattered wall leads to a foot of water and a ghastly scene.

The pitch night is broken by an unearthly green haze that hangs waist high, swirling and eddying unnaturally. The occasional twisted stump of a tree breaks the mist, and to the north there also seem to be walls in the mist. The water level here is at least a foot, and can be as much as 3 feet in places.

As the PC’s arrive at the wall, Crowne, who has just lost Mortiga into the mere, meets them. He will suggest splitting up to search for the man, who can be heard faintly splashing.

It's A Mere Mere.

This final section of the adventure should be played for tension, and if the PC's have split up, this will work great. As an aid in running this scene, a piece of graph paper with the position of the river, the Old Guildhouse and the borders of the mere works well. This way, give Mortiga a head start, place him some 40 or 50 yards ahead of the PC's, mark him on the map, then treat every graph cell as 2 yards. Roll a D12 for direction when characters get lost.

The following rules of the Mere will ensure that they have fun.

- Vision is limited to 10 yards. Shapes can be seen at 20 yards, as the mist coalesces around them.
- Light sources are automatically extinguished. This includes magical light, apart from Fireballs and the like. This is a side effect of the chemicals in the mere.
- Orienteering in the mist is very difficult, characters must spend at least 1 turn still to be able to get a fix on the stars (for **Orientation** skill), or on the Palais on the hill, This will also require an **INT** test.
- Movement is very slow, at cautious rate maximum. Running is simply not possible, but standard rate can be achieved if an **I/DEX** test is passed for every round you do it, if failed, you fall in the mere. This will cause splashing though.
- Noise carries as usual.
- If a character falls in the mere, they will not be harmed. They will however be lost when they stand up, and will need to spend time re-orienting themselves or wander in a random direction for D6 rounds until they do.

Mortiga is deep in the mere. After running into it, falling over, then running some more, and falling over again, he is somewhere ahead. As he is an intelligent man, the GM should allow him to try and regain his bearings as the PC's and Crowne do, and then he will try and escape to the river to the north.

Crowne will not have a crossbow any more, and his pistol is soaked, but as he wants Mortiga alive he will discourage the firing of weapons at shadows. If the PC's catch Mortiga, he will try and fight them with his rapier after throwing the carafe at their heads. If beaten, he will be sullen and quiet, but staying alert for any opportunity to escape. Crowne will manacle him and tie a rope to him when he gets him.

If you don't fancy running an interminable shouting match where the PC's die of hunger trying to escape from the mere, have a *deus ex machina* occur, and the PC's find Mortiga being sucked into mud, or eaten by a bog octopus, or something similarly poetic in its justice.

The PC's may however help Mortiga escape/kill Crowne. A nasty twist. Mortiga will escape the PC's as quickly as possible, after he has tried to kill one of them. If he survives enough to have his Watch status intact, he will try to kill the PC's "legally".

Epilogue .

When all of the PC's are together again, they are either with Crowne, or they meet him with Scagnette (and with or without Mortiga) he will thank them all for their help. He will then explain that Crowne "died" in the mere, and that his name is Franc Boltt, a Watch Sergeant who works out of the Chateau De Gauleon (Bordeleaux Legislature). He will briefly explain that he has been undercover to catch Mortiga.

He will offer any help he can to the PC's, including an enviable no-questions-asked favour at the Temple of Shallya if needed, but he cannot offer them any reward. He will ask them if they are in town for a while though, and as he leaves to go home (after setting them up in a nice Inn, the "Keep Etale") he says, "*see you around*".

The Streets Of Bordeleaux.

By L.J.A.Carswell (redrum@tiger8.freemove.co.uk)

Prologue.

The elderly coach winds its way slowly around the cobbled main street that spirals up the Rue Palais, before noisily stopping in the early-afternoon sun outside the entrance to the merchant's guild.

The ornate slender stone building has its main tall doors open wide, with many expensively dressed people inside. The events board just in the doorway proclaims the gathering to be the annual address of the mercantile wives association. The fair-haired man gives an unreadable look to his altogether scruffier dark-haired companion before climbing out of the coach.

After spending a moment straightening his navy blue tabard and hat, which he is obviously uncomfortable wearing, he strides into the guild entrance, with a slight perfunctory smile and a nod to the nobles nearest the door who look at him quizzically.

The hubbub of mercantile conversation filters through to the visitor, who has now removed his hat, and is holding it by his side as he scans the entrance hall. For a second he raises his eyebrows and gives that perfunctory smile, before moving close to a wall.

Disengaging himself from 3 elderly women comes a middle aged well-groomed man, dark haired with a generous expression. He is dressed in black velvet with starched white shirt and cravat, and a silver chain of office. He moves quickly to the wall, and the newcomer.

"Good to meet you finally Lieutenant Bolt, I've heard very good things about you. My name is Vughané, Robert Vughané. I am the Judicial Legislator of Bordeleaux." The man opens with a handshake and a warm smile.

"Good morning sir." The watchman returns the handshake. Vughané leads Bolt through the main hall into a plush and quiet corridor to the right.

"Captain Helleron recommended you for a very important task that the city requires urgently over the weekend. He cited your integrity, the knowledge you have of the city and your excellent record."

The watchman does not show if he is flattered, but nods. His unease recedes, now replaced by an attentive and businesslike attitude. "Yes sir?"

"Lieutenant, a very important witness is arriving in Bordeleaux sometime this afternoon. This is most secret, as he is a wanted man by several widespread Chaos cults. The earliest I can arrange for a formal inquisition is on Monday morning. I want you to sequester him for the weekend. No one must know he is here, other than you, your trusted men, and my office."

"Sequester him", Bolt re-states.

"Yes, in an inn that has already been arranged. If you keep him safe and able to speak to the inquisition on Monday, the city will be most grateful. No doubt news of his arrival and handling by the watch will be pronounced in the aftermath, and you could look forward to a little celebrity." Bolt smiles politely, before quickly asking, "these cults sir, do they know he will be here?"

"Fortunately, his defection has yet to be made fully aware to his previous employers, hence the problems I am having in getting the Inquisition down here. No doubt though that they will be taking steps at some point, but presently we have the initiative. Let's not lose it Lieutenant."

"No sir. I'll have him for you on Monday morning."

"Good work Franc. It is Franc isn't it? I can see us both benefiting from this set of events."

Gianni Come Lately.

The story goes that Gianni Ringolo, a Noble and ex-Slaaneshi Cultist from Gisoreux, is fleeing after being exposed to some events that even he could not stomach. He is the ultimate coward, and has recently been trying to remedy his chaos involvement in a series of teasing exposes to the unlikely figure of the Legislator of Bordeleaux. This is because the Duc de Bordeleaux has particularly disgusted and terrified Ringolo, and the city Legislator is well known to be a commoner, and a republican against the Duc.

One step ahead of the cult, and also of the Inquisition, he has agreed to turn himself over to Bordeleaux, safeguarding his life, and providing much kudos and also lots of gossip and material for the Legislator.

However, being clever but so very spineless, whilst on the way down he swapped identities with a broke Tilean tailor named Fursatche. The tailor looked a lot like him, so he promised Fursatche a load of money in order to give him the time and space to get himself out of the country.

Fursatche agreed, and with his wife agreed to help Ringolo for the three days. They switched places in the last village before the city, and Ringolo and the wife head off to the Inn they had pre-booked through their Cruise agents. Ringolo agreed to leave a message of instructions at a neutral point (Chateau de Morceaux).

Upon entering town, Fursatche/Ringolo heads straight to the pick up point (in Llavudes carriage), is confused as to the instructions (Fursatche is to open the lock of his Inn room at a scream from outside, and then he will be rescued and they can all leave), and sends a note straight back to the Furstache inn, confessing his nervousness and lack of confidence. Fursatche sends the note via Selene Kimberlain, a little girl working as an illegal courier near the Chateau.

He then books into his hideout inn, the Gibbet, and notifies Vughane that he is in town (using a kid from Rioja Runners).

When Ringolo got Fursatche's note he kept it to himself. He had already been busy since arriving in the city the day before. His first step was to the Classical Arts section in the Verena library. Sure enough, a youthful student replied to his cult signs, and he quickly showed his authority, and demanded urgent Cult aid – an assassin.

The contact quickly got in touch with the nearest senior cultist, Antonia DeSanchez. DeSanchez tried to get in contact with her senior, but could not, and as the “threat” had to be eliminated in 24 hours, she used the Cult to get in touch with another cultist and assassin, Secopathe, and met him in the Taverna Verde, giving him the assignment.

The story? Close enough to be the real thing, Ringolo explained that the Church needed a big sacrifice now, in order for the cult to spread in the aftermath. He was the lamb, and due to his daemonic connections, would stay in Bordeleaux and make it the capital of Lust!!

By playing everybody off he could escape to Tilea, or wherever, leaving Slaanesh, and all this trouble, behind. Perhaps even with a new blonde Tilean wife!

After the Taverna meeting, a dangerous liaison only used by DeSanchez as she was totally convinced of Ringolo's story, the assassin agrees, and immediately has the ideal solution. Secopathe personally visits Sanderveldt, an ex-Imperial spy and explosives expert, and details the job. Sanderveldt is an accomplished rogue, so is happy, as the pay is excellent. He has plenty tools, due to visits to Bomma (criminal Dwarven Alchemist), and leaves his lodgings for a safe house in a hovel near the Glass factory. They find a peasant who will scream for a crown at the required moment, and their plan is set.

Vughané sends Lt. Franc Bolt to guard Fursatche/Ringolo in his Inn (as the Watch are generally not to be trusted). Enter the PC's...

The Webs We Weave .

This adventure is set over the course of a weekend in the salubrious city of Bordeleaux (or Bordello, depending upon your perspective). The plot of the adventure once the PC's enter the fray is simple, yet highly flexible. The main players all have their goals, but the probability is that if the PC's do not achieve something that can appease Vughane on Monday morning then their time in Bordeleaux as honest visitors will be at an end.

From a GM's perspective, this scenario is designed to be run as a race against time, with the pressure rapidly building on the PC's from all sides. They will have to be swift in their choices, and there is little time available even for sleep, let alone healing, or the slow recovery of Magical power.

The chief protagonists can be used in a variety of ways, all can help or hinder the PC's, but the main figures are of course the Assassins of the Lavender Moon and Bolt. If your PC's are an ingenious bunch, or an arrogant bunch, have Bolt sidelined in an early encounter, i.e. the assassination, able to give advice from his bed (or he may be in a coma). The Assassins have their own goals, but their actions depend totally upon their perspective of whether Fursatche is dead or not. Finding them if they know that he is dead will require great ingenuity, and also a process that is not detailed in this write-up (so you will have to make it up!).

So, before running this adventure, it would be wise to be familiar with the role of the Bordeleaux Blue Club, and the system by which Ringolo has planned his escape. It may end up that your PC's do not even meet with the Lavender Moon as they hunt Ringolo down, but the Lavender Moon will know of them, and may decide to intervene on Ringolo's behalf.

An Ideal Plotline .

For the PC's to discover what on earth is going on, and to find the real Ringolo, they will need to do a bit of investigating. As the average PC is infuriating in their ability to follow the totally wrong lead, or to search for clues in the part of town you have not even mapped, the adventure contains details of the most obvious and crucial sources of information that the PC's can come across.

Ideally, the PC's will retrace Fursatche's steps from the moment he arrived in the city, this will introduce them to the Rioja Runners (a dead end), but most importantly to Therese Llavude, the carriage driver. She can show Furstache's movements clearly, and give the lead to Sandrine, the courier. If your PC's are honest, hard working, and have done this all on their own, then by all means, have them meet Selene. The timing of meeting Selene is crucial however, and should be on the morning of Sunday at the earliest.

So, the ideal plot would run like this:

1. Saturday evening, the PC's get to guard Ringolo as a job from their patron (ideally Bolt).
2. Ringolo gets killed, the assassins convey to the PC's that they don't know if they've killed him.
3. If they are savvy, the PC's play on this confusion and use Ringolo to draw the assassins out, this leads to event 5.
4. PC's retrace Ringolo's steps, getting closer to Selene, and the destination of Ringolo's/Fursatches last message.
5. Assassins attack, and die, giving PC's crucial clue that points both to the library and the Blue Club (this should happen Sunday noon-time).
6. After figuring out the chain of events that led to the assassins doing the job, via the Blue Club, they are one step behind the message to the real Ringolo and come within inches of catching him in the library.
7. The cultists around the library give enough information to point the PC's to the Wig & Stylus...

AND/OR

8. ...The PC's locate Selene, who tells them that the message went to the Wig & Stylus.
9. The PC's go there, find dead woman, and evidence to suggest that her partner may be at the docks about to leave town (Sunday early evening).
10. They go there, have final confrontation. END.

In this way, the PC's can either complete the adventure in a simple way – using Selene, or they can go the whole hog and find Ringolo through the agents of the Lavender Moon. The second option is infinitely harder, and so should be rewarded in terms of experience.

However, if the PC's show unprecedented intelligence, they may have the leads to investigate the Blue Club, but find Ringolo through Selene. This is great for the GM, as the next adventure has almost written itself...what shadowy figures lie within the innocuous exterior of Bordeleaux's most successful knocking shop?

Scene 1: The Assignment.

The PC's are in Bordeleaux. For whatever reason the GM decides, they have met Lt. Franc Boltt before, and are on good terms with him (this could be achieved by having one of the PC's be a relative, or through a pre-adventure – see “Infernal Affairs”). At any rate, it is about 5 bells when Boltt arrives at the Inn where they are staying, the Keep Etale, still in his dress uniform, and looking thoughtful.

Boltt will ask the PC's to act as guards for the weekend under his supervision. The job is simple, prevent a witness from harm until Monday morning. The pay will be good (20GC each) and there may be patronage afterwards if all goes well. The PC's will probably want to know why the watch cannot deal with it, Boltt gives the following information:

- At least half of the watch are corrupt in some way.
- The watch are highly understaffed at present, due to the unrest at bridge level and the Nurgle cults.
- The guy who they have to guard is likely to be hunted by people who have contacts in government, the less such associated people know, the better.
- This witness is important and has information about influential chaos cults. Judicial Administrator Vughane, a bureaucrat with a ruthless (but impeachable) reputation, has set this task.

Franc Boltt – Bordeleaux City Watch Lieutenant (Primarie Unit).

Human, Male, ex-outrider, ex-coachman. ex-watchman.

Personality and Appearance: Boltt is a fair-haired man in his mid-thirties, 5'10" tall, and of a medium to slim build. He is taciturn and studious of appearance. He has a tanned look about him and frown marks and creases around his eyes that make him look a little older than he is. His eyes sparkle with intelligence, and often warmth, even though his manner may not. He is a new breed of watchman in Bordeleaux, tough, uncompromising and incorruptible. As a result he has become known to many of the cities criminal fraternity and lower class as a real danger to the former and a friend to the latter. In fact, most of his notable work has been in exposing corrupt officials and cultists, but he has proven many times that he can handle himself. Boltt is a very perceptive and loyal man, and whilst very difficult to get to know, a real friend that can be relied upon.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	55	59	4	5°	13	61 ^a	2	54*	55	49	52	47	52

Age: 37

Alignment: Neutral (Verena – moderate)

Skills: Ambidextrous*; Very Resilient°; Lightning reflexes^a; Animal care - Horse; Animal training - Horse; Drive cart; Ride horse; Specialist weapon – Firearms, Lasso; Musicianship-horn; Follow trail; Orientation; Silent move - Rural; Secret signs - Scouts; Strike mighty blow; Strike to stun; Street fighter; Dodge blow; Gamble; Disarm; Trick riding; Read/write; Law; Shadowing.

Possessions: Longsword; Sleeved mail shirt (1AP body/arms); Leather breeches (0/1 AP legs); Shield (1AP all); Crossbow (S16, L32, E300, ES4); 20 bolts; Battered brown hat; Maroon and white tabard (Watch); Watch arm-sash; Dark grey riding cloak; Dagger (boot); 24GC in money belt; Estalian racing stallion “Mustang” (M8, S4).

Scene 2: The Hideout.

Boltt explains that the PC's are to go with him when they go and meet the Witness. He is staying at the Gibbet Inn just under the bridge on the south side. The only other watchman who knows anything is his partner, Scagnette. The party arrive at the Gibbet at 6 bells, Scagnette is already there undercover. She nods to Boltt as the group go in. By this time Boltt has taken off his tabard, but still looks smart. Scagnette comes over, nods at the PC's, and tells Boltt that the witness is upstairs in the suite.

The group go upstairs. Boltt knocks on the door to the second floor room and a wavering tilean accented voice asks, "'oo ees eet?" The group enters and meets Ringolo (Fursatche). Boltt tells him off for being so trusting, and generally gives him the cold shoulder. He tells him to stay away from the window, and just stay on the bed.

Whilst Ringolo goes to the bed, asks about Vughane, and bemoans that he is hungry and about how crappy the Inn is, Boltt and the PC's agree on a watch. Boltt will take the first watch with a PC, then go home at midnight.

Giovanni Fursatche – Tailor.

Human, Male, Artisan.

Personality and appearance: 5'8", long curly dark hair, a manicured moustache and a deep tan, combined with exquisitely tailored clothes make Giovanni fit the part of a wealthy Tilean Nobleman. In fact he is an almost destitute but gifted Tailor to the rich. Led to Gisoreux by promises of a contract at the Goatte-Biert fashion House, he is returning having spent all of his and his wife's savings due to the incalculable snobbery of these Bretons, and the Goatte-Biert family. He was perfectly willing for several reasons then to help out a fellow Tilean for good money, but is nervous nonetheless. His act of arrogance and stupidity is convincing (he has seen many nobles), but occasionally he will be unable to stop a cutting witticism coming out if the situation demands it.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	34	29	4	3	8	48	1	58	40	45	37	40	56

Age: 31

Alignment: Neutral (Ranald – moderate).

Skills: Etiquette; Heraldry; Evaluate; Tailor; Drive cart; Scroll lore; Magical sense; Secret language – Tailors Guild; Secret signs – Artisan; Art; Wit; Read/write.

Possessions: Finely tailored fashionable clothes; Outrageous hat; Dagger; 21GC in pouch; Jewellery worth 15GC.

Sandrine Scagnette – City Watch Sergeant (Primarie Unit).

Human, Female, ex-Watchman, ex-Bawd.

Personality and Appearance: Stocky but well proportioned woman in her late 20's, Scagnette always looks severe, and her roman nose and high cheekbones contribute to this. She has long wavy black hair that is almost always tied up inside her hat. She knows everything about Bordeleaux, and is one of the few, like Bolt, who cares enough about the people to want to rock the boat a little. She and Bolt are good friends, and she will do anything to back him up.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	54	49	4	5*	8	43	2	32	40	36	34	37	40

Age: 29

Alignment: Neutral

Skills: Excellent Vision; Silent move – Rural/Urban; Dodge blow; Very Resilient*; Bribery; Wit; Street fighting; Secret language – Thieves; Strike to Stun; Strike mighty blow; Shadowing; Concealment - Urban.

Possessions: 2 Daggers (in boots); Mace; Sleeved Mail shirt (1AP Body/Arms); Crossbow (S32, L64, E300, ES4, 1 Load); 21 Bolts; Grey brimmed hat; Plain city clothes; Watch Armband; 15GC in purse.

Scene 3: The Hit.

Early during the 12-4 watch, the Assassins employed by the Lavender Moon hit the room. Scagnette will be on watch with another PC, and as a terrifying scream rends the air outside, Ringolo pulls back the latch of the door.

As the PC goes to shut it, or smack Ringolo one, the door bursts open, a crossbow bolt is fired at the nearest person (+20BS for surprise, Bolt is coated in manbane), and then a bomb is thrown at the bed. The assailants, a tall man in expensive blacks (Secopathe), and a shorter man in a long grey overcoat (Sanderveldt), pull the door shut behind them and race down the stairs.

The room explodes after a few seconds. PC's have enough time, if they pass an **I** test, to either jump out of the window (falling 7 yards to the ground (14**D** – 1**D**6)), behind the door/furniture, or even through the door if they pass the test by 20 or more. A PC who makes a successful **I** test as they jump out of the window will see the gallows above the Inn entrance and can try to grab that as they fall (**I/Dex** test), the PC will still take damage as if falling from 4 yards though. The bomb then goes off (ES6 – effective for the whole room). PC's in cover receive a ES4 hit, but then D3 S3 hits from the falling ceiling (armour counting). The ceiling will fall in, and part of the outer wall gets blown out.

Ringolo lies buried under ceiling beams and masonry, seemingly dead. Scagnette managed to get some cover, but is barely conscious with a severe leg wound.

Simon Secopathe – Cult Assassin.

Human, Male, Assassin.

Personality and Appearance: 6’3”, with shoulder length wavy brown hair, Secopathe is slim, with angular features, and a cool, icy stare. He dresses well, in black silks and velvets, playing up his disguise as the “Noble”. In fact he did work for a prominent noble house for a long time, as a squire, but his illicit night-time activities down at the docks brought him to the notice of DeSanchez, who blackmailed him and his already prodigious murderous talents into her outfit. His lust for murder soon led her to introducing him to the Moon, and he has never looked back. He has killed well over 60 people personally in his years, and is deadly efficient, obsessed with making sure his victim dies.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	64	61*	4	3	11	67	3	58	46	47	58	45	48

Age: 40

Alignment: Chaos – Slaanesh (Devout)

Skills: Disguise; Prepare poisons; Shadowing; Marksmanship*; Specialist weapon – Fist, Flail, Throwing, Parrying; Street fighter; Dodge blow; Strike to injure; Strike mighty blow; Etiquette; Heraldry; Ride – Horse; Animal care - Horse; Secret language – Thieves; Secret signs – Thieves; Scale sheer surface; Silent move – Rural, Urban; Concealment – Urban, Rural; Read/write.

Possessions: Bretonnian Racing horse (M8, S3); Expensive Black clothes; Voluminous black cloak; Sword; 4 hidden Daggers (3 coated in Manbane); Crossbow pistol (S16, L32, E50, ES1); 5 bolts coated in Manbane; Garrote (WS-10, D-1); Sword breaker (WS-10, D-2, Py-10); Leather jerkin (0/1 AP body); 10 Doses of manbane; 10 Doses of Black lotus; 15GC in hidden pouch.

Udo Sanderveldt – Rogue Gunner.

Human, Male, ex-Soldier.

Personality and Appearance: Sanderveldt is a heavily built man of medium height (5’9”). He has light grey hair, and a somewhat wise and trustworthy face. He wears a long, many-pocketed grey-brown overcoat, along with an ill-fitting tri-cornered hat. He looks a bit of a mess, like a dockside trader of 25 years, or typical tavern filler. In fact, Sanderveldt is quite clever, and has fitted in well in Bordeaux since arriving from the “situation” that had developed in his home of Nuln. He had been a Gunnery school teacher for the past 6 years, but his regular leaking of Intelligence to Breton spies had recently been exposed dramatically. Now a free agent, with considerable explosives experience, it was not long before the gold started flowing. He has tended to spend most of it on wine though...

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	48	55	4	4	12	54	2	47	62	46	49	40	37

Age: 49

Alignment: Neutral / Evil

Skills: Consume alcohol; Drive cart; Engineer; Specialist weapon – Firearms, Bombs, Incendiaries, Bombard; Disarm; Dodge blow; Secret language – Battle tongue, Pedagogue Guild; Street fighter; Strike mighty blow; Animal care - Horse; Ride Horse; Read/write; Silent move – Urban; Bribery; Concealment – Urban; Public speaking.

Possessions: Fine Breton horse (M8, S3); Grubby clothes; Grey overcoat; Sleeved mail shirt (1 AP body/arms); Sword; Pistol (S8, L16, E50, ES3, 2 load); 20 shots; Blunderbuss (S24, L48, E250, ES3, 3 load); 20 shots; 4 Bombs (S2, L6, E10, ES6); 2 Molotov Cocktails (S2, L6, E10, ESFire WFRP: 80); 12GC in money belt; Access to more Bomb and Incendiary making equipment.

Scene 4: Stunned!

The PC's will be staying in the Gibbet most probably, and even the quickest PC will only get a glimpse of the Assassins fleeing the building. They have dark horses tied up just in the shadows outside the Inn, and ride down into the docks like the wind.

A good idea would be to go and get Bolt. His place is on the north side of Execution Hill, about 10 minutes brisk walking away. Any watchman can go and get him alternatively if a PC tells them to.

The room is a disaster area. Platonic, the landlord, is devastated, and will immediately be angry at the PC's, also, a noble who was downstairs at the time has been almost severely wounded by falling ceiling and the shock that it gave to the prostitute he was with. Scagnette is alive, but critical. A PC with Heal Wounds will realise that on an **Int** test that Ringolo is also alive, just. His head is badly damaged, as is his upper torso. The smell of burnt flesh and dust clogs the air.

Bolt will turn up before the wounded are safely extricated from the rubble, and 5 watchmen are now on the scene. Once both wounded men (and the PC) are out, they will be put on a cart and driven with all speed to the Temple of Shallya.

Scene 5: The Sisters of Mercy.

Once inside the Hospital at the temple, the PC's will have a moment to go over what happened (if the PC didn't survive, then Scagnette will be able to give a basic description of what went on). It all points to an assassination. Bolt commandeers 4 of the watchmen, and tells them to not let anybody near to where Ringolo is being treated. The PC's form this guard.

Within an hour Judicial Legislator Vughane arrives, with two bodyguards. He demands to see Bolt, and in front of the PC's he gives Bolt a dressing down. The status on Ringolo is still unknown, and Vughane threatens Bolt, and the PC's, with big trouble if he dies. He promises to return in the morning with "his own men".

Scene 6: Get It Right The Next Time.

Just as Vughane leaves, Secopathe enters the temple. He is dressed a bit differently to how he was, but he makes inquiries of the sister on duty, before disappearing into the apothecarial wards. As the watchmen are generally useless, the PC's will have to keep their eyes out for him. He should get close enough to Ringolo to let the PC's know what he's after before they intercept him. He will then flee, leading the PC's a merry chase through the temple before escaping into the shanty towns on the east side.

Day 2.

Scene 7: Dead Grass.

At dawn, back at the Temple, the sister comes out to say that Ringolo has died.

Most likely, the reaction from the PC's will be one of "*Khornes horns, that's it then*". But Bolttt will be grimly determined to at least find out who killed Ringolo before he gets into trouble with Vughane; for one thing, there are leads.

It is at this point that the adventure can be altered significantly by what the PC's do. The ideal scenario would be that the PC's decide to play on the fact that the enemy is ignorant of Ringolo's death, and use this ignorance to draw them out – and to buy time with the authorities. Bolttt is a clever man, and the kind GM can use him to suggest this.

If the PC's leave Ringolo dead for when Vughane returns, Bolttt and the PC's will be wanted, and if they are caught by the Watch, and now by the Garrison, then they will spend the rest of the adventure awaiting rather harsh punishment.

It should seem obvious that by the behaviour of the assassin that he didn't know if Ringolo was dead. If they decide to hide the body, Bolttt will suggest taking the body secretly out to the temple of Morr – he knows a cleric there who can be trusted; Brother Quinco. At first light Bolttt orders 5 Carriages and pays them to drive to different sections of the city, a watchman/PC in each. This is to confuse any watchers. Meanwhile the majority of the PC's will be with Ringolo in the death cart...yummy!

Scene 8: From A Great Height.

As the carts move away, if there are no PC's left with Bolttt, describe this to one of them as they look out of the window back to the Temple:

"Bolttt is standing alone, leaning against one of the pillars, watching one of the receding carriages. Suddenly a thundering of hooves and men in armour and blood-red uniforms fly past the carriage window, heading for the temple. Once your view of the temple is back, you can see a tall, blonde-haired man in black gesticulating at Bolttt, who is now looking wary, surrounded by 6 soldiers. As the scene disappears around the corner along the rutted street, the flash of movement accompanied by shouts tells you that something bad may have just happened".

If there are any PC's around as soon as the group of horsemen come galloping around the corner, Bolttt will urge the PC to clear off. If the PC does nothing Bolttt will go out to meet the soldiers; Counsellor's Guards, along with Vughane and Lucius Drake. Vughane will only command the soldiers to take the PC if he recognises him. If they try, Bolttt will do his utmost to buy time for the PC to escape.

If the PC does run off, feel free to describe a scene similar to that above.

Now that Drake, the Royal Counsellor's Judicial Champion, is here, Vughane wants Ringolo immediately. Drake is tired and bad tempered after his long ride, and Boltt is about to pay a high price for his silence.

Lucius Drake, "The Cobra" – Royal Counsellor's Judicial Champion.

Human, Male, ex-Duellist.

Personality and Appearance: Drake looks like Julian Sands; fairly slim with long blonde hair, a distinctively aquiline set of features, and a crisp Breton accent. He is, perhaps, the best swordsman in Gisoreux, even all Bretonnia. His reputation for results and his ruthlessness had earned him the title of the Cobra in swordplay, for he is fast and deadly accurate. He is really an avaricious soul, with no honour or respect for anyone, only fear towards his employer, Counsellor Rochemaneau. He has got style though, as well as sharp taste, a rapier wit, and a dangerously handsome demeanour.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5°	77	61	6*	5	13	62	3	58 ^a	58	45	40	46	49

Age: 33

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Secret language – Battle; Read/write; Dodge blow; Specialist weapon – Rapier, Fist, Flail, Lasso, Parrying, Net, 2-handed, Firearms; Strike to stun; Strike to injure; Strike mighty blow; Ride horse; Disarm; Etiquette; Dance; Wit; Heraldry; Luck; Very Strong*; Fleet footed°; Ambidextrous^a; Street fighter; *Trick riding*; *Acrobatics*.

Possessions: *Turalthan – Magical Longsword (I+20, can never be Disarmed)*; *Boots of Bharn'hoom (grant wearer skills of Trick riding & Acrobatics)*; *Chereppos' Faith – Magical Red silk sash (grants wearer 1 AP all)*; Breastplate (2 AP body); Left-handed dagger (WS-10, D-1, Py-10); 2 Pistols (S8, L16, E50, ES3, 2 load); 20 shots; Black and white silk doublet; Black riding cloak; 50GC in pouch.

Scene 9: A Quiet Place.

The PC's get to meet Brother Quinco at the Temple of Morr. He is a greying man with a roman nose and a dry humour. As soon as he realises that he would be doing Boltt a favour he winks conspiratorally and agrees to hide the body.

Investigations.

The PC's have several options here. They have minimal descriptions of the two assassins, but from the attack it should seem clear that Ringolo was expecting something to happen. It is this that the PC's must pick up on, by tracing his movements.

The PC's will be left to their own devices, searching for clues from the Sources. The plot moves on again when the PC's meet the Carriage driver, Therese Llavude...

The Cult Of The Lavender Moon.

The PC's should only come into contact with a cell of the Lavender Moon cult, and not the hierarchy. The cult itself is widespread within Bordeleaux, and has many lay

members. Its full members are invariably rich, whilst several are in positions of great influence. Their motives are not actively political, they are happy with the status quo as it stands. However, from time to time they act as a singular body, sometimes using the resources of the city, when organising mass orgies, kidnappings and even their own Slaaneshi Hunt which rides occasionally to wipe out the Khornate groups in the area.

The Cult is organised thus; there is a High Fornicator that heads the cult. Her identity is unknown to all of the cult members, and She has led the cult for the past 30 years. Below the High Fornicator is the Triumvirate; comprised of the Templarine of Flesh (currently a high ranking Soldier in the Garrison), the Incensior (a wizard in the Collegius), and the Master of Ceremonies (a Baron of power in the Ducal court). The Duc himself is widely known amongst the nobility to be partial to the odd orgy, and is either a member of the Moon, or the more diffuse, but far more powerful Bretonnia wide cult, the Violet Hour (see Gianni Ringolo's history). The Hour has members that reside in the highest offices in the land.

Source A: The Gibbet.

The Gibbet is a tall and tottering building of ramshackle appearance, situated just under the level of the Bridge on the south hill of Bordeleaux. It is a three-storey hostelry. It has no stabling, but mounted patrons can leave their horses at the Livery just around the corner (Jean Etrudes) for a cheap price (10/-) that includes fodder.

The Landlord is Michel Platonic, a former hard working vintner in the Morceaux valley, who met a girl from the big city, and ended up recently buying this dive just under the bridge. He is a friendly but cautious middle aged man, and has principles in an amoral part of town.

His staff includes the Rosette twins as waitresses and household help, Eva and Marie (22), Peiter Tourame as the barman, and Sara Platonic as the housekeeper and the cook.

Charges for the Gibbet are low, 5/- for a bunk, 15/- for a room, 25/ for a large room. Michel has managed to discourage most of the hourly customers, but the rooms are still very dodgy looking. The food here is surprisingly good, and costs only 9/- per meal (or 1 GC per day), and the wine cellar is very good, but most of the wine bought is the cheap stuff as favoured by the locals (5/- a bottle, still very good though). For 12/- you can drink Platonics' final vintage, a gorgeous strong red from the upper Morceaux.

Information.

The first witness they have as to Ringolo's movements is Peiter Tourame, the Barman at the Gibbet. If persuaded nicely (as he is also pissed off that the roof has been blown off the Inn), he can tell the PC's that:

- Ringolo arrived in a Joe's Taxi, at 3 bells yesterday, and he then asked for Peiter to send a note to the Chateau De Gauleon via courier.
- He can elaborate by saying that when he picked up Ringolo's heavy bags, he noticed a small wooden toy fixed onto the rear roof rail of the carriage; a dog

whose head moved as the carriage did. Peiter will need to be sweet-talked here, as he is pissed off with the PC's, and as they are representing the law, he is afraid he might get his girl in trouble somehow.

- The courier he used was a lad from Rioja Runners; a local south-side courier based on the Rue de Petit. The lad was olive skinned, *"like a southern dog"*, and had a scar across the top of his left hand.

Source B: Rioja Runners.

Rioja Runners is a horrendous little office with a group of malnourished filthy children hanging around outside. They all wear red sashes tied around their upper arms. They will pester any PC attempting to go in, clutching at them, and crying out, *"pleeze monshur"*, in a variety of accents, few of them Breton. On closer observation, most of the children have iron collars around their necks, sure signs of their slave status. Of all of the 13 children outside the premises, none have a scar on the top of their left hand, but most of them do have scars and wounds of sorts. For every round a PC spends in contact with these unfortunates, there is a cumulative 10% chance they will get fleas.

Up a dingy stairwell is the office of the runners, and inside is a sweaty fat man surrounded by empty boxes and greasy scraps of paper. Dim sunlight filters through white painted windowpanes, highlighting the many motes of dust that swirl around. The smell is very bad in here, like a temple to bodily odours. The fat man does not get up, but demands who the PC's are and what do they want.

This character is Gaston Creosotte, a slaver and the owner of Rioja runners. He is a vicious and miserly man who has killed many children through overworking them with false promises, and several through plain cruelty and avarice. He has an animal cunning which has seen him destroy many do-gooders and enemies, and the high profits he makes from his firm he puts into his highly pleasurable hobbies (not detailed here, but disgusting you can be sure).

Should the PC's try to tail Gaston, he is very smart, and will lose them. Worse however, he will pay a lot of money to have them killed, or captured for future torture.

In this scenario, the PC's will have to pay (5GC, can be bargained to 3) for the privilege of being told that Luis, the runner they are looking for, usually plies his trade from near the Collegius Arcanus, as, *"the greasy little snot wants to be an accursed wizard"*.

Source C: Luis Rioja.

Luis is an Estalian boy of 9; he is skinny but has a bright look in his eye and is always smiling at something. He is only 34GC away from earning his freedom, or so he thinks, so he works as much as he can, often 20-hour days. There is a 30% chance that for every hour the PC's hang around the Collegius that they will see the boy, with his red sash around his neck (covering up his iron collar).

In his pidgin Breton, he will of course demand a Crown for any information (can be bargained to 8/-), and if asked about the message he delivered yesterday from the Gibbet to the Chateau de Gauleon, after a little more prompting about Ringolo's description, he will remember:

- As he is slowly teaching himself to read, and all he made out of the address was "Vulture" (Vughane).
- He will say that he did not take any other messages along with him, he was not stopped, and he gave the message to the mail clerk in the entrance hall.

Luis is helpful and should give the PC's a sad impression of how dreadful this city can be, and how goodness always finds some way of coming through.

Source D: Joe's Taxis.

Joe's carriages are the third biggest single operators in Bordeleaux. They are based just north of the Rue Gisoreux only a few streets away from the eastern walls of the city. Most of their carriages (yellow doors) can be found with all of the others however, bustling around the Esplanade de Bordeleaux, or winding their way around Tower Hill. Most of their business is on the Norimonde, Tower Hill, but they drop off on Execution Hill. They don't do much business around the docks though.

The stabling of the Company is a large yard, with a solid tall gate and a ramshackle series of huts next to it. These are the offices, and any PC's wishing to follow up on any clues would have to go here. The single storey wooden buildings are filled with smoke and the smell of Arabyan coffee. Joseph Haqnee, a balding man with a big black moustache, sits in an office behind the main driver's room, but his door is open, and he is always in and out, shouting at his drivers, or cracking racist jokes. Any specific inquiries will be met with blank stares and mutters, along with comments of, "*eeh, I cannot geet any bloodee peeace...*" and, "*...ere, you know I once had Griff Oberwald in zee back of my carriage, no?!*"

Joseph will pay absolutely no attention to the PC's questions, but will repeatedly offer them jobs, or ask if they've ever repaired carriages, and the like. Just as the PC's leave, have the sharpest observer notice that across the yard there is a woman washing a carriage down. Upon closer inspection the carriage has a wooden nodding dog on the rear rail!

The Driver.

Therese is a softly spoken woman in her late twenties. She doesn't look as if she gets much to eat, but her carriage is in very good condition, and you notice that her own clothes seem to be neat too.

Therese Llavude – Carriage Driver.

Human, Female, Coachman.

Personality and Appearance: Therese is 5'6", medium, but curvy, build and with shoulder length light brown hair. She is quite pretty, but as with most Bretons, is rather dirty all the time. She has a great laugh though, and her smile is rare, but wonderful. She is a genuinely nice person, very down to earth and aware, but gives a sense to the keen observer of something lost within her. She has her own secret sorrows, and these have given her enough focus for her to do as well as she is.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	36	48	4	3	8	49	1	27	27	35	43	28	30

Age: 25

Alignment: Neutral - Rhya (moderate).

Skills: Luck; Prepare poisons (herbal); Sixth sense; Animal care – Horse; Ride horse; Drive cart; Musicianship – Horn; Specialist weapon - Throwing.

Possessions: Throwing axe (S4, L8, E20, ES4); Crossbow – under seat (S32, L64, E300, ES4, 1 load); 5 bolts; Throwing dagger (S4, L8, E20, ES4); Cleaning gear; 2GC, 11/7, in purse; Two seat carriage; Horse (M6, S4).

- She is very polite, and will be very helpful to the PC's, not even asking for money. If they ask about Ringolo she will nod, saying that she picked him up at the Esplanade de Bordeleaux yesterday at about 2 bells. From there they went on a bit of a tour.
- She will then offer to take the PC's round on that tour for standard fare.

Source E: Carte Blanche.

The premier couriers of Bordeleaux are based in the mercantile district on the southern slopes of Tower Hill. They occupy offices behind the Vintners guild, and PC's will probably have a little difficulty finding them, but all the locals know where they are, or one of the many children running about with white neckerchiefs on.

Carte Blanche does not own slaves, and most of its couriers are in their teens. The couriers are well paid by local standards, and their efficiency and reliability make them the most successful city couriers, they are not the most profitable, but their owner, Madeleine Deschalle, is an ardent supporter of the tiny anti-slavery league (somewhat of a female Dickens).

Enquiries are made at the busy reception counter at the offices. Two pale bespectacled women are friendly but busy, and it may take some time to get their attention over the many merchants and clerks who are collecting and receiving mail.

Again, if the PC's are patient and stress the importance of their search for the well being of the city, the two women will look at each other and offer a couple of alternatives with the following information:

- Girls of 10 are rare in Carte Blanche, they can only think of two, and they have dark hair. These are Henrietta Buchon and May Kerembine. Hen works with her elder sister, Rosa, at the Esplanade des Beajolaix, and May works at the top of Tower Hill, and is a common feature around there.
- Elise Rattan is 12, but looks younger, and she has blonde hair. She works the local district, as she is quite new.
- There are many girls who work for Carte Blanche, and the clerk may offer that the PC's simply wait for the girl to come in, as they all do eventually to drop monies off and to collect their pay.
- All Carte Blanche Couriers have a medallion along with their neckerchief that states they are an official courier, as there are always cases of strangers being ripped off by kids in white neckerchiefs.

In all truth, the little blonde courier was one of the latter, and thanks to her good fortune with generous outsiders, she is busy patrolling the streets of the Royal Quarter.

The PC's can certainly waste a lot of time tracking down May, Hen and Elise, but to no avail. They will most probably be getting nowhere fast, and it is at this point that the clerks (if the PC's return) will mention the last point. If they are clever enough they should have thought of this to ask anyway.

Source F: The Courier.

Selene Kimberlain is a cheeky urchin of 9 years, armed with a cute smile and curly blonde pigtails, a fake courier status, but quite an honest work ethic. She does deliver the letters she is given, if she can find the place, then she just keeps all the money. She hasn't been doing it that long though, but a crown two days ago has convinced her that it is a great job, and that her fortune lies in the Royal District. Problem is that if the watch catch her without a Carte Blanche medal she could be made a slave.

As a result, Selene will not tell the PC's anything initially, but will try to run away if they question her:

- If they convince her that they will not turn her in, and also give her some money, then she can tell them that the letter from the Rich Prince (Ringolo), she couldn't read.
- So she ended up going all the way to the temple of Verena (she felt obliged to because he paid her a crown) to have the address read for her. It turned out it was just across the road, the Wig & Stylus! She left it with a curly-haired man who was behind the bar (Jean the Proprietor).

Selene will be overjoyed if the PC's give her anything more than a shilling, and will offer her services as a messenger for them, at a cut price of another shilling (normal rates are 2/-).

Source G: Thieves Guild.

The Thieves Guild in Bordeleaux is very powerful, and highly organised. Should a rogue PC decide that they be pro-active in their investigations, then it will not take long for them to find a thief (10% per 10 minutes on the Hill tops, 25% per ten minutes at Bridge level, 40% per 10 minutes under the bridge).

If the PC has Secret Signs – Thieves, then that is how they will recognise Guild members. They will need Secret Language – Thieves, to talk to the member though.

The Bordeleaux dialect of Thieves tongue could confuse the PC, but a successful **Int** test will allow them to understand fully. A street thief will offer no information to a non-Bordeleaux thief, but will direct the PC to the Wharf Rat tavern at the docks.

The Wharf Rat.

This tavern is a large long and messy place, full all of the time with sailors and dockers. It is also one of the main dens for the Thieves Guild. There are many rival underworld gangs in Bordeleaux, but the Guild has several safe houses where rivals can meet and do business. A PC who goes in will probably have to avoid a fight at some point, but if they can get to the bar, or talk to the doorman, 4 dockers will escort them into a snug.

The PC, if they are obviously a scummy thief, will not be offered a seat, and when the dark, handsome, and well-dressed man (Luc Daimante-Fillippo) finally turns his attention on the PC, the dockers will grab the PC. Daimante will say in a bored voice that to join the Guild it costs 5GC initially, and then 10% of all Criminal Income, paid monthly. If the PC just blurts that they do not want to join and just get information, Daimante will say that the PC will have to be sent to the bottom of the dock, as only guild members can leave the snug alive!

If the PC agrees and pays up, then Daimante will stare at them silently for what seems like an eternity (if the PC speaks, have one of the Dockers punch them in the stomach – to stun). He will then ask them to perform an initial service to the guild, as a token of their membership and loyalty. This task will be something like:

- Steal a crate of Kislevite vodka from an Erengard ship then sell it further down the docks,
- Steal the dock Exciseman's chain of office,
- Take the flag off the visiting Bilbali Galleon,

Or something else that can be done relatively straight away, is dangerous but amusing.

Once the PC has completed the task, depending on the style, Daimante will either greet them with a drink or just wave them away. If the PC was particularly inventive and flashy, then Daimante will pull some strings right away, and it should only be an hour before the PC can get up to a maximum of two of the following pieces of information (2GC per item).

GM: tailor the information according to how well the Party is doing overall, if they haven't really bothered with the conventional clues, give them not much, if they are trying hard and beginning to get into it, give them something more juicy:

- Explosives are made by the Alchemists guild, and can only be bought by alchemists, wizards and the military.
- The best assassin in the city is the Noble (Secopathe), but he is very choosy about his clients, and only works about twice a year at most. He is very difficult to track, but always appears when someone asks about him.
- Illegal Gunpowder can be bought (at a massive price) from Stykk Bomma, a dwarf alchemist working out of a warehouse in the South district.
- The Noble was seen with a woman in the Taverna Verde on Friday.

In addition to the explosives/assassin specific news, the PC's will also receive a dressed up rumour, this will be offered as a taster probably, and will be vaguely related.

Source H: Stykk Bomma.

Stykk is a talented Dwarven Alchemist working illegally out of a warehouse in the southwestern part of the city. He was a brilliant alchemist in Marienburg, but when trying to use Warpstone as the ingredient to turn lead into gold, his right hand turned to solid gold, whilst his left foot turned to lead. He was discovered, and had to flee for his life.

Now he makes poisons, acids, gunpowder, and spell ingredients for less than scrupulous wizards. He has become evil by association more than anything, and would still dearly love to be asked to make potions and the like of a more normal and beneficial nature.

There is no way of telling Stykk's warehouse from the rest, and the PC's need exact directions. Upon locating it, 27 Rue Folie, the door is firmly shut, and the windows blacked out. A funny smell comes from the building itself.

After knocking a big swarthy human opens a slit, and asks what the PC's want. If they convey in thieves tongue that they want some illicit chemicals, then the thug, if the PC's passed a **Fel** test, will close the slit, announce that only two are allowed in, and the door will open. The PC's will enter an area surrounded by crates, with no apparent way out, whilst the door closes by lever, and locks as it does so. Then a section of crates is moved aside, revealed to be nothing more than a front and the PC's are shown through alleys of crates.

They will soon find themselves followed by two humans also, as two appear in front (there are 8 thugs in the warehouse).

Bomma is working in the centre of the building, dressed in a white frock coat, surrounded by myriad glass works, bubbling pots, and machinery that glows, makes noises, and sparks occasionally.

Bomma is gruff and to the point, and will supply the PC's will almost any spell ingredient, poison, or chemical they want, at +100% normal price. If questioned about buyers, he will listen to the question, and depending on that buyers value to him, will charge a fee for information based upon that, i.e. For Sanderveldt, a customer who has only been twice and bought gunpowder and poisons, he will charge 20GC for acknowledging the man, then 10GC each time for saying what he bought.

Stykk Bomma.

Dwarf, Male, Alchemist, ex-Alchemists Apprentice.

Personality & Appearance: Bomma is stocky, even for a dwarf, and rather short. He actually is square shaped. He has a short “peppered” beard, with a shiny bald scalp surrounded by a grey rim of hair. He wears thick lead and glass goggles most of the time, making personal dealings with him difficult. Added to this is his ferocious temper and self-pitying attitude, which perceives any attempt at joviality or conversation as a personal slight. He is actually deeply depressed, and can see no way out.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	54	21	5*	6	10	40	1	20	59	55	55	59	20

Age: 117

Alignment: Neutral.

Skills: Mining; Metallurgy; Night Vision – 30yds; Heraldry; Drive cart; Very Strong*; Brewing; Evaluate; Read/Write; Chemistry; Arcane Language – Magick; Cast Spells – Petty, Battle 1; Herb Lore; Magic Sense; Scroll Lore; Prepare (herbal) Poison.

MP's: 8

Spells: Magic Flame; Open; Magic Alarm; Cure Light Injury; Flight.

Equipment: White frock coat; Goggles; Chainmail gloves (1AP hands); Full Chemistry equipment; Glass tubes and glowing substances galore; Spell Ingredients (in coat pockets); Compounds (see *Warpstone 12*): 4 measures of Acid (Type II), 11 Gunpowder measures; 1 pint of Ghost Fire, 3 measures of Smokeless Torch; Poisons: 4 Manbane, 3 Black Lotus, 2 Nightshade; 32GC in small locked chest (key around neck).

Special Rules: Bomma has a mutation born of greed; a leaden left foot (**M**-2) and a golden right hand (**Dex** ½, counts as a hand weapon).

If the PC's flash their warrants, Bomma will run and the thugs will attack. Once the PC's are busy with the thugs, Bomma will throw acid at anyone who comes close (S2, L4, E10, ES4 – causes D6W at S4 damage per round afterwards unless target removes affected clothing, or immerses in water) and try to escape using “Flight”. If they capture Bomma and threaten him, he will tell all and beg for mercy. This is what he knows:

- He knows the mans name is Udo Sanderveldt, a rogue spy from the empire. He was an explosives expert at the Nuln school of Gunnery (Bomma knows this from his time in Marienburg).
- Sanderveldt has only been here for two months, and has been to the workshop twice, purchasing enough gunpowder for scores of bombs, Manbane poison, a re-filing of his pistols and musket and some Angel hair amphetamine.
- Sanderveldt is staying at Madame Zorba's.
- Most of his work is in producing mind-altering drugs, especially hallucinogens and anti-inhibitors. He does not know the name of the person who picks these things up, but it is a tall softly spoken man, always dressed in a deep gray cloak

(GM: An elf - Eden Sarrier, apprentice to the Incensior. See “The Cult of The Lavender Moon”).

- He knows for sure that his drugs have ended up at the Bordeleaux Blue Club.
- He has many other customers, who he doesn't know. For these he supplies paralytics, antidotes, disease resistants, viruses, and for one foul smelling customer, obvious necromantic spell ingredients.

Source I: Taverna Verde.

The Taverna Verde is a small intimate drinking spot for the upwardly mobile of the lower class, it is frequented by a lot of criminals, cult members, and there are usually some nobles in there also.

It sits well under the bridge on the north side of the river, in a truly despicable neighborhood. There is a 50% chance that the unfamiliar PC's will be set upon by D6 desperate footpads (use “thug” profile) as they approach the Taverna.

The place itself is green, inside and out, and surprisingly clean. It is one of the main meeting places for Lavender moon cell seniors, and the owners are in fact Slaaneshi cultists themselves. Any PC with 6th sense will feel very uneasy about the place, but won't know why.

If it is prior to the Chase when the PC's come in here, they will be unknown, and will be ok to pursue whatever inquiries they have. Asking direct questions about the Noble to the staff will elicit nothing but suspicious looks, and ultimately a spiked drink (Manbane).

There are permanently wine-sozzled drunks in here though who are not cultists, who can tell the PC's that:

- The Noble was here on Friday morning with Madame Whiplash (a nickname for DeSanchez).
- She is somewhat of a regular, in here three or four times a week, speaking to a mixed crowd, and friendly with the bar staff. She cant half fight though!
- She actually works around this district, although I think she is in crime.
- She's got something to do with the Hostelry known as the Blue Club, a casino/nightspot not far away.

If the PC's come after the Chase, they will be well known by know to the Lavender Moon, and they are in real danger. The staff will make the party very welcome, spike all their food and drink with massive doses of paralytics, then take them away for a messy death and a swim in the river.

If the PC's spot the drugs, the whole place comes alive with opponents, and the PC's will have to fight their way out.

They can still get the information about DeSanchez from one of the drunks, as they often run out of money and go begging locally. Cunning PC's can wait for them to leave, pay them well and get the information without getting captured. If they do this

though, have the body of the drunk appear close to them later on in the day, drowned with wine, with the PC's money in their mouth.

Taverna Verde Cultists.

Description: At any one point here will be 8+1D10 cultists in the Taverna Verde, of varying descriptions and attire. A PC making an **Int** test will notice however that a lot of the customers here look very vain. They are either looking in the mirror behind the bar, or preening and caressing themselves (and occasionally each other). These people usually form half of the clientele, the rest being mainly drunks and criminals. Once one of the bar staff signals, they will all attack en masse.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	25	3	3	6	30	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Alignment: Chaos – Slaanesh (Devout)

Skills: 25% have Specialist weapon – Rapier.

Possessions: Hand weapon or 25% chance of Rapier (I+20, D-1); Mirror or Make-up; Dagger; 1D6 shillings (1D6GC if owning Rapier); 50% have a tattoo of a Blue crescent moon on their arse.

Source J: The Bordeleaux Blue Club.

Frequently being raided by the Watch, this casino cabaret bar is a favourite of the local criminals, wine merchants and students. It is owned by Paolo Tauschante, an effeminate minor Noble who spends all of his time in the casino, bar and cabaret hall. The place is in fact run by Antonia DeSanchez, a racketeer and cell leader of the Sickie (a violent cell of the Lavender Moon). DeSanchez is in contact with all of the other local cell leaders, and with a go-between to the Templarine of Flesh (her superior - she doesn't know who that is). She runs the place well, and makes a lot of money off it. It is a prime recruiting ground for new cultists and drugs are freely available within – see WCOC for details (bought by one of the Guards from Stykk Bomma).

The ground floor of the three-storey building is taken up by a bar, and at the rear, a room that is the nightclub, which has the balcony of the first and second floors overlooking it. There is a spiral stairwell, which leads up to these floors. The first floor houses a large casino, and the second floor is where the offices are, and DeSanchez's living quarters.

Getting into the club requires a 1GC door charge, with scruffy people having to pay twice that. The décor of the place is very kitsch, reds, pinks and maroons everywhere, with pale blue ceilings, intentionally give the impression of a Bordello, and the basement has 12 cells that perform this very function.

The drinks are cutting edge, expensive and very good (from 6/- for the cheapest wine, to 6GC for the "Claphame Commoner", a cocktail that leaves you reeling. The casino is rigged of course, up to 15% illegal advantage. The nightclub aspect is a cabaret bar, and has seen some very good acts. There is a resident 6 piece-entertaining group, but often there will be visiting troubadours. All of the windows in the Blue Club are Rose-tinted to a degree, giving the sober visitor a rather sickly pink impression to the

whole place. Characters wanting some love action can openly request it at the bar, and upon paying the bar staff the fee of 10GC, they are led down into the basement by a waiter and to a plush little cell where they may get off. The Club has male as well as female prostitutes, and all are drugged up to the eyeballs in anti-inhibitors and relaxants. They can provide no information; they just want to be loved.

It is from her offices here that the Slaaneshi aspect of Bordeleaux plan and execute attacks upon the few remaining Khornate cultists in the area. To date they have been deadly effective, and there are no cults left in the city, just a few minor groups hiding in caves along the coast.

The PC's will be here hoping to find out who is paying Secopathe, and why. Getting into DeSanchez's spartan quarters may be easy, but the cult documents are hidden in a secret room behind a full-length mirror. The only problem is that the Club is guarded day and night by 4 tough ex-soldiers, and the PC's will have to get past them.

Maison D'Amour Guards (ex-soldiers).

Description: Neatly manicured, with elegant haircuts and, is that lipstick??? These four were part of the Bordeleaux garrison before being court-martialled and ejected from the barracks for an "ungentlemanly act". They are Cultists in as much as they are used in attacks on enemies, and are left to their own devices with each other and captives. They are a cruel, sick group, who are loyal to DeSanchez (whom they know has some link to the cult), and ruthless to intruders.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	35	3	3	8	40	2	29	39	29	29	29	29

Alignment: Chaos – Slaanesh (Devout)

Skills: Street fighter; Disarm; Dodge blow; Strike mighty blow; Secret language – Battle.

Possessions: Mail coat (1AP body/legs); Helmet (1AP head); Shield (1AP all); Hand weapon; Crossbow (S32, L64, E300, ES4, 1 load); 2D10 shillings; Tattoo of Blue crescent moon on left buttocks.

Message in a Book.

A key event needs to be staged as the PC's are about to discover the true nature of the club, and especially the books, and the Clubs link to the library.

As they are scouting the club out, have a young woman dressed as an initiate of Verena leave the place carrying a small brown package. This is the contact the Cult has in the library, and she is currently heading back to give Ringolo an update. The PC's must see her, so that they can recognise her later on in the Classical Arts section.

The initiate is carrying back the stolen book, "Christiene", complete with DeSanchez's note. Normally the books would not be stolen, but Ringolo has taken to writing *in* the books, as opposed to putting notes in them.

Lair of Ms. Whiplash.

A booby trap in the form of a swinging scythe blade is triggered if the sliding door of the secret entrance is pushed to the left. Have the PC describe how they are getting into the room, and note if they are being cautious and searching for traps.

If they fail an **I** test, then the scythe arcs down, hitting the PC in either the left arm, or the left side of the body (50% chance of either), causing prone damage at **S3**. If the PC spots the trap, they can easily disarm it by removing the lever connected to the door.

This room is painted pink and blue, and lit from the distorted light entering from the small gable window. It contains all manner of sexual toys, garish clothes and make-up, a 2-handed flail (I-20, WS-20, D+3), a Coral statue of Slaanesh, a Cathayan book of Torture (with woodcuts), Incense sticks, and Cult related paperwork. There is also a horned skull with an Iron circlet around it (Khornate Chaos Warrior).

It is here that the PC's will find "The 50 Days of Salon", by the Marquis du Sharde, complete with the title page ripped out. There is also a note that bears the same seal as can be found on the title page of the Salon book. The note is addressed to "The Smatcher 'n the Flye" (another Classical Novel), and seems to be a list of perfumes

Personally I would not have DeSanchez at home in the club when the PC's make their move. Have the owner, Tauschante, in the place with a few staff members, and then when the PC's are just starting to find useful stuff have them notice DeSanchez enter the Club. She is a tough opponent, but if you want your adventure to be a little more combative, include her. Personally, I would like to save her for later scenarios.

It may be that after this adventure the PC's are so well known in Bordeleaux that they will have to leave and so it could be useful here to put in a lead to a "training camp" out in the hills, or the sketchy details of an operation on some of "The Enemy", along the coast. What will also be here are the details of her cell, 5 other minds fully bent to the pursuit of pleasure through mainly pain and torture. Although the amount of time spent in the room increases the chances of the Guards, DeSanchez, or something else coming...for a very cocky PC, have the Slaanesh statue transform into a mini-Fiend of Slaanesh if touched (an unholy mixture of scorpion, reptile, and human. Segmented main body, with stingered tail and humanoid legs, head of a monitor lizard, with a long tongue and horns - WS33, S1, T1, W6, I40, A3 – If lick attack hits target must make WP test or suffer from Stupidity, tail lash has Scorpion venom, Cause Fear, but +20% to **CI** test). This should scare the PC's enough to make them flee. A very good thief PC could get all this information and out again.

Antonia DeSanchez – Senioris of “The Sickie”.

Human, Female, Racketeer.

Personality and Appearance: DeSanchez is an attractive woman in her early thirties, standing 5’8” with long blonde hair. She dresses in either no-nonsense dresses or more often in practical breeches and tunics (a pale blue page boy suit in the club). She stands out from the poor of Bordeleaux due to her cleanliness, and her forthright stares. She is well known as a tough criminal on the north side of the river, and runs the popular night-spot, the Blue Club. She is also responsible for the illicit muscle of the city’s chief cult, the Lavender Moon. She runs her responsibilities hard and efficiently, often taking a hand herself if necessary. What she may lack in subtlety has always been overcompensated by an ability to kill anyone who has posed her problems.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	57	54	5	4	10	52	2	44	47	40	48	36	35

Age: 32

Alignment: Chaos – Slaanesh (Devout)

Skills: Specialist weapon – Fist, Flail, Whip; Street fighter; Dodge blow; Strike to Stun; Strike mighty blow; Blather; Secret language – Thieves; Secret signs – Thieves; Scale sheer surface; Embezzle; Numismatics; Silent move – Rural, Urban; Concealment – Urban; Torture; Immunity to Disease; Immunity to Poisons; Read/write; Frenzied attack (see below).

Possessions: Whip (see Apocrypha Now: 35); Mace; 2 daggers (1 hidden on back); Brass knuckles (WS-10, D-1); Mail shirt (1 AP body); Crossbow - in the Blue Club offices (S32, L64, E300, ES4); 20 bolts; Shield - in offices (1AP all); Helmet – in offices (1AP head); 21GC in pouch; Gold sovereign ring (9GC); Practical clothes; Tattoo of a Blue crescent moon, crossed with a dagger, on left buttock.

Special Rules: If DeSanchez takes any Damage, she must make a **CI** test or become frenzied with lust. This is a lady who likes to be hurt, but she will retaliate with astonishing sadism (think of “Onatop” in 007 – Goldeneye).

Source K: Library Of Verena.

Sitting on the lower western slopes of the Norimonde, Red sandstone was used to make the temple and the largest library in the land. It is very impressive, in the classic gothic style. The main cathedral is huge, with a single central tower (119feet) and three wings. The left wing is the area of worship, huge red columns rise up into the vaulted ceilings which are decorated in saints and gargoyles. From here one could hear the vigorous debates of scholars, lawyers and bureaucrats below. Praying to Verena is done in the art of careful and articulate argument. The rear wing is the library. The wing, like the others, is 60 feet tall, and is home to one of the greatest libraries in the Old-World. 6 levels of thin balustrade and books hug the sandstone walls, whilst below there are countless rows of desks, many filled with scholars reading avidly in the light of the small oil lanterns that cast a perpetually dim light in the huge hall. The right wing is the high courts of Bordeleaux. These are used often, but not often enough. The presence of three of the temple’s officials in the city court has had seemingly little influence upon the judicial system of the city. At the end of the day, if the governor says jump, they all still shout how high? There are four courts in the wing, but often only one is used.

In the far left corner of the library, amongst many desks filled with studious types, is the section of the collection devoted to works of Classical Poetry, Theatre, and Art. Amongst this section sit the love writings that the Clerics of Verena are confident are not too naughty as to be put into a special collection.

The Classical Arts section is now one of the main places for messages and orders to be passed concerning the business of the Sickle cell.

Authors in this section include the writer Marquis De Sharde, and several others. However, both the “50 Days of Salon” is missing, along with “Christiene”.

The PC’s may have other inquiries however, this is the information they can get from a librarian:

- The 50 Days of Salon has been reported stolen on Saturday morning, and the librarian is disgusted.
- “Palshamel” was the name of an Eastern writer who penned the infamous Arabyan Nytes, a book proscribed, but in the special collection.
- The stacks are open, and people are free to read within the library, however, there is a strict no take-out policy, and all non-clergy are required to leave their bags at the librarians counter.

Girl in the Corner.

Found in the corner most of the time is a mousey looking girl with spectacles dressed in Initiate robes. This girl is Lysette Andrami, a devoted student of love writings and erotic poetry, she has been drawn unwillingly into the Lavender Moon, and is now under the influence of a drug addiction (Ranalds Delight), supplied by the Blue Club.

Once the PC’s are directed to the Classical Arts section, they will be on their way there when a foppish chap in gold will brush quickly by them, his hat low over his face. If the PC’s move to stop him, have them recognise Lysette instead, and have her look panicked and ready to run.

The PC’s will know she is up to something when they come here after the Blue Club, as they will recognise her, and she will blanch visibly when she sees them. Lysette will tell all once pressured, all about how she puts messages in books for people, and how the man in gold who they just passed took the note out of that book over there...

...On the ground is an open book, the title page reads “Christiene”, and in the book is an letter addressed to Palshamel G.R., the seal broken, the same signatory of the note that Secopathe the assassin carried. It reads:

Worshipful Senioris Palshamel G.R.

I fear that he who can damage us most remains active. I am earnestly seeking his destruction, his agents are on our trail however, I suggest you change your circumstances lest they reach you.

In supplication,

D.

Senioris of the Sickle.

The PC's will obviously realise that they have just missed their man, and will sprint out of the library, causing chaos. As they reach the doors and are held up by the guards calming them down, have one of them see a flash of gold from across the square (where the Wig & Stylus Inn is).

Source L: The Wig & Stylus.

The Wig dates back some 300 years, and was built during, and finished before, the temple of Verena. It sits across the Rue from the temple, and has been a reliable watering hole for the scholarly and judicious for all its existence.

It is a clean and plain place, but has furniture of some character within, as there have been precious few fights to break the place up. The bar is one length of Lustrian teak, and is lovingly polished every day by the proprietor, Jean Sessiones.

Jean is the son of the previous landlord, and has cleaned, served and now runs the Inn. He loves the place, but is always on the look out for a new angle. His investments in a magical music box were misplaced after several drunken students grew tired of it repeating the same song from 70 years previous. The Wig employs two barmen, Gregor and Paschal, a cook and 3 waitresses/cleaners (if profiles are needed, use Taverna Verde Cultists).

A partnership with Silver Sun shipping has led to the Inn drawing in a much more cosmopolitan crowd however, as well as advertising the shipping company to the various academics who fancy themselves as explorers. As a result, getting a room at the Wig is difficult now unless you book in advance.

The place itself is solidly built on one of the few flat aspects of the city. It is a large building, with a main bar area, and a southern wing that is dedicated to guest rooms. Its two storeys offer a main bar, a snug, stabling, a large dinner room and a function room.

Charges for the Wig & stylus are average, 30/- for a room that will sleep 4, 25/ for a double. Suites cost 2GC per night. The rooms are clean, classically decorated and are filled with sturdy old furniture. The beds are very soft.

The food here is good, and costs 12/- per meal (or 30 GC per day). The wine cellar is very good, and Jean even has some Kislev vodka (2/- per shot) and one barrel of Reikland Ale (3/- a mug). For 6/- you can have a bottle of good Bordeleaux, going up to 20/- for some 20-year-old vintage.

Back to the Story. . .

The above Sources of Knowledge will probably not all be found at once. Many, especially the Blue Club and the contact in the Library will not be uncovered until after the Chase (see below). However, as fixed places with their own time-scales and actions, they are included with the above.

The PC's will be back into the plot as they tour the city with Therese Llavude in her carriage...

Scene 10: The Grand Tour.

If there are more than 2 PC's, then Therese's carriage will be overloaded, so any others would be encouraged to go back to their own Inn, the Keep Etale. After arranging to meet back there, the tour will start.

GM: Use this opportunity to flesh out Bordeleaux. Therese knows a lot about the city, and she will be a most engaging guide as she makes her way to the Esplanade des Beajolaix.

Llavude arrives at the esplanade at 2 bells, and the square is thronged with people, stalls, wagons and everything else. Llavude points out that all Coaches from the capital and the Bordeleaux and Morceaux regions drop their passengers off here. He skirts around the statue to Beajolaix, the Patron of the City, before pointing out that he picked up Ringolo in pretty much the centre of town. It was no surprise from the way the guy was dressed that he wanted to be taken to the Chateau de Morceaux, the best hostelry in the city.

After finally freeing the carriage from the crowds of the square, Llavude heads up the Rue Castille, then onto Boulevard Louis IX, a wide and beautiful street with a breathtaking view over the valley. Llavude pulls into a gravelled driveway, around a manicured circular garden, and stops in front of enormous pale wooden doors that form the entrance to a beautiful marble fronted mansion with elegant pillars, tall windows and exquisite gables up above. An antiquarian flag flies next to the banner of Bretonnia and then of Bordeleaux (anyone who is Breton and has Heraldry will realise that the old flag shows that this was the official residence of Prince Louis IX, a monarch who died about 128 years ago).

Llavude leans back and explains that Ringolo went in and came back out after only 2 minutes or so, with a note. He was looking puzzled, and worried. When he went in though he didn't take his luggage in with him.

GM: Fursatche was in fact awaiting instructions on exactly what the plan was to be from the real Ringolo. He was expecting Gianni to explain that it was all taken care of and that he could go back to see his wife, not that he was to go to the Gibbet as planned, and then open the door later that night when a scream is heard (Handout 1).

Scene 11: Chateau De Morceaux.

This place reeks of wealth. The PC's will have to be moderately well dressed (ie. servants) to get past the pomaded doorman (very tough). The entrance hall is huge and utterly dazzling. Crystal chandeliers, gold cornice work, painted ceilings, polished marble floors, Dwarven worked murals and gem insets, the place is unreal. When the PC's finally drift over, past the seated nobility, who will probably be looking on with disgust, they will reach the grey green veined lustre of the reception desk.

A be-wigged man in pale green and grey livery looks frostily at them before smiling mechanically and asking what do they want.

To get anything out of here the PC doing the talking is going to need etiquette at least, and then a good story as to why he/she is in such a disheveled state. The concierge is formidably excellent in his memory, and should he be inclined to tell the PC's what they want, he can inform them that a gentleman entitled Gianni Ringolo came in yesterday after 3 bells and asked for his messages. As he did not have a room, but that is not a problem (as Msr. Ringolo is a well known Tilean Noble presently at the Gisoreux Court – tell the PC this if they have done very well), and sure enough there was a message, delivered earlier that day – NO! DON'T ASK ME WHO BY!!!!

Msr. Ringolo then read the message then left the building. The concierge will not speculate as to what the message contained, or on Msr. Ringolo's reaction. By this point even a silver tongued PC will have irritated the Concierge and he will demand that they leave.

Scene 12: The Big Lead.

Back in Llavude's carriage, the PC's will leave the Chateau and then proceed back the way they came, heading westward. As they head slowly down Boulevard Louis IX, Llavude leans over and says that it was only a few moments after leaving the Chateau that Ringolo came out from his thoughts and noisily demanded the carriage to be stopped. He then called over a young girl from one of the courier companies, Carte Blanche (identified by their grubby white neckerchiefs), and then hastily wrote a letter, sealed it by licking it, and then paid the girl a crown. She was overjoyed and ran off immediately down the Boulevard.

The girl? She was about 10, 3'10", curly blonde hair with blue bows. She had a worn blue dress on too, with a brown shawl. I think.

Llavude will offer to take the PC's back to their horses, stabled near Joe's Taxis. He charges a crown for the whole thing (10/- if only one PC), and wishes them good luck.

The PC's now are left in the east of the city with their horses. They will probably want to get back to the centre to report back to the rest of the party.

Scene 13: Tailed.

This scene is an optional one (but it can be so COOL if used). If the PC's have hidden Ringolo's body, then this will definitely happen as the assassins try to catch a PC or two alone.

If Vughane has discovered that Ringolo is dead, then it is less likely that the assassins would do this. Unless of course, the PC's have immediately found through the thieves guild or another source, that the Bordeleaux Blue Club is somehow involved. If that was the case, and the PC's were investigating in that area, then the assassins could be used to get rid of them. If that is the case, set this scene at least an hour after they have made their first contact with the Lavender Moon agents, and have it occur as they are travelling through the city.

The PC's are proceeding along an incline from the Rue Gisoreux up to the first level of the Rue Castille, when they get a feeling of being watched (PC's who make a ½ **Int** test, or make a 6th sense test, can spot the two mounted persons following them in the busy street).

The taller of the two has a moustache, a wide brimmed black hat with black feathers, a black cloak and is wearing chainmail of a sort. His upper face is shadowed by the hat, but he is well groomed, and is riding a fine Bretonnian horse (Secopathe).

The second man is wearing a tri-corner hat with a long grey overcoat. He is red-faced and in his 50's. He rides an equally good piebald horse. They are riding about 3 yards apart from each other, and when the PC's notice them, have them looking straight at the PC's (Sanderveldt).

GM: The PC's should be encouraged at this point to try and get help. Make the Assassins look very tough and experienced. Try and convince the PC's that the Keep Etale Inn is only at the top of the Hill, and with some clever riding they could get there and get help.

Scene 14: The Chase!

This is meant to be the most heart-stopping chase in RPG history. In essence, the two assassins catch sight of the PC's in the streets of Bordeleaux, they begin a pursuit, then lose them only to be chased themselves by the full party. The chase then winds up and down the hills of the city, culminating in the deaths of the two assassins on the famous Bordeleaux bridge.

GM: Without a full street map of Bordeleaux, it may seem difficult to offer every street as an option for the PC's. However, a list of street names, and landmarks, should give an overall picture of the Norimonde, and allow the PC's to choose their options whilst feeling as if you do know every little alley. If the PC's persist on riding up the main road, have the Assassins gain on them, and even perhaps shoot one of them. This should encourage the PC's to take narrow lanes, sharp turns and double backs.

Here is a breakdown of the kind of sequence the chase should take. Feel free to invent new events, or to drop certain ones. The PC's who are fleeing should be allowed to get back to the Inn, albeit with injuries if necessary.

- As traffic is always bad on the road, the PC's will wait until it is almost dead before spurring their horses in a sharp uphill left, leaving sparks on the cobbles before blasting up the hard earth towards the Castille.
- The assassins are soon following, and as the PC's deftly cut back downhill toward the Rue, the pursuers will have lost ground, pedestrians dive for cover (Ride tests or hit a passer by. subsequent Ride test at -10 to avoid losing control).
- PC's do another cut-back directly upwards in a slim street which curves back left at the top, just here it splits into a main right uphill street and a slim track that

continues level. Encourage taking the slim path, as the Assassins are out of sight for the moment.

- Upwards in an alley full of crap, beggars and effluent (more Ride tests). A mad ride up the steep incline for a 100 yds, at 80 yds a low arch appears (**I** test to duck), alley ends in a sharp right. The rear of the Temple to Myrmidia can be clearly seen, as well as a large number of noblemen walking about. The thin street they are on bends back down again. The PC's near the Castille walls. Suddenly it opens onto a main street heading south to the brow of Tower hill.
- The PC's inn, the Keep Etale, is at the top of this street (Rue Sirrah), and the rest of the party are on the benches outside eating cheese and drinking wine!
- The Rue is level at this point, giving an unrivalled view of Execution Hill and the Palais. The party should be encouraged to get on their horses and get going!!
- The party moves onto the Brow of the Rue, to see the assassins moving slowly some 200 yds downhill from them, looking from side to side.
- Through the reflection of a wagon loaded with sheets of glass the PC's see the assassins look directly at them in the glass. Their speed picks up, as the gap narrows to 50 yds.
- As the first southward face of the Rue Castille approaches, with a little traffic, the quarry spur their mounts and suddenly cut in front of the glass wagon and down hill along the rue, the hunt is on!

Scene 15: Of Chargers And Mustangs .

GM: Less importance is given now to what the PC's want to do, as they are following the Assassins to a great degree. Emphasise the speed and danger throughout, and once a horse is spurred down one of the many steep Rues, it is very difficult to stop safely, so they will be hard pressed to bottle out at any point.

1. Major crossroads.

The chase spills out downhill onto a main trade thoroughfare, with carts and wagons moving across the chase. When the quarry cut directly into the traffic, all hell brakes loose, needing brave riding (**Ld** tests to control horses), leaping over overturned wagons and great horse control (Ride tests galore!).

2. Laundry back alley.

Narrow streets filled with laundry lines, dodging bloomers (**I** tests) the PC's negotiate open drains, little old ladies, and soapy streets (more Ride tests).

3. Posh restaurant.

The quarry turn sharply into the front window of a posh restaurant, leaping diners and bursting through the kitchens out of the back. To follow requires skill (**Dex**), initiative (**I**) and awareness of the mad chef (**Int**, as well as **Ld** for forcing the horse, and Ride tests)!

4. Incoming fire.

The baddies, who are excellent horsemen, will be firing their weapons at the PC's (-10BS), tripping grocery stands over (I tests to avoid), taking impossible corners and steep hills (more Ride tests).

5. Esplanade des Beajolaix.

The chase resumes on the Rue Castille and the speed of the Assassins picks up. They race past the Vintners Guild shouting and screaming at the crowds ahead. They will be hitting pedestrians as often as dodging them, allowing the PC's to catch up a little in their wake (Ride tests to leap over fallen pedestrians). They are heading for the bridge!

6. The Bridge.

With weapons out, shouting at the tops of their voices, the assassins see a clear path to the bridge open. People are running screaming everywhere. The watch are too far away to try and stop the riders, but the bridge itself is busy with carts going back and forth, but the panic has already affected them. Horses are rearing and goods are falling off wagons.

7. Gunpowder wagon.

A canvas roofed wagon, with the arms of the Alchemists and Glassmakers Guild on it, is hit by a panicking farm cart. In the confusion, the wagon skews across the centre of the bridge and falls over, spilling its contents onto the bridge. Several boxes break on impact, and black powder spills out. The bridge is blocked!

8. Confrontation (GM: Describe this in slow motion!).

The driver of the wagon looks aghast, sees the incoming riders, and jumps off the cart running away screaming, "*Sacre Bleu! Run away, run away!!*".

The assassins pull up, still a round away from the PC's, looking as if they are about to murder the lot of them.

As the Assassins prepare for the fight, the PC's have a golden opportunity to get rid of them, if they could only spark the Gunpowder somehow...

(you know they will)

...KABOOM!!! The explosion knocks everyone within 20 yards flat (D3 damage, irrespective of armour), and carries the grey coated assassin right off the bridge. Every person within 20yds gets hit by D3 S4 pieces of flying debris, armour counting (unless they specifically were on the floor at the time of the explosion).

Scene 16: Aftershocks .

Amidst the blackened wreckage of the wagon, the charred remains of the horses, and several innocent bystanders, lies the now very dead body of the remaining assassin. He has a piece of wood in his head.

Crowds run from the square to give aid, cheer, abuse and steal. The watch soon cordon the area off, and within minutes 2 sisters of Shallya, 2 physicians and a

Wizard are on the scene to give first aid (the PC's will only be treated if they are badly wounded).

Quick witted PC's can search the Assassin before they get nabbed by the Watch, they will have to be specific as to which part of him they will search though (they can always search him later at the Temple of Morr, but that adds time).

Secopathe has the title page of a novel (50 Days of Salon) half destroyed in his doublet, on the other side of the page is what is left of a note:

It is imperative that this man be eliminated.
He holds information vital to the progress of
emancipation, and presents a terrible
threat to our activities.

You will find him in the suite of the Gibbet
Inn, he is under the impression that he will
be rescued and forgiven by Our Master, and
will unlock the room door at the sound of a
scream outside.

He will be dressed in the standard fashion
for a Senioris, but his beauty is only skin deep..
He must not be allowed to live!!

Senioris Palshamel G.R.

The PC's will be marched up to the Chateau de Gauleon to answer for their actions to Watch Captain Helleran.

Scene 17: The Heat.

The PC's are shown into a plain room on the Chateaux ground floor, where a shocking sight awaits them. A broad, stern looking man in his late 50's looks about to erupt with rage. Judicial Legislator Vughane is there, white lipped. Looking furious.

In addition to this, a tall blonde-haired man with a sneer is lounging in a chair to one side of the room. He looks at the PC's with disgust, and then they will see that slumped next to this man is Franc Bolt, arm in a sling and looking extremely battered. He doesn't even look conscious.

Vughane, after the PC's have told what just happened, will erupt and demand that Bolt be stripped of his badge and that the PC's be arrested for all manner of offences. Helleran will demand that the PC's tell him where Ringolo is, or he will have them arrested and flogged. Bolt murmurs:

"He's at the Temple of Morr".

"What? Why in Verena's name is he there?"

"Because he is dead".

Combining this with the death of 8 other people, Vughane will go suddenly quiet, as if about to kill somebody. Drake is momentarily open-mouthed with surprise at this revelation.

The PC's now obviously have to justify continuing the investigation. They have eyewitness evidence that Ringolo was in contact with people in the city, and are following that up with the couriers. The crumpled letter from the real Ringolo to the assassin should further add to the PC's story, even if it does not give any definite clues.

Helleran will take the note, and ask Vughane, and the silent Drake, to leave at this point. Vughane aims a stare of pure ice at the Captain before briskly leaving. Helleran then says to the PC's that he will give them until Monday (tomorrow) morning before arresting them, they better have something more substantial by then.

Scene 18: The Girl.

The PC's will either aim directly for the Royal district, or end up there in desperation. And as it is heavily patrolled by the Watch, they will no doubt come into contact with some Officers. This will irritate the PC's more than anything, and at the third stop and questioning, the following happens:

About 200 yds away, a small blonde girl with pigtails appears from a side street and begins talking to a well dressed lady. The lady shoos her away, the girl looks up the street, sees the watch, then runs back from whence she came.

Once the PC's extricate themselves from the Watch, they will obviously pursue the little girl down the side street. It leads into a maze of back streets, with no sign of the girl.

After a minute though, a PC will be tapped on the waist, to turn and find a little girl with pig-tails and a cherubic smile, "*do you wanna send anyone a letter?*"

See Selene's description in the Sources Section.

Scene 19: Paper Chasing.

The pace picks up as the PC's head towards the Wig & Stylus, confident of a lead at last. It will probably be early evening when they get there (6-7 bells), and the Inn will be getting busy, occupied mainly by some young students who stopped in for a lunchtime tippie and then forgot about study.

Jean Sessiones, the owner, will be polishing the gleaming black wooden bar top. At one end of the bar sits an elderly man in worn middle-class clothing (Jacques Entrian – Lecturer in Classical Poetry).

Jean will welcome the PC's heartily, offering them wine and a smorgisbord of cheeses.

If asked about his guest, Jean will say that he can't really give out such details to anybody, and that if the PC's wanted to meet someone then if they had a drink and waited, that person would come in eventually. If the PC's convince him of their Investigative status, then he will think, then admit that he did receive a couple of letters the day before yesterday. "*One was for the Lecturer, a new timetable for his*

class at the Temple. He received one from silver sun about the new cruise additions. There were two for a young noble who just drank in yesterday, Sirrus Fallion, um, one for Ms. Emis, no, that was yesterday. Oh yes, the Tilean couple also received one. Msr. Fursatche picked it up in the early evening on friday.

“Ms. Emis left for Gisoreux last night, but Msr. Fursatche is still here, room 1.8.”

Sessiones will accompany the PC's to the Fursatches room, still not convinced of their intentions. After knocking on the door for a minute with no answer, Sessiones looks at the PC's as if to say, *“oh well. We better wait”*. The PC's will want to go in, so he unlocks the door...

Scene 20: Cold Blood.

The large room is plainly but nicely decorated, light walls and ceiling with lots of dark wood, and a crimson rug. Wait, the body of a pretty blonde haired woman is lying awkwardly on the rug at the foot of the bed. It is clear immediately that she is dead, from a slashed throat. Her demure gown is largely untouched by the blood that has saturated the rug, by virtue of her half-slumped position. Her eyes are open, in a frozen expression of surprise.

Sessiones will be horrified, and immediately calls in his barmen, and shouts for the REAL watch. He then leaves the room, running into the main bar shouting for someone to get the Verena Temple guards.

The PC's survey the room. It has a double bed, neatly made, with two large trunks sitting on it. The lady's well made cloak is hung in the wardrobe, and a slim book sits on the bedside table. In the short time they have to check the room, if no PC specifically mentions it, on a ½ I test they will notice that the window is almost shut, but is in fact open to the side street. A look under the bed will reveal the real Giovanni Fursatche's anxious note, crumpled and discarded:

My Dearest Desdemona,

Pray tell our fellow Countryman that the situation I am in is not comfortable to me, and I am in sore need of further reassurances. It was never my intention that any danger may come to us, but I fear that given the instructions this may occur.

Love,

G . F .

A PC with surgery skill, on a successful **Int** test, will realise that the lady died within the last 2 hours. Of course, the PC's can feel her still wet blood, and the fact that she is barely warm.

GM: This is Desdemona Fursatche, the unfortunate wife of Gianni. She did not receive the letter that Gianni wrote, and her loyalty to her husband and her persistence in asking about him, along with the news of the assassins, panicked Ringolo, and he killed her. He then took her husbands tickets, and made for the docks.

The PC's have 3 turns to get what they can from the scene. The trunks are locked (key in Desde's purse), and opening them will reveal nothing more than clothes at the most basic inspection.

The PC's may want to escape, as the authorities are on their way.

After 3 turns Erszbet Tarrenway, a Templar, and 3 guards enter the Inn through the front. 5 watchmen also enter the Inn. Tarrenway orders the PC's to halt their search, and step into the corridor. There they are watched carefully by the temple guards. The PC's may try to escape, this could turn nasty, and the guards will fight to subdue, but if the PC's kill, then they will retaliate. This could put the guilty PC in real trouble too (instant imprisonment).

After 10 minutes, Watch Lt. Sulemon arrives and will check the PC's credentials before allowing them to take the trunks and all other evidence back to the Chateau de Gauleon. This may infuriate the PC's, but it is the only option they have if they want to get a good look at the trunks.

Sulemon waits for a cart before moving the body and the trunks. If the PC's insist, he will take the body to the Chateau, if not then he will order it be taken to the Temple of Morr.

Erszbet Tarrenway – Defender Priest of Verena.

Human, Female, Templar, Level 1Cleric of Verena.

Personality and Appearance: Tarrenway is 5'8", of a hardened medium build, with dark brown hair to her shoulders, and light blue eyes. She is the Commander of the Temple guard. A fiercely strong believer in Justice and Wisdom, and in people right to learn and be treated equally, she feels tethered in such a corrupt place as Bordeleaux, and her patience with law-breakers is thin at the best of times.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	54	47	6	4	11	46	3	53	54	51	56	53	48

Age: 37

Alignment: Good – Verena (Very Devout)

Skills: Ride horse; Read/Write; Theology; Secret language – Battle, Classical; Public Speaking; Disarm; Dodge blow; Scroll lore; Strike mighty blow; Strike to stun; Strike to Injure; Meditate; Arcane Language – Magick; Cast Spells - Clerical 1; Specialist weapon – 2 handed; Speak additional language – Khazalid.

Possessions: Hooded, sleeved mail coat (1 AP all); Breast (Verena Sword embossed) & Back plates (2 AP body); Helm (2 AP head); 2-Handed Sword (I-10, D+2); White cloak; Pouch with 9GC.

Spells: Steal mind; Strength of Combat; Enthuse.

MP's: 9

Verena Temple Guards.

Humans, 1 female, 2 males, Soldiers.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	39	4	4	9	39	2	29	39	29	29	39	29

Skills: Read/Write; Disarm; Dodge blow; Street fighter; Strike to Stun; Secret language – Battle.

Possessions: Sleeved mail coats (1 AP body/arms/legs); White robes with embroidered Sword; Helmets (1 AP head); Shields (2 AP all); Swords.

If the PC's managed to escape from the Wig & Stylus with the trunks, then fair play to them, let them have a quiet alleyway for discovering the contents.

At the Chateau the PC's follow the trunks into a cellar area, where they are shown into a large room full of boxes and similar trunks. A sign on an open iron gate reads "Watch storeroom".

Sulemon will supervise whilst the PC's go about opening the trunks, but after 2 minutes Boltt hobbles into the room on crutches. He is genuinely pleased to see that the PC's are making ground, but is equally saddened by the news of the woman's death. That makes 9 now. He will not comment upon how he got his injuries.

Trunk 1 contains:

- Cosmetics bag (filled with a hand mirror, expensive perfume, rouge, powder etc.).
- 5 fine dresses. 2 are ball gown quality (worth 60GC at least each).
- A satin bag. Inside is a pouch containing 30GC. Also in the bag is a ticket for the silver sun ship, "Reefcutter", bound for Remas and leaving at Midnight. The name on the ticket is Madame Desdemona Fursatche. In addition to this is a sealed letter, which inside confirms the holders identity as one Desdemona Fursatche, seamstress and chief dressmaker to Contessa Francesca Lippi of Remas. It is plainly a letter of reference, and describes Desdemona accurately:

**House of De Lippi,
Panceriano Piazza,
Remas - Tilea.**

To Whomever it may Concern,

As an employer of Desdemona Furstache's services for the past 6 years I can personally vouch for her skill and demeanour as a seamstress and dressmaker for that time. I wholeheartedly recommend her for future employment.

Sincerely,

Contessa Francesca De Lippi of Remas.

- A collection of brushes, and a small case filled with fragrant and expensive underclothes.
- A polished cherry wood box, with the initials DF embossed in silver above the latch. Inside are reels of thread, tape measures, needles; everything that an accomplished seamstress would need.

Trunk 2 contains:

- A shaving kit in a chamois bag (brush, soap, razor).
- A small black bag filled with a small court wig, pomade and a small amount of snuff.
- A collection of Cravates.
- 2 pairs of breeches.
- 4 fashionable, and very well cut, Bretonnian long dress coats.
- 5 shirts.
- A Tilean Horsemans Jacket (small, designed to be worn over one shoulder).
- A pair of fine leather riding boots.
- 2 books on fine tailoring, and a bag containing tailors tools (scissors, measure, pins etc.).
- At the bottom of the trunk is a stiff black leather document case. It contains a similar letter to the one in Trunk 1, and a description of a man called Giovanni Fursatche. The PC's may realise that this description matches Ringolo! There is no ticket and no money. There is also a notebook filled with shorthand and numbers. A PC with Tailor skill will know that this book is an order book, with the measurements for 2 males throughout:

**House of De Lippi,
Panceriano Piazza,
Remas - Tilea.**

To whom it may concern,

As an employer of Giovanni Furstache's services for the past 6 years I can personally vouch for her skill and loyalty as a fine tailor for that time. I was sorry to see him leave my staff, I wholeheartedly recommend her for future employment.
Sincerely,

Count Marcello De Lippi of Remas.

Scene 22: Fake In The Grass?

As the PC's are wrapping up and deciding their next step, a messenger runs into the storeroom. He has just come from the temple of Morr, where Vughane and a representative of the Cardinal Priest have just confirmed that the corpse they have up there is not Ringolo. Some kind of birthmark was not in the right place, anyway, the Counsellors man is riding over here now to take over the investigation. Boltt stiffens. He also seems like a real mean bastard (Lucius Drake). Vughane has ordered that Boltt and the PC's be detained, and has dispatched the Garrison to do so. Boltt urges the PC's to go, he will try and mis-inform Drake.

Scene 23: On The Waterfront.

Well, it's a long shot, but the chances seem to point to the missing man owning the missing ticket - to the docks!

By the time the PC's reach the docks it is about an hour before the Remas boat is due to leave. Unless any PC has any kind of maritime or boatman experience, the docks will seem like utter chaos. There are scores of boats moored up, with many leaving and going every minute.

The offices of the silver sun Lines is at the northern end of the docks, and is very busy, with freighters wanting to sort all of their cargo out as soon as possible so that they can enjoy the nightlife. Once the PC's get to talk to somebody, a small man frantically rubber stamping shipment orders, his replies will be curt: *"No, I do not*

know where your friend is. Ask the bloody captain you batons!”, enquiries as to the Reefcutter will be answered with: *“our docks are 35-40. Next!”*

Scene 24: Silver Sun Lines.

Docks 35-40 are a difficult 300 yards south, and all are full with a variety of vessels, all large and obviously ocean going. There are lines of rigging everywhere, pulleys with cargo, people milling about on the dockside, lovers kissing for the final time, rich merchants shouting at sailors as they manhandle luggage. The first ship, a tall 3-masted affair with a armoured knight with sword as its foremast, is busy. A swarthy type with a battered tri-cornered hat and a short beard stands near the foremast occasionally shouting unintelligible commands to men on the dock and in the rigging.

The man is Klaus Gunwhall, the Captain of the Reefcutter, and he is in a good mood, looking forward to the warm southern seas. If shouted at, he will lean over the gunwale and shout something back, before waving the PC's aboard.

He will be only too happy to help once the PC's explain their task. He will say that about half of his passengers have turned up already, and can be found wandering the decks or in their cabins. If asked about a specific name, he calls over the Mate, who has all of the ticket stubs. A quick perusal will show that a Giovanni Fursatche has not boarded yet. Klaus shrugs and says that the PC's are welcome to stand by the gangplank and check the passengers tickets.

A stressful 20 minutes will follow, with all sorts of characters taking offence at being questioned by the PC's. Throw in some Tileans who could be Ringolo/Fursatche to piss them off. After 10 minutes of real time the PC's should be panicking, as Klaus shouts down and says that all the cargo is on board, and that they are only waiting for 4 more passengers before casting off in 20 minutes.

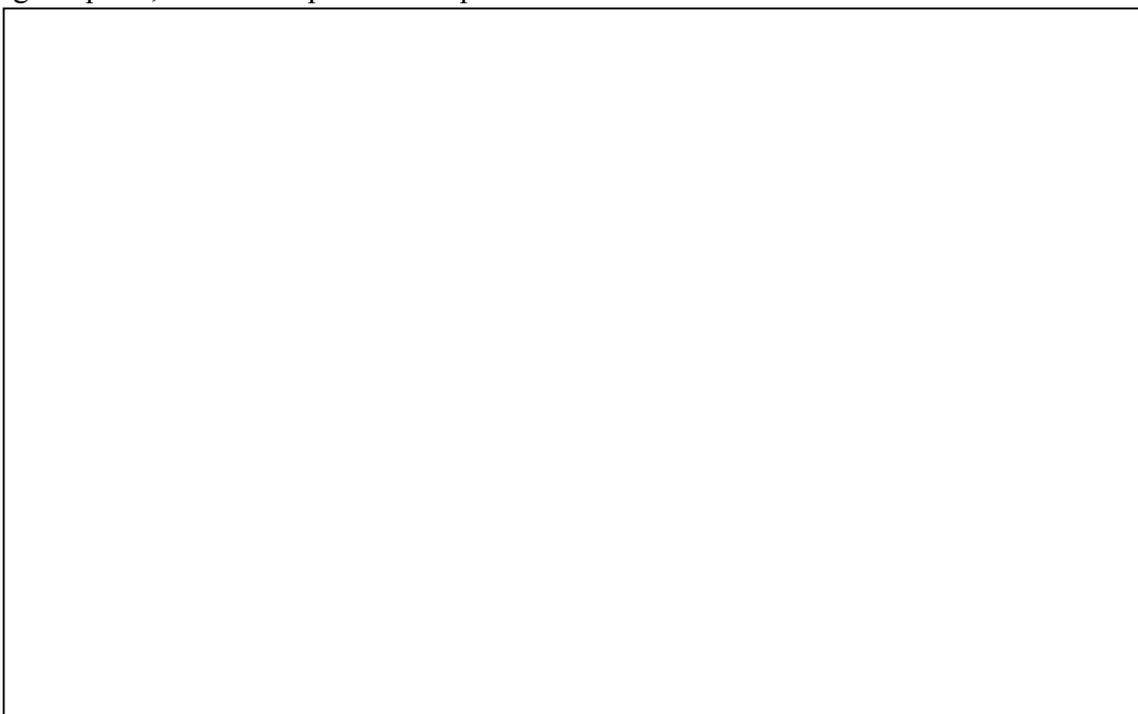
It is at this point that if not before, a PC should notice the last ship in the Silver Sun docks beginning to cast off. Captain Klaus will then shout down and say (if the PC's haven't got it), *"y'know, ee could be on the Marienburg ship. Tickets work on all Silver Suns y'know!"*

Scene 25: The Bird Has Flown!

By the time the PC's reach dock 40, the Marienburg ship is almost out of the dock. Brave PC's who fancy heroics could sprint down the jetty and try leaping onto the ship (5 yards). If the PC clears 6 yards, then they almost jump into the boat, and can spend a round clambering in (no tests). PC's who just make it have to make a **Dex** test to hang on. Whilst dangling, they have to make an **I** test to be able to climb up, and then only on a successful **Dex** test. As all the crew are busy, and the Passengers see such acts as weird at best, the PC's will be on their own. Failing the leap leads to the PC's falling into the dock. See WFRP: 74 for swimming rules. (GM: In the playtest, one PC leaped from the "Reefcutter" across all of the ships in between and landed on the afterdeck of the "Throstle", very heroic). Alternatively, there is a rowing boat conveniently placed in dock 39. Of course, the PC's will be very sluggish if they don't have Row skill, but a successful **I/Dex/Int** test should get them moving enough to catch up with the ship after a few minutes.

Scene 26: Showdown.

When PC's get to the ship, the Throstle, or are on deck, they will need to do some clever and quick talking to stay on board. The crew immediately draw weapons, and will fire crossbows at the PC's in the rowboat if they are not careful or fast in their approach. Climbing aboard the Throstle follows the same rules as above, but with +20 for scale sheer surface skill. The crew hit first and ask questions later, as tough Albioners they have seen enough pirates, so PC's have to be quick with their stories and successful with their **Fel** and **Ld** tests. Whilst the PC's get over this, the target finally comes into view. Obviously frightened, Ringolo stands at the very front of the foredeck, initially shouting encouragement to the sailors. When it is obvious that the PC's have either beaten up the sailors or convinced them to stop, Ringolo will use his amulet of Coal to blast the PC's. If it looks like curtains, he will start weeping uncontrollably as he pulls out what can be best described as a very suggestive looking glass phial, filled with pale blue liquid.



Fill “Busta” Crab – Ships Mate, “The Throstle”.

Human, Male, Mate.

Personality and Appearance: Busta is 5’9”, unshaven and dangerous looking. He has a polished bald head, big gold earring and several gold teeth. Picked up by the ship many years ago swimming on a log 3 days off the east coast of Albion, he has matured into Ships mate. Callous, filthy, hilarious, this eastern Baggie is a riot, and one of the best swimmers on the seas.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	54	46	4	6*	10	48	2	47	41	38	47	39	44

Age: Unknown

Alignment: Neutral – Ranald (vaguely).

Skills: Boat building; Speak additional language – Old Worlder; Specialist weapon – Throwing, Fist; Strike mighty blow; Strike to stun; Fish; Consume alcohol; Story telling; Sailing; Street fighter; Swim (at M5, +10% to all related tests); Disarm; Dodge blow; Row; Scale sheer surface; Orientation; Luck; Very resilient*.

Possessions: Shortsword (I+5, D-1, Py-10); 3 Throwing knives (S4, L8, E20, ES4); Shield (1AP all); Tatty clothes, Striped vest; 6GC in pockets.

Ships Crew.

Humans, Males, Seamen.

Description: *The Throstle* has 13 crew. They are mixed, even an arab or two in the rigging. They are also young and quick to react to danger. They are very gregarious.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	39	4	3	8	39	2	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: Dodge blow; Row; Sailing; Scale sheer surface; Speak additional language; Strike mighty blow; Consume alcohol; Street fighter; Swim.

Possessions: Hand weapons; Daggers; D6GC; Booze. 4 crew have Longbows (S32, L64, E300, ES3), and the requisite skill, and 2D6 arrows. The remaining 7 have Short bows (S16, L32, E150, ES3), D6 arrows each. All men have Leather jerkins (0/1AP body), and shields (1AP all).

Screaming for the PC’s to leave the boat, then about how the Moon won't get him, that the Duc won't have the satisfaction, that he was forced into the Violet Hour, he scrambles backwards onto the rails, holding aloft his phallic shaped phial. As soon as someone steps onto the foredeck he drops the phial...

...a thick blue smoke erupts from the phial, lit from within with a sickly puce colour. A giggling sound is heard, and the smoke coalesces into the shape of a humanoid woman. Fear tests! sickly pale blue tinged skin, with a purple mane of hair down the centre of the head, a 6’4” tall unearthly creature, with a sea-green crab claws for hands, it sweeps its green gaze over the stunned PC’s, before smiling terribly at the horror stricken Ringolo. “*Goodnight Gianni Boy*” it says seductively as it taps him on the chest. Ringolos expression changes to one of rapture, he releases the rails, and falls like a stone into the dark waters.

The Daemonette then turns to the PC's, blowing them a kiss before leaping into battle! Its goal would be to make someone Acquiescent before it becomes *instable* (see WFRP: 215). An acquiescent person can be possessed by S'hul-niss'ra on a subsequent WP test failure. The Daemonette would then disappear with a POOF!, and hide deep inside the person until it found someone who would be willing to be possessed.

The possessed person would wake normally from the Acquiescence, but feel frisky all the time whilst S'hul-niss'ra hides within them, wanting to dance and let their hair down. If such opportunities present themselves then the GM can make secret **WP** tests for the PC to resist such impulses. The daemonette and demon possession can be a matter for GM discretion, and further adventures!

If the Daemonette is destroyed, it will spectacularly implode, showering the area 5yds around it with ectoplasm, and disappearing with a horrendous shriek (**CI** test or 1 insanity point). The only way the Daemonette can get out of the situation is if it possesses someone, becomes instable, or is destroyed.

Gianni Ringolo – Charlatan.

Human, Male, Noble, ex-Student, ex-Initiate of Slaanesh.

Personality and Appearance: Ringolo is 5'7", medium build, with olive skin and dark, collar length curly hair. He is good looking, with a real beauty spot on his right cheek, a roman nose, and smoky brown eyes. Gianni was a confident and assured charlatan, comfortable in any setting, and revelling in the finest court in the old world. That was until he was invited into an inner circle of court personalities on account of his looks, effervescence, and downright sex appeal. Ringolo spent almost a year getting deeper into the cult of the Violet Hour, not really realising that it was a Chaos cult devoted to Slaanesh. That was until his closest friend at court, and fellow newcomer Viscount Esten Fabrian, was spectacularly transformed into a mindless apparition of his former self (a Slaaneshi Chaos spawn) during a cult meeting, and was promptly used as a "toy" by every cultist. Ringolo was driven insane by participating. He also received his first Chaos gift soon after, and this confirmed in him that he had to get out.

He is being driven madder day by day, and has acute paranoia developing. He will not be taken alive, and if so will simply die of fright. His initial wish to tell all has been driven out by sheer terror. He will avoid physical encounters at all costs, using his Ring of Coal, then throwing down the Phallus as a last resort...he knows that it is a weapon, but that is all.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	CI	WP	Fel
4	39	45	3	4	11	57	1	53	57	48	25	39	64*

Age: 34

Alignment: Insane.

Skills: Etiquette; Heraldry; Blather; Charm*; Evaluate; Palm object; Public speaking; Wit; Seduction; Read/write; Ride horse; Gamble; Dance; Disguise; Sing; Specialist weapon - Rapier.

Possessions: Expensive, foppish clothes (rather dirty); Rapier (I+20, D-1); Jewellery worth 38GC; *Barezi's ring of Coal* (contains 2 Fireballs, released on "Flare"); 42GC in pouch; Black leather satchel, containing: *Christoffs Pleasure* (Crystal blue phallus containing Daemonette, released when smashed), Slim book "Le Hummingbird en du Lotus" (forbidden Slaaneshi text), *Silk embroidered black evening glove* (contains "Beam of Slaanesh" spell within, 3 charges left, command "Ectastise").

Special rules: Ringolo was always a coward, but now he has developed phobias. He suffers from Claustrophobia, Fear of anything to do with Slaanesh, Fear of Elves, and general anxiety. His **Fel** is high, but if he fails a **CI** test when engaging someone in conversation, he becomes frightened and it drops by half to a relatively normal 32. His mutation began as a rapid atrophy of his genitalia, but has escalated into something far worse, he is beginning to grow a familiar face down there (Fabrian).

Epilogue .

After the scrap, that is if the PC's stopped the Throstle, the ship heads back into dock, where Vughane, Helleran, Boltt and the newcomer Drake all wait, with a load of watchmen, Troops and Counsellor's guards. Eyewitness reports of a Chaos Demon, which the PC's destroyed, will be applauded grudgingly by Vughane, whilst Helleran and Boltt will be happy to see the end of the whole sorry affair. On the dock itself the PC's watch status will be taken from them, and they will be left to themselves to head back to their inn. Boltt has commandeered a coach however, and will ride back to the Inn with them, very chuffed that they have solved the case.

If the PC's return to the dock empty handed, have Boltt and Helleran with the watch arrive first. Boltt will tell the PC's to clear off quick, he will take all responsibility. If they stay they will be arrested, to eventually be taken back to Gisoreux to be "questioned" by the Church.

If the PC's come off the ship saying that someone has just been possessed, then that person will be knocked unconscious immediately, clapped in irons, and carried away to a grisly fate.