

Peoples of the Southern Realms

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Below are sketches of some interesting people that can be met in the southern parts of the Old World. None are necessarily limited to a certain place and can be shifted around at the GM's discretion. These are merely sketches, background noise and some adventure hooks. They can be as „ordinary“ as the GM wants them to be.

Estalia

Donna Agilla de Catalosta

Donna Agilla de Catalosta is what the people of Magritta's street call her. In fact her real name is Donna Juliana Agilla Erika de Catalosta and she is of noble birth. As a lot of nobles in Estalia the family is impoverished and nothing left of their old wealth, except for some pieces of land that consist of rock and sand. Like many others she came to Magritta to live in the shadow of her rich, but very distant, relatives. Unlike many other Hildalgos she is unsuitable for living in some mansion or to flatter people that might finance her stay. But Donna Agilla has other talents. Among these is sword fighting, which in her case does not mean the elegant use of rapier, but bastard swords and battle axes. Very self-confident, like most people of noble birth, she parades the streets of Magritta with her cavaliers, some would argue that these are nothing but cut-throats. As a noblewoman she is virtually immune against the law. But still the judge had to do some special investigations on many events that were linked to Donna Agilla. The pattern is always more or less the same (when told by herself), the leg of the artisan was hit when he stood in the way, the innkeeper ran into a wall by himself, she only defended herself when the tavern was smashed, et c. The government of Magritta is less than pleased by this behaviour. City rumours tell that they are looking for a way and people to „deal“ with the problem.

Sergeant Julio Anzas

Sergeant Anzas belongs to a group of mercenaries. Now mercenaries are nothing uncommon in Estalia. They are in fact often employed by one of the various city-states. Their contract no only involves battles, but more often patrolling or „convincing“ villages and towns to ship their goods through one city or the other. While some of these units are disciplined and well equipped, others have the fighting ability of a bunch of beggars. Unfortunately they make this up by much enthusiasm. Sergeant Anzas commands one of these groups, that have a general lack of discipline, humanity, righteousness and intellect. Their favourite past-time can be summed up by pillaging and the better if they get paid for it. For an outside they appear as a dangerous, heavily armed mob. Moving through the country, looking for a good deal and if they do not find one they can live pretty well with burning down a few houses. Unfortunately these units are often employed, even if they have little strategic value and would be routed by any regular unit, they can frighten villagers and civilians. Their standard tactic is to kill all animals, burn the fields and probably executed a villager or two. Generally settlements that met Sergeant Anzas will do everything his contractor tells them afterwards.

Carlos Chacon

Although looking very much like a two metre tall, 120kg thug, Carlos is good-natured. At the age of sixteen he was drafted by the Bilbali army for fifteen years. After six years his left leg was wounded and he walks with a limp since then. No longer suitable for combat, he was transferred to what the army considers a medical corps, but which is mostly occupied with cutting off limbs and inflicting pain that makes the patient long for death. Carlos proofed to be quite skilled with the bone saw and stayed there until his contract was performed. After he left the army three years ago, he soon found work in Bilbali, doing what he could best. He established some fame in the less reputable quarters of Bilbali where the patients need treatment without any questions. Soon a „scholar“ approached Carlos and asked for the severed limbs as objects of medical research. Carlos, friendly and naive, was willing to help him and sold him limbs regularly. Everything had to be done in secret by the buyer's demand. After some months even Carlos became aware that the „research“ done by his customer may be something that the inquisition would be very interested in. Therefore Carlos told his customer that he would no longer supply the bodyparts. A day later he was approached and told that his life would not be worth a nickel should he stop his shipments. Carlos is now caught in a dilemma. He either continues selling body parts and become part of a crime or become subject of the „research“ himself. He cannot go to the inquisition or the watch, since he already has helped, although unknowingly (but that is not really a hindrance for the inquisition), this person. Carlos may have the idea to find some more secretive people to help him soon.

Antonios from the wood

Whether he has a last name or not is unknown. Certainly Antonios does not know. Nature gave him an impressive frame. Mostly consisting of muscles, that make women faint and men tremble. What nature gave him as extra muscle, it took as intelligence. Calling his mental abilities limited is like calling Skaven clean. His stature allowed him to become the leader of a group of street thugs in Magritta. His group was ambushed one day by the watch and captured. All of his men were executed, but the nobility became interested in Antonios. He was employed as a bodyguard. His principal did his best to give him decent weapon skills, but failed to educate his mind. The latter would have been necessary since Antonios has the tendency to walk in a dance-like fashion. He considers this to be a sign of elegance and he maybe right if it is done by a young girl, a quarter his weight and height. When he does it, it looks more like a drunken elephant. His way of walking and moving made him the centrepiece of many social events. As most people know, the dumb notice when somebody makes fun of them. The result was a few members of Magritta's society with a cracked skull. Antonios fled into the woods. Since then he had gathered a small band of highwaymen around him that enjoy nothing more than ambushing the rich citizens of Magritta that used to ridicule Antonios.

Swantje Gustavsdottir

Swantje came to Estalia more than sixteen years ago, when she was only thirteen. She is now more Estalian than Norscan. However she looks very much like the ideal Norscan women, at least ideal in the wet dreams of men. Tall, blonde, big busted and attractive. She even fits into the stereotypical Norscan in that she can use sword and shield better as appropriate for a „lady“ and better as most men. Most men that met

her, however call her a „minx“ (and sometime worse). Unbeknownst by most Swantje is a bounty hunter and adventurer. She can be found in taverns where she spends most of her time. In fact she gathers information. To make a living, she has found a way to exploit all of her talents. When she becomes aware of any freelance job, she tries to find those that were contracted for that job. She then uses her appearance to lure the adventurers. To do this she often disguises, whether it is the whore, the broken adventurer looking for new companions, the lewd women or whatever. The next step is to get whatever information the adventurers have (a sip of wine and an innocent glance has never failed so far). When this is done, she will finish the job before the adventurers are aware they have been cheated and she collects the money. Intelligently she leaves the city afterwards to „relax“ somewhere on the coast, as long as the adventurers stay in the city. She has made more enemies in Estalia than any other women and most Estalian machos see it as especially insulting to be cheated by a woman.

Juan de Acalostas

Estalia is famous for his wine and Juan's breath carries the odour of at least twenty different kinds of wine (among other substances). He owns a little tavern near the harbour of Magritta. Close enough to attract people that just arrived in the city and distance enough so that the drunkard will be unconscious before reaching it. His establishment, called „El Muerte“, is quite famous in Magritta, especially among the younger female citizens, which then attracts the male half of the population, and can be pretty crowded in the late evenings. Although Juan clearly is a lover of any kind of alcohol, easily visible by his strawberry-like nose and the smell of his breath, he was never seen drinking by even the most regular customers. Besides the standard assortment of liquors, he also stocks some beverages that cannot be found in any other tavern in Magritta (or the Old World). He does not tell where they come from, giving only very vague answers, or where he gets them. Although guaranteeing a „nice evening“ all of them lead to a more than severe hangover the next morning and headaches for the next couple of days, during which the „victim“ feels miserable, not to say drained.

Tilea

Yossari Alboretti

Obviously living in Milagrano, since he can be seen there every day, Yossari does not seem to have a regular profession. No one seems to know where he comes from or lives or is willing to tell. Always dressed in the most recent fashion, he looks very much like the speaking birds that sometimes find their way from the deep south. The only thing that prevents him looking very attractive is a deep scar that runs on his forehead. The only thing the people on the streets know is that Yossari uses his rapier to fish the moneybag from other people in taverns. Since he is very good at using his rapier, most prefer to laugh and ignore and the few that do something about it, are regularly left with some fresh cuts and ripped pants. Besides this, he is a man of very good manners, which lead some people to the conclusion that he comes from the aristocracy. Every few weeks he can be seen sitting in the dark corners of a tavern, talking to strangers, that no one ever saw before, and walks through the less reputable alleys of Milagrano with them. Many have tried to follow them, but they always have the tendency to slip around a corner or disappear behind a stable. The

most recent gossip is that Yossari comes from the Island of Pirates, but this was never confirmed and Yossari would wash this away with laughter.

Marcello

Marcello, whether he has a last name or not remains unknown, is Puccini's factotum. Short and pot-bellied, he is a curiosity of the city that any visitor will meet shortly after arrival. Walking the streets of Puccini, he is always on the lookout of someone he has not seen before. He certainly has no problem to approach even knights in plate armour and does not hesitate to virtually drown them in his stories. This is what made him famous by the citizens of Puccini, who grew so fond of him that they would not tolerate any kind of assault on him (something that one of these knights had learned the hard way). No matter what happens in Puccini, Marcello has at least a dozen theories (some of them contradicting each other) and is eager to share them and he has experienced something similar just last week. The guards have long stopped to believe in any of his tails. Marcello is quite harmless, he does not want to do any mischief, although he has done more than once. His big dream is to be part of an adventurer party, even if it is just for a few days. Since he has some charm, this may happen one day when someone is willing to investigate one of his stories, for it is common knowledge that every lie has a grain of truth.

Brother Luigi

Brother Luigi is an old and pretty fat man. Judging from his clothes he appears to be monk, although he wears no insignia of a cult. He can be found on the streets and (particular) the taverns of Remas. Whenever unknown visitors enter a tavern, the keeper will, sooner or later, approach them and tell them that he will pay anyone how can drink more than Luigi twenty pieces of gold and he gets every drink and all food for free, otherwise he has to pay twice the normal for their drinks and pay those consumed by Luigi. Although such a challenge should make anyone halfway sober suspicious, most have agreed. And it is a fact that Luigi seems to be able to drink whatever he wants without getting the least bit drunk. Behind this rather amusing scene lies a not so amusing story. Luigi was a monk in a monastery near Remas. He was the brewmaster and took more than a sample every day. In fact he consumed most of the alcohol brewed in the monastery. In a rare moment of humour, his god cursed him never to suffer from drunkenness. The curse will only be removed when he finds someone who can drink more alcohol than he can, due to the curse this is almost impossible, unless someone would use magical means to help himself.

Wolfgang Sudermann

As soon as he begins to talk, it is clear that Wolfgang comes from the Empire. The harsh consonants speak a more than clear language. He can be found in the wilderness of Tilea, especially on and near the north coast of the bend, that forms the coastline of Tilea. From the distance he looks very much like a moving assortment of camping gear and the person itself almost disappears below a jumbled collection of blankets, tents, short pointed things, kitchen gear and a few weapons. He is a self acknowledged scientist and scholar. However his subject is likely to seem odd to most people, to put it mildly. He studies the Skaven. So far the most significant outcome of his studies is a permanent cold, that he caught in one of the swamps that he had to walk through. He has a theory, which he likes to tell anyone who inquires,

that Skaven use a strange substance for their magic, which is of course warpstone, and which their bodies actually process. The outcome, he claims, can when put together with ordinary water and pressure, produce energy and propel machines. Most people who have heard his theory say, that he simply collects rat droppings, but he knows to many difficult words to describe it in that way. So far he was unable to proof his theory, much because he could not capture a Skaven. He has the necessary equipment and skill to conduct an autopsy, which would further his research. Of course finding and capturing a Skaven may not be the proper business for a scholar. On the other hand, the Skaven may have become aware of him. Whether they would (or do) tolerate him with mild amusement or not is part of future, about which Wolfgang does not seem to worry too much at the moment.

Border Provinces

Mikail Shoskowalitsch

Mikail is an ordinary farmer. Two cows, a few sheep and an old ox to plough the fields. His farm is almost practically in the middle of nowhere. The next settlement is more than two days away. But still he was able to grow enough crop and raise enough animal in order to give him a considerable belly, that he carries with obvious pride. Judging from his name and his dress, Mikail comes from Kislev. Upon inquiry, he will name a village that is too small to be known even by the Tsar's bureaucrats. Anyone who is willing to listen will hear the story, that his village was attacked by greenskins and after the attacks increased, both in number and viciousness, he left the village and found a place in the Border Provinces to settle and start anew. Although living in disputed lands Mikail does not seem to worry about brigands, marauders and alike that constantly roam the area. Should a wanderer come to his little cottage he offers them food, milk and a bed for the night. This is of course something that attracts the attention of any highwayman in the vicinity. Many have tried to rob him. Some tried it with frontal assault, other tried to sneak in and assassinate him. Although none of them would confess it, they all ended up with a full belly and a downy in a warm bed. They could not tell what and if something happened, but all left the next morning and did not start to think about it before they were a few miles away from Mikail and his cottage.