

AN ENCOUNTER IN THE WOODS

A four to six PCs Scenario, best suited for combat-oriented PCs just starting out or in the middle of their First Careers, set in Middenland —pre-Storm of Chaos— in which the party encounters a noble's entourage in need of protection against dark forces that covet a shocking family secret.

This adventure can be run with almost any PC group; since they find themselves in a “wrong place, wrong time” kind of situation, this could be a “bring the group together” scenario. The Game Master should be familiar with the various NPCs' past-stories and personalities to be able to direct their actions and reactions. In addition, note the various *NPC Doomings*. These prophecies will play a big part in their re/actions.

This Scenario utilizes a “Typical Toll House and Gate” Map (Map #3), from WFRP's *Game Master's Pack* for reference in certain parts. It also picks rules and things from the *Tome of Corruption*, *Sigmar's Heirs*, the *Old World Armoury* and *Knights of the Grail*.

BACKSTORY

Baroness Ulrica Magna Drehbuch von Nasenstüber, a member of one of the nobler Middenland lines, is a desperate soul. Her father, old Baron Friedrich Nasenstüber, has finally passed on to Morr's eternal Dance and her younger (by a minute) brother, Baronet Sanft Naseweiss Drehbuch von Nasenstüber, rightful heir to the vast and fertile Nasenstüber fiefs, has gone insane.

A renowned *wunderkind* —world explorer, scholar and author of several books on Geography and Anthropology of the Old World— Baronet Sanft went missing less than a year ago and was later found by a search party (headed by his older sister), in a in a disgusting Arabyan backwater —naked, talking to the beasts, and clutching savagely written senseless ravings— ravings written by him. When this awful realization struck her, Baroness Drehbuch swore by Ulric, Shallya and Sigmar and took swift action.

Her brother was covertly sent back to the family lands to recover, as this scandalous secret would surely ruin the family name in the Empire, especially in proud and unforgiving Middenland. Then, the Baronet disappeared a second time, this time in his lands. Again, Sanft was found and rescued, this time from what could only be called the clutches of a Beastman! The truth is more horrible, since the Beastman is, in reality, his *Beastwoman* lover-mate Tñarra, an Ungor Bray Shaman who has fallen for the charismatic young madman touched by Chaos, and has begun teaching him the Dark Lores of the Ruinous Powers.

After this horrid experience, and even with security at it's highest, Sanft disappeared thrice. Again he was found, now leading a filthy group of degenerate Chaos worshippers (which included Tñarra), calling themselves “the Silver Concord of the Harmonious Double Star”.

Worse, the now clearly mad Baronet Sanft refused to be called anything but “Aeron the Illuminated”.

Baroness Ulrica and her most trusted warriors barely made it out alive from the cult’s lair in the deepest of Stirland's caverns. The Baroness, having witnessed some of these chaotic atrocities, now knows that the cult, although small, has foul magical means at their disposal (Tñarra).

And they want their leader back.

That was a few days ago... Now, a desperate Ulrica Magna, through her allies (mundane and magical), has found a way to clandestinely transport in all alacrity her brother Sanft to a Shallyan-run sanitarium in Altdorf, before the cult can locate him. She figures that, by the mercies of the Shallyans and in the Empire’s capital, Sanft can finally be safe; hopefully exorcised and cured.

Her desperate plan is this: to have her brother spirited by a discreet group of mercenaries in an ordinary looking wagon, being launched in a space of a few hours ahead of her own armoured carriage, a decoy which will attract all the cult's attention.

Both vehicles will traverse the deep Drakwald woods to throw off any pursuers, (avoiding major traveling hubs) until they reach the Shallyan Monastery, in Altdorf, in the space of about a little longer than a normal trip lasts to the capital. The Baroness has even made a deal with a Tollhouse not too many miles from her current point to be used as a “safehouse” and spend some of the fearsome Drakwald night there. After this, she will desperately continue to improvise her strategy until her brother is in safe hands.

The first vehicle’s passengers are the real Baronet, a Healer from the Shallyan Order (one Sister Teofina), and two members of “Peollo's Perils”, a famous Mercenary band: the sometimes spy and assassin known as “the Dove”, (Schaszliva Svetlana diPeollo) from Kislev —wife of the leader and founder of Peollo’s Perils, Lisandro diPeollo— acting as the Baronet’s bodyguard. Rounding the trio of allies is Roland De Bordeleux, an ex-Herrimault, now Mercenary, under diPeollo’s command. Baronet Sanft has been drugged for his own safety and is being carried within a specially crafted trunk.

Note:

As the scenario begins, the first coach, carrying the Baronet, should be arriving at the Tollhouse, to rest there, wait for the second carriage and further instructions. When the Baroness' party finally arrives, Baronet Sanft is fitfully dreaming his demented drugged dreams in the Tollhouse's upstairs Bedroom (see the *Game Master's Pack* for further details on Tollhouses), being watched by the rogue, the Shallyan and the Dove.

The second carriage —which is designed to draw all the attention and thusly buy the Baronet some time— is armoured and large.

Being different from the average coach, it has a TB of 7 instead, and total Wounds of 65; the wheels having 10 Wounds each.

The vehicle also has some protective magical runes etched just to last for a few days, courtesy of one of the Baroness' magician friends. These wards (which can be destroyed by break through the wooden beams in which they are inscribed or any other creative way), help too keep at bay any magic in a radius of approximately 25 yards from the coach's center, in which all spells fizzle unless the magic user passes a Hard Will Power Test (thusly keeping Tñarra, the Bray Shaman at bay, somewhat. She can still magically attack from a distance without penalty, moving away from the ward's radius).

Within, the Baroness Ulrica, the family Seneschal and Valet, one Halfling by the name of Barrigón Simbarba and the other two members of Peollo's Perils: Lisandro "the Everlasting" diPeollo, famous veteran of many campaigns, leader and husband to Schaszliva "the Dove", and Marrano II' Demonio (AKA "the Daemon"), his right-hand man, brace themselves to serve as decoys, as each offers a silent prayer to the Gods.

In addition, to command the cult's focus and let the first carriage end their journey safely in Altdorf, there is a mannequin within the second vehicle, craftily fashioned to resemble Baronet Sanft. Being fraternal twins, the Baroness and her brother are quite similar in appearance. Also, she has also disguised herself a bit, to confuse spies and informants.

Baroness Ulrica, conscious of the family tradition and full of love and concern for her sick younger brother, will affect any means to help in transporting the Baronet to safety, *even paying the ultimate price, if it comes to that*. Pushed to the limit, she is fanatical about her cause.

Her desperate plan could have had a slim chance of working, but for the traitor planted within her own group. A Halfling by the name of Barrigón Simbarba, Baronet Sanft's Valet and the Nasenstübers' Cook, Healer and Seneschal, mistaking her actions for a play for the family's throne and lands and the Baronet's madness for a "bout of nerves" has secretly turned against the Baroness, thus helping the cult getting their leader back.

Already they know most of the mission's itinerary and are busy planning an ambush in an appropriate place on the Baroness' trip (see *II- Ambush!*). Because of the Baroness desperation, paranoia and haste, Barrigón didn't gather enough information on the first coach's task. Baroness Ulrica however, ignorant of all this, keeps the Valet close, since he insisted in aiding with "whatever means would be necessary to protect the young Master's life". How ironically true is this statement.

Next, her carriage's wheel mysteriously breaks (the Valet's crafty sabotage), killing the coach's leader-horse in the crash.

This then, is when the PCs fatefully enter their lives.

I- The Hassled Lady

Each PC is navigating the dreaded Drakwald forest, deep in the back roads of the sinister wood. They could be on their own or in a group—it doesn't matter. They could be on foot, riding, but better not be driving (unless the GM is willing to tweak the scenario), towards somewhere. Ask them *why* are they there, *where* are they going and *how*. Or you could also introduce events from your own campaign to fit the scenario, of course. Anyways...

It's nearing dusk in the evil forest. The PCs, individually or in a group (see above), come to an eerie crossroads. The whole weird panorama is full of swirling mists and encroaching gloom, as the sun dies. At the same time as they near the place, they can glimpse a vague bulk against a stout beech tree, just ahead.

It appears to be like a huge coach of splendid design (don't let the PCs examine the vehicle beyond this). At that moment, they are beset by ambushers (Marrano and Lisandro).

An Opposed Hard Perception Test will be needed to notice the ambush, (as they are trained professionals); you could reduce it to a Challenging Penalty if they are looking for hidden stuff. The others (the Elf Sinsaber, Barrigón and Baroness Ulrica), are concealed near the coach. The assailants are experts and probably will soon start sending bits and pieces of the PCs to Morr, unless outnumbered.

Try not to drag combat more than just a couple of rounds, unless the PCs look like lowlifes.

Sooner than later, either one or several PCs will get captured, or one of the adversaries asks for mercy. At that moment, realising that the PC group is not the pursuing party, Baroness Ulrica steps in. Peace and calm is called for. Stiff and hasty apologies are offered.

Eventually, after all the shouting and apologies, there should be calm on either side, even if one or two PCs still would rather keep fighting the Baroness' party.

In the midst of this, the cultists attack them in a mad rush.

Ten dirty-looking evil-eyed maniacs assault everyone. Their weapons are ordinary clubs and swords, staffs, and daggers; all quite ham-fisted, no tactics whatsoever. However, they are berserk!

The GM must to walk a fine line between realism and story balance: some NPCs (the GM should pick one or two), should end up seriously wounded in the aftermath. However, the new attackers ought to be repelled when they lose half their force—the rest seemingly vanishing into the woods while yelling and carrying on about how they “will be back” and how the PCs and NPCs' souls are “all doomed”, etc.

Fudge it so the PCs end up not seriously (if at all), wounded but unless they surpass the cultists vastly. You don't want them to be killed just yet! The NPCs should carry the brunt of the attacks. This sets up a plausible invitation from the Baroness, next. Instead of rolling for every NPC, friend or foe, this helps you as GM to be quick about the NPCs fates.

When all the cultists have been dealt with (if captured, any cultists will try to escape and kill at their first chance), the PCs are asked (more like commanded) to join them at the scene of the wreckage by Baroness.

On one of the fork's branching roads there is a wrecked armoured coach of enormous size, one of its' four horses dead. Seems it smashed into a sturdy Drakwald tree. Other than the dead horse (which is being sincerely wept by Barrigón), and a broken wheel, the coach seems sound. The Drehbuch von Nasenstüber family coat of arms has been covered-up with black paint.

If, for some reason, the PCs manage to investigate the vehicle's bottom, a Very Hard or Hard Search or Perception Test, (depending on the circumstances) will net the realization that the carriage's base is covered up in warding glyphs. Anyone rolling an Average Magic Sense Test feels repelled! If anyone rolls an Easy Academic Knowledge (Magic) Test, the wards' purpose is clear: to seriously make difficult any magic. Any magic user must Test Will Power with a Hard Penalty to be successful (see above).

PCs investigating the dead horse will notice that it suffered an arrow wound with a Challenging Difficulty Heal or Outdoor Survival Test (or a Hard Perception Test, as last resort).

Examination on the broken wheel and passing a Challenging Drive or Perception Test proves it was shattered due to stress, but 4 Degrees of Success or more plants the notion of sabotage within the investigator's mind.

Rudely interrupting, as nobles often do, the Baroness Ulrica introduces herself under a false name ("Gravina Maria-Ulrike von Liebewitz of Ambosstein" —in fact a distant relative), however if the PCs have the appropriate background *or* pass a Very Hard Common Knowledge (The Empire) Test or Hard Academic Knowledge (Heraldry) Test (to ascertain her colours), they catch her in the lie.

What's more, if the Degree of Success is 4 or more, with an appropriate background (Scholar, for instance), the PCs can recognize and link her noble colours to be quite similar to world famous explorer Baronet Sanft Naseweiss Drehbuch von Nasenstüber's own colours (see Baronet Sanft's write-up for further details)!

It's also possible that a PC with the appropriate background would have had met the real Gravina Maria-Ulrike (featured in the "A Rough Night in the Three Feathers" scenario from the *Plundered Vaults* collection).

Confronted with the truth, the Baroness appeals to their better natures (and their financial selves) to keep her identity quiet. She confesses being the sister of the famous explorer, on a delicate mission of utmost secrecy in nature. "A family affair", she confides.

Without wasting any more time, and in typical noble fashion, the Baroness terminates any more questioning with a proposition: if the PCs agree to become her men-at-arms, escorting

her coach across the Drakwald to the nearest town, fending her pursuers, *and* “keep quiet about the whole issue”, they will be handsomely rewarded.

(This request comes in the wings of Lisandro's assessment of the situation. After he whispers swift words to her highness' ear, she deftly requests the PCs response.)

If her cover mission's explanation doesn't suffice, she “reveals” that she is carrying a family heirloom which only her enemies covet to use against her in court as a sort of blackmail (just so the mission makes more sense). Under normal circumstances no noble worth his or her salt would bother with such explanations, but the Baroness knows the PCs are heaven sent, and is desperate.

At first, Baroness Ulrica is willing to pay up to 100gcs total, *to the whole party*. Opposed Hagggle Tests with a +10 Bonus because of her desperate situation, will let her raise her reward up to a ceiling of 200gcs. All monies will be payable when the mission is completed.

They must decide there and then, “for one moment's delay and the mission will be at a serious risk” (they have to make it to the Tollhouse before it gets too dark).

Even if they don't accept, the Baroness has any wounded PC(s) treated as best as possible under the circumstances, while as her entourage is also mended. Remember that some of the wounds could be reasonably serious and some people may need a place to be healed. Another incentive to go with Ulrica.

If the PCs agree (and they should, because if they don't, the cultists will still lump them together with the Baroness' party and keep harassing them until dead —they are fanatics, after all), they will be compelled to help the NPCs with the broken wheel, which only takes a few minutes for the spare to be set back in its place. Don't even bother rolling if more than three PCs are actively helping.

After that, as the coach and three remaining horses are made ready, (any PCs with horses will have to either have them tethered or have to ride in front or rear of the coach) Barrigón, still honestly grieving “Blacky (the horse's) death”, excuses himself and goes out into the nearby woods to answer “Rhya's call”.

In reality, he's leaving signals and trying to communicate the Baroness' course for the cultists to follow. If any (paranoid) PCs follow him, he aborts the effort. The PCs have gained a slim lead, and the cultists will appear in the fallen log ambush at half force (see *II-Ambush!*), since they have barely the time to catch up. After he comes back, the PCs could cramp themselves within the coach, having room for up to six uncomfortably, or outside, were there is enough room for two more on the other side of the roof.

Then they are off, Lisandro driving and Marrano serving as a lookout at his side.

As night descends on the dreadful forest, the sky fills with fearsome billowing clouds and an occasional flash of weird lighting is seen. An Average Outdoor Survival Test will

suffice to confirm that a storm —albeit a freak one, since there were no visible signs beforehand— is coming, and hard. If the PCs fail the roll, an NPC might declare it, whilst fearfully making the sign of Rhya.

All of a sudden, everything is plunged into pitch Drakwald darkness. Only the powerful oil lanterns on each side of the coach can ascertain the road.

From this moment on, anyone in the dark without some sort of illumination or some sort of special means to see (such as the Night Vision Talent), is at a Very Hard Penalty in *all* tests involving vision. The cultists, helped by various Chaos blessings, are at a Challenging Penalty.

These woods are quite ominous and repulsive, even for the ever-benighted forests of Middenland. There's an ever-present swirling mist like the souls of the unquiet dead, and strange noises, howls.

The GM should strive to impart anxiety of the dark to the PCs, even seasoned ones with professions like Woodsman. All throughout the scenario make them state *each and every action* as if it had the direst consequences of failure, as if the next second a surprise combat was just about to happen. Build the tension to the limit, and then some. *Have the NPCs see or hear stuff, and express the PCs own fears through them* (maybe some NPC starts a “friend of a friend” type of story set in the Drakwald complete with all the gory details). Make them jump at shadows. A cool nature or horror sound ambiance tracks would work excellently.

Of course, half of the creepiness is just normal (but what is ‘normal’ in the Drakwald?) forest environment, but the PCs don't know this, and even if they would, incite fear by preying on them being on this weird famous forest, full of perils. This is the Drakwald, after all!

In addition, there is an unknown quantity of enemies supposedly chasing them, seemingly bent on their destruction.

Keep the adventure at a break-neck pace: when in combat rounds, don't give the PCs time to think. I advice to count off each PC's statements from 5 to 1 and if the player hasn't decided on doing anything when the countdown's done, then assume the character has done nothing. This will keep the combat round from bogging down the anxiety and tension, which can happen, unless your players are quite versed in the system.

Within the spacious and luxurious coach, there exists a wood partition with a small sliding opening, thusly keeping the Baroness, the Valet and the Elf Bodyguard segregated from the actual PCs. When some of them want to speak to the group, a “speaker tube” (a hose with a horn on one side), is utilised to communicate. Also, Barrigón will move back and forth if needed (and sometimes when not, as he's a very talkative fellow). He will try to fish for as much information about the PCs as he can. The PCs are welcomed to try too, the Halfling's quite a charmer. See his description for more details.

If the PCs somehow make it to the Baroness' half, with a Challenging Perception Test they will notice another passenger, being hastily covered with a heavy coverlet. A Very Hard Perception or Trade (Carpenter) Test will confirm that it's a mannequin. This is the Baroness' decoy; used in her plan to throw off the pursuing horde into thinking her coach has Baronet Sanft.

Outside, most probably in the back of the large coach, only the cold, spine-tingling winds and damp, dank and eerie Drakwald night —full of uneven passing shadows— is a constant, as the coach speeds at the strained horses' top speed, bouncing and jostling through the uneven Empire roads. The PCs will have to bundle up; a devious GM will have them roll Toughness Tests or catch colds.

The PCs will undoubtedly try to prod some private details off from the various NPCs. Tests ranging from the Challenging to Very Hard will have to be passed, depending on the subject and the NPC's personality, attitude, etc. See the individual NPC descriptions. The information garnered will probably range (depending on the NPC's personality and attitude) from:

About the cover mission: As stated before, the Baroness has a treasure, a precious family heirloom (probably magical in nature), which her enemies covet. She has to get it to Altdorf at all costs. No one knows why, except the Baroness' inner circle (the Elf, the Valet and Lisandro), perhaps. Maybe magic user PCs believe this to be the source of the “anti-magic” field

Also, the Baroness will spend the night in a nearby Tollhouse, which should be no more than an hour's drive. Hopefully there'll be food for everyone (and they're not longing for cold soup!)

The Elf Sinsaber is the Baroness' Bodyguard and was an Elven Kithband Warrior, which fought against the Humans in the Forest of Laurelorn, not so long ago (this revelation should come as a surprise for almost all!). Why is he with the Baroness, no one's sure, (not even Barrigón) even though some hint that the Elf is the Baroness' lover. Suffice to say is that, even hinting about this near the Elf or her Highness will not be prudent for the speaker. At any rate, Sinsaber is the Baroness' shadow. Seeding the PCs' distrust in the Elf is not a bad strategy for the GM, Sinsaber being quite a convenient Red Herring.

Barrigón the Halfling is the personal family Valet and Seneschal, a great Surgeon in his own right, (this already witnessed by the PCs). His family (originally from Estalia) has been serving the bloodline for centuries. He's the Baroness' younger brother special Valet. He's also a great cook, above average for the wee folk.

The Human Mercenaries (Lisandro and Marrano) are Tilean and the best. Maybe some PCs have heard their Company's epithet (Peollo's Perils), as they have done extensive jobs all over. They are quite famous in these endeavours. With a 2+ Degree of Success roll from the appropriate martial background, Lisandro diPeollo's fame can be recalled. This information could also be learned via the usage of Hard Common Knowledge (Empire), or

Academic Knowledge rolls for “civilians”. If some of the PCs are Tilean, a lesser difficulty Test should be rolled.

And finally, all PCs will sense that everybody's concealing something. Impart this only with the knowledge that the PCs most assuredly will start getting paranoid about the NPCs.

As they traverse the road, the panorama changes. A steep ravine suddenly begins to the left side, in which the darkness seems infinite (it's really "just" a hundred yards fall). A black forested valley looms down the precipice, its trees and rocky outcroppings limned in the coach's dimming light-arcs, like enormous black fangs jutting from hell itself. The coach skirts dangerously close to the precipice yet the driver is quite skilled and doesn't fall. The soil becomes increasingly muddier and soggy, and the horses strain. To the right, the Drakwald's solid walls of murkiness threaten.

Throughout the journey, the following details can be snatched from the speeding vehicle via Perception Tests, the difficulty depending on the GM's willingness to reveal them.

*The Baroness, albeit dressed in a regal manner, is not advertising her status. She looks like she's "dressed down" and appears tomboyish with her pants and hair pulled back.

*Every so often, a common sight in the Empire is glimpsed (a scene that is welcoming at first even in this Gods' forsaken country): a shrine dedicated to the regional God (most likely Ulric). With a certain Degree of Success (perhaps 2+), and depending on the PCs' location, the PCs catch a glimpse of the shrine's actual status: It has been violated, the God's symbols desecrated in the grossest way possible, and all offerings discarded and otherwise thrust out of the shrine. The few shrines that follow have been tried to be set blaze or smashed. If the PCs care to investigate, Baroness Ulrica is quite adamant NOT to stop the mission, but could be convinced via an Opposed Hard Charm Vs Willpower Test. Exploring these locations will only help the cultist reach the ambush site faster, and have the cultists appear in greater numbers, next.

*The coming thunderstorm seems to be chasing them (like a heavenly tsunami), accompanied with heavy thunder and lightning all over.

The following event should be inserted by the GM whenever appropriate; best used when there's a lull in the action.

>An unearthly chorus of inhuman screams is heard and a glimpse of shapes chasing the carriage is spotted, some are on horseback. The faces are human, but deformed — mutants, perhaps? Something's definitely chasing the coach, for sure.

If the PCs want to shoot at their pursuers, let them, but make sure to explain the situation and their odds (maybe they'll get lucky and thin the cultists' ranks). If the cultists get shot at, they immediately will desist the chase, for now. Make the PCs feel like they accomplished a big thing.

>A flying owl keeps up with the vehicle whilst traveling. This is an ordinary animal, but may get the PCs all riled up. A failed Challenging Perception Test makes the PC hear his/her name uttered by the bird— a really really really bad omen. If the GM feels fiendish, an Terror Test could accompany this failure, garnering the PC 1 Insanity Point.

When the GM and/or the PCs tire of the long travel description, and/or when the GM deems the tension high enough, the following should be described to the fullest.

II- Ambush!

Suddenly, Lisandro (or whomever is at the reigns) yanks on the already tired horses. Everything stops with an unexpected lurch!

Any PCs with clear view of the coach's front will be shocked to see that the road has been blocked transversely by a massive tree trunk, it's mossy cover sickly glistening in the dark.

The coach is around a dozen or so feet from the obstacle.

“Oh, it's just another felled tree... This happens round this parts all the time,” Barrigón says, cheerfully, “we'll have it out of the way in no time”.

Give the PCs a few rounds of free actions (the less the better), and then spring the surprise ambush on them.

Remember that all rolls have a Very Hard Difficulty because of the environment (darkness or the woods, plus the muddy conditions, etc.). PCs that get ready should be rewarded with an Academic Knowledge (Tactics) Test, which, if passed, will help the PCs or NPCs' Combat rolls by +10% Bonus in the following fray. Even if the PC doesn't have the relevant Skill, the GM should still give him/her the +10% Bonus for a better and more advantageous position, etc.

Lisandro will try to turn back the coach, ordering everyone not to move.

The Baroness demands that the log be investigated (she believes it to be a passable obstacle).

There are a total of 7 cultists waiting on either side of the road (three on one side and four on the other, these ones clinging to a ledge on the ravine), which will simply rush to kill everything (including the horses) and to try to open the armoured vehicle —which will be quite an endeavour if the party manages to close it shut.

Among these are the “best” combat-oriented experts: Ark, a Grave Robber, Freeman, an Outlaw, and Magnus, an ex-Militia; in addition to Sarah, one of a trio of cultist that are vile mutants (her frightening head like a one-eyed ant's), who volunteered for the task. The other three are “ordinary” cultists, one of them armed with a bow (see the cultist's stats, at the end of the Scenario).

If Barrigón's signals were thwarted, then there'll only be the "best trio" (the Outlaw, the Grave Robber and the Militiaman). If the PCs delayed, there'll be more cultists, having had time to catch up.

While the other cultists strike at the vehicle, the party, the horses, whatever, the trio of bowmen keep firing volleys into the fray, not caring whom they strike, friend or foe. They continue repeating this tactic until it doesn't seem to be working, after this, they join the melee.

The whole battle should be akin to a chaotic wave of frenzied daemons, with the cultists giving no ground and attacking like rabid dogs —till dead— they are murderous maniacs on a mission: striking everything, clubbing like savage Orcs, biting the flesh. They have no strategy other than to kill and maim and try to get inside the coach to rescue Aeron. They become so enraged and disorganized that, sometimes instead of the enemy, they strike their own!

Oddly enough, this chaos should prove advantageous to professional men-at-arms. If the PCs seize sound fighting chances the GM should reward them: a table with some examples of Bonus Combat Modifiers is found in the Combat Chapter of the main rulebook.

The GM should strive to impress the fact that this horde looks not unlike some daemons have been let loose upon the face of the Earth instead of just psychos: because of the darkness and horrible fighting conditions and their grotesque behaviour, the conflict should feel like the types of film similar to "28 Days Later" and (the new) "Dawn of the Dead". *They just keep coming* in an insane rush. The often-crashing thunder and lightning, balefully illuminating everyone's contorted faces will complete the hellish tableaux.

A Hard Perception Test will net a glimpse of the monstrous countenance of Tñarra, obscured by the forest. For some who have never contemplated such a monster (under these awful conditions), an Average Terror Test should be in order. The penalty of failure nets 1 Insanity Point.

If sought after she will depart —vanishing in silence, like the beasts of the woods. She's been spying the coach, deducing the truth of the deception. Now she leaves, searching for the wagon instead; rallying the rest of the cultists to free her love at the Tollhouse.

After the battle's done, the PCs should be a bit more wounded and quite a lot more exhausted and uneasy. Some may be dead. If the GM thinks it necessary, and following the first clash with the cult's rationale, there ought to be an NPC who has also gone to Morr (I suggest Marrano or Lisandro).

At a dramatically appropriate moment, the dark sky, pregnant with pendulous rumbling clouds finally opens and disgorges its' contents. A horrendous maelstrom begins. Rain's constant companionship, in addition to smashing thunder, along with a few burning trees, will be the party's constant companions until the storm breaks, at the Toll Gate, see below.

Again, against the better judgment of Lisandro (or the new leader, if he's been killed), the Baroness insists on having all wounded cured or healed to the best condition under the circumstances, and stops the trip until Lisandro (or the new leader) becomes so insistent that she has to comply. Lisandro (or any other professional NPC), rightly fears of another attack by the frenzied sect.

Under the pouring rain and thunder, Barrigón tends to the horses after the human healing has been completed, if no one volunteers. Meanwhile, Lisandro or any other soldierly NPC will try to investigate the fallen log, quickly realising it's impossible to cross or move, thus giving up under the terrible conditions. The cutting tools with which the huge tree was felled lie nearby.

Of course, if they have the initiative, the GM should let the PCs do this investigation instead.

Lisandro (or the new leader if he's dead) produces a beaten map and, after a few minutes of trying to make it out under the darkness and icy cold Drakwald rain, locates a side road (more like to a trail), which should lead the group to the Tollhouse. This will delay the party even further, give or take the road's conditions and the weather. Lisandro (or the current leader) curses his lot, this detour would surely lead them deeper into dangerous territory, deeper in the dreaded woods. The Drakwald's terrible perils await them in the darkness, as frigid winds moan across the trees, set like phantom tombstones.

If the PCs want to scout ahead (and such things), let them, but keep building the angst, the sense of being followed, and the fear level up, up, up!

Eventually, the NPC leader will call off such endeavours and everyone will get back to the coach. Anyone with such expertise can help the NPCs calm the spooked horses.

The new route is clearly in lesser shape than the main road. It's nothing more than an ill-defined one-lane trail full of potholes, twisting into the deep forest. There is one other shrine seen lighting illuminating it through the curtain rain and lightning, also despoiled.

Several branching exits, their signs faded or fallen, point the way to farming communities and hamlets tucked within the deep forest, and beyond the scope of the scenario. The Baroness disavows any deviation from the road clearly and bluntly. If the PCs insist, they find themselves abandoned at the mercy of the tempest.

Eventually, as the black night seems endlessly closing in on the desperate party, a structure is seen, peeking out from the mass of trees. It's as if they have been translocated to a land of phantoms, for the structure lacks any solidity under the sheets of rain and the tempestuous thunder, yet there it is.

The Tollhouse has been finally reached!

III- Midnight at the Tollhouse

The facility comprises the great double Toll Gate, plus the main building and another, lesser, (but by no means less tough) gate which gives access to the compound itself, which is closed with a heavy bar (see the *Game Master's Pack* for a comprehensive write-up and map (map 3)). The Tollhouse's sturdy and well-made main gate is closed shut, right on the main road, unavoidable. A solid timber barrier-fence surrounds the compound and keeps the night at bay.

The whole vista is etched against the vast and dark wooded foothills of the great Middenland Mountains on the right side and, the steep ravine from the other side. There is no way to avoid it by land. The Drakwald, nearby, looks like an enormous and monstrous beast ready to pounce at the small compound anytime.

The Tollhouse compound itself is comprised of the stables, yard (with a well) and main building, which has three great rooms and an upstairs tower-like personnel's bedroom..

On the ground floor there is a living room, kitchen and office with the Tollhouse's strongbox inside. There is a trapdoor under the kitchen leading to the cellar and a set of stairs lead up to the tower-like bedroom (and roof), on the upper floor.

Within the main building, flickering lights can be espied. As the uncanny thunderstorm ceases as suddenly as it began, it's last vestiges gone before the carriage reaches the Gate compound, the PCs feel a bit of respite from the harrowing night.

Unless they go out of their way to be silent (which could prove enormously difficult), when they come at a standard distance from the main wall, a manly cry of "In the Emperor's name, who goes there?" is clearly heard, piercing the wood's sinister stillness.

Either the leader, the Baroness or a PC should answer, identifying the Baroness' party (which is expected). Otherwise, they will be commanded to dismount and throw themselves to the muddy ground to be searched by two of the Toll keepers, whilst being watched over by crossbows and firearms from the compound's interior, this being standard procedure in the Drakwald region.

Once the party has identified themselves, the yard doors (not the main Tollgate) open carefully, then hastily close behind them when the carriage has entered, seemingly shutting the dreaded forest out.

Within, the Toll Gate complex is typical: well constructed and durable; made to last the punishing Empire weather, bandit raids and creature incursions.

The illumination varies, especially outside, but there are enough torches and lamps to go around. The yard is excellently paved. The whole place has been made to be comfortable and pleasant, in contrast to the stark terror that lurks outside.

Inside there are four rotating Toll keepers and their permanent leader, Commander Hunter Heigl, a grizzly ex-Roadwarden.

Commander Heigl and one of “his boys” (Holger), welcomes Baroness Ulrica with a somewhat rude curtsey while both of them close the massive door and lower the stout wooden bar. The PCs should get the impression that this encounter has already been arranged between the Baroness and Heigl (which is the truth).

At the yard, there is also another, smaller, carriage: a wagon, this one more typical of its’ kind, with two horses tethered (this is the vehicle that carried Baronet Sanft). There are also a third and fourth horses within the stalls. The third one’s a black mare of exceptional beauty, property of Ricardo Duroleón; the other is Nig, Commander Heigl’s warhorse. Both remain unseen unless the stables are examined.

Near the middle of the yard there is a well constructed well.

Whilst the Baroness disembarks, an Easy Perception Test will suffice to show her relief to see the other coach. She will not say anything on the matter, but will haste to be inside, inquiring about Sister Teofina's whereabouts. Barrigón's reaction will prove inscrutable.

After being formally welcomed by commander Heigl, they are invited to enter. Inside looks warm and inviting. As the PCs enter, a gust of chilly Middenland wind shuts the door behind the last one with a smash.

A note on the Halfling's behaviour:

From this moment on and with utmost care, Barrigón will make up any convenient excuse (“I’ll go fetch water from the well”; “I’m going to tend to the horses”), to go outside and stealthily try to open the compound’s gate. This should be judged to be successful or not by the GM, taking into account the weight of the bar that makes the door fast, the Halfling's own strength and most of all, how *cool and devious* should this turn out. Henceforth, he will sneak out and signal the cultists that the way is clear and open, waving and throwing a torch towards the woods. Having a way to ingress, a couple of cultists could boldly try to sneak in before the big finale.

Indoors, it's indeed cozy and warm: the ambiance is of comfort and home-like; a roaring fire is burning warmly in the hearth. There are several persons here.

Schaszliva, “the Dove,” enforcer and wife to Lisandro guards upstairs outside the bedroom’s door, within, Sor Teofina watches over the seemingly asleep Baronet. Downstairs, in the living quarters, the other two Toll keepers sit while the third toils in the kitchen, preparing a decent meal.

There is also (optionally, see below) Ricardo Duroleón, an Estalian Soldier worshipper of Verena on a pilgrimage bound for Kislev. Unaccustomed to the Empire's cold weather, he paces up and down near the fireplace.

After all pleasantries have been exchanged, the Baroness rushes toward the bedroom upstairs to see her brother, the Elf quietly gliding behind her, like her shadow.

Lisandro and/or Marrano (if alive), begin drilling the Estalian, suspicious of any strangers. Duroleón starts on the defensive at first, but then proves to be genuine, in addition to offering some of his fine Estalian *vino*, thus charming all inquisitors, cooling the hot air. He explains his pilgrimage to one of Verena's shrines in cold, distant Praag, rightly guessing who Lisandro (or Marrano, if Lisandro's dead) is. This makes Lisandro (or Marrano) quite proud, which warms the relationship afterward.

Here then, the PCs meet Schalszliva who, released from her duty for a few moments by the Baroness, comes downstairs to lovingly embrace and kiss her husband —the only time she shows any emotions. She stays with the party. As she listens to Duroleón's tale, she recounts stories of her native Praag and adopted Kislev with verve.

If Lisandro is dead, after being told by the Baroness, Schaszliva comes downstairs and exits the edifice numbly without a word, as if in a trance. When she gets near the stables, she breaks down to quietly sob. However, it's all an act, she performs this while checking the recently arrived vehicles and horses, her mind always scheming.

Barrigón seizes the opportunity to cowardly walk up to her, lure her into complacency by telling her a bit of how Lisandro died and stab her cleanly through the heart. He hastily hides her carcass in the stables, or throws her down the well, if possible.

Mean the while, the Baroness allows no one to enter the upstairs bedroom, not even the Elf Sinsaber who, being shooed off, will then amble cat-like to sit near the fire, seemingly unconcerned.

Let the PCs feel comfortable, and somewhat safe. Mention the warm fireplace and the Toll keepers' warrior's weapons. One of the Toll keepers asks the PCs if they've already eaten, or if they need anything... like a warm bath. Let this lull against the night's tensions overcome them with complacency.

Commanded by the Baroness, Sister Teofina comes downstairs, leaving Ulrica alone to see her sick, and supposedly sedated, brother. She greets any newcomers, and blesses them "in these times of tribulations". Thinking the PCs are aware of the real situation, she answers all questions to the best of her ability. The others are too occupied to pay attention to this, relating stories and dining and drinking and slowly falling asleep.

Suddenly, close to the Witching Hour, a woman's screams pierce the quiet drizzly night. Gripped in terror's electricity, each soul's nape hairs rise. It's coming from upstairs. Sinsaber is the first to fly up the steps, followed by all the other parties except the Toll keepers and the Seneschal. A terrible pounding at the door is heard, and shouts.

If they follow the group, the PCs discover a dreadful scene: Ulrica's brother savagely attacks her.

As he chokes the life out of her, he screams madly and orders his release: “Aeron the Illuminated must be set free! Aeron the Munificent must be free! The “Book of Illumination” must see the light!” he repeats with maniacal precision, over and over again.

He’s quickly restrained and gagged. While being bound, suddenly he turns into the gentlest of beings, showing no intent to harm, trying to speak with his sister, asking her calmly about news of the family lands, for instance. The Baroness’ stress begins to show, as she quickly wipes an errant tear from her cheek.

Baroness Ulrica orders everyone but Sor Teofina to clear the room. She remains with the Elf, if still alive.

As they exit downstairs, the PCs may begin to inquire about the truth of the situation. While upstairs, they will receive scant answers. This may infuriate them. Either Barrigón or Sister Teofina explains, talking to the PCs in private, most likely in the ground floor, or the yard or stables. Barrigón may try something with a lone PC, depending on how foolhardy he feels and the PC’s condition (see his notes, below).

Coming downstairs, Baroness Ulrica is in shock, but her noble bearing hasn’t yet shattered. Suddenly from outside, a call comes forth. One of the cultists demands the release of their leader “and each every soul inside shall be spared”. They insist that they just want Aeron and will not harm any within the compound if they release him.

The Baroness commands Heigl to “shut the damned dog”. Commander Heigl in turn, orders one of “his boys” (Mimus). Firearm and crossbow shots are heard, and the voice is silenced. Carefully remember what the PCs are doing and where they are in the compound while this happens, for the later, climatic event.

Another voice is heard, this one sounds like dried up leaves dancing in a hurricane. It’s completely inhuman. It’s Tñarra, cursing the Tollhouse and threatening to storm the compound, butchering everyone within. Reikspiel chills the very soul when spoken by her: “You will all die for naught but a lie and the Ruinous Powers shall gorge on your souls!” and so forth. She pretty much spells the whole truth of the hidden story in this speech. If the PCs don’t know it yet, the truth of the whole scenario (from the cultists’ point of view at least), is clear.

Anyone spying the forest outside will see a mass of humanoid shapes appearing like spectres rising from the grave, peering from the black trees, armed with rough weapons. Some of them are in firearms and missile weapons’ range.

Tñarra’s repulsive form is half seen, half hidden, difficult to shoot. If she senses her position being compromised, she pulls back to a safer place to enact the coming ritual.

When hearing her discordant voice, Baronet Sanft (if conscious and not impaired), lovingly calls out to her. This should send chill down everyone’s spine.

Even as all prepare to defend the siege, another crossbow or firearm shot (depending on what the GM desires), rings out (it's another of the Toll keepers (Svangar) trying to shoot down Tñarra), yet the horrible voice continues, now in no rational, human tongue.

At exactly midnight and one minute, Tñarra begins the incantation in the hellish Daemonic Tongue of Chaos.

It all happens very quickly. Chaos smiles at the scene as the dreaded Chaos moon Morrslieb rises, gibbous and sickly in its awful colour, like a putrid, cataract-filled eye spying on all. One of the black and pendulous storm-clouds in the dark night separates from the rest and hurls itself with dizzying velocity towards the Tollgate compound, like a vaporous missile. Terror Tests should be rolled for witnessing these mind-blasting events. The Insanity Point loss could be as high as 2.

Tñarra is enacting an awesome "one-shot" rite that should clean off all enemies. However, since she is casting in haste, it strikes with half potency. Don't bother with the rolls, it strikes 'automagically' with the following consequences.

When the lighting fast roiling cloud-mass filled with weird, prancing, violet ferocious thunder strikes the compound, a blast of pink brightness is felt by everyone in the compound's ground floor (including the Stables), like a small localised earth tremor.

The explosion releases both mystical and physical energy, thusly destroying *half* the compound on the ground level! This should be equivalent to a modern Howitzer impact.

Fortunately, most of the compound is made up of the yard and stables, so if the PCs weren't in the spell's blast radius (i.e. within the buildings) they should be safe from falling debris, etc. The explosion's damage should be akin to an Area Weapon for Hit Location purposes, with a Damage Value of 5.

In addition, the spell's mystical attack is felt: PCs roll Will Power Test with a Challenging difficulty (-10). If the roll's failed it's akin to suffering a *Critical result* with a Critical Value equal to the Degree of failure +4 on the Head, (armour doesn't count), rounding up. If the Will Power test is a success, then the PCs will have to pass an Easy Toughness test not to retch and gag with nausea for 1d10 minus the degree of success in Rounds. Nauseating pink gas covers all for the first few minutes after the blast.

The GM shouldn't roll for NPCs but choose which live and die depending on his take on the odds of the upcoming battle.

Following this, and with a terrible roar, all the cultists attack the compound *en masse*. There should be more or less around 30, discounting their previous losses.

Tñarra grabs her head and falls back, either knocked out unconscious from the effort or, if the GM thinks it appropriate, dead. She may get a new mutation from the effort. She will be out till hostilities are over or till an appropriately dramatic moment, GM's choice. The GM can always roll 3D10-Toughness in minutes for her to wake up.

Parallel to all this, in the upstairs' bedroom, Sanft/Aeron watches the awful Chaos moon rise and goes berserk, thrashing at his restraints and foaming in the mouth. He fears the dreadful moon, as foretold in his dooming all those many years ago (see his description for more details). With strength born out of madness and a lightning-fast surge only capable by a maniac, he quickly subdues his captor (who may be either Barrigón or Sister Teofina, or both, see below), and begins in earnest the Summoning of a Flying Disc of Tzeentch that he hopes will bear him from this place. He embarks on this spell by cutting his victim's heart off, a task that will probably take him a couple of minutes. The Ritual's rusty in his addled mind, so it takes more than the normal time to enact, enough for it to be foiled by the PCs.

If Barrigón's still alive, he has managed to get himself in the bedroom and, after liberating his master, thusly falls screaming as Aeron's ritual victim. If Sister Teofina's keeping Sanft/Aeron watch, Barrigón could conceivably kill her and then free Sanft/Aeron.

If appropriate to the (now probably very angry and confused) PCs, any of the NPCs "in the know" will impart the truth of the mission to them (if they still don't know everything), meanwhile cursing their lot.

The Baroness will try to save her brother at all costs, trying to escape from the Tollhouse. She will give her life for his well being if necessary.

The climatic battle should be a total pandemonium, with cultists flinging themselves without regard to their lives at impossible odds and valiant efforts (or cowardly acts) by the PCs. The GM should strive to be totally objective to the PCs actions. There is no morality in battle with Chaos. As the Templars of Sigmar say "the means justify the end".

The GM should remember what the other NPCs are doing and think of their consequences (based on their write-ups), but should strive to make the PCs the center of the action. For instance, if a PC is about to be slaughtered by a cultist, an NPC can step in and take the blow, thusly dying in the PC's stead. Now there'll be fewer allies to help in battle, though. The PCs actions, successful or not, should always have consequences, the more severe, the better. Remember: "*a Grim World of Perilous Adventure*".

* * *

Experience Points should be handled by the individual GM's tastes but, if in need of some benchmarks:

Saving the Mission: **55** (this includes safely getting Baronet and Baroness to Altdorf, essentially this Scenario's aftermath)

Saving Sanft: **30**
Saving the Baroness: **30**
Saving the Tollhouse: **40**
Killing Tñarra: **40**
Unmasking the traitor: **25**

About Barrigón's tactics

Barrigón Simbarba, the family's Halfling Seneschal, the Baronet's personal Valet, Healer and Cook, intends to annihilate the Baroness' group. His first strategy consists of poisoning the food during one of their food-breaks and then inform the cult about the whereabouts' of the carriage containing his master.

If this represents too much risk, or doesn't help, he will try to lure the PCs and NPCs to be alone with him with a false sense of complacency, and murder them quickly.

He will also try to sabotage their efforts subtly. The possibilities are left for the GM's devious mind to ponder and exercise.

If no PCs ever suspect a traitor in their ranks, given all the subtle clues (e.g. how would the cult know their route and plan an ambush with the log? ...And Barrigón's several attempts to contact the cult, for example), the GM can give them a chance, for instance, by having one of the NPCs, ravenous with hunger, eat the poisoned food that Barrigón prepares before it's served, consequently dying repulsively, and unmasking the traitor.

If ever caught, the Halfling will deny everything, and attempt to pin the blame on others; lastly trying to escape.

About Ricardo Duroleón

Duroleón is presented as further help with arcane and magical stuff, as he is a former Hedge Wizard besides being a Soldier. The GM could easily not include him if s/he feels the party is strong enough to face the cult.

A final note

There should be around 43 cultists, including the trio of mutants and the "crème de la crème (Ark, Freeman, Magnus)". If the adventure turns out to be too challenging for the group, you can always send a party of Roadwardens on the cultists' trail (!), or a squad of Soldiers "passing through" the Tollhouse. This should even the odds.

Also, if the PCs want to turn against the Baroness, let them. The cult will embrace them, demanding the PCs consume enough warpstone to be truly blessed.

If they want to play both sides, remember that the Baroness' family is extremely well connected. The cult, after recuperating (especially if Tñarra's still alive), could conceivably come after them too. A devious GM will give them enough rope and let the chips fall where they may.

If Sanft escapes, he'll be back, but more powerful.

And finally this

I think the ideas behind this Scenario and the Scenario itself is pretty neat and encompasses a large amount of the *feeling* that adventuring in the **Warhammer Fantasy Role Play Game** should transmit. Having said that, however, the GM is quite free to tweak it, tear it down or mutate it in any way that he/she thinks would work for his/her group instead.

Thanks for your time.

THE CAST

(Within the Armoured Carriage)

Baroness Ulrica Magna Drehbuch von Nasenstüber
Baroness in Distress

RACE: Human

CAREER: Ex-Noble, ex-Courtier (Lady in Waiting), Noble Lord (Lady)

WS: 64 BS: 50 S: 41 T: 41 AG: 40 INT: 64 WP: 51 FEL: 75
A: 2 W: 17 SB: 4 TB: 4 M: 4 MAG: 0 IP: 2

WEAPONS: Best Craftsmanship Rapier, Main Gauche, Pistol with Gunpowder

ARMOUR: Full Leather

Head: 1 Body: 1 Arms: 1 Legs: 1

SKILLS: Charm +20, Command +20, Consume Alcohol, Evaluate +10, Gossip +20, Intimidate, Perception +10, Ride +20, Common Knowledge (The Empire) +20, Speak Language (Reikspiel) +20, Read/Write +20, Academic Knowledge (History), Blather, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Speak Language (Breton), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Tilean)

TALENTS: Menacing, Sixth Sense, Etiquette, Public Speaking, Savvy, Schemer, Dealmaker, Suave, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Master Orator

EQUIPMENT: Rare and valuable jewels in a small strongbox (to be used for emergencies), ring with poison. A purse containing 500gcs in bank notes

NOTES: A very tall and attractive woman, Baroness Ulrica believes she has her people's best interest in mind, always. She is a woman accustomed to getting what she wants. Although presently in a stressful situation, she will strive for control and getting the job done. At heart she's an optimist.

BACKGROUND: In addition to her already related background, she has a fiancée waiting in her hometown, one Sir Osric von Schoppendorf. She hopes to see him soon.

AGE: 33 EYE COLOUR: Golden-rose HAIR COLOUR: Ash blond

STAR SIGN: Gnuthus the Ox BIRTHPLACE: Middenland (Nasenstüber)

GENDER: Female WEIGHT: 128 lbs HEIGHT: 6'0"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Strange coloured eyes (golden-rose)

DOOMING: Morr sends a Maiden

Sinsaber Elselestin Tira-Delcorderl
Her Highness' Shadow

RACE: Elf **CAREER:** Ex- Kithband Warrior, ex-Scout, ex-Ghostrider, Bodyguard

WS: 56 **BS:** 79 **S:** 48 **T:** 51 **AG:** 66 **INT:** 49 **WP:** 56 **FEL:** 31

A: 3 **W:** 17 **SB:** 4 **TB:** 5 **M:** 6 **MAG:** 0 **IP:** 0

WEAPONS: Best Quality Elfbow with 10 Arrows, Crossbow Pistol with 10 Bolts, Best Quality Buckler, Throwing Axes, Knuckledusters, Hand Weapon (Sword), Best Quality Dagger

ARMOUR: Best Quality Mailshirt, Full Leather (Best Quality)

Head: 1 **Body:** 3 **Arms:** 1 **Legs:** 1

SKILLS: Animal Care, Concealment +20, Drive, Intimidate +10, Outdoor Survival +10, Perception +20, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Silent Move +20, Common Knowledge (Elves), Speak Language (Eltharin), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Dodge Blow +20, Follow Trail +20, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Speak Language (Breton), Navigation +10, Charm Animal, Secret Language (Ranger) +10, Secret Signs (Ranger), Secret Signs (Scout), Speak Language (Tilean), Lip Reading, Set Trap, Shadow, Heal

TALENTS: Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow), Specialist Weapon Group (Parry), Specialist Weapon Group (Throw), Coolheaded, Excellent Vision, Night Vision, Rover, Warrior Born, Sure Shot, Orientation, Rapid Reload, Fleet-Footed, Lightning Parry, Mighty Shot, Quick Draw, Disarm, Street Fighting, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient

EQUIPMENT: Ten yards of rope, excellent travel cloak, excellent boots

NOTES: Strong and silent and Elvish. Where the Baroness goes, so does he. 'Nuff said.

BACKGROUND: Why would this Elf terrorist (or freedom fighter depending on your point of view), this Kithband Veteran and ex-Ghoststrider slayer-of-men (in his own words), from defiant and troublesome Laurelorn Forest be a narrow-minded Middenland noble's bodyguard? A simple matter, really, if one accounts for the Elvish long lifespans: The Baroness' grandfather helped him in a land dispute against some elves some "years back". Now, he protects his grandchild. That was the bargain. Being like a tomb, Sinsaber will keep this arrangement quiet.

AGE: 100

EYE COLOUR: Green

HAIR COLOUR: Corn

STAR SIGN: N/A

BIRTHPLACE: Laurelorn Forest

GENDER: Male

WEIGHT: 105 lbs

HEIGHT: 5'10"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: None! He's alien!

DOOMING: N/A

Lisandro "the Everlasting" diPeollo
Mercenary Leader

RACE: Human

CAREER: Ex-sergeant, ex-Roadwarden, Mercenary Captain

WS: 64 BS: 47 S: 54 T: 51 AG: 44 INT: 47 WP: 49 FEL: 63

A: 3 W: 20 SB: 5 TB: 5 M: 4 MAG: 0 IP: 4

WEAPONS: Best Quality Pistol with Ammunition, Best Quality Shield, Hand Weapon (Hammer), Sword Breaker, Great Weapon (Warhammer)

ARMOUR: Best Quality Full Mail

Head: 3 Body: 3 Arms: 3 Legs: 3

SKILLS: Animal Care +10, Command +10, Drive, Gossip +20, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10, Ride +10, Search, Swim, Common Knowledge (Tilea), Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) +10, Common Knowledge (The Empire) +10 Common Knowledge (The Border Princes) +10, Speak Language (Tilean), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Kislevian), Speak Language (Battle Tongue) +10, Follow Trail, Navigation, Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics) +10, Dodge Blow +10, Read/Write

TALENTS: Warrior Born, Coolheaded, Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Specialist Weapon Group (Two Handed), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Menacing, Wrestling, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Disarm, Lightning Parry

EQUIPMENT: Ten yards of rope, Mercenary Company, Best Quality chewing Tobacco from Lustria, a locket containing his wife's hair, Myrmidian talisman for martial prowess

NOTES: This NPC is the GM's voice when it comes to combat strategy, helping the PCs with their plans. If the PCs take too long or do the wrong decisions, Lisandro will start barking orders, taking charge. He's a real leader. He distrust the Halfling and the Elf. He knows all about the Baroness' plans, except that her brother is insane. He zealously despises Chaos, being a devout Myrmidion. Lisandro has taken a vow never to use weapons that end in points or do slashing damage.

BACKGROUND: Tired of serving for other bosses, Lisandro diPeollo struck it alone, forming his "Perils" when he was just 20. His disarming charisma has netted him the best contracts. However, his company's "the real deal."

For this special mission, he has selected a few whom he thinks are right for the job. He also wants young Roland of Bordeleux to prove himself to him as more than just an ex-wolfshhead.

His only obsession in this world other than work is his wife, Schaszliva the "Dove". He would die for her. To think that just six months ago, the gentle light of her eyes hadn't yet been know to him.

AGE: 32

EYE COLOUR: Black

HAIR COLOUR: Copper

STAR SIGN: Wymund the Anchorite (thusly his nickname of "Everlasting"... like Wymund)

BIRTHPLACE: Tilea (City State of Peollo)

GENDER: Macho (male)

WEIGHT: 145 lbs

HEIGHT: 5'10"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Ruddy faced. Has flatulence problems

DOOMING: Linger not upon the privy, nor a long drop either

Marrano II' Demonio "the Daemon"

Associate and "Mussle"

RACE: Human

CAREER: Ex-Swamp Skimmer, Mercenary

WS: 44 BS: 42 S: 44 T: 45 AG: 35 INT: 41 WP: 35 FEL: 23

A: 2 W: 14 SB: 4 TB: 4 M: 4 MAG: 0 IP: 3

WEAPONS: Best Quality Crossbow, Best Quality Shield, Hand Weapon (Sword)

ARMOUR: Mail Shirt, Leather Jack

Head: 0 Body: 3 Arms: 1 Legs: 0

SKILLS: Concealment, Gamble, Gossip +10, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search +10, Silent Move, Swim, Common Knowledge (Border Princes), Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Speak Language (Tilean), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Battle Tongue), Follow Trail, Navigation, Dodge Blow, Ride

TALENTS: Ambidextrous, Warrior Born, Resistance to Disease, Sixth Sense, Quick Draw, Strike Mighty Blow, Sharpshooter

EQUIPMENT: Large sack, waterproof boots, healing draught

NOTES: The Daemon's whole purpose is to be the muscle (or "mussle", like he says). The GM should play him with a heavy Italian accent, you know? ("Are you talking to me?") He looks like a daemon, and fights like one, hence his nickname.

BACKGROUND: Rescued from an awful life as a Swamp Skimmer in the Border Princes by diPeollo, the Daemon's eternally grateful to Lisandro and his new wife, the Dove. He does as he's told but isn't as dumb as he looks.

AGE: 34 **EYE COLOUR:** Pale Gray **HAIR COLOUR:** Red

STAR SIGN: The Broken Cart

BIRTHPLACE: The Border Princes, near Tilea's border

GENDER: Male **WEIGHT:** 181 lbs **HEIGHT:** 5'11"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Snaggle teeth

DOOMING: Thy end arises from flames unseen

Barrigón Simbarba

Well Intentioned but Mixed-up Assistant

RACE: Halfling **CAREER:** Ex-Student, Valet, Barber Surgeon

WS: 27 **BS:** 42 **S:** 21 **T:** 25 **AG:** 46 **INT:** 59 **WP:** 37 **FEL:** 50

A: 1 **W:** 12 **SB:** 2 **TB:** 2 **M:** 4 **MAG:** N/A **IP:** 1

WEAPONS: Best quality Dagger, Sling, Hand Weapon (Short Sword)

ARMOUR: Leather Jerkin, Leather Leggings

Head: 0 **Body:** 1 **Arms:** 1 **Legs:** 1

SKILLS: Charm, Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate +10, Gossip, Haggle +20, Perception +20, Search +10, Blather +10, Heal +10, Read/Write +20, Speak Language (Halfling), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +20, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Tilean), Trade (Cook), Trade (Apothecary), Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry) +20, Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Academic Knowledge (Science), Common Knowledge (Halflings)

TALENTS: Resist Poisons, Night Vision, Resist Chaos, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Resist Disease, Very Resilient, Surgery, Etiquette, Savvy, Super Numerate, Suave, Seasoned Traveler, Linguistics

EQUIPMENT: Trade tools (Barber-Surgeon), writing kit, 2 textbooks on Science and Theology, cologne, purse, 2 sets of Best Craftsmanship clothing, uniform (not wearing it to avoid being recognised), 5 healing draughts, 6 doses of poison (Heartkill)

NOTES: Barrigón has it all wrong. He thinks the Baroness Ulrica is planning to get the young Baronet out of the way and usurp his rightful lands, breaking her vow to Sanft's father, old Baron Friedrich.

It has fallen on Barrigón's duty to rescue the young master at all costs. No-one from the family is to be trusted. To these means he has secured enough poison to kill all the Baroness' original party.

Due to the peculiar nature of Sanft's madness (he's frequently quite rational, akin to a dormant schizophrenic), Barrigón will never be truly convinced of his illness until it's too late. He believes the cultists are the young master's friends, come to help him (in a way they are). His other tactics and schemes are discussed in the main text.

BACKGROUND: Barrigón's family comes from an undiluted line of Seneschals, Butlers and Valets. Originally from Estalia, some distant relatives of the Drehbuch von Nasenstübers from that part of the Old World lent his great ancestor to the proud and ancient Middenland nobles.

Ever since, the Simbarbas have been trusted servants and confidants. His beloved young master Baronet Sanft, paid out of his own expenses Barrigón's extensive education as a Barber-Surgeon in Nuln. It's a debt he thinks can never be truly repaid.

He knows the risk he's taking but he genuinely is devoted to his master, having raised him up from childhood.

Barrigón has a wife, Edna, and 10 daughters: Ana, Camila, Frisia, Cecilia, Rubiela, Esmeralda, Rabieta, Aracelia, Patricia and Gabriela.

AGE: 60 EYE COLOUR: Brown HAIR COLOUR: Yellow

STAR SIGN: The Two Bullocks (fertility) BIRTHPLACE: Nasenstüber.

GENDER: Male WEIGHT: 95 lbs HEIGHT: 4'1"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Small bald patch on right side of the head.

DOOMING: The flashing blade will end thy days.

(On the Other Carriage, a Wagon at the Toll Gate)

Baronet Sanft Naseweis Drehbuch von Nasenstüber, AKA Aeron the Illuminated Charismatic MacGuffin

RACE: Human

CAREER: Noble, ex-Student, ex-Scholar, ex-Explorer, ex-Agitator, Acolyte of Tzeentch

WS: 51 BS: 54 S: 43 T: 46 AG: 45 INT: 68 WP: 55 FEL: 62
A: 2 W: 19 SB: 4 TB: 4 M: 4 MAG: 1 IP: 6

WEAPONS: His allure

ARMOUR: None

SKILLS: Charm +10, Command +10, Concealment, Consume Alcohol, Disguise +10, Drive +10, Evaluate +20, Gossip +20, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception +20, Ride +10, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Swim, Common Knowledge (The Empire) +10, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) +20, Common Knowledge (Araby) +20, Common Knowledge (Estalia), Academic Knowledge (Daemonology) +20, Academic Knowledge (History) +20, Academic Knowledge (Magic) +10, Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (Law) +10, Speak Language (Reikspiel) +20, Speak Language (Classical) +10, Speak Language (Breton) +10, Speak Language (Arabyan) +10, Speak Language (Estalian) +20, Speak Language (Tilean) +10, Follow Trail, Blather, Read/Write +20, Navigation, Secret Language (Ranger), Magical Sense, Secret Signs (Scout) Trade (Cartographer) +10, Channeling +10

TALENTS: Menacing, Savvy, Etiquette, Luck, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Schemer, Linguistics, Suave, Seasoned Traveler, Orientation, Resistance to Magic, Coolheaded, Public Speaking, Aethyric Attunement, Controlled Corruption, Petty Magic (Chaos), Dark Magic, Inured to Chaos, Witchcraft*

EQUIPMENT: None but his wits

NOTES: *The Witchcraft Talent offers an Extra Spell, which is Summon Lesser Demon of Tzeentch (A Flying Disc)

The young Baronet's lunacy is almost imperceptible, his reasoning and arguments are sound but, like any psychopath, Aeron's violent dementia can strike like a cobra, previously waiting like a motionless alligator. Nevertheless, his first major task is, (if he survives the Tollhouse) to get his "Book of Illumination" printed and published. Since all of his texts were destroyed, he has to wait for the inspiration to come back to him. Meanwhile, he will create as many illuminated groups as possible.

Inside Sanft's mad brain, he has been touched by the Ruinous Powers with such force that if cultivated, his Chaotic leanings could flourish and be used as a major tool in the struggle against the peoples of the Old World. His charisma is such that he could charm even the Ar-Ulric (albeit with difficulty) given enough time.

Sanft/Aeron could turn out to be the long-sought after Messiah of Chaos— and the Ruinous Powers want to groom him for his whole potential to be realized.

BACKGROUND: From a young age Baron Sanft was fascinated by knowledge. Born in an old and noble Middenland family, his thirst for books was found never wanting. In his short life, whilst his father, the Baron Friedrich, was still alive, he traveled far and wide in the Old World in search of tomes of lore. The Empire, Tilea, Estalia, even Kislev have been his stomping grounds, some several times.

Within the Empire, his renown as a scholar was only matched by his zeal, some say bordering on obsession—but not too loudly—for Sanft is a well-connected young noble. His family can trace its' lineage to one of the first settlements in Middenland, and has strong ties to the current Ar-Ulric. In addition, now that his father has passed, his fraternal twin sister Baroness Ulrica, the most powerful member of the clan, has taken him under her wing fiercely (and some say obsessively), protecting him.

That is why, breaking his sister's shackles less than a year ago, Sanft managed to sail from Marienburg, and vanished. Indeed obsessed with knowledge, the young Baronet sought it in just the worse places he could find.

Meanwhile, going mad with fear, Lady Ulrica paid incredible amounts for any knowledge of her brother's fate. After all, in his will, her father bequeathed her a great many lands, but only if a male heir was in the Lord's throne (and since her father was especially austere, no other heirs were born).

Baronet Sanft was finally found in a disgusting Arabyan backwater: a cursed nameless place on the edge of the yellow waste. Naked, dirty, with wide eyes like a feral beast, Sanft was babbling with baboons and speaking in tongues, clutching some parchment notes as if his life depended on them. He'd written them in his own offal. His brain had shattered to the sane world, but having been opened to new and wondrous vistas of Chaos, his mind was truly free. And so, all he wanted to do was to share this exquisite bliss with the world, the whole world.

This was Sanft's turning point, where he found about his real being. His course was clear as the bright blast of pink light which struck him and opened his brain to new views: he would discard his old life, to wander and preach the *life* of Chaos: Aeron the Illuminated had been born!

His first task was to spread his message; then he had to gather his notes and publish them.

Quietly, he was sent back by his conniving "sister" to the family lands to "recover". After that, it was child's play to escape again, with help from one of the guards. No bonds could hold him for long; he was getting better at it.

Afterwards being incarcerated yet again, Aeron grew impatient with mortals, disappearing thrice. He gathered around him kindred souls and was commencing his evangelization, dictating his *Book of Illumination*", when his horrid sister caught him once more.

Sanft/Aeron's addled mind recalls dimly a beautiful horned woman with furry legs who was quite fond of him. Her name was Tñarra, a creature of the woods. With her he felt safe. He remembers their happy times together... Maybe those times will soon come back.

AGE: 33 EYE COLOUR: Pale gray and golden HAIR COLOUR: Ash blond

STAR SIGN: Gnuthus the Ox BIRTHPLACE: Middenland (Nasenstüber)

GENDER: Male. WEIGHT: 134 1/2 lbs HEIGHT: 6'0"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Strange coloured eyes (one pale gray and one golden)

DOOMING: Thy last breath will be in Morrislieb's sight!

Schaszliva Svetlana diPeollo, AKA "the Dove"

Her Nickname's Opposite

RACE: Human

CAREER: ex-Camp Follower, ex-Spy, Assassin

WS: 52 BS: 60 S: 41 T: 50 AG: 67 INT: 51 WP: 70 FEL: 54
A: 3 W: 17 SB: 4 TB: 5 M: 4 MAG: 0 IP: 2

WEAPONS: Best Quality Dagger, Best Quality Hand Weapon (Sword), Net, Throwing Knives

ARMOUR: Best Quality Leather Jack, Best Quality Leather Skullcap
Head: 1 Body: 1 Arms: 1 Legs: 0

SKILLS: Charm +10, Concealment +10, Disguise +10, Drive, Gamble +20, Haggle, Perception +10, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Silent Move +10, Common Knowledge (Kislev) +10, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Speak Language (Kislevian), Speak Language (Tilean), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Breton), Trade (Herbalist), Sleight Of Hand +10, Lip Reading, Perform (Actor), Pick Lock, Shadowing +10, Secret Language (Ranger), Prepare Poison, Secret Signs (Thief)

TALENTS: Sixth Sense, Suave, Street Fighting, Flee!, Hardy, Seasoned Traveler, Linguistics, Schemer, Quick Draw, Streetwise, Swashbuckler, Lightning Parry, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Specialist Weapon Group (Thrown).

EQUIPMENT: Lucky Rabbit's Foot Charm from Praag, pouch, tent, disguise kit, four pigeons, grappling hook, ten yards of rope, one dose of poison (Black Lotus), small portrait of Lisandro

NOTES: On role-playing her: Be always planning conflicts between men, but make sure you are on the winning side and remains with clean hands. She is a distant relative of the Ice Queen, a true femme fatale. The only one she will show "real" affection to is Lisandro.
She pays no heed to her dooming, since a man uttered it.

BACKGROUND: The Dove is one of the deadliest Assassins this side of the Grey Mountains.

Born into abject poverty in Praag, she was prostituting herself when she was 12. Sold to a Kislevian Merchant in exchange for food for her family, she became a Camp Follower in cold Kislev, its' deadly winters shaping her personality. After poisoning her owner she escaped to a life of seemingly endless grief, yet she endured and survived and found her niche by the strength of her wits. A victim of countless horrors and abuses by men during her short life, she only loves herself and her survival.

Her new husband is just a step towards controlling the Mercenary Company and then onto greater things. She arranged for him to fall for her and then marry her, not six months ago, the poor sap. If he should be of no use to her, she will get rid of him.

AGE: 28 EYE COLOUR: Piercing Green HAIR COLOUR: Raven Black

STAR SIGN: The Kislevian version of Cacklefax

BIRTHPLACE: Praag

GENDER: Female WEIGHT: 130 lbs HEIGHT: 5'4"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Small tattoo of a dove taking flight from a black pool or blot, near her private parts

DOOMING: Thou art not as good as thou thinkest thou art.

Sister (Sor) Teofina
Shallyan Healer on a Mission

RACE: Human

CAREER: Ex- Hedge Wizard, ex- Initiate, Priestess of Shallya

WS: 39 BS: 45 S: 40 T: 41 AG: 38 INT: 37 WP: 50 FEL: 52
A: 1 W: 16 SB: 4 TB: 4 M: 4 MAG: 1 IP: 0

WEAPONS: None, she's a Healer of Shallya

ARMOUR: None

SKILLS: Animal Care +10, Charm +20, Gossip +10, Perception +20, Search, Swim, Channeling +10, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Common Knowledge (Tilea), Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +20, Speak Language (Tilean), Speak Arcane Language (Magic), Trade (Apothecary) +10, Trade (Herbalism), Hypnotism, Magic Sense +10, Academic Knowledge (History) +10, Academic Knowledge (Theology) +10, Heal +20, Read/Write +10, Speak Language (Classical) +10

TALENTS: Strong Minded, Hedge Magic, Petty Magic (Hedge), Very Strong, Suave, Public Speaking, Armoured Caster, Petty Magic (Divine), Strike to Stun, Resistant to Disease

EQUIPMENT: 12 healing draughts, Healer's kit. holy Shallyan texts, holy Shallyan symbol, warm cloak with hood

NOTES: Sister Teofina trusts in Shallya's Mercy and protection, thusly she goes unarmoured and as a healer, weaponless.

She will never go back to her witching ways and will not use any Hedge Magic under any circumstances.

If there's a conflict, she will defend herself and help *any* wounded. If magic is being used near her, she can roll Magical Sense to find out more about it.

BACKGROUND: Sister Teofina's ways were crooked because of her Hedge Magic rituals... deep in her heart she felt it to be true. Soon, she found out about the Shallyan Orders.

This was a sign. Feeling the tug of the Goddess within her, she became an acolyte and finally a priestess.

She has never looked back.

She will heal all, even those who seek her harm, showing that the Goddess is truly merciful. In time, the whole World will be healed. She's a strict vegetarian.

AGE: 36 EYE COLOUR: Bright Blue HAIR COLOUR: Black as night.

STAR SIGN: Gnuthus the Ox BIRTHPLACE: Stirland (Furtzhausen)

GENDER: Female WEIGHT: 135 lbs HEIGHT: 5'6"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Wart in the middle of forehead

DOOMING: Fear only the ones who bear gifts from afar, these will spell thy fall

Roland de Bordeleux
Proving Himself to the Boss

RACE: Human CAREER: Ex-Herrimault, Veteran

WS: 51 BS: 62 S: 45 T: 46 AG: 47 INT: 38 WP: 42 FEL: 43

A: 2 W: 19 SB: 4 TB: 4 M: 4 MAG: 0 IP: 1

WEAPONS: Bow with 15 Arrows, Shield, Best Quality Dagger, Best Quality Hand Weapon (Sword), Jezzail, Crossbow Pistol

ARMOUR: Full mail (not donned when PCs first meet him)

Head: 0/3 Body: 0/3 Arms: 0/3 Legs: 0/3

SKILLS: Animal Care, Concealment, Consume Alcohol +10, Drive, Gamble, Gossip +10, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move, Dodge Blow +10, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Common Knowledge (The Empire), Secret Signs (Ranger), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Secret Language (Battle Tongue)

TALENTS: Marksman, Rover, Seasoned Traveler, Very Resilient, Mighty Shot, Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow), Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Very Strong.

EQUIPMENT: Bottle of good Bretonnian spirits, weathered cape, waterproof boots, large and wide brimmed hat, gloves

NOTES: Roland doesn't take chances with Chaos ever since he lost his band to a traveling warband of Beastmen (he suffers from the Knives of Memory because of the incident).

That's why he will always shoot first and ask questions later.

That's why he bought the Jezzail.

He's very eager to please Lisandro, which means he always volunteers for the most dangerous missions.

He also thinks himself quite the ladies man. Beware any female PCs of this smooth talking Breton!

BACKGROUND: A failed Herrimault, he's a wolfhead (outlaw wanted for death) in Bretonnia.

Joining Lisandro's band a couple of years back while doing odd jobs for a mercenary which became his mentor (now deceased), he has proven himself again and again. He rightly believes that if he succeeds in the mission, Lisandro will let him take a bigger cut now, becoming a full-fledged member and taking his dead mentor's place.

His ailing mother still lives in Bordeleaux and he sneaks in from time to time to check up on her and to bring her money. All his savings are meant to help get his mother out of Bordeleaux.

AGE: 28

EYE COLOUR: Copper

HAIR COLOUR: Light Brown

STAR SIGN: The Piper (he believes himself the consummate Trickster with his rivals)

BIRTHPLACE: Bordeleaux in Bretonnia

GENDER: Male

WEIGHT: 150 lbs

HEIGHT: 5'1"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: A golden earring his mother gave him (the other was taken as tithe for her life).

DOOMING: You shall die in bed, but not your own.

(The Guardians of the Empire's Tolls)

Hunter Heigl

Commander of the Gate

RACE: Human

CAREER: Ex-Roadwarden, Toll Keeper

WS: 46 BS: 42 S: 34 T: 43 AG: 40 INT: 39 WP: 34 FEL: 32

A: 1 W: 14 SB: 3 TB: 4 M: 4 MAG: 0 IP: 0

WEAPONS: Pistol, Dagger, Hand Weapon (Sword), Shield, Crossbow, Firearm

ARMOUR: Mail Shirt (not being worn when first met), Leather Jack

Head: 0 Body: 1/3 Arms: 1 Legs: 0

SKILLS: Animal Care, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10, Ride, Search +10, Follow Trail, Navigation, Common Knowledge (The Empire) +10, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Norse), Dodge Blow

TALENTS: Rapid Reload, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Marksman, Stout Hearted, Warrior Born

EQUIPMENT: Light warhorse, rope (10 yards), chest

NOTES: Commander Heigl is a professional, having dealt with things coming from the Drakwald all the time. He will provide good advice on what to expect from Beastmen and Chaotics. This can be ruled as letting the PCs a +10 on combat rolls versus the cultists.

Heigl often utilizes his size to gently get his point across. However, he's quite friendly

BACKGROUND: Stationed in this Gods' forsaken hell-hole for sleeping with his commanding officer's wife, Heigl think he has struck gold with the Baroness' deal. She stops for a few hours with her "secret cargo" and then departs, leaving him with a pile of gold and the Empire's tax collectors none the wiser. He plans to marry soon to the first acceptable candidate, using his newly acquired fortune to safely go AWOL to his beloved Nordland, and have a million kids who will then take care of him in his old age.

AGE: 34

EYE COLOUR: Purple

HAIR COLOUR: Copper

STAR SIGN: The Broken Cart

BIRTHPLACE: Nordland

GENDER: Male

WEIGHT: 210 lbs

HEIGHT: 6'4"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Broken nose (by his superior officer)

DOOMING: The written word will be your doom. (Heigl despises books, texts and written things of all types. He is quite content to be illiterate)

Hottir, Mimus, Holger and Svangar
Or, the Four Toll Keepers

RACE: Human

CAREER: Toll Keeper

WS: 44 BS: 44 S: 39 T: 41 AG: 36 INT: 30 WP: 36 FEL: 33

A: 1 W: 14 SB: 3 TB: 4 M: 4 MAG: 0 IP: 0

WEAPONS: Crossbow with 10 Bolts, Shield, Hand Weapon (Sword), Dagger, Firearm.

ARMOUR: Mail Shirt (not worn when the PCs first meet them) and Leather Jerkin

Head: 0 Body: 1/3 Arms: 0 Legs: 0

SKILLS: Dodge Blow, Gossip, Intimidate, Evaluate, Perception, Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Read/Write, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Search

TALENTS: Warrior Born, Marksman, Ambidextrous

EQUIPMENT: Personal items, uniform

NOTES: These young ones are followers. They will probably cower somewhere unless actively commanded. They don't want to get killed.

Even though they possess firearms, Commander Heigl is still training them in their use, so they fire under the untrained rules (see *WFRP Rulebook*)

BACKGROUND: Itching to get back to civilization, they are just waiting out till their tour ends in this forsaken place. Holger has a girl in the nearby village he sometimes visits. Mimus is secretly in love with gentle but heterosexual Svangar, an open secret which the others use to pass the time whilst ruining their lives by bullying. Commander Heigl doesn't approve, and has to intervene usually as a last recourse.

AGE: 21, 23, 24, 22, respectively

EYE COLOUR: Grey, deep blue, blue, brown

HAIR COLOUR: Copper, brown, ash blond, brown.

STAR SIGN: N/A

BIRTHPLACE: Middenland

GENDER: Male

WEIGHT: Varies

HEIGHT: Varies

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Broken nose, huge wart in nose, tattooed chest (a sailing ship), pox marks, respectively.

DOOMING: Not important

(Those fiendish Pursuers)

**The Silver Concord Of The Harmonious Double Star
Or, "The Cult"**

Tñarra

Beastwoman Rescuing her Love from the Grip of Reason

RACE: Beastman, Ungor

CAREER: Bray Shaman

WS: 53 BS: 30 S: 36 T: 56 AG: 55 INT: 47 WP: 49 FEL: 57

A: 2 W: 18 SB: 3 TB: 5 M: 5 MAG: 3 IP: N/A

WEAPONS: Braystaff, Best Quality Hand Weapon (Sword) (a spoil of war), Spear, Horns

ARMOUR: None

SKILLS: Command, Concealment, Intimidate +10, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10, Silent Move, Channeling +10, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Heal, Magical Sense,

Shadowing, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Speak Language (Beast Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

TALENTS: Menacing, Petty Magic (Chaos), Aethyric Attunement, Dark Lore Of Tzeentch (Mystical Option), Fast Hands, Public Speaking, Keen Senses, Rover, Dark Magic**

EQUIPMENT: Filthy loincloth

NOTES: Tñarra has human-like features; in fact she could pass as human but for her great horns. She could be considered beautiful, if Lust had shape, she would be it. She doesn't love Sanft/Aeron; it's her loins that long for him

Special Beastman feature: Silent as the Beast of the Wood

Mutations: **Gains the Unsettling Talent

Horns: Fear 1 (Natural Weapons Talent is gained SB-1 damage)

Animalistic Legs: Fear 2 (+1 M)

BACKGROUND: Before the power came between her thighs, her life was always pain and violence and abuse. The others mocked her human features, her "Humanliness"... But after the power started to flow and she shattered one of her enemies, they backed off and started listening to the new Shaman.

Then came the beautiful one, wandering, lost. Such lustful feelings were never felt before in her life! She must have him, mate with him, sacrifice him to the Gods and mate with him again. She has left all for him. His pounding heart has to be hers!

AGE: 22 EYE COLOUR: Yellow HAIR COLOUR: Filthy Offal Brown

STAR SIGN: N/A BIRTHPLACE: The Deep Drakwald GENDER: Female

WEIGHT: 180 lbs of mean feral muscle. HEIGHT: 6'2"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: She's a Beastwoman

DOOMING: The Gods will strike thee down!

Typical Cultists: (24)

RACE: Human CAREER: Ex-Peasants, Cultists (of Tzeentch... unknowingly)

WS: 36 BS: 36 S: 42 T: 46 AG: 37 INT: 32 WP: 45 FEL: 31

A: 1 W: 12 SB: 4 TB: 4 M: 4 MAG: 0 IP: 4-6

WEAPONS: Hand Weapon (varies), Dagger, Quarter Staff, or Sling. *One has a Bow with 10 Arrows****

ARMOUR: None

SKILLS: Common Knowledge (The Empire), Gossip, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Animal Care, Swim, Charm Animal, Concealment, Drive, Gamble, Trade (Farmer), Set Trap, Silent Move

TALENTS: Hardy, Flee!, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Very Strong, Very Resilient

EQUIPMENT: Leather flask, sack

NOTES: Fanatics, all. Would die for “the Prophet” (Aeron). They are all insane seeing manifestations of Chaos as normal things (this includes Tñarra).

***When running the “*Ambush!*” scene, use the cultist with the Bow as one of the bowmen

BACKGROUND: Plucked from the malcontents, or the very naïve, this is the core of the cult. Having been witnesses to so much horror, the presence of a Beastman in their mist is seen as a blessing. They see Tñarra as an angel from on High. They want to be blessed (with mutations). And they keep coming!

If the cultists prove too easy for the party, consider recycling them endlessly, instead of “pumping” their scores. The PCs should feel as if they are fighting ants— a million of them. The GM should decide when enough is enough, though. The cult can’t be infinite.

AGE: 12- 44

EYE COLOUR: All typical Empire varieties.

HAIR COLOUR: Typical Empire varieties.

STAR SIGN: Varies.

BIRTHPLACE: The Empire, Middenland-Talabecland-Norland section.

GENDER: Males and Females. Mostly males.

WEIGHT: Aeron welcomes all!

HEIGHT: Chaos makes no distinction

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Normal

DOOMING: Varies

**“The Best of the Bunch”,
Or The Specialists**

Ark

RACE: Human

CAREER: Grave Robber

WS: 42 BS: 45 S: 34 T: 31 AG: 39 INT: 32 WP: 40 FEL: 28

A: 1 W: 13 SB: 3 TB: 3 M: 4 MAG: 0 IP: 3

WEAPONS: Hand Weapon (Pick), Dagger, Hand Weapon (Spade), Hand Weapon (Sword)

ARMOUR: None

SKILLS: Common Knowledge (The Empire), Gossip, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Drive, Gossip, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move

TALENTS: Resistance To Disease, Warrior Born, Flee!, Strong-minded

EQUIPMENT: Lantern, sack

NOTES: One of the cult's most fanatical fighters. Doesn't fear dying, because of the nature of his "profession". Is as insane as the average cultist.

BACKGROUND: Seduced by Aeron's ramblings during a midnight meeting of the cult in one of Morr's Gardens, he has temporarily left his "night job" to join the Concord.

AGE: 21 EYE COLOUR: Blue and green HAIR COLOUR: Grey

STAR SIGN: The Greased Goat BIRTHPLACE: The Empire (Stirland).

GENDER: Male WEIGHT: 140 lbs HEIGHT: 5'7"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Weird eyes, different coloured (one blue and the other green)

DOOMING: Death, in all its' forms, seeks ye!

Frank AKA: "Freeman"

RACE: Human CAREER: Outlaw

WS: 33 BS: 44 S: 38 T: 33 AG: 41 INT: 50 WP: 40 FEL: 25
A: 2 W: 14 SB: 4 TB: 3 M: 4 MAG: 0 IP: 5

WEAPONS: Bow with 10 Arrows, Hand Weapon (Short Sword), Dagger, Shield

ARMOUR: Leather Jerkin
Head: 0 Body: 1 Arms: 0 Legs: 0

SKILLS: Common Knowledge (The Empire) +10, Gossip +10, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Ride, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Set Trap, Silent Move

TALENTS: Very Strong, Savvy, Rover, Sharpshooter

EQUIPMENT: Peasant clothing

NOTES: Cold-blooded; he will take aim and take his time before releasing his arrows. Is as insane as the average cultist.

BACKGROUND: One of the first believers. He's stone cold and chilling in demeanor.

AGE: 23 EYE COLOUR: Grey HAIR COLOUR: Midnight black.

STAR SIGN: The Broken Cart BIRTHPLACE: Middenland (Nasenstüber)

GENDER: Male WEIGHT: 135 lbs HEIGHT: 5'8"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Limps. Had his knees broken as punishment for stealing a doe

DOOMING: Walk only in the straight line, let no one ever lick you

Magnus

RACE: Human CAREER: Ex-Militiaman

WS: 37 BS: 43 S: 27 T: 31 AG: 33 INT: 40 WP: 39 FEL: 29
A: 1 W: 14 SB: 2 TB: 3 M: 4 MAG: 0 IP: 6

WEAPONS: Bow with 10 Arrows, Hand Weapon (Sword), Dagger

ARMOUR: Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap
Head: 1 Body: 1 Arms: 1 Legs: 0

SKILLS: Common Knowledge (The Empire), Gossip +10, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Animal Care, Dodge Blow, Swim, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Trade (Carpenter)

TALENTS: Hardy, Lucky, Rapid Reload, Strike Mighty Blow

EQUIPMENT: Worn uniform, good boots

NOTES: Has the Lucky Talent, and knows about it. Is as insane as the average cultist.

BACKGROUND: An orphan who never knew his parents; brought up by the local Constable to be a Militiaman. Heard Aeron's speeches and was charmed while patrolling Aeron's own lands. He feels that the Ruinous Powers are kinda cool.

AGE: 17 EYE COLOUR: Green HAIR COLOUR: Copper

STAR SIGN: Wymund the Anchorite BIRTHPLACE: The Empire (Middenland)

GENDER: Male WEIGHT: 120 lbs HEIGHT: 5'4"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Droopy left eye

DOOMING: He who utters your mother's maiden name shall be thy killer!

**Three Filthy Mutants,
Or the Shock Troops (for real)**

Arnold; Sarah; Sigurd.

RACE: "Human"

CAREER: Ex-Peasant; Mutant.

WS: 36 BS: 36 S: 36 T: 41 AG: 36 INT: 31 WP: 36 FEL: 31

A: 1 W: 14 SB: 3 TB: 4 M: 4 MAG: 0

WEAPONS: Hand Weapon (#1: Hand axe; #2: Short Sword; #3: Sword), Dagger, Quarter Staff

ARMOUR: None

SKILLS: Animal Care, Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Silent Move, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Animal Training, Trade (Cook), Drive, Gamble, Row, Silent Move

TALENTS: All: Hardy, Flee!; #1 (Arnold): Unsettling; #2 (Sarah): Frightening; #3 (Sigurd): Terrifying. Check the different mutations for more Talents

EQUIPMENT: Ragged peasant clothing

NOTES: Beyond insanity, they are creatures of Chaos!
Mutations

Mutant #1 (Arnold):

Grossly Fat (0): +50% Weight; -7% Strength (43%); Wounds +1 (14)

Bestial appearance (2): Weasel - has Natural Weapon Talent

Manikin (2): Suffers 25% of all hits to the head; 1 Wound; if killed, so is the mutant

Mutant #2 (Sarah):

Bestial appearance (4): Ant - has Natural weapon Talent +2 Fear Points

Cyclops (1): 1/2 BS% (18%)

Extra Ear (0): Has Acute Hearing Talent

Mutant #3 (Sigurd):

Skeleton (5): -4% WS (32%), BS (32%) and S (32%); -21% Fel (10%); +12% Ag (24%); can't run

Vile (1): -6% Fel (25%); +20% Intimidate and torture Skills

Short Legs: -1 Move (3)

Blood Substitution (3): +2% Toughness (43%); Blood is now Vomit: Failed Agility Test: Challenging Toughness Test. Test Failed = gain a Mutation

BACKGROUND: Three unfortunates who unknowingly over the years absorbed too much warpstone from a river near their village. Adopted by the cult, have been quite loyal to it. They are considered expendable (but don't tell it to them).

AGE: 23; 33; 16

EYE COLOUR: Blue; gray; green

HAIR COLOUR: Black; russet; brown

STAR SIGN: N/A

BIRTHPLACE: The Empire

GENDER: Male; female; male

WEIGHT: 257; 120; 176

HEIGHT: 5'6"; 5'5"; 6'0"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: They are mutants!

DOOMING: N/A

Ricardo Duroleón,
Optional Player in This Drama

RACE: Human

CAREER: Ex-Hedge Wizard, Soldier

WS: 46 **BS:** 45 **S:** 30 **T:** 36 **AG:** 34 **INT:** 34 **WP:** 44 **FEL:** 40

A: 2 **W:** 16 **SB:** 3 **TB:** 3 **M:** 4 **MAG:** 1 **IP:** 2

WEAPONS: Hand Weapon (Sword), Firearm with Ammunition for 10 shots, Shield

ARMOUR: Full Leather

Head: 1 Body: 1 Arms: 1 Legs: 1

SKILLS: Heal (+10), Perception (+10), Dodge Blow, Ride, Gamble, Intimidate (+10), Channeling, Sense Magic, Charm Animal, Common Knowledge (Estalia), Gossip, Speak Language (Estalian), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Haggle, Search

TALENTS: Warrior Born, Ambidextrous, Hedge Magic, Petty Magic (Hedge), Quick Draw, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Rapid Reload, Mighty Shot

EQUIPMENT: Uniform, healing draught, holy Verenan texts

NOTES: Devout Verenan, he prays for her wisdom compulsively

BACKGROUND: From an early age, Ricardo Duroleón was attracted to magic, but seeing what it did to his mother (she burnt to a crisp during a Casting), he opted for the Army. Now, a devout Verenan since he saw the Goddess in a vision some years back, he took a break from soldiering and, as a pilgrim, follows the Verenan Saint Phuruphelia's footsteps to a not well-known Verenan Monastery in Praag

AGE: 35

EYE COLOUR: Brown

HAIR COLOUR: Brown black

STAR SIGN: Gnuthus, the Ox

BIRTHPLACE: Estalia

GENDER: Male

WEIGHT: 167 lbs

HEIGHT: 5'5"

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Horrific scar on nose

DOOMING: *¡Evita a toda costa el color Amarillo!* (At all costs void the colour yellow!)