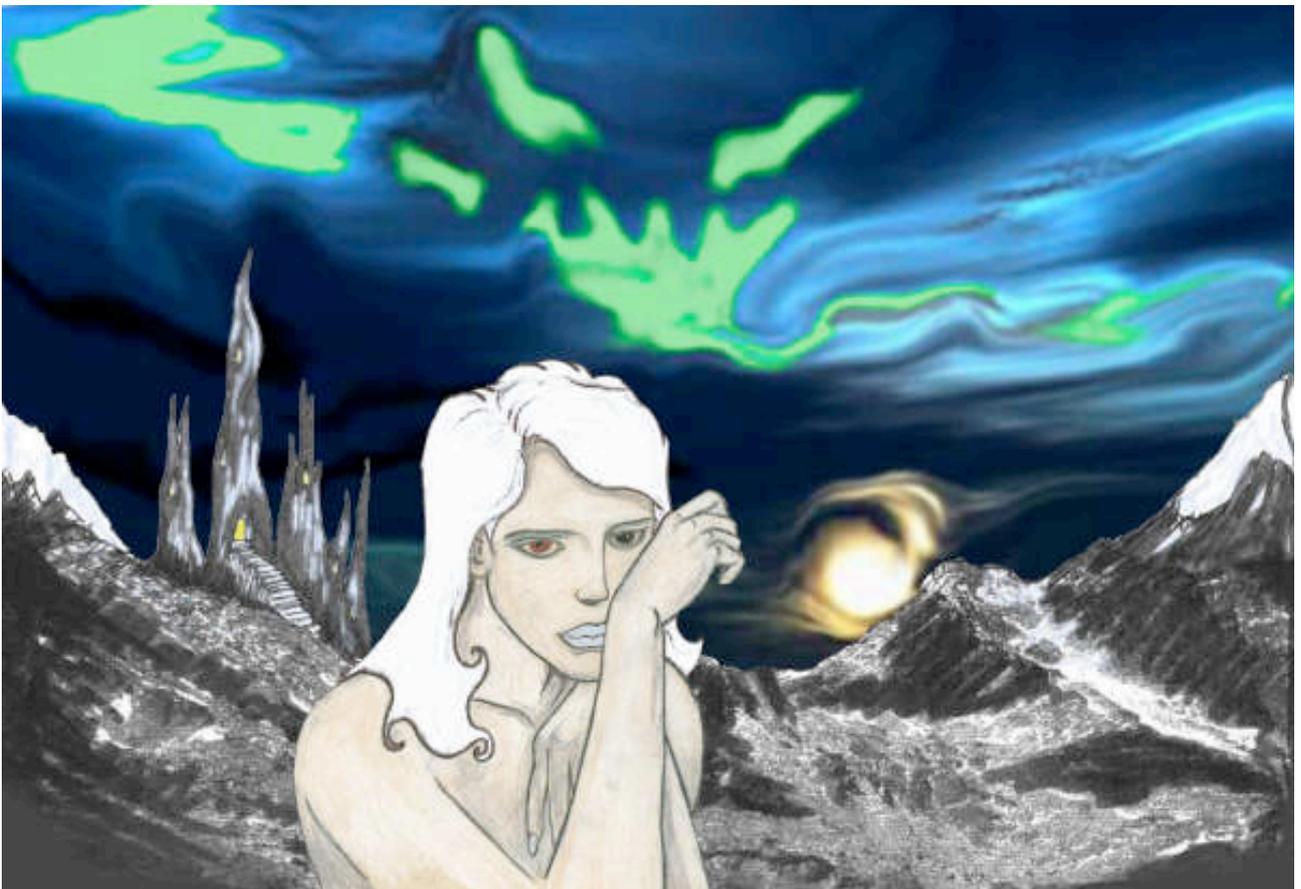


WARHAMMER
FANTASY ROLEPLAY

DEATH BENEATH THE AURORA CHAOTICUS



AN ADVENTURE IN NORSCA

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Death Beneath The Aurora Chaoticus

In the frozen lands of Norsca, transformation of the Jarl's daughter into an ice troll leads the party on a grim and perilous quest to find a cure, adventuring through the brutal and savage icy wastes, battling beasts most foul and facing vile sorcery.

To run this adventure you'll need the main WFRP rules as well as the Tome of Corruption (ToC). Page references are given to help speed up play. Six pre-generated Norscan PCs are provided at the end of the scenario to give an authentic Norscan feel. Also give your players **Handout 1** and **Handout 2** at the start of the adventure and allow them a little time to get familiar with the setting and to get into character.

If using your players PCs, then you'll need to think up a reason why they are in Norsca - possibilities could be that they have been shipwrecked, or they have come with goods to trade and are escorting a wealthy merchant, or they are chasing a powerful chaos cultist who has fled northwards. Whichever you choose the party has joined the Norscans in celebration. If you go with this then have the NPC Vikti be sent with the party.

At various points in the adventure there are text boxes from the **Viktikipedia**, a rag-bag collection of notes on the world that each Vikti collects, and which you can give out at the appropriate points if the party's Vikti consults his own Viktikipedia. The complete set is on p40 to cut out and use.

Introduction

Three sisters from Norsca

Snowflakes start to fall from the wintery sky, small little crystals at first, but soon they are big enough to make out intricate patterns, each uniquely beautiful. A dog sled rushes across the icy plains, plumes of frost billowing out from the dogs snouts. Three small figures crouch on the sled.

"Brunnhilda! Mush the dogs harder! The blizzard is almost upon us!

"I can't, I just can't make them go faster! There's too much snow falling, I can't see far enough, I can hardly see you and Vigdis! We'll hit a rock!"

"Brunnhilda! Listen to Fridr! We must go faster! We'll die if the blizzard catches us! Do it!"

The girl at the front cries out sharply to the dogs, urging them on, ever faster, racing ahead of the swirling blizzard, which is tinged with strange streaks of lurid purple.

The left runner hits a rock with a loud crack, the sled trembles, then the runner snaps, sending the three girls flying, whilst the dogs fall, becoming tangled in their harnesses. The blizzard hits. Brunnhilda crawls under the sled with two of the dogs. Fridr and Vigdis are swallowed up by the snow.

A purple tentacle of shimmering light curls lazily down from the Aurora Chaoticus and touches the snow where Fridr and Vigdis have fallen. Above the moaning of the wind there is the sound of evil laughter.

In the morning, the blizzard gone, Brunnhilda emerges from under the sled, wearing a bloody cloak of dog fur. She looks hard for her sisters but finds no trace. Tears frozen to her face, she heads home towards the village of Myrdal.

Time flies by

Twenty years on and Brunnhilda has become the Jarl's wife, whilst Fridr and Vigdis have lived cold and wicked lives in the icy Norscan wastes, serving the Chaos Lord who saved them for his own evil purposes on that wintery night. Their base is an Ice Palace on the side of the Trollskyrka ("Trolls Church") mountain. Recently they captured a skilled Dwarven artist, a master of making ice statues, and the Ice Palace now has many of his unsettlingly realistic creations.

The Aurora Chaoticus

The sisters have learnt a lot about Chaos, and how its power waxes and wanes with the Aurora Chaoticus. The past months, the skies have been filled with strange lights. Chaos is on the upsurge, and the Gods whisper in their ears. Vigdis can feel it, and her powers have grown to the point where she wants to summon an Exalted Daemon to prove her mastery of chaos magic as a Doomweaver. Fridr wants to take control of the village where they were born, and all of the surrounding lands. Both want revenge on Brunnhilda for leaving them to die in the snow. They know not, and care not, that Brunnhilda did all she could to find them, and did not speak for a year as she was so sad to have lost her sisters.

Researching the summoning ritual, Vigdis discovers that power over the Northern Lands will be theirs for the price of a sacrifice, a special sacrifice, a young blood relative. Fridr has been using her outdoor skills to spy on Brunnhilda for years, and knows that she has a young daughter, Agnetha.

A foul and wicked plot

Together, Vigdis and Fridr come up with a plot to kidnap Agnetha, causing Brunnhilda great pain, and luring away those best able to protect the village on a rescue mission. Vigdis can sacrifice Agnetha, whilst Fridr can attack Brunnhilda's home expecting little resistance, and put everyone to the sword. They plan to capture, not kill, Brunnhilda, just so they can keep her in captivity and remind her every day how much she has lost.

In the middle of planning the kidnap Vigdis has a flash of inspiration whilst admiring the newest ice statue: If she can make Brunnhilda's daughter transform into an ice troll, then the tribe will bring her willingly to the Ice Palace to ask Vigdis to remove the enchantment! She studies long and hard and works out a way to do this, which involves her calling on Tzeentch to transform the girl.

Brunnhilda knows in her bones that her sisters are not dead, and every time she looks to the mountains she has a feeling of dread that they are out there, and mean her harm. She hasn't shared these thoughts with anyone, not even her husband, as she's scared people will think it is all her fault.

A mother's nightmares

She has long been having nightmares about her sisters, and last night she had a very clear vision that they will come and kidnap her daughter tonight. She's certain that the vision is accurate, and she won't let her daughter be taken. To foil her sisters plan she has secretly taken one of the Thrall children who bears a very close resemblance to Agnetha, dressed her up in her daughter's clothes, given her Agnetha's favourite toy, and put her to sleep in Agnetha's bed. She has given Agnetha a sleeping draught and hidden her in an empty hut.

Brunnhilda believes that it will be very important that her sisters believe they have Agnetha, otherwise they will come again for her. So she's going to put on the show of her life to make sure everyone believes it really is Agnetha who has been taken. Agnetha means everything to her, and Brunnhilda will not let her wicked sisters take her!

A Feast for Heroes

"The long house is filled with laughter and shouting. The delicious smell of musk oxen cooking tantalises your nostrils. Torch light dances in the rafters, making the carved wooden faces lining the hall come alive. Children play amongst the table legs, whilst Thralls bring out beautifully carved whale bone drinking horns. Your Jarl, Henrik, holds up some of the glittering trophies from your recent successful raid to the dreary lands of Albion, and its loathsome capital Bol-a-hat. Life is good!"

The PCs are in the middle of a great feast to celebrate a recent foray in their fierce dragon ships to Albion where they had a very successful pillage of parts of Bol-a-hat, bringing back some of the sickly natives as new thralls, as well as cows and goats, and sacks full of treasure and food.

The feast hall is full, the cooking fires burn brightly, and drinking horns are clattering against one another. The mood is great, and the next few days are going to be dedicated to feasting, drinking and celebrating.

Allow the PCs a moment or two to get into character, describe themselves, and chat to each other.

"Suddenly, the great wrymwood doors burst open, letting in a blast of cold winter air and a flurry of crisp snow flakes. The magnificent and statuesque Brunnhilda is silhouetted against the winter light. Her unsettling eyes, one blue, one green, are full of tears. She screams; "Foul Magic! Agnetha has been turned into an Ice Troll!" and falls sobbing to the floor. Silence crashes down on the feasting, followed by much confusion and shouting!"

The PCs know that Brunnhilda is Henrik's wife, and Agnetha is their 9 year old daughter. Ask the PCs what their reactions are to this news.

A moment passes before Henrik leaps on to a table and shouts for silence. He points at the PCs, and in a voice trembling with fury says; *"You, my bravest warriors, and trusty Skald and Vikti, will find a cure for my daughter! You will also find out, and kill, whoever has done this monstrous act. You will bring their head to me! You will not rest until this is done. Now, go! Be like wolves through the snow!"*

The PCs have got their orders, best set to work!

From Flesh To Ice

The PCs will need to find out more about what has happened before they can decide where to go. There are a couple of obvious places to check out first: Agnetha's room, maybe the harbour, and also a few things the PCs might want to do before they set out into the treacherous icy wastes, such as picking some Thralls to come with them, maybe even sacrificing some Thralls, and ideally covering themselves in whale blubber to keep out the cold.

The ice troll daughter

"You hurry over to Brunnhilda and Henrik's hut, and through to Agnetha's bedchamber. Two of your fellow marauders, Björn and Benny, stand guard at the door, wearing worried expressions. There are sounds of things being thrown around inside."

The guards nod to the PCs and let them pass.

"Opening the door, you see the room is all messed up: chairs are smashed, blankets are torn, furs scattered about, and standing in the middle of it all is a strange site: You recognise Agnetha, but she has, indeed, taken on the form of a troll child! What foul Magic is this?! She picks up a piece of wood and hurls it at you!"

The Thrall child (Anni-Frid) replacing Agnetha doesn't understand what has happened to her, and is frightened, angry and confused. She's unable to speak, and even if she could doesn't speak Norscan. The PCs need to find a way to calm her down, which they can do through a combination of sweet talk, magic and possibly music. Just as they have managed this, Brunnhilda rushes in, screams in horror at the terrible condition her "daughter" is in, and falls to the floor, inconsolable with grief. This sets off the child again, and the PCs have to calm them both down. Brunnhilda is determined to give the performance of her life to convince the PCs that they must cure her "daughter".

Sharp eyed PCs (**Average (+0%) Perception Test**) will spot Agnetha's favourite possession, a hand sized **Tupilak** carved out of whalebone, lying on the bed. Giving the Tupilak to the child calms her down. Whichever PC touches the Tupilak will get the strong feeling that it would be a good idea to bring the Tupilak along too.

PCs with **Witchsight** will see tiny motes of purple light floating above the bed, and taste a metallic note to the air, which suggest recent magic use.

Close examination of the child confirms that she has really turned into an ice troll. A **Routine**

(+10%) **Knowledge (Norsca) Test** will have the PCs remember that the only other person they have ever heard of where something like this happened is the Ice Queen. Blind Ole knows the most about Norscan history, so maybe he might have some advice? He's usually to be found down by the Harbour.

How was Agnetha transformed?

Whilst the PCs were feasting, Vigdis finished a long series of incantations and successfully completed the ritual to have Agnetha transformed. The magic is keyed into her Tupilak, which she always carries, and explains why Anni-Frid has been transformed in Agnetha's place. Vigdis's ritual caused a tendril of magic to curl down from the Aurora Chaoticus and creep through the chimney, touching the child on her head and heart, instantly turning flesh to ice.

Vikipedia: Tupilak

Typically carved from walrus tusk, reindeer antler or whale tooth, Tupilak are small sinister figures with several heads, prominent ribs, and ominous facial expressions. Such Tupilak are often given as gifts.

However, when the right dark magic words are said during the making of a Tupilak, it can also have the power to harm, or even kill, enemies. For this, the Tupilak has to be made from bone, feathers, skin, claws, hair and the like, plus something from the person to be harmed. It is essential to only use thumb and forefinger when tying the knots or else the magic will be ruined.

The finished Tupilak should be thrown into the water to seek out its victim, although there is a risk that if the victim is stronger than the Vikti who created it, the Tupilak will return and attack the Vikti instead.

Accidents are often blamed on Tupilaks. If a Norscan drowns whilst fishing, people say that he must have harpooned a Tupilak who dragged him down to the depths to meet Mermedus.

Harbour

"The harbour, as always, smells strongly of fish, from the many racks of salt fish drying in the fresh air. Above you the swirling grey sky suggests the weather is closing in - it feels like a blizzard is coming, and you can taste snow on the air. You see Blind Ole ahead inspecting the catch."

Blind Ole is inspecting some fish (by smell). Hearing the PCs he turns in their general direction, holds up a fish, sniffs it closely, smiles, and says "This is the best one!". He's happy to chat with the PCs, and a bit of gossiping will reveal the following (not all of which is totally true, although Blind Ole believes it is):

- * The Ice Queen is made of ice too, so it is said
- * She rules over the ice trolls, and has her own band of outlaws, mutants and thieves who terrorize the lands north of the Forest of Shadows.
- * They live in her Ice Palace on the Trollskyrka mountain.
- * They are wicked, evil, chaos worshippers, and many a Norscan warrior has fallen to their vile magic and swords.
- * If Agnetha has been transformed, it must be by powerful magic. Maybe powerful magic can change her back?
- * The Ice Queen is a powerful magician...
- * Maybe the Ice Queen can help?!

This won't sound like a great proposition to the PCs, but no one will come up with anything better. Perhaps Henrik has an idea? Maybe they should speak to him?

If the PCs look at the harbour they'll note that their Drakka (dragon ship) has been taken out of the water for repair over the winter. No one is going sailing from this harbour tonight.

Armour against the cold

"It is shaping up to be a long cold night outdoors - time for some armour against the the cold: whale blubber."

The Norscans may not wear much considering how icy cold the frozen wastes are, but they have a trick to help them make life more bearable - seal or whale fat liberally rubbed all over keeps the cold out. The PCs may want to go to the back of the long house, break open a barrel of blubber, and prepare for the long, cold, trek outside. Anyone using this approach smells terrible (and makes hiding from anything with a sense of smell very hard), but gets a **+20% bonus to Toughness** when making checks to resist the cold. The fat stays on until the PC washes in hot water.

A word with the Jarl

"You re-enter the long house and the celebratory atmosphere has long since gone. Henrik sits alone at the head table, brooding, a large axe in one hand."

Henrik is surprised to see the PCs - surely they should be off finding a cure for Agnetha already?! If Agnetha is with the PCs he recoils in shock, and tells the PCs to get the ice monster out of his sight. Play him as angry and annoyed to see them, and to be interrupted from his brooding. He has no idea of how to cure his daughter, and if the only idea is to go to the Ice Queen, having spoken to Blind Ole, then he suggests they get on with doing just that. He'll also give them permission to take/sacrifice a few thralls, if asked.

It may occur to the PCs that they might need to pay the Ice Queen something, and if they discuss this with Henrik he will let them take a small chest of treasure from the Bol-a-Hat raid with them (worth about 500 Sceatticas). He will also give them a map (**Handout 3**) which should help them on their adventure. He is in no mood to talk further and the PCs would be well advised to leave quickly or risk tasting his axe.

Sacrifice a Thrall or two

"It is traditional to crush a dozen Thralls under the wheels of a Drakka (dragon boat) as it is launched into the sea for the first time. The Gods smile on such acts. Maybe a sacrifice is called for before setting out on this grim and perilous adventure?"

Norscans often sacrifice Thralls to seek favour from the Gods, and now might be as good a time as any for such an act. There are plenty of Thralls to choose from after the recent raid, and they are petrified that this is exactly what is going to happen to them. If the PCs go ahead with this grisly custom, they may feel a little luckier as they set out later (give them an extra fortune point each), but who can tell when the Gods might bestow their favours? If they are too blood thirsty, they may find it's the Chaos Gods who become interested in their activities...

Select a Thrall or two

"Thralls come in handy when expendable bodies are needed, maybe you should bring a few along with you? You picked up dozens in your raid of Bol-a-Hat, so there are plenty to go round."

The PCs might also decide that it'd be a good idea to bring a few Thralls with them, to carry things, to

be sent ahead to test the strength of the ice, to be generally bossed about, and possibly to be thrown to savage beasts in the Forests of Shadows as a distraction. Henrik allows the PCs to take up to three Thralls with them, and picks out some scrawny ones, which he doesn't expect to see again. They are called Dave, Martin and Daniel, but the PCs can call them whatever they like. Note that they don't speak Norscan, and have no weapons or equipment other than the rags they are standing in. Play them as terrified people who know they are doomed in the company of these fierce savages. However they finally meet their doom, make sure it is spectacular and gruesome!

The Thralls serve an additional purpose that, if a PC is killed off early on, then the player can take over the role of one of the Thralls, which could be quite entertaining.

Terrible dreams

If the PCs are at a bit of loss with what to do and where to go, have Brunnhilda come up and say she had a terrible dream that ice trolls took her daughter to their Ice Palace on the Trollskyrka to be eaten, and she's terrified that that is what has happened. It's not quite what happened, but it will point the PCs in the right direction. If they haven't been to see the Jarl then Brunnhilda gives them a map (**Handout 3**), saying Henrik wanted them to have it.

If the PCs ask her about any of the places on the map, Brunnhilda says the following:

- * **Ice Palace** - filled with trolls who eat people.
- * **Ulfir's Ruin** - where the great warlord met his doom at the hands of the Ice Queen.
- * **Glacier** - terribly dangerous place where a wrong step can send you plunging to your doom.
- * **Woodcutter's hut** - where the woodcutter rests.
- * **Snow plains** - Great for travelling with dog sleds.
- * **Forest of Shadows** - filled with monsters who eat people.
- * **Strokkur geysir** - The only warm place on the ice tooth plains.
- * **Odin's leap** - Highest point on the cliffs nearby.
- * **Ice tooth plains** - Watch out for blizzards!

* **Trollskyrka** - Tallest mountain of the Ice Tooth Mountain range.

Brunnhilda knows she's not got the right skills to be helpful on an adventure through the icy wastes, so if the PCs ask her to come with them, she declines, saying she needs to stay behind to ensure everything will be perfect on Agnetha's return, and, besides, she must support Henrik at this terrible time. She knows the PCs will find a way to cure her daughter's terrible affliction. She can't be persuaded to join the PCs (especially as she alone knows it is not even her daughter they have!). She does however wave farewell fondly at the gates of the village when the PCs depart, her beautiful eyes filled with tears.

Adventures in the Frozen North

To liven up the journey from the PCs' home to the Ice Palace (and back) as well as the set encounters keyed to various areas of the map, there are also several optional minor encounters. These are listed on **Table 1**. Use as many or as few as you like to change the pace of the scenario, and to give more of a flavour of the Frozen North. Most of the encounters should happen only once, and you have complete control over their timings.

Table 1: Minor Area Encounters

Map Area	Possible Encounters
Snow Plains	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 13
Forest of Shadows	2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11
Ice Tooth Plains	1, 2, 3, 6, 11, 12, 13, 14
Ice Tooth Mountains	2, 3, 6, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17
Sea of Claws	6, 12, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22

1. Snow hare

“There is a sudden flurry of movement in the snow, and a small snow hare darts out from under cover and races away from you as fast as its long legs will take it.”

Anyone with a quick draw and a good shot could supplement the group's food and have enough fur left over for a nice warm hat.

2. Purple lichen

“In the shelter of a large rock a patch of vivid purple lichen grows. A mark of Chaos?”

PCs know this lichen, and that it also adds welcome flavour to salt fish soups.

3. Berserker Mushrooms

“A lone tree struggles against the snow and ice, and sickly coloured purple and yellow mushrooms cling to its trunk like limpets on a rock.”

These are **Berserker mushrooms**. These have the same effect as mad cap mushrooms (**WFRP p 122**), and there are enough for six portions.

4. Blood stained snow

“The snow is stained crimson with blood, and the ice is broken. What has happened here?”

Close inspection shows this is where a Norscan bear found a seal's agloo, where the mother seal gives birth. A **Challenging (-10%) Common Knowledge (Norsca) Test** identifies the few fragments of jaw remaining are from seals.

5. Wolves!

“Wolves start howling at the moon, not too far off - are they hunting you? Apart from the wolves, the night is quiet and still.”

You can run this encounter a number of times, with the wolves sounding ever closer and more numerous, until they attack the party in the Forest of Shadows.

6. Geese

“A flock of grey geese flies overhead, squawking loudly, and suddenly one falters, falls out of formation, and tumbles to the ground by your feet. Dead. A bad omen?”

This is to unsettle the PCs a little. Close inspection of the body finds strange purple blisters, and it smells bad. Probably not a good idea to eat it. The PC who touches the body needs to make a **Hard (-20%) WP Test** or start to worry that they too may soon be coming out in purple blisters. It's up to you whether this happens or not.

7. Snow burial

This encounter should happen to the lead PC.

“Brushing against a tree, a rotten branch breaks. You are suddenly buried in snow up to your neck!”

The snow burial necessitates an **Average (+0%) Toughness Test** to avoid a wound from the cold for each degree of failure whilst waiting to be dug out. If the rest of the Party are very noisy (laughing) or clumsy when digging out their comrade, then have them make a **Routine (+10%) Agility Test** to avoid a similar experience.

8. Lightning struck tree

“There is a clearing ahead with a twisted blackened tree that looks like it has been struck by lightning several times. The moon shines on it, making it look ghostly pale. It has an air of evil about it. A bad omen?”

Beyond this strange tree, the forest get ever thicker, and visibility is reduced, giving a **-10% penalty to Perception Tests**.

9. Who goes there?!

"Your torch-light causes shadows to loom larger than life all around you. Suddenly, you glimpse a man sized form moving agilely between the trees ahead, and then it is gone. Your torches sputter and you feel watched."

If the PCs investigate and pass a **Routine (+10%) Follow Trail Test** they find large bear like tracks and a sweet pungent smells, but can't find the creature. The PCs have just seen a Ymir out hunting.

10. Fallen Hero

"A human skeleton lies half buried in the pine needles of the forest floor. Something has taken a big bite out of his side, and the legs are gone."

If the PCs examine the corpse, his clothing suggests he could be a tribesman lost whilst hunting a few seasons ago. He has a fine silver locket which is worth a handful of Sceatticas. Above the body, another one of those strange feathers found by the woodcutter's hut is lodged high up in a tree, well above head height.

11. Raven

"A raven alights nearby and eyes you quizzically. It keeps nodding to the North - what can that mean? It has something in its beak."

Vikti know that the eyes of a raven (**WFRP p233**) can help when casting Portent spells (+1 to casting roll). The Raven has a human eye in its beak.

12. Aurora Chaoticus

"The wind changes, and suddenly the sky is filled with strangely twisting and turning sickly colours, greens, yellows, reds and blues, but they hurt your eyes..."

The Aurora Chaoticus has just flared up. PCs need to make a **Routine (+10%) WP Test** to avert their eyes from gazing, hypnotized, at the sky. Failure leads to a second **Average (+0%) WP Test** to avoid an insanity point, as voices whisper in their heads telling them to do terrible deeds... Failure by three degrees results in an instantaneous mutation. (See **ToC p 28/29**).

13. Weather worsens

"The wind starts to howl more loudly, and ice crystals form on your clothes and hair as the temperature drops."

PCs need to make an **Average (+10%) Toughness Test** against frost bite.

14. Crack!

This encounter should happen to the PC behind the lead PC.

"Crack!"

The PC has fallen through a thin crust of snow, covering a deep hole. A **Challenging (-10%) Agility Test** will save the PC from a painful 1d10+2 yard fall (**WFRP p138**), and failure will mean a lot of fiddling about with ropes to rescue the poor unfortunate Norscan. If the PC was carrying treasure from Bol-a-Hat this is a perfect place for it to be dropped and lost forever.

15. Avalanche!

"A loud noise makes you look up. You are terrified to see a huge wall of snow roaring down the side of the mountain directly towards you. Avalanche! Run for your lives!"

PCs (and Thralls) need to make a **Challenging (-10%) Fear Test** or be rooted to the spot. The Avalanche will hit them in 2 rounds, causing a **Damage 10 Hit** to anyone still exposed on the mountain side, and sweep down them down the side of the Mountain. Fortunately there is a huge boulder nearby which will provide just enough shelter if the PCs can get there in time. It's a **Challenging (-10%) Agility Test** to reach safety, and PCs can roll twice (once for each round). Taking a moment to save a friend who's failed a Fear Test results in a **Hard (-20%) Agility Test** to reach the boulder. But there's only room for about 6 people... work out the order in which PCs and Thralls reach the boulder by comparing who had the best success on the Agility Test. Agnetha is first to the boulder - there are advantages to being an ice troll! The 7th person takes a **Damage 1 Hit**, the 8th a **Damage 5 Hit** and the 9th (and 10th if there are still three Thralls in the party) is lost to the Avalanche - a Damage 10 Hit as above.

16. Loose rock

This event happens to the last person in the party.

"There is a loud crack, and suddenly the ground gives way in a tumble of ice, rocks, and stones over the edge of the Mountain!"

The unlucky PC or Thrall needs to make a **Hard (-20%) Agility Test** or go over the edge of the mountain with the falling rocks. All is not lost though as a passing a second **Challenging (-10%) Agility Test** enables them to grab a tree root on the way down. They are left hanging over a long drop, but can be rescued by their fellows. If the unlucky Pc is carrying treasure from Bol-a-hat this is another perfect place for it to be irretrievably lost!

17. Voices on the Wind

"Once again the wind changes direction, buffeting you on the exposed side of the mountain, causing your clothing to flap about you. It s odd, but it is almost as if you can hear voices on the wind... you listen closely and are sure you can make out some words..."

Anyone listening closely to the wind is sure that there's a voice in there amongst all the howling... and it says "You are doomed!" over and over again. For those who choose to listen have them make an **Easy (+20%) WP Test**, with failure resulting in them being seized by a sudden desire to step off the edge of the mountain... the other PCs will have to be fast to stop them plunging to their doom!

18. Battle of the Titans

"Bang! The ship shakes, and spray flies everywhere! Looking over the side, a gigantic whale and monstrous kraken locked in titanic mortal combat have collided with the hull. Tentacles thrash about , splinters fly through the air, and you are knocked off your feet! Mermedus will have your company tonight if you are not careful!"

Whoever is sailing the ship must make a **Hard (-20%) Sail Test**. If they pass everyone must make an **Easy (+20%) Agility Test** or be thrown into the water. If they fail everyone makes their **Agility Test** at -10% for each degree of failure, and the ship takes 1d10 wounds.

19. Hard sailing

"The wind picks up and it starts to snow, tiny flakes at first but soon becoming larger. You start to lose sight of the cliffs and the shore."

Visibility is reduced and the waves become more choppy, making it harder to control the ship. Apply a **-10% penalty** to Sail checks.

20. Whale

"A huge whale surfaces close to the ship, its strange markings and odd colourations clearly visible. Bloody hoop shaped scars suggests a recent battle with a Kraken. You shudder at the thought of the huge sea beasts that swim beneath your ships in the dark and cold depths of the Sea of Claws."

The whale keeps pace with the ship for a while, before submerging again. Experienced sailors judge this a bad sign. But maybe if it was harpooned the PCs could use it to get home quicker? If they attempt this, they can knock an hour of the sailing time, but have to be quick to release the harpoon when the whale submerges or the ship takes 1d10 wounds as it is almost pulled beneath the waves before the rope breaks.

21. Albatross

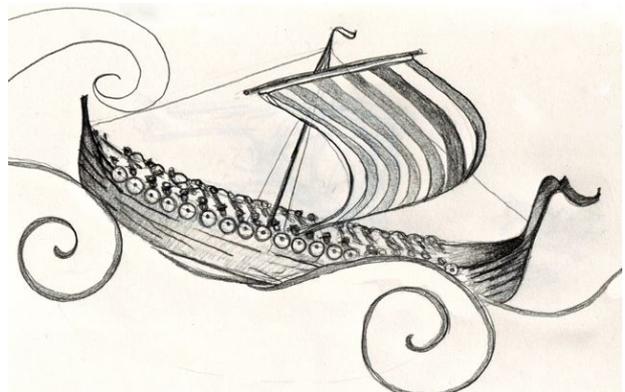
"A large albatross starts to follow the ship, lazily flapping its huge wings to keep pace. It circles around and around, looking at each of you in turn with its black eyes."

Experienced sailors judge this a very bad sign.

22. Iceberg!

"Suddenly a towering mass of jagged blue ice looms out of the dark sea. Iceberg! You are going to hit it!"

The ship's captain needs to make a hard sail check or disaster strikes as the ship hits! The ship takes 10d10 wounds. Anyone not securely braced must make a **Hard (-20%) Agility Test** or be thrown overboard by the force of the collision.



It'll Be All White On The Night

The PCs need to head off through the snow towards the Forest of Shadows, which are plagued with evil beasts. Then on across the ice plains and glacier to the Trollskyrka mountain, a few hours from the forest. It's going to be a tough journey.

The best bet will be for the PCs to use dog sleds, which are much faster than travelling on foot, but require some skill to handle safely.

GM Note

Let's talk about snow (and ice)

Norscans are a hardy lot, so whilst visitors from the Empire complain they feel frozen to their very bones all the time, Norscans hardly feel the cold. But it is very cold out on the snow and ice, and at certain points in the adventure each PC must make a **Routine (+10%) Toughness Test** or take 1 wound from the cold for each degree of failure. Anyone who takes a wound must also make a second **Average (+0%) Toughness Test** or suffer minor frostbite and be **-10% to WS, BS, WP and Agility** until they spend an hour somewhere warm.

If a PC with frostbite has to make another **Average (+0%) Toughness Test** because of the cold, and fails, then they suffer a further -10% each time. If any characteristic falls to zero the PC dies.

If the PCs are smart they will have covered themselves in blubber to help ward off the cold.

Running with dog sleds I

"As you approach the pen, the dogs are already up and about, yelping excitedly. They know something is up, and will soon be running across the snow, pulling you behind them on the mighty sleds."

There are just over forty dogs (**WFRP p232**), bred to pull sleds through the snow, usually laden with furs and meat from hunting. Sled dogs are closely related to wolves, and have stiff waterproof fur, usually white, grey or brown. They are never cold, even lying on the ice with their snouts exposed.

With nine dogs to a sled, there are enough to pull four sleds, which can be harnessed and ready to go in a few minutes. The dogs are excited as they can tell something is wrong, and their yelps fill the cold night air.

There are four lead dogs; Bik, Bok, Loki and Snurt. Snurt is the most experienced dog and the driver of her sled gets a 10% bonus to **Drive Tests**, whilst Loki is willful and hard to control, so his driver gets a 10% penalty. Snurt has one blue eye, and one green one, just like Brunnhilda. The dogs find Agnetha unsettling, and whichever sled she is on suffers a 10% penalty to handling.

GM Note Dog Sleds

Each dog sled (M5, TB3, W15) is made of wood, with long wooden runners, carefully polished to a very smooth finish. The dogs are attached by harnesses made of seal skin rope. Sleds are equipped with reindeer skin blankets (2), musk oxen furs (2), shovels (2), an axe, spare rope (20 yards), torches (4), snow shoes (2) and have two torches mounted on the front to help light the way at night.

Each sled team can carry around 700 lbs, which is about four people (or one ogre), so the party will need to decide who's riding with whom.

"You quickly have the dogs harnessed and ready to go. A cry to the lead dog, and you are off, effortlessly gliding through the night, leaving deep snow grooves behind you. Adventure beckons!"

Once they're off each sled driver needs to make one **Easy (+20%) Drive Test** to ensure the dogs head off in the right direction, and don't run over any obstacles. Failure means the sled tips over, and the PCs on the sled need to make a **Routine (+10%) Agility Test** or take a wound for each degree of failure. Getting the sled righted and untangling the harnesses takes a few minutes, probably filled with harsh comments from the other dog teams.

Ice troll

About half way to the forest the lead PC spots something glinting in the light from their torches a little way off to the right. If the PCs head towards it they have the following encounter, otherwise they continue on to the edge of the Forest of Shadows.

"As you draw closer to the glint of metal, a huge creature erupts out of the snow, startling you. Snow and ice fly off in all directions as it shakes itself with a most unpleasant rattling sound. It looks to be made of ice, and roars with the sound of gla-

ciers crashing into the Sea of Claws. It has a metal helmet, inset with a bright red gem, which must have caught your torch light. It moves to attack!"

If the PCs are still on their dog sleds then each driver has to make a **Hard (-20%) Drive Test** to keep the dogs under control or the sled tips over.

The ice troll is quite slow, and if the PCs are on the dog sleds they could try and make a hasty retreat - but only if the sleds haven't tipped over. If a sled has tipped, PCs can quickly cut the dogs free on a successful **Easy (+20%) Agility Test**, and half the dogs flee terrified, whilst the other half harry the ice troll for a round or two, buying the PCs valuable time, before they are slain. At a push a sled can take four people before it becomes too slow to outrun the ice troll. One **Average (+0%) Drive Test** is needed to control the dogs and have them head off in the right direction, and another after two rounds to keep the sled upright as they race away. Failure of either tests means the sled tips over and the PCs will be forced to fight. If the PCs head off in different directions, the ice troll follows the slowest sled. If the PCs have to leave a dog sled behind, then the ice troll kills the dogs to stop their yelping before going after the PCs - something which should weigh heavy on the minds of the PCs - the dogs are a valuable resource for the tribe - and the PCs from that sled lose a fortune point each.

If the PCs are on foot then they are not going to be able to outrun the ice troll, and will have to face it down. Their best bet will be to fan out in a circle, so they can't be attacked all at once, and some of them use ranged weapons to attack. The snow is quite deep, so movement is halved, and anyone attempting to run needs to make a **Routine (+10%) Agility Test** or fall over.

The ice troll won't attack Agnetha, and in any case she is quick to hide under any dog sled that is stopped, or heads off in the direction they were going. This should give PCs a few worried moments after the combat when they can't immediately find her, and have to track her.

Spending a fate point

If the Ice Troll looks to be the last thing a PC will see in Norsca, then a fate point results in the Ice Troll getting tangled up and tripping over the scattered sled harnesses, whilst the PC falls over backwards behind a sled, knocking themselves out for **1d5** rounds, but being concealed from the ice troll, which turns its murderous attentions to the rest of the party.

Once the ice troll is defeated, or outrun, the PCs can catch their breath, and then head off again. A search of the corpse will prove disappointing, unless the PCs think to look for the troll's crystalline prism heart. The metal helmet that caused all the trouble is nothing special, and the gem is just coloured glass, but it is the right size for a human.

Before the PCs set off have everyone make a check for **frost bite** before continuing.

Vikipedia: Ice Trolls

Cruellest of the Trolls, possibly due to the biting cold of their own bodies making them constantly angry, they are a foe to be wary of. Savagely carved by the Chaos Gods from the very ice itself, they delight in ambush tactics, as they blend in perfectly with the snow and ice. Their icy bodies reflect light in curious ways, which can fatally distract the unwary warrior. Look for their heart when they are vanquished, as it is a beautiful thing inside such a monstrous creature.

Running with the dogs II

"The dogs race on, seemingly inexhaustible, through the harshly beautiful icy landscape. Ice crystals soon crust your furs and hair. You shout occasional commands to keep the dogs on track. They yelp excitedly as they pull you on towards the edge of the Forest of Shadows. You smile into the wind at the prospect of the adventure ahead."

Assuming there are enough dogs and sleds left to carry the PCs, quite quickly the party reaches the edge of the forest, where the trees are too close together to drive the sleds through, and there are too many tough roots which can easily break a runner. As the PCs near the edge of the forest, the dogs start to whine and become difficult to handle - each sled driver has to make an **Routine (+10%) Drive Test** to keep the dog teams under control, or the sleds tip over, as described above.

Woodcutter's hut

"Your woodcutter's hut is a welcome sight at the edge of the forest, after all the snow and ice. The full moon shines down, and the familiar constellations of stars shine brightly in the night sky. Maybe there's time for a fire and some salt-fish soup?"

The woodcutter's hut, with hitching posts for the sled dogs, lies at the edge of the forest. The dogs however don't want to be tied up, and are spooked by something. They have to be let loose, and run

off back across the snow at top speed, their tails between their legs. Any PC who passes an **Average (+0%) Perception Test** notices strange big clawed footprints in the snow which are unfamiliar and unsettling. Much bigger than a bear's print, but looks like that of a bird. Any PC who passes a **Challenging (-10%) Perception Test** discovers an unusual, and garishly coloured, large feather lying in the snow too. The tracks and feather are from the Jabberwock the PCs will encounter later, but keep them guessing for now about what foul beast might be lurking about.

The hut has some blankets, furs, cooking and eating utensils, some snares and gin traps, several portions of salt fish and dried herbs, two axes, and two lanterns. In a small metal chest in the corner, there's a healing draught, a tinderbox, and a full bottle of spirits. A fire is ready to be set in the grate, and it is all very inviting after being out at night in the snow and cold for a few hours.

Forward thinking PCs will take some of the furs and blankets from the sleds before they set off into the Forest of Shadows. Smart PCs will give them to the Thralls to carry.

The Forest of Shadows

"The huge pines stretch above you, providing welcome shelter from the biting north wind. These are good solid trees long used to the harsh winter conditions, and you remember felling some a few summers ago to use for building the long house. The long house in which you should be celebrating right now! Not much stirs in the forest and your lights cast long shadows from the tree trunks. Many a dangerous creature lives in the Forest of Shadows, and you are watchful and wary of what might lie in wait for you beyond the torchlight."

Viktipedia: Forest of Shadows

The Forest of Shadows is a dark and dangerous place, stalked by fell beasts and corrupted by evil magic. But it is a great resource for wood, game animals, and mushrooms, which can be used in potions and spells. Only the bravest souls travel in the Forest, and many a Norscan has been lost to wolves and worse.

After a while the party come across a section with an unusual tree. A **Hard (-20%) Common Knowledge (Norsca) Test** will know it as the Tumtum tree, very rare, and fabled for its delicious bulbous fruits. But here they are rotten with the stench of decay from any picked from the tree.

Jabberwock

"Suddenly, you hear a strange "snicker snack" sound, and before you know what has happened you see a monstrous bird-like creature, with iridescent leathery skin, flapping its horrible tiny wings, stalking through the forest. A garishly coloured feather flies off one wing. The beast is huge, twice the height of a warrior! Has it seen you!?"

Viktipedia: Jabberwock

The Lords of Chaos have sent forth many a monstrous creature against us in the Ice Wastes, but the Jabberwock is one of the strangest, with its evil bird-like beak, flapping wings, and lethal bite, it towers above even the greatest warrior. Some think it was created by the Ruinous Powers fusing a chicken and a snake. It has razor sharp teeth and a ferocious appetite and will eat anything. The poison glands can be recovered for later use, but it is a tricky task, and requires the steadiest of hands. Its eyes will watch you even after it is dead.

A successful **Hard (-20%) Common Knowledge (Norsca) Test** will identify that it is a **Jabberwock** (See **ToC p118**), and a tough opponent indeed.

Depending on how speedily you judge the PCs took to get to the Forest of Shadows, modify the encounter with the Jabberwock as follows:

Heroically fast: The Jabberwock has only just awoken and is a little slow and not particularly alert. The PCs have an advantage here if they want to try and sneak off or hide, so give them a +20% bonus to any skill rolls related to these activities. If they attack, they gain surprise in the first round, and the Jabberwock only has two attacks (claws, no bite) at **-10% to WS** in the second round. By the third round it is fully awake.

Slower than a snow hare, but faster than a musk oxen: The Jabberwock has found and killed a pair of Musk Oxen and is busy tearing the flesh from their carcasses. This is also a good opportunity for the PCs to sneak off (but with only a 10% bonus to rolls). They can still attack with surprise, but the Jabberwock will be at full **WS** and attacks.

Slow as a snowflake on a windless night: The Jabberwock has eaten, and is drenched in blood and gore, but rather than satiate its hunger, it is now ravenous, and in full hunting mode, and has already picked up on the PCs' scent (especially those covered in whale blubber). It's impossible to surprise it, and, unless the PCs are being especially watchful, it might surprise them! (Perception checks for all PCs, those who fail are surprised).

Escape!

Simply sneaking off might be the simplest plan, by making good use of **silent move, concealment** and other relevant skills. If there are Thralls with the PCs remember they have to make their rolls successfully too. The first Thrall who fails is bitten in two, showering any nearby PC in blood and gore, requiring a **Hard (-20%) Will Power Test** to avoid an insanity point.

If this plan fails, then the PCs could take advantage of the Jabberwock's stupidity (**Average (+0%) Common Knowledge (Norsca) Test** to remember this). They could quickly gather up several smelly gourds from the Tumtum tree and distract it with a hastily assembled pile of them. Alternatively, this may be a moment to use a Thrall as a distraction...

Attack!

If the PCs choose to attack, this will be a deadly combat. Note that the Jabberwock has the terrify-

ing talent, so PCs will need to pass WP checks to engage. Any Thralls present will fail, and make a run for it (which might provide a welcome distraction for the PCs). PCs can use the trees to their advantage to provide cover, which may give them a slight edge, but apart from that they are going to need a lot of bravery.

The Jabberwock doesn't attack Agnetha, as she doesn't smell like food, but the PCs don't need to know that, and give them some opportunities to heroically get in between her and the Jabberwock. It will preferentially attack anyone carrying, or wearing, musk oxen furs as they smell the tastiest.

Spending a fate point

If, as is quite likely, the Jabberwock gets the better of one of the PCs, then spending a fate point results in the Jabberwock catching the PC by their ragged clothing in its horrible beak, and shaking them vigorously from side to side. Their clothing tears and the PC summersaults through the air and high up into the branches of one of the trees, where they are lodged, unconscious, until the Jabberwock is killed or goes away.

If the PCs defeat the Jabberwock they find it has nothing of value, and smells terrible, so it's probably best to move on. It might occur to someone that the Jabberwock could have eaten something of value. If they cut it open and search its stomach (a very unpleasant task requiring a **Hard (+20%) Toughness Test** to do the act, and a **Challenging (+10%) WP Test** to avoid an insanity point for each degree of failure), then they find a beautifully crafted silver backed mirror (worth two handfuls of Sceatticas), six dented Norscan helmets, a pewter tankard with an embossed Drakka, and a silver flute. The Skald will be absolutely delighted with this find (although others in the party may not be quite so pleased).

Just as the party leave the area, have the Vikti make an **Average (+0%) Common Knowledge (Norsca) Test** - if he passes he remembers that it is possible to remove the venomous glands of the Jabberwock, which is quite a dangerous task, to get the poison which can be coated onto weapons. To remove the glands requires an **Average (+0%) Prepare Poison Test** (see **WFRP p122**). Once the glands have been safely removed, there's enough venom to coat three weapons, which will give the same effect as a Jabberwock bite, and lasts for one hit only.

It takes another hour or so to move through the rest of the forest. Use an encounter or two from **Table One** to make the journey more interesting.

Wolves

Just as the PCs are approaching the edge of the Forest, an **Easy (+20%) Perception Test** will spot several dark shapes moving quickly through the forest close to the PCs. A round later and a pack of wolves attack the party!

“Suddenly, great snarling balls of fur and teeth leap out from between the trees, green eyes flashing in the torch light!”

There are ten starving wolves, desperate to eat. They won't attack the werewolf PC, but will instead head straight for anyone wearing musk oxen furs, and will retreat once two of their number are killed. They will continue to shadow the PCs and may attack an injured PC later if they look like an easy meal. A wolf skin is a well-respected trophy in Norscan society and anyone who dispatched a wolf may want to claim their prize before moving on.

Into The Great White Open

“Gradually the trees thin out until you emerge from the Forest of Shadows, thankful to have its foul denizens and unsettling shadows behind you. Your breath makes billowing plumes of frost rise in the night air. Ahead you see icy lands bathed in the strange and twisting lights of the Aurora Chaoticus. In the distance stands the ragged peak of the Trollskyrka, where the Ice Palace lurks. There s a world of rock, snow, wind & ice between you and it.”

Vikipedia: Aurora Chaoticus

Chaos comes from the North. Such is the taint of Chaos in the farthest Northern parts that the very sky itself is polluted with its twisted colours. Lurid purples, blood reds, bruise yellows, and bilious greens swirl and turn as the powers of the Gods wax and wane, in a never ending struggle for individual supremacy. Those who stare too long at the ever changing patterns can fall under the spell of Chaos, but at the same time gain a clearer understanding of the nature of the World. Some say mutations come from the touch of the Aurora Chaoticus, as the strange lights flood in through the eyes of the beholder, and twist and turn within as they try to find a way out. Which is why it is best not to look for too long.

Once through the forest the PCs still have quite a journey ahead of them, as they must cross the glacier that runs through the long snow filled valley on their way to the Trollskyrka mountain.

For this part of the scenario the PCs just need to say where they are going on the map. As the glacier cuts the whole valley they will need to cross it at some point, but before they do they may want to head towards **Ulfir's ruin**. After they've made it across the glacier they can investigate the Strokur geysir or simply head with all speed to the Trollskyrka mountain.

Ulfir's ruin

“As you approach the area known as Ulfir s ruin, visibility decreases, the temperature drops, and snow flakes start to swirl about you. Just ahead of you a great sword stands firmly embedded in the ice. A Norscan warrior appears out of the darkness, and picks up the sword, yet somehow the sword is still there... You can see snowflakes swirl through the warriors body. He takes two steps forwards and then stands motionless as a mountain, watching you intently. All is still and silent.”

The warrior is a **Wight (WFRP p231)**, all that remains of the Warleader Ulfir who was killed by Fridr many seasons ago. The PCs can choose to fight, talk, or turn back. If they fight then run a normal combat, with Ulfir giving no quarter, and if defeated there's a monstrous howl of anguish on the wind, and all that is left is his wight sword (which requires a **Very Hard (-30%) Strength Test** to remove from the ice). If they turn back, then Ulfir lets them go (he cannot venture more than 50 paces from the sword), but laughs long and mockingly as they go.

If they decide to talk to him, he explains in a ghostly voice that he was slain by the Ice Queen, who has taken his skull as a trophy which she keeps in the Ice Palace. He cannot awaken until it is recovered and buried reverently beneath the snow. If the PCs do that for him then he will aid them in one combat if they call his name three times. If the PCs agree then he nods once and simply fades from view.

The PCs may want to take his sword but it cannot be moved whilst Ulfir is still bound to the area.

If the PCs do recover his skull (which is part of the Ice Queen's throne), and bury it later with the appropriate reverence, then Ulfir will be true to his word and appear once, and once alone, if his name is spoken aloud three times.

Blizzard!

This encounter happens before the PCs cross the glacier, or just after they have visited Ulfir's ruin.

"Before you stretches a long expanse of snow and ice, broken by boulders, some easily twice as big as your long house. It's a dangerous place to be if there is a blizzard as there is little cover. Every step leaves deep marks in the snow, each announced by a crunch as you put your foot down. The icy wind whips around you, its whistles and moans sounding like some strange animal."

Have anyone with **Outdoor Survival** skills make a **Routine (+10%) Test** - those who pass will reckon a blizzard is about to hit - there's just enough time to dig in, or, foolishly, head on regardless.

If the PCs press on a swirling blizzard smashes into them, quickly causing disorientation and, if **Hard (-20%) Toughness Tests** are failed, a wound for each degree of failure. Unless the PCs decide to quickly dig a snow shelter they will become separated on failed **Hard (-20%) Outdoor Survival Tests**, and may fall through the snow and ice at the edge of the glacier (see **Table One** encounter 14).

The blizzard over, make checks for **frostbite**.

Over the Glacier & Across the Ice Bridge

"The Forest of Shadows safely behind you, you soon come across a great icy chasm, blocking your route to the Trollskyrka. This is the Glacier and finding another route will take too long. Great walls of ice rise above you, like ragged teeth of a huge giant. You will need to keep your wits about you!"

The PCs needs to climb up 12 yards on to the glacier (a **Routine (+10%) Climb Test**, modified by up to +20% by sensible use of ropes, is required to avoid falling for one wound for each degree of failure), and then cautiously trek across it to the other side. Risks are falling through into the labyrinth below (see **Table One** encounter 14), having to traverse ridges and depressions (**Routine (+10%) Agility Tests** again), and an ice bridge.

"About half way across the glacier, you reach a natural ice bridge, which should save you a lot of exertion, but could be quite hazardous. It is a long way down to the bottom of the glacier."

The ice bridge is about 50 yards long, and lethally precarious. For each PC (or Thrall) that crosses it there is a cumulative 10% chance that it will collapse. Tell the PCs it creaks ominously when they cross it, and little cascades of ice and snow fall off and swirl into the depths below with each footstep. It cannot take the weight of more than one human sized PC. Which will present a problem for the ogre PC. If the PCs are wise they will rope each other together. As long as one PC gets across they can put in a make-shift rope bridge. The PCs may send a Thrall first. If a thrall goes across first then he will run for it when he has got to the other side - taking the rope with him - he knows that he is doomed in the company of the Norscans!

GM note: If the PCs did not say back at the Woodcutter's hut that they were taking the ropes from the dog sleds, then they don't have any! Maybe they have to improvise something from the Thralls clothing and their possessions?

When the bridge breaks a PC will fall to their doom unless they make a **Hard (+20%) Agility Test** to frantically grab hold of the edge of the glacier as they fall. If they are roped to other PCs then each PC must make an **Average (+0%) Strength Test** (modified by +10% for each additional PC also roped to the falling PC) or be pulled towards the edge. Those pulled towards the edge must make a split second decision to release the rope or hold on and risk falling to their doom too if they fail a **Challenging (-10%) Agility Test**. The ogre needs to be roped to at least three PCs or Thralls, any less than that and they will be pulled into the glacier too.

Spending a fate point

It won't be much of a fun game if everyone plunges to their death in the glacier, so anyone spending a fate point will miraculously fall onto a concealed ledge just below the ice bridge and can be rescued by careful use of ropes. Anyone who has run out of fate points will plunge screaming into the depths, staring wide-eyed right at the PC nearest as they fall, who must pass a **Routine (+10%) WP Test** or gain an insanity point.

Strokkur Geysir

PCs with frostbite might have noticed that on the the map there is one hot spot - the Strokkur Geysir - which could be a good place to rest a while to recover from their cold inflicted injuries. If they head this way then this is what they find:

"You fall into a semi-trance as you trudge wearily across the seemingly unending snowfields, the Trollskyrka mountain still a long way off under a star filled sky. You can no longer feel your feet... Suddenly, there is a huge roar, the grounds shakes, and you see an immense plume of water surge towards the sky a few hundred yards ahead of you and, moments later, you are engulfed with the vile smell of rotten eggs. Coughing, and holding your noses, you realise you have reached the Strokkur Geysir. Water filled pools bubble and sizzle amid the broken boulders, sending shimmering waves of heat into the icy air. This is the only place in these parts where you will be able to get some warmth back into your heavy limbs."

Whilst the geysir and surrounding pools are a good place to recover from frostbite injuries, they also conceal hidden dangers, as some of the ground is only paper thin covering pools of boiling water. Entering the area each PC needs to pass an **Average (+0%) Outdoor Survival Test** or they inadvertently walk through a dangerous area. (Sending a Thrall first, and following closely, is one way to cut down on the risk). For each PC who fails the test on a roll of 1-2 on **1d10** (1-4 for anyone over 200lbs, such as the ogre PC) they break the crust and fall through. A **Hard (-20%) Agility Test** is needed to leap clear, otherwise the PC falls into a bubbling pool of water and takes a **Damage 2 hit** every round until they can be dragged out by the rest of the party using ropes. Remember to roll for any Thralls left in the party too.

Bathing in the Blue Lagoon

"There are several pools of cloudy blue water around the geysir, giving off clouds of steam. After the cold of the ice plains the waters look very inviting, and should give some life back into your numb limbs."

A few of the pools are just cool enough to bathe in. The waters are very invigorating. Anyone immersing themselves in the water for an hour recovers wounds as if drinking a healing potion, and is cured of any frost bite injuries. There are no additional effects for bathing longer than an hour.

However, whilst bathing, if the PCs are not keeping a watchful eye they will find that **snow monkeys** creep over to their clothes and equipment and steal some of the more shiny or edible possessions. There's one snow monkey for each PC (and Thrall) in the pool. Spotting the thieves requires an opposed **Concealment Test** (count the snow monkeys as have an agility of 40 and the concealment skill), and a fast PC may be able to catch the monkey before it vanishes in the snow. But this will probably involve much running about naked around the pools and geysir, much to the amusement of the other PCs, and possibly at great risk to the PC if they roll a 1 or 2 on 1d10 whilst chasing their monkey and fall into a boiling pool.

Anyone who bathes will also have all their blubber washed off, so will lose the bonus to their Toughness characteristic if they have to make a test against frostbite later. (But they won't smell nearly as bad).

Bathing, healing, and monkey chasing excitement over, the PCs can head off once again towards the Trollskyrka mountain to face their destiny, or doom, in the Ice Palace.

Up The Mountain Path

Having survived all the great outdoors can hurl at them, the PCs reach the foothills of the Trollskykka. But there's an obstacle to overcome first...

Norscan icebear

"You reach the foothills of the Trollskykra mountain at last! You climb over a small mound of ice, a little higher than your long house. At the top, you catch something big and fast moving at the edge of your torchlight. The hairs stand up on the back of your necks. This could be bad!"

The PCs have stumbled across a Norscan icebear, which is pure white, huge, fast and deadly. Experts at attacking from ambush, Norscan icebears normally eat seals, but humans are equally attractive, especially smelly ones covered in whale blubber whose delicious scent carries for miles. The PCs will be very aware of the peril from these creatures, knowing that the only thing worse than stumbling into the way of a Norscan icebear, is stumbling into the way of two of them.

It's hungry, grouchy, just thirty yards away, hasn't eaten yet, and the PCs smell extremely tasty (especially any still covered in blubber who didn't bathe in the Blue Lagoon). The PCs have a round to prepare before it charges straight at them, with great long strides kicking up plumes of snow. It will be upon them in two rounds as it is slowed slightly by having to run uphill. Time for an **Average (+0%) Fear Test**. The bear won't fight to the death, and will lazily lope off through the snow if it takes more than a few wounds - there is easier prey to be had.

For the bear, use the game stats given for a **mountain bear (WFRP p232)**, and simply add **10 wounds** and the **Frightening talent**.

"The ice bear defeated, you are greeted by the crimson sun creeping over the mountain top. Looking up you see the sun glint off the entrance to the ice palace, high up on the mountainside. Not far now!"

Making their way up the side of the mountain is relatively straightforward, if hard work, as there are many natural paths, and after an hour they are about half way up to the Ice Palace.

"You pause for a moment to catch your breath - it's hard work against the icy wind. The sun just peeks over the horizon and there are breathtaking views across the plains you have just been through, and the forest beyond that, with the ocean to your right. But it is a little too far to see your village."

Vikipedia: Icetooth Mountains

Beyond the Icetooth Mountains there is mostly Chaos. The Aurora Chaoticus flares above the mountains for most of the year, and many have gone mad staring at the lights from the peaks, and simply step off into the unforgiving darkness, to plunge to their doom, their screams echoing around the mountain ranges for ever more.

The highest mountain is the Trollskykka, home of the trolls, who savour the flesh of plump Norscans above all. Other fierce creatures are said to dwell in the mountains too.

Sharp eyed Vikti will watch for the tiny blue flower, Warrior's Balm, which when crushed into and infused with ice water can sooth the wounds and woes of a warrior.

It's about another hour up to where the Ice Palace has its entrance, however there is a small cave slightly off the track that might be worth investigating, possibly to take a rest, and recover from any frost bite if they didn't visit the Strokkur Geysir. Also, if the PCs haven't eaten since they left their village, they'll be pretty hungry and tired by now - they'll suffer a **-10% Strength, Toughness and Willpower** penalty until they do fill their stomachs.

Ymir cave

"The cave has an entrance big enough for a Norscan icebear, and stinks of animal musk, but also sour milk and rotten flesh. Your torches cast unsettling shadows on the walls, which have scratch marks making simple, but fascinating, pictures. At least there's some shelter from the wind though, and your stomachs are grumbling loudly."

The cave is about 50 yards deep, and a little beyond the edge of their torchlight, two **Ymir (ToC p140)** have just silently woken up to the intruders in their cave. They remain motionless, assessing the threat. They have three tiny week old Ymir whelps with them, who need them, so they just want to get the intruders out of their cave. However, they are also hungry, and some fresh human flesh would provide good nourishment for their whelps. So if the opportunity presents itself to easily kill one of the intruders by attacking from ambush then they might be tempted. They will stay concealed at the back of the cave if at all possible.

If the Ymir are killed they have nothing of value, as their "treasure" consists of chunks of blood and flesh, and bedding of human skins and animal furs.

However, their three whelps may be of interest to the Ice Queen as a gift, or, if he should ever call at their village again, Mephisto and his Marvellous Menagerie.

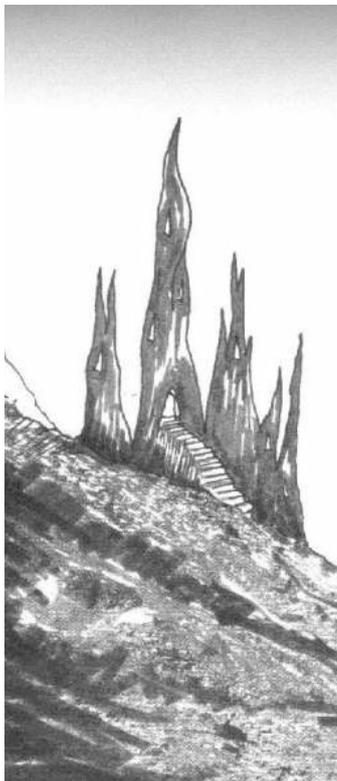
The art work is made up of lots of stick pictures, drawn with charcoal and blood, showing creatures, which are probably Ymir, hunting what looks like Norscans. Interestingly, there's a series at the end which shows...

GM tip: You can add something here that could be an introduction to another adventure. Maybe the last pictures show a Ymir casting what could be a fireball? Do Ymir cast spells? Perhaps the PCs should go on an adventure to find out?

If the PCs choose to rest here a while there's enough burnable material to make a small fire, and anyone with frostbite will get warm enough to recover.

Warrior's Balm

If the PC Vikti says he is keeping a watch out for this little blue flower mentioned above in the Vikti-pedia then allow them to make three **Hard (-20%) Perception Tests** as they make their way up the mountain. Each successful test results in the Vikti seeing enough of the tiny plants to collect and make one dose of **Warrior's Balm**. Those who drink the potion recover **1d5 Wounds** and have **+10% to WP** for the rest of the day.



The Ice Palace

"You approach the Ice Palace, struggling against a fierce wind and the bitter cold on the exposed Troll-skyrka. You've never seen anything like it before - it's an impressive building, with tall twisted spires grasping skywards towards the Aurora Chaoticus. A long run of uneven stairs hewn out of the rock of the Trolskyrka lead up to the entrance. There are about a dozen beautiful life size ice statues lining the crooked stairs - mostly humans, a halfling, two dwarves and a troll. Two huge columns carved out of the ice, covered in strange runes, frame the Ice Palace's narrow entrance in front of the troll statue. The whole place reeks of Chaos, giving you goosebumps. You can't help but think that you are heading to your doom!"

GM tip: Before the PCs proceed you might want to remind them that their mission is to have the Ice Queen cure Agnetha from being an ice troll, and killing everyone in sight will not help them in their negotiations!

The PCs may want to inspect things cautiously before moving into the Ice Palace. Anyone with magical sense will know that looking too closely at the runes could be dangerous. Anyone who looks anyway will need to make a **Routine (+10%) WP Test** or gain an insanity point and feel unsettling thoughts running through their heads (-10% to WP for the rest of the day). Any character passing a **Challenging (-10%) Academic Knowledge (Magic) Test** can read the runes as saying this is a temple to Tzeentch, that the Ice Palace is held together by Magic, and that the winds of magic are strong here. Anyone with **Witchsight** can see motes of purple all over the place, denoting an area of strong magic.

Note that as the Ice Palace is rich with the forces of Chaos, spell casters must add one extra dice to their casting roll for the purposes of Tzeentch's curse. (See **ToC p 209**).

The statues are very impressive, quite lifelike in fact, which may make the PCs nervous.

A warm welcome at the Ice Palace

Just as they are considering entering the Palace, the statue of the Ice Troll winks at one of the PCs, and a moment later, shakes itself, and, in a gravelly voice (in Dark Tongue) says "Hello to da Ice Palace! Da boss awaits you! Knut! Flesh for Fenris!" and he laughs and stands to bar the entrance. This Ice Troll is Agark and Vigdis has told him not to harm the PCs unless they harm him, and he is not to kill them, unless they harm her.

Agnetha chooses this moment to speak for the first time since the start of the journey, and says "Hello Lord Troll" in Dark Tongue and Agark smiles.

After a while there is the sound of small feet, and Knut, Vigdis's familiar, appears from between the troll's legs, and leers at the PCs. He beckons for the PCs to follow him, and Agark moves to one side to allow them to pass.

The PCs could choose this moment to attack both creatures. If they do, Knut rushed off to Vigdis, and the Agark makes a fighting retreat back to the central chamber. His orders are not to kill the PCs, but trolls are not that good at following orders when provoked. Both Agark and Knut have been told they will be killed if they touch Agnetha though, and will obey that order.

Or the PCs may simply choose to follow Knut and see what happens. Just inside the entrance an absolutely huge wolf is chained up. The troll goes over, says (in Dark Tongue) "Stay, Fenris!", ruffles the wolf's head, who in return tries to take a chunk out of the troll's arm. The troll releases the chain from the wall and wraps it around his arm, and follows the party with the wolf bringing up the rear. For Fenris's profile use that of a **wolf (WFRP p233)** and add **5 Wounds**.

"Inside the Ice Palace, little whale fat candles splutter as they illuminate the chambers, making tiny sparkles on the ice surface. Some of the candles are attached to reindeer antlers mounted into the walls. Everywhere there are glistening shards of ice, scattering the light in strange patterns, as if it is dancing. More statues line the hallway, all impressively life-like. In the distance you hear the rhythmic sounds of something like an axe against the ice."

As the PCs walk down the Hall, Knut keeps looking back over his shoulder at Agnetha and smiling in a most evil and unsettling way. Behind them Agark practices a selection of strikes with his great axe, and keeps looking at the wolf and pointing at the PCs, whilst the wolf strains at its leash. The Troll won't talk further, but Knut makes little disparaging remarks now and then.

Artist in Residence

"Just ahead, a small creature clad in big furs and a big hat is tapping away at a block of ice. A second glance and you see that it is shaping the ice into a statue of a beautiful woman. The work is amazingly life like and just like the statues you saw earlier."

This is Magnar, the Dwarven ice sculpting artist, and he's busy working away on another statue. He

stops when they approach, and looks at them in a puzzled way, as if he's never before seen visitors. After a second he looks at them in a professional manner as he can see excellent life models for a dramatic diorama of statues.

Magnar's looking a bit bony for a dwarf as there's not a lot to eat in the Ice Palace and he tends to become completely absorbed in his work, forgetting to eat anyway. He's not been used to company recently, and doesn't care for it, so initially comes across as gruff, even for a Dwarf, but, if the PCs appreciate his ice creations he becomes much more animated.

If the PCs speak to Magnar he will talk about the following:

- * His work - the intricacies of carving sculptures from the ice, the wonderful light that comes through the walls of the ice palace and so on - fascinating for him, probably less so for the PCs

- * The exquisite beauty of the Ice Queen - again, something possibly wasted on the PCs.

- * That he's quite hungry as there is not a lot to eat here. Do the PCs have any food with them?

- * That the wolf has the most awful bad breath it quite puts him off his work - would they mind taking Fenris away before his creativity is ruined for the day.

- * That it's nice to watch the puffins from the dock. (A useful hint for the PCs escape later).

Whether or not they speak to him he will follow them as he can't miss such an opportunity to watch the PCs and gain inspiration for future sculptures. Knut mimes each statue in a mocking fashion as he passes.

The PCs should get the idea that Magnar needs rescuing, even if he doesn't know that himself.

GM note: The Ice Palace is not meant to be a dungeon-crawl, which is why Vigdis's familiar, the ice troll and Fenris are all there to hurry the PCs along to their confrontation with the Chaos Sorceress. If the PCs do want to explore the Ice Palace they'll need to defeat their escorts first, but they won't find much of interest - their reason for being here is to negotiate with Vigdis, not to loot the place. And the Ice Queen will not take kindly to her home being despoiled, something the PCs should bear in mind considering they are here to negotiate for the transformation of Agnetha from ice to flesh!

From Ice to Flesh

“The central chamber of the Ice Palace is huge - easily three times as high as your long house, and is supported all round with eight ice columns, glittering as light shines down in shafts. An enormous ice chandelier sparkles with the light of a thousand stars right in the middle of the dome.”

“A tall woman lounges on an ice throne, crowned with a skull, and strewn with reindeer skins, examining an evil looking dagger. She has intense purple eyes, which match the purple flame like crown she wears. Your eyes however are drawn to the eight sided symbol engraved within a circle in the floor, inscribed in blood-red glyphs and sigils.”

Any Magic using PC will recognise the symbol as an Octagram, used by wicked Chaos sorcerers to protect themselves during their foul summoning rituals. An **Easy (+20%) Perception Test** will cause an observant PC to note that as the Octagram completely occupies the floor between them and the throne, touching the rounded walls, they won't be able to move across the room without touching it. Anyone with any magic skills will know instinctively that this could be a lethal mistake.

The PCs will probably assume Vigdis is the Ice Queen, and you should keep that illusion going.

The delicate art of negotiation

The PCs are here to negotiate, as they must, at any cost, have Agnetha transformed from ice to flesh, else they will never be able to go home.

Vigdis has an advantage over the PCs though, as it is down to her workings that they stand before her, and she wants to use Agnetha as a sacrifice. However, she needs to make the PCs feel she is helping them or else they are never going to let her put Agnetha in the middle of the octagram and start the summoning ritual. So she needs to play her hand carefully, but also wants to enjoy pushing the PCs to the limit with what they are prepared to do.

On the PCs side they have a number of items to offer Vigdis in return for her curing Agnetha, including the chest of treasure from Bol-a-hat (assuming it hasn't been dropped in a glacier), and possibly some Ymir whelps and Thralls to sacrifice.

Play the negotiations so that all players have to plead with Vigdis, and maybe humiliate themselves in some way (e.g. the Ulfenwere character has to transform and then sit, beg, roll-over, or the Skald character has to sing a mocking song about the other PCs) before she agrees.

Whilst they negotiate, Knut wanders around poking at the PCs belongings and sniggering, the Troll stands motionless in the entrance whilst Fenris strains at his leash, his snout full of foam at the prospect of rending the PCs limb from limb. Meanwhile, Magnar starts work on a statue of the most beautiful PC, and keeps saying “stay still!”

The ritual begins

Once an agreement has been reached, Vigdis instructs Knut to light braziers at each of the eight points of the Chaos octagram. They cast a strange purple light, and produce a smell like sweetened muck oxen fat, but give off no heat.

Vigdis then instructs the PCs that they must persuade Agnetha to willingly stand in the middle of the Octagram, and to not leave it whatever happens. This may take some doing, as Agnetha is not at all sure about this, is scared, and is starting to get used to the advantages of being an ice troll - not feeling the cold, greater strength and so on.

Once Agnetha walks willingly to the middle, Knut capers over and produces some chains that look like they are made of purple ice and secures her feet to metal hoops in the middle of the octagram.

Knut then goes to each of the Octagram points, and whilst Vigdis chants under her breath, reverentially and carefully stacks a pile of silver coins (500 Sceatticas worth in total). He uses treasure from the Bol-a-Hat chest if the PCs brought that.

If PCs question this, Vigdis explains, in the tone of voice of someone explaining something very simple to a very stupid child, that she needs to summon back Agnetha's flesh from the Daemonic Realm it is currently inhabiting. She also makes clear that she must not under any circumstances be interrupted during the ritual, else fierce chaos magic will be unleashed beyond even her control. Also, no one but Knut must enter, or touch, the Octagram.

The PCs don't have much choice but to go along, as they need Agnetha transformed. However they may want to do some preparatory “insurance” actions in case not everything goes to plan, such as:

* Checking where the way out is: Nothing obvious other than the way they came in (but they might remember that Magnar said something about watching Puffins from a dock so there must be an exit somewhere).

* Looking at ways to stop the ritual in an emergency: this is covered in detail below.

* Healing and performing any preparatory magic spells (e.g. Divination).

When everything is set, Vigdis, who is looking a bit pale, and sweating slightly, tells the PCs that she is about to start the ritual, and it will take half a day.

She instructs Agark to kill any PC who moves to enter the octagram, or moves to harm her. Vigdis then pulls a lever and with a rumbling sound a thick wall of ice (6' wide, 8' high and 2" thick) lowers on icy chains from the ceiling, to land in front of her. This will shield her in case the PCs think to fire arrows or throw things. The ice is unnaturally clear and provides only the faintest distortion of Vigdis behind it. Vigdis and her ice wall are at the point of the octagram furthest from the PCs. She draws a deep breath and starts chanting...

The actual ritual Vigdis is chanting about is for summoning an **exalted daemon** (ToC p219), but she has also carefully worked into the ritual a way to transform Agnetha back from ice to flesh right at the end, as she's sure a human sacrifice, not an ice-troll sacrifice, is required.

"The Sorceress starts chanting, her purple eyes flaring bright. The braziers flicker, their purple light shimmering against the icy walls. Some of the words make your ears hurt, and your skin prickles at the feeling of magic in the room. Agnetha looks scared, and you all feel unsettled."

Vigdis is taking a great risk with this summoning - she needs to pass a casting number of 2d10+8 with a Magic Characteristic of 3. And this would be with a blood relative, which Anni-Frid sadly is not, so 1d10 should be added to the casting number.

Something wicked this way comes

As the ritual progresses, the PCs see that Agnetha starts to transform from ice to flesh, hour by hour. First a finger, then a hand, then an arm, a toe, eventually a whole leg, then the other side of her body, her torso, her head, and finally her eyes. Each change clearly causes her much pain, as she writhes in the Octagram, but never makes a sound. But every now and then her face transforms for a second into a leering mask (face of Tzeentch) which should make the PCs deeply worried.

The PCs should become increasingly filled with dread that something indescribably awful will happen if they allow the magic to reach its climax. But they need to let it go on just long enough for Agnetha to be fully transformed. Timing will be the key!

If the PCs do decide to just let Vigdis complete the ritual then, if she is successful, Agnetha is consumed in purple fire a moment after she is fully transformed, and an Exalted Daemon appears. This will probably spell the rapid death of the PCs, and the end of the adventure, so keep dropping hints that the PCs feel that extremely bad things will happen if they don't intervene. If Vigdis fails her casting roll, that could be interesting, but better to rely on the PCs doing something.

PCs can try and stop the ritual in a number of ways, but remember the troll is watching them closely and has orders to kill them if they look like they are disrupting the ritual.

Use the mirror from the Jabberwock's stomach:

The PCs can't reach Vigdis without risking damaging the Octagram. But they could use a mirror, together with some carefully placed statues to magnify light into her eyes and break her concentration. The PCs will need to work with Magnar for this. If they do this, Vigdis needs to make a **Challenging (-10%) WP Test**, and if she fails the effect is as if the Octagram is broken. If she passes, then she pulls up her hood and the PCs cannot attempt this approach again.

Make the chandelier fall: The chandelier is supported by chains, the control mechanism for which is on the other side of the chamber, behind Vigdis, but visible. The PCs will need to come up with a plan to break the chain from a distance. If they do manage to make the chandelier fall then anyone underneath it must make a **Hard (-20%) Agility Test** or take a **Damage 6 Hit**. Anyone within 10m of the fallen chandelier needs to make an **Routine (+10%) Agility Test** or take a **Damage 1 Hit** as the chandelier shatters on impact, throwing out a thousand dagger-like shards in all directions. Note that the chandelier is partly over the octagram, and both Vigdis AND Agnetha are directly beneath it. If the chandelier falls and any PC dives to save Agnetha, they will break the Octagram.

Shoot Vigdis: Vigdis is behind the thick ice wall to protect herself against precisely this form of attack, and arrows and the like will simply bounce off.

Shoot Agnetha: This is a high risk strategy, but might work. Each time Agnetha takes wounds, it causes there to be a magical feedback and Vigdis has to make a **Routine (+10%) WP Test** to remain in control. If the PCs end up killing Agnetha, the ritual will automatically fail, but they will have an awful lot of explaining to do...

Break the Octagram: Anyone smudging the Octagram suffers an expanded catastrophic chaos manifestation (see **ToC p252**), but the ritual halts abruptly. The braziers flare purple before snuffing out, the Ice Palace shakes, and everyone is buffeted by howling winds of magic that race around the room. If there are any Thralls remaining in the Party then one of them is consumed in white fire, and everyone needs to take a **Challenging (-10%) WP Test** or gain an insanity point.

Spending a fate point

If a PC will be breathing their last in the Ice Palace then a fate point wisely spent could result in them being knocked backwards behind a statue and out of Vigdis's sight, where they come to after a few rounds, and then have the advantage of cover and concealment.

The ritual ruined

Once the ritual is disrupted, if Vigdis is still alive, she'll be furious, and will want to destroy the PCs before escaping. If the combat looks too easy for the PCs then have a **Lesser Daemon (WFRP p229)** appear out of the Octagram as Chaos is let loose, blocking the way from the PCs to Vigdis.

Agnetha is still alive, but curled up in shock. The transformation has not been totally completed however: one eye remains that of an ice troll. Or, possibly even more of her is still ice troll, if the PCs stopped the ritual too early. She is too shocked to speak, feels very cold, and is almost blue. She needs to be returned to her mother quickly!

In her dying moments the sorceress sneers "*You may have bested me, but my sister, my Ice Queen, is laying waste to your village, and all you hold dear, now! Fools!*"

As the Sorceress breathes her last, if it hasn't already fallen, then the chandelier starts to crack, and icicle sized pieces fall off. The central chamber becomes a very dangerous place to be, as the magic supporting the Ice Palace dissipates. The PCs need to quickly leave the evil place far behind.

Whilst escaping, PCs who visited **Ulfir's Ruin** who make an **Average (+0%) Perception Test** to note again the skull adorning the ice throne - this is Ulfir's skull, and if they recover it, they will be able to bury it later and have the benefit of his services once. It takes only a moment to grab it.

Sailing The Sea Of Claws

The PCs need to get back quickly. If Magnar is still alive he leads them to a passage at the back of the chamber, concealed behind an ice wall, which has the smell of the sea. If he's dead, the PCs will have to rush about looking for a way out (**Average (+0%) Perception Test**) whilst dodging spear like icicles falling from the ceiling (**Challenging (-10%) Agility Test**) to avoid a **Damage 1 Hit**.

Once they've found their escape route, as the PCs pass down the passage, cracks appear in the ceiling, and there's the sound of crashing ice from behind them - the Ice Palace must be collapsing! The passage quickly leads through the ice and comes out on a small jetty, where it is daylight, just after sunrise. Some puffins squawk and take off in a hurry. There's room for several boats, but there is only one currently moored, with no guards. It'll be a lot quicker by boat back to Henrik's village, and the winds are up, so, barring attack by any sea beast this should be a much more attractive route back than returning the way they came.

GM Note

Small Drakka (Dragon) Boat

Small sail ship - (M3, TB6, W80) (**p119 WFRP**) not really much better than a river boat. Any PCs with **Trade (Shipwright)** skills can make a **Routine (+10%) Test** to see that the ship is only just seaworthy, and may not survive another voyage, which is probably why it has been left behind.

Note that the Vikti PC has an irrational fear of water so this might slow things up a bit, but should give that player a good opportunity to ham things up.

If the PCs decide not to trust their fate to a ropey boat, and want to head home across dry land, then they'll find their way back through the Ice Palace blocked by fallen blocks of ice. There's no way though, short of a sustained assault by fire magic.

So they have no choice really but to head off under sail on the Sea of Claws. Anyone with **Sail** skills can quickly have the ship ready for cast-off. Anyone with sharp eyes (**Challenging (-10%) Perception Test**) will see a crate at the other end of the jetty - maybe there is something of use there? The crate contains a fishing net, some rope, and a wickedly sharp harpoon with a long length (30 yards) of seal skin rope.

“As you cast off there is a loud rumble from the tunnel where you escaped the Ice Palace. Several huge boulders roll out, demolishing the jetty in a shower of ice and splinters. There is a small wave that almost knocks you over, but your ship stays upright, and you sail away, not a moment too soon, out onto the unforgiving Sea of Claws.”

Vikipedia: Sea of Claws

A terrible place! Full of monstrous beasts with gargantuan mouths filled with razor sharp teeth, and horrible tentacles, that can devour a man whole in the blink of an eye. Only a fool would venture out on those cursed seas! There is nothing but death in the cold salty water, and no one should venture out in a boat!

GM note: The PC Vikti has an irrational fear of water, which explains the hysterical Vikipedia entry.

This ship is sinking...

It's fairly straight forward to sail the ship, as conditions are reasonably good. With a fair wind, the trip back should only take about **four hours**. An **Easy (+20%) Sail Test** is needed for the PC steering the ship once an hour to keep the ship on course. Failure adds 15 minutes to the journey time for each degree of failure, which could present problems once the ship starts leaking...

PCs will need to check for **seasickness** - Roll a **Routine (+10%) Toughness Test** once per hour. Anyone with Sail skill gets a +20% bonus. Each failure gives a cumulative -10% penalty to WS, BS, Ag and Int tests until PCs reach dry land. Agnetha doesn't get seasick but is still in shock, and stays curled up in the middle of the ship, clutching her Tupilak doll. All goes well for about an hour, then...

“The sails creak and strain as you fly across the Sea of Claws, feeling the icy but invigorating ocean spray on your faces. Nearby, the coast is magnificently and vertiginously rocky. Thousands of puffins wheel and cry in the air around their nests, their brightly coloured beaks standing out vividly against the harsh winter sky. Suddenly there is a very loud crack from beneath your feet!”

Anyone with sail skills immediately develops a heavy heart as that noise means a plank in the hull has cracked, putting the ship in bad condition. If they decide to sail back towards the Ice Palace they see that the Aurora Chaoticus is swirling around the Trollskyrka mountain in a way that is painful to look at. They get the strong feeling that turning back is a bad plan, and remember that they

must get to their village as quickly as possible as it is under attack. They will need to press on and hope they reach home before the ship sinks.

Each hour the ship loses 4d10 wounds, so keep track of how long the voyage takes. Anyone bailing out the ship reduces this by 1 wound +1 extra wound for every degree of success on a **Average (+0%) Agility Test**. Pessimistic PCs may want to build a small raft for emergency use, but at best this will only hold Agnetha plus about 3 PCs.

Is that you Agnetha?

As the PCs start bailing, Agnetha comes out of her stupor, throws her arms around whichever PC has been kindest to her, and starts to speak rapidly... but not in Norscan. What's going on?! It should slowly dawn on the PCs that the girl they have risked their lives for beneath the Aurora Chaoticus is **not** Agnetha... but then who is she?! Where's Agnetha?! What's Henrik going to say?! How will they explain things to Brunnhilda?!

Swimming the Sea of Claws

If the boat sinks, any PCs not on a raft will have to swim for it, which won't be easy in the icy cold and dangerously turbulent waters of the Sea of Claws. For simplicity, anyone trying to swim for shore will need to make a **Challenging (-10%) Strength Test** once an hour to stay afloat, and a **Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test** to avoid 1 wound from the cold for each degree of failure.

The Vikti, Skald and Warleader PCs cannot swim. However, the Werewolf, Reaver, and Ogre PCs are great swimmers so gain +20% on their strength check, and can assist weaker swimmers at -20% penalty for each one. For each hour, the **Strength** and **Toughness Tests** become harder by 10%. The PCs need to head home, as the cliff faces of **Odin's Leap** nearby are too sheer and rocky to be safe - any PC attempting this takes 1d10 wounds from the razor sharp rocks before deciding to abandon the idea.

Spending a fate point

Anyone who looks like they'll soon be meeting Mermedus will want to spend a fate point to put off that day a little longer. When they do, there's a furious swirling and churning of the waters beneath them, and then one of the strange behemoths of the icy seas surfaces directly below the PC and carries them to the dock of the village where the PC can scramble ashore, cold, wet & scared, but alive.

Enter The Ice Queen

When the PCs arrive back at the jetty of their village, by boat or otherwise, they immediately see a lot of damage.

“You finally reach the shore below your village, where a terrible sight greets your eyes. A headless body lies at the start of the jetty, and looks like it has been stabbed by a huge icicle. The clothing is familiar. Behind the body, plumes of black smoke curl lazily into the winter sky, set against a blood red sun just about to sink behind the mountains. Your adventures in the Ice Palace already seem a long time ago; you hope you reach home in time!”

On closer inspection the body belongs to Blind Ole. His head is nearby, half buried in the snow. A crow has one of his milky white eyes in its beak.

Suddenly, three of the Ice Queen’s outlaws rush down towards the PCs, and they’ll need to be dealt with before the party moves on. (Use profiles for **Wreckers** from **WFRP p235**).

The outlaws dispatched, the PCs can head into the village, leaving Blind Ole in the snow.

GM note: The PCs may wish to spend a moment burying Ulfir’s skull if they met him, and retrieved his skull from the Ice Palace.

As the PCs enter the village from the dock and approach their long house, Henrik stumbles out of the feasting hall. He takes a few hesitant steps forward and then collapses to his knees in front of the PCs, whispering *“The strangest thing...”*, before falling face first in the snow, dead. There’s a dagger in his back - his own ornate dagger.

A heartbeat later the Ice Queen strides out of the long house, with a loaded crossbow held firmly against Brunnhilda’s head, who is clearly petrified. The cold makes tiny icicles of her tears. **A Routine (+10%) perception Test** will make a successful PC think the two do bear a striking resemblance...

She is flanked by two **Ice Trolls**, carrying a box of treasure from Bol-a-hat, that the PCs have only so recently looted themselves.

The Ice Queen is the most strangely beautiful woman the PCs have even seen. Pale snow like skin with a perfect body that looks as though it is made of a storm of icicles. But her eyes are... unsettling. One red, one black.

GM note: Remember that Magnar is, through his insanity, hopelessly in love with the Ice Queen, and

if the party has rescued him from the Ice Palace and he’s still with them, he’ll prove to be a hindrance rather than a help. He’ll gladly lay down his life for Fridr. So, perhaps you can have him throw himself in front of a killing blow from one of the PCs, or shout a warning to her if she is being attacked from behind. Anything really to make the PCs task more difficult. When Vigdis appears any PC standing next to Magnar can make a **Routine (+10%) Perception Test** to note that he has a rapturous expression on his face, and whispers under his breath; “My love, you are more beautiful than ever!” Fridr and her outlaws completely ignore him throughout the encounter, and makes no attack on him. If he is to die it will be at the PCs hands.

A moment passes as snowflakes begin to gently fall, and the Aurora Chaoticus flares up above the village. She sweeps her gaze across the PCs, swiftly calculating their strengths and weaknesses.



Throughout the next conversation she fixes each PC in turn with a direct stare and uses her evil eye mutation to give that player a penalty in the forthcoming combat. Don’t roll for **WP Tests** until combat starts so as not to give away the game. It makes things a bit more dramatic if you stare at each player in turn when saying the Ice Queen’s part, and then if a player says their PC avoids the Ice Queen’s gaze you can give them a +10% modifier on their **WP Test** against the effect of her mutation. The PCs will also need to make a second **WP Test** because of Fridr’s unsettling talent.

When the Ice Queen speaks her voice sounds crystal clear, but there is a slight tinkling sound as if snow crystals are being softly crushed underfoot.

“So... you are back so soon from visiting my sister. I hope you enjoyed her generous hospitality! I see you have brought back the sacrifice.”

She laughs, whilst keeping the crossbow pointed firmly at Brunnhilda’s head.

“Now you will see I have the upper hand here. Make a move towards me and I will kill my sniveling sister. This village is mine now. I give you the option of swearing eternal allegiance to me, or having the snow taste your blood, and the crows feed on your corpses. Kneel before me now if you want to see another sunrise! I shall not ask twice!”

Her ultimatum stated the Ice Queen waits patiently to see how the PCs will react. Give the PCs a moment to decide what to do, then make everyone who the Ice Queen gazed at make a **WP Test** for the effect of her evil eye mutation.

Will the real Agnetha please stand up!

To complicate matters further the real **Agnetha** chooses this moment to appear, looking both sleepy and angry, from one of the huts. She has picked up a crossbow (but doesn’t know how to use it) and points it clumsily at the Ice Queen. Anyone passing a **Routine (+10%) Perception Test** will see that the crossbow is weaving about dangerously, and there’s a good chance Agnetha will hit her mother (30%), or even one of the PCs (30%), rather than the Ice Queen if she opens fire! Someone better do something quick!

Agnetha, Björn, Benny & Anni-Frid Reunited!

Anni-Frid, who should still be alive and with the Party, utters a gasp at the appearance of her dopplegänger, then nudges the nearest PC. She nods to the side of the hut where the Ice Queen has just emerged. Björn & Benny are there, hidden to the Ice Queen, weapons ready, and looking to the PCs for instruction. So there’s at least a little reinforcement for the PCs position. (Use profiles for **Wreckers** from **WFRP p235** for Björn & Benny).

Ulfir! Ulfir! Ulfir!

If the PCs visited Ulfir’s Ruin, retrieved his skull from the Ice Palace, and buried it with the appropriate reverence, then they can call on him now, and a round later he simply appears out of the air and stands silently next to them, ready to fulfill one service for the PCs.

The Aurora Chaoticus Watches Over Us All

The Chaos Gods are watching this stand-off with interest. Any PC who decides to swear allegiance to the Ice Queen, perhaps to buy some time for the rest of the party, is in for a shock. As soon as their knee crunches down into the snow, the Ice Queen throws back her head and laughs heartily, and a tendril of coruscating purple and green light slithers down from the sky and touches the PCs head and heart. The PC is wracked in agony as they instantly gain a mutation. (See **Table 3.1 ToC p 28/29**). Too bad if it proves to be fatal.

Whilst this is bad news for the PC concerned it does provide a superb distraction, as the Ice Queen’s gaze is drawn to enjoy the PC’s suffering, and there is a moment when a fast PC could dive to save Brunnhilda, or make some other heroic action, or nod to Björn & Benny (and Ulfir) to charge! Quickly ask everyone what action they are taking, and then Agnetha simply fires a bolt toward Fridr, Fridr fires off a shot from her crossbow at Agnetha, Brunnhilda screams, and events turn chaotic!

This is the big climactic combat, and give your players a great show. It needs to be difficult to even get to her, with the two Ice Trolls and Magnar blocking attacks, and there are enough NPCs - Brunnhilda, Anni-Frid, Agnetha, Björn and Benny - who can get in the way too whilst trying to help, and may also need saving too! Make the combat messy and confusing, and force the PCs to make choices between saving Brunnhilda, attacking the Ice Queen and so on. Describe the Aurora Chaoticus boiling away furiously above them as they fight, and flashes of purple lightning racing through the skies whenever someone is slain.

The Ice Queen is equipped with a **Chaos Sword (p183-4 ToC)**, with the property **Chill Blast**. The sword looks like a long jagged icicle, and Fridr is wickedly fast with it, and makes a fierce opponent.

If the combat looks like it is going to be easy for the PCs and victory will be ensured within just a round or two, then the Chaos Gods send a **Lesser Daemon (WFRP p229)** to even up the odds. The Daemon slides down a purple tentacle from the Aurora Chaoticus, and to the PCs horror they see the Daemon has Vigdis’s face! And she’s not happy to see them again!

Spending a fate point

If a PC finds the Ice Queen and her allies are the better of them, then a fate point will result in a blast from the chaos sword being drawn to the Tupilak (assuming the PCs still have it!), shattering it, but giving magical feedback equivalent to **Storm of Chaos** (See Tzeentch's curse list of Expanded Major Chaos Manifestation **ToC p 252**), without any wounds caused to the PC who used the fate point. The PC who holds the Tupilak is immune to any effects.

When the Ice Queen is defeated, her crystalline body shatters, and anyone who was in melee combat needs to make a **Hard (-20%) Agility Test** or take a **Damage 2 Hit** (armour and toughness bonuses apply) as they are pierced by a hundred tiny crystalline shards. The shards quickly melt into the snow, and soon there is nothing left but her great white fur coat.

The Ice Queen defeated, her remaining followers turn and run, but are quickly cut down by the rest of the villagers. The fires are put out, and Agnetha is reunited with her mother. Brunnhilda, suffering from guilt, decides to take Anni-Frid into her care. Before long everyone is back in the longhouse celebrating the victory over the Ice Queen, whilst Henrik and other fallen heroes burn on funeral pyres. The adventure is over.

Alternative Ending

The Ice Queen makes a run for it - calling on her ice trolls to cover her retreat, she races for her sledge, which is by the stockade gates. It's a magnificent vehicle, drawn by six monstrous wolves. She makes haste for the Forest of Shadows where she will easily lose her pursuers with her outdoor skills. The PCs can give chase, assuming there are still some dogs and sleds left, and you can have a thrilling pursuit across the snow and ice. Either the PCs catch her, or she escapes to plot her revenge, giving you scope for further adventures.

Experience points

General role-playing: 20-50 xp

NPCs alive at the end of the scenario:

Anni-Frid: 15 xp
Brunnhilda: 10 xp
Magnar: 5 xp
Agnetha: 5 xp
Agnetha, Björn, Benny & Anni-Frid: 10 xp

NPCs and monsters defeated:

Fridr: 20 xp
Jabberwock: 15 xp
Vigdis: 15 xp
Ice Troll (first one only): 5 xp
Norscan Ice Bear: 5 xp
Ymir (first one only): 5 xp

Other activities:

Retrieving the Jabberwock's mirror: 5 xp
Making the Chandelier fall: 5 xp
Not sinking in the Sea of Claws: 10 xp
Finding & burying Ulfir's skull: 5 xp

Acknowledgments

If you haven't checked out Andrew Law's fan article on Imperial Ogres on the Black Industries site, then you're missing a real gem! The Ogre PC is generated using this, as I couldn't resist the opportunity to see an Ogre being played in an adventure where there are no sewers to crawl through and 4 attacks a round might well come in handy!

And thanks to Games Workshop and Black Industries for giving us all such fun!

GM extras

If you like to use some props and music when running your games to help with atmosphere and role-playing, then a few items for the PCs could be: viking helmets (for the three warriors), a rubber chicken for the Vikti, a recorder for the Skald, and a bright red wig for the berserker. It's also cheap and easy to get sound effect CDs off the internet - you can easily find ones with blizzard sounds, wolves howling and the like for 99p! If you put the extra effort in you'll have a really memorable game.

Oskar - Warleader (ex-Marauder)

Quotes: “Attack!”, “Just do as I say!”, “I don’t like it when you stand behind me, move to where I can see you!”

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38	28	42	34	26	30	35	34
+20 √√	-	+20 √	+20 √	+10 √√	+5	+10 √√	+10
48	28	47	39	36*	30	45	34
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
1	11	4	3	4	0	0	1
+2 √√	+5 √√	-	-	-	-	-	-
3	13	4	3	4	0	2	1

* Note: -10% to agility when wearing all armour.

Description: 6’1”, 180 pounds, blond hair, blue eyes.

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca), Consume Alcohol +20%, Outdoor Survival, Sail, Speak Language (Norse), Animal Care, Follow Trail, Navigation, Perception, Ride, Search, Command, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Perception

Talents: Inured to Chaos, Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Fearless, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Unsettling, Very Strong, Warrior Born

Armour: Medium Armour (Sleeved Mail Shirt, Full Leather Armour), Norscan helmet (metal with horns), & Shield

A. points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 1

Weapons: Dagger, Great Weapon (Two-handed sword), and Hand Weapon (Axe)

Trappings: Tattoos, one dose of Heartkill poison (WFRP p122), cloak, sling bag with one salt fish, full ale skin, wolf-fur blanket, wooden tankard.

Background: You have slain countless enemies of the tribe, and felled beasts too horrific to mention in order to become the most heroic of fighters, a position you are fiercely proud of. Yet you know others crave after your privileges, constantly plotting your downfall, and you have become suspicious of the motives of those around you. Your survival in this quest is of the utmost importance, and everyone else is expendable, especially Haraldur.

Character traits: Arrogant, paranoid & suspicious.

Also with you in the party are:

Haraldur, Reaver: You are deeply suspicious of Haraldur, as you are sure he is plotting and planning to take over from you. You like to know where he is at all times, just to be sure he’s not behind you with a raised dagger in his hand.

Lilja “flame hair”, Marauder: Lilja is unpredictable, and you don’t like that in a warrior, but she can fight fiercely and you do value that. Sometimes you think she is looking at you in a strange way.

Svanhildur, Skald: By Mermedus’s beard, that Skald can sing! You like to encourage Svanhildur to sing something epic before you set off into battle, as you believe she brings good luck.

Kvasir, Vikti: Vikti are good for reading the future, but when it comes to battle, a true Norscan fights with metal and muscle, not words and magic. You’ve seen magic go wrong, and the bad things that happen, and are convinced Kvasir thinks he’s better than he is, which could be a great danger to you all. You also sometimes suspect he coughs deliberately purely to interrupt you. He never coughs when Haraldur is speaking and you suspect they may be plotting against you.

Nazzarok, Ogre Ship’s Mate: Nazzarok and Haraldur used to go whaling together, and you sometimes have dark dreams where the two of them whisper about you whilst sharpening their weapons. As a result of one of these dreams you secretly bought some heartkill poison, in case you feel Nazzarok becomes more of a threat than a friend.

Haraldur - Reaver (ex-Whaler)

Quotes: “My spear must taste whale before we sleep”, “Stop telling me what to do!”

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
37	30	33	31	38	29	33	35
+10 √√	+5 √	+10 √√	+10 √√	+10 √√	-	-	-
47	35	43	41	48*	29	32	35
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	1
+1 √	+2 √√	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	14	4	4	4	0	3	1

* Note: -10% to agility when wearing all armour.

Description: 5'9", 160 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca, the Wastelands), Consume Alcohol +20%, Outdoor Survival, Sail +20%, Speak Language (Norse), Navigation, Perception, Row +10%, Swim +10%, Dodge Blow, Scale Sheer Surface,

Talents: Inured to Chaos, Marksman, Cool-headed, Excellent Vision, Hardy, Seasoned Traveler +10%, Very Strong, Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow,

Armour: Medium Armour (Leather Jack, mail shirt, leather leggings, leather skullcap, helmet), shield

A. points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 1

Weapons: Dagger, Axe, Spear

Trappings: Lantern with pint of (smelly) whale oil, cloak, sling bag, pipe, tinderbox, smoking weed, bottle of good spirits & some really good tattoos.

Background: You have skulked in the shadow of Oskar for longer than you care to remember. Many winters back you could count yourself almost brothers, the prestige of being the tribe's top fighter has gone to his head a long time ago. You've more than demonstrated your fighter prowess on many voyages in the dragon boats, and have the tattoos to record your exploits. It's time for a new world order, and if Oskar wasn't to return from the quest, well, you would shed few tears...

Character traits: Brutal, Scheming

Also with you in the party are:

Oskar, Warleader: Oskar is a fool! He's not a good warleader, he's suspicious and paranoid. You'd do a better job, you're sure of that. That day will be soon!

Lilja “flame hair”, Marauder: You thought you were in love once with Lilja, but she has told you in no uncertain terms that she doesn't share your feelings. That still hurts, and you try to ignore her presence.

Svanhildur, Skald: By Mermedus's beard, that Skald sounds like a seal being eaten by a Norscan bear! She often sings something epic before you set off into battle, as she believes it brings good luck, but you think she angers the Gods with her terrible wailing

Kvasir, Vikti: When your day comes to lead the tribe, you will need a good Vikti. Kvasir is, you suspect, a dangerous Vikti, but he's the only one you know, and you need to have him on your side. You saved him once from a sea monster and you think he respects you. However, you also sometimes suspect he coughs deliberately purely to interrupt you. He never coughs when Oskar is speaking and you worry that they may be plotting against you.

Nazzarok, Ogre Ship's Mate: A great friend, you have been whaling together many times, and you trust him with your life.

Lilja “Flame hair”, Ulfwerenar Marauder, ex-Berserker

Quotes: “Now boys, stop squabbling, and act like men!”, “Something doesn’t smell right here.”

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35	34	36	37	31	30	33	38
+15 √√√	-	+10 √√	+10 √√	+10 √	-	+10 √√	-
50	34	46	47	36	30	43	38
+10	-	+10	+10	+20	-10	-10	-20
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	0	0	1
+1 √	+2 √√	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	15	4	4	4	0	0	1
+1	+5	-	-	+1	-	-	-

Shaded column shows modifiers for when changed into were form

Description: 5’7”, 135 pounds, red hair, green eyes

Skills (human form): Common Knowledge (Norsca), Consume Alcohol + 10%, Outdoor Survival, Sail, Speak Language (Norse), Intimidate, Performer (Storyteller), Swim, Animal Care, Follow Trail, Navigation, Perception, Sail, Search

Skills (were form): Concealment, Follow Trail, Perception, Silent Move, Swim

Talents (human): Frenzy, Inured to Chaos, Ambidextrous, Menacing, Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed) +10%, Orientation, Strike to Injure

Talents (were): Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision

Armour: Light armour (leather jerkin) dyed red

A. points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Great weapon (two handed sword)

Trappings: Sling bag, healing draught, lucky charm (bear paw), full wine skin, red cloak, comb.

Character traits: Snappish, impatient, curious

Background: You’re one of the few Norscans who can change shape, something you treasure, but know others can be afraid of. With your flowing flame red hair you cast a striking form against the snow. You keep your hair colour as you transform to your were form, and a flame coloured wolf is something to see!

Also with you in the party are:

Oskar, Warleader: Oskar is a bloody minded and paranoid Warleader. He makes mistakes and listens to no one. You would have more power in the tribe if he were no longer around...

Haraldur, Reaver: Haraldur makes your hair (and fur) stand up, you feel uneasy around him. He used to get too close to you, but you have warned him about that, and now he seems to ignore you. You don’t trust him, and suspect he wishes you ill. He hates Oskar, and if you could arrange things so that one disposes of the other that would suit your future plans well.

Svanhildur, Skald: Svanhildur has a velvety voice, and you like listening to her sing, especially after you have transformed back from your were form, as it soothes your wolf blood. It amuses you when her singing makes Haraldur turn green.

Kvasir, Vikti: Kvasir also makes you feel uneasy, but you think that’s because his use of magic makes your wolf blood tingle. People say dark things about him, and you wonder if he really has his dangerous magic under control.

Nazzarok, Ogre Ship’s Mate: You saved Nazzarok once from a watery death in the icy harbour, and he has been as dependable as a rock ever since. Sometimes you go running with him across the icy wastes when you are in were form.

Svanhildur, Human Skald, ex-entertainer

Quotes: *“Listen everyone, I have composed a little song about this! It goes like this...”, “La, la la!”*

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29	32	33	34	32	39	33	43
+10 ✓	+5 ✓	+5 ✓	+5 ✓	+5 ✓	+10 ✓	+5 ✓	+10 ✓✓
34	37	38	39	37	44	38	53
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	1
+1 ✓	+2 ✓✓	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	14	3	3	4	0	0	1

Height & weight: 5’6”, 140 pounds, blond hair, blue eyes

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca, Chaos Wastes), Consume Alcohol, Outdoor Survival, Sail, Speak Language (Norse), Animal Care, Charm +10%, Evaluate, Perception +10%, Performer (Musician +10%, Storyteller), Sleight of Hand, Academic Knowledge (History), Blather, Gossip, Ventriloquism, Read/Write

Talents: Inured to Chaos, Suave, Mimic +10%, Public Speaking, Savvy, Specialist Weapon (Throwing)

Armour: Light Armour (leather jack and skull-cap), shield,

A. points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand weapon (axe)

Trappings: Instrument (wooden flute), 3 silver throwing knives, brightly coloured fur cloak, sling bag, writing kit, paper, 10 Sceatticas, banner, several scrolls recounting the history of the Tribe complete with illustrations

Background: As the tribe’s Skald you delight in creating and telling epic tales of the tribe’s exploits, and never miss an opportunity to compose something to capture the moment. As a gifted mimic you can do excellent impersonations of others, often to much merriment if you do it in a mocking manner. You like to extol the others to perform more heroically in order to give you better material to work with. You believe that playing your flute inspires everyone to be their best.

Character traits: Show-off, overly talkative.

Also with you in the party are:

Oskar, Warleader: Oskar seems to like your musical abilities, which makes you glow with pride! He’s a great Warleader and the others really should listen to him more.

Haraldur, Reaver: You’ve noticed that Haraldur goes green whenever you sing - the deaf swine clearly has no taste for anything but whale meat. You are working on a song about how he gets eaten by a whale but the whale is sick as he tastes so bad.

Lilja “flame hair”, Marauder: Lilja’s beauty inspires you, you really should write an epic poem about her. You have noticed that she doesn’t get on well with Haraldur, which makes her a friend.

Kvasir, Vikti: You detest the Vikti, especially since he once cast a spell on you in the middle of a superb performance of one of your epic poems to the Jarl when you were mimicking him. You suddenly couldn’t speak and can still hear the laughter ringing in your ears. His constant coughing, which always comes on whenever you are performing, drives you mad. You will have your revenge for these and many others slights.

Nazzarok, Ogre Ship’s Mate: Nazzarok is simply a mindless brute, and behaves as if he is almost Haraldur’s dog. although you have tried to explain the simple beauty of your fine work to him you can’t seem to get him to understand it, which is very frustrating.

Kvasir, Vikti, ex-seer

Quotes: “*Silence! Let me think!*”, “*The entrails suggest that soon we will waken from our sleep*”, “*Now this spell will take your breath away!*”

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33	31	29	29	33	37	35	38
+15 √	+10 √	+10 √	+10 √	+10 √	+15 √	+25 √√√	+20 √√√
38	36	34	34	38	42	50	53
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	2
+1 √	+5 √√	-	-	-	+2 √√	-	-
2	13	3	3	4	2	0	2

Description: 5’11”, 165 pounds, blond hair, one blue eye, one green eye

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca), Consume Alcohol, Outdoor Survival +10%, Sail, Speak Language (Norse), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Animal Training, Channelling, Hypnotism, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception +10%, Performer (Storyteller), Blather, Performer (Palm Reader), & Charm Animal

Talents: Inured to Chaos, Sixth Sense, Hedge Magic, Petty Magic (Hedge), Dark Magic, Lesser Magic (Tremor*, Silence), Public Speaking, Master Orator, Meditation, Menacing, & Witchcraft.

Spells: Second Portent of Amul (p153 WFRP), Fire Ball (p152), Vision of Torment* (p160)

Armour: None (so be very careful!)

A. points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Wickedly sharp black dagger

Trappings: Filthy hides, a bag of (mostly fresh) entrails, and other instruments of divination (bone dice, tattered cards), plus the following spell components: a ball of sulphur, a piece of stained glass, and three small masks. In a special waterproof seal skin bag, your most treasured possession, a

Viktlopedia: This is a carefully guarded tome, handed down from Vikti to Vikti, full of observations each Vikti makes about the World during their lifetimes. It is full of scribblings and musings, and the odd diagram and rune. By the nature of its collection not all the information is true...

Background: You are the tribe’s most respected (and certainly feared) magic user, and you’ve learnt a few spells that perhaps you shouldn’t (*Chaos spells marked above). But you are a gifted Vikti, certain you can withstand the lure of Chaos, and have worked out where you went wrong last time. Your desire is to lead the tribe, and it is essential you survive this mission, no matter the cost.

Mutation: Irrational Fear of Salt Water (ToC p41/2)
Chaos Magic Side Effect: Debilitation - **wracking cough** (ToC p210). You also have a terrible fear of the sea from almost been swallowed by an abominably foul sea monster, and it will take a lot of convincing to make you travel on a boat.

Character traits: Impatient, arrogant, curious.

Also with you in the party are:

Oskar, Warleader: All muscle, and no brain. Could almost be an ogre. You laugh inside whenever Oskar goes on about how he will be Jarl one day, as that’s not going to happen whilst you are around. You like to cough to interrupt him, and he’s too stupid to realise you are doing it deliberately.

Haraldur, Reaver: Haraldur saved you from the sea monster, and you have a grudging respect for him, although you don’t trust him.

Lilja “flame hair”, Marauder: A strange one, this Norscan, something is not quite right about her.

Nazzarok, Ogre Ship’s Mate: A big, stupid ogre, but useful muscle to have around. You know he’s scared of your magic. Good!

Svanhildur, Scald: Ever since Svanhildur mocked you in one of her nauseating poems, you have hated the short waste of skin. Her whining, sucking-up to the Jarl, and inability to sing or hold a tune, really torment you. You’ve found the only way to deal with her infuriating presence is to ignore her completely, otherwise you just can’t concentrate on anything. Once or twice you have used your silence spell in the middle of one of her epic poems, which is a trivial use of magic, you know, but it gave you immense satisfaction.

Nazzarok Imperial ogre Ship's Mate, ex-seaman

Quotes: "Me gut s rumbling", "Row! Row harder! Or I ll feed ya all to the whales!"

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35	26	44	52	22	23	33	25
+15 √√√	+15 √	+10 √√	+15 √	+10 √√	+10 √	+10 √	+10
50	31	54	57	32	28	38	25
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
3	25	5	5	6	0	0	1
+1 √	+4 √√	-	-	-	-	-	-
4	28	5	5	6	0	0	1

Description: 10'9", 640 pounds, black hair, brown eyes

Skills: Common Knowledge (Ogres, Norsca +10%, The Wasteland), Consume Alcohol +10%, Perception, Intimidate +10%, Speak Language (Grumbarth, Norse, Reikspiel), Command, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Row +10%, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Swim, Trade (Shipwright)

Talents: Fearless, Menacing, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Luck, Very Resilient, Resistance to Disease, Seasoned Traveller +10%, Street Fighting, Hardy, Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack, fur-lined leather skullcap)

A. points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Great Weapon (Warhammer)

Trappings: Enormous fur cloak stitched together (badly) from wolf skins, sealskin (waterproof) sack, 2 bottles of poor spirits, necklace of ears (as-sorted), slab of whale meat, huge whalebone dice.

Ogre device: Footprint (migration, travelling)

Background: You have sailed and fought with this tribe for many winters, ever since washing up on their shores when your ship was wrecked during a storm. They value your muscle, and your sea-faring skills, and that you never seem to feel the cold. You're worried about your weight, as you're on the light side for an ogre, as it's harder than most places to find something to eat in Norsca.

Character traits: Violent, gambler, loyal.

Also with you in the party are:

Oskar, Warleader: The chief. You do what he says, but you don't trust him. You don't think he trusts you, so you are even. He is a great warrior!

Haraldur, Reaver: You have caught whales with Haraldur - that was fun, and the eating was good, but the sailing was hard. He can sure throw a spear!

Lilja "flame hair", Marauder: You are fiercely loyal to Lilja, who saved your life once when you fell through the ice. You like her red fur when she changes into the big bad dog, and you sometimes go running with her through the snow - she's so fast it's hard to keep up even for an ogre!

Svanhildur, Skald: You don't really get music, and the words she uses are too big, but the more she sings the more food and drink gets brought to the table, so you like her.

Kvasir, Vikti: You don't like to say it but you are scared of magic. And the Vikti makes your hair stand up - you can almost feel the magic coming off him, and it just doesn't feel right. They say he can create terrible fires with just a move of his hands!

Profiles for the Ice Queen, the Chaos Sorceress, and other NPCs

Fridr the Ice Queen,

Norscan mutant, Outlaw Chief, ex-Scout, ex-hunter

Quote: “Soon your corpses will be steaming in the crimson snow”, “I shall crush your spirit!”, “Better to feel the cold than to never feel anything again!”

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
56	63	41	68	53	50	47	65
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
3	10	4	6	4	0	4	1

Fridr, of the three sisters, has been most changed by the Norscan environment and the touch of the Ruinous Powers. She has embraced her multiple mutations, and revels in her unnatural beauty. She commands with unquestioned authority her band of outlaws and trolls. Her goal is to control all the lands between the Ice Palace and the sea, and has long been awaiting the day when, together with Vigdis, they can punish their sister Brunnhilda for leaving them to die so many years ago. Fridr is confident, powerful, and deadly.

Description: 6'2", 150 lbs, pure white hair, one red eye, one black eye. See also below.

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Norsca +20%, The Wastelands), Consume Alcohol, Concealment +20%, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail +10%, Navigation, Perception +20%, Ride, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue, Battle Tongue, Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger, Scout, Thief), Silent Move +10%, Speak Language (Norscan, Dark Tongue), Outdoor Survival +10%, Search, Set Trap, Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Command, Scale Sheer Surface, & Sail

Talents: Hardy, Very Resilient, Rover, Charm Animal, Unsettling, Sure Shot +10%, Orientation, Rapid Reload +10%, Specialist Weapon (Crossbow), Lightning Parry, Mighty Shot, Quick Draw, Inured to Chaos (although maybe not that well inured...) & Coolheaded

Armour: None

A. points: None

Weapons: Chaos sword (see below), crossbow with 10 bolts, evil looking dagger

Trappings: Stunningly beautiful long white Norscan bear-fur coat, necklace of tear shaped crystal (worth 100 sceattas (1500 silver shillings))

Mutations: Albino (p30 ToC, Fear 0), Agile (p30 ToC, Fear 0) Alluring (p30, Fear 0), Crystalline Body (p36 ToC, Fear 2), Evil Eye (p37 ToC, Fear 1). Fear point total = 3 (gaining Unsettling talent). All modifiers have already been incorporated into the profile.

Taken together the various mutations give Fridr an ice like appearance, with white crystalline skin (from the combined effects of the Albino and Crystalline Body mutations). She is quite beautiful (Alluring), with one eye red (Albino), and the other black (Evil Eye), and she moves with a fluid grace, almost gliding (Agile). Note that, as she is **unsettling** (WFRP p 102), PCs will need to make a WP check when seeing her, or suffer a -10% penalty to WS & BS, until they pass a WP check (check each round).

GM note on playing Fridr: Fridr is the Ice Queen and ultra cool with it. She knows what she's doing, and will not be caught out by any simple tricks the PCs might try to play. She wants to see them suffer along with Brunnhilda. Fridr does not have a death wish and will seek to escape to seek her revenge on the PCs rather than die fighting. She is proficient with the Chaos Sword and will want to dispatch a PC or two before retreating.

Vigdis,

Tzeentch Chaos Sorceress - Doomweaver, ex-Maledictor, ex-Vikti

Quote: “Cower before the power of my magic!”, “You look blue from the cold... I think you would look better blue from the fire of Tzeentch!”

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
51	40	43	39	43	57	60	55
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
2	16	4	3	4	2	0	0

Vigdis has gone a long way down the path of Chaos magic since the blizzard that changed the lives of all three sisters forever. She has been a diligent servant of Tzeentch, and has learnt much in the way of spell casting. Her goal is to summon an Exalted Daemon, and all she needs now is the right sacrifice, which, if her plans work out, the PCs will be bringing along shortly...

Description: 6'0", 145 pounds, black hair, intense purple eyes

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca, Chaos Wastes), Consume Alcohol, Academic Knowledge (Daemonology +10%, Runes), Academic Knowledge (magic), Channeling +10%, Magical Sense +10%, Perception, Read/Write, Search +10%, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic +10%, Magick), Speak Language (Norse, Dark Tongue), Animal Training, Hypnotism, Intimidate +10%, Magical Sense, Outdoor Survival +10%, Performer (Storyteller), Sail, Swim

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Petty Magic (Chaos), Savvy, Dark Magic, Dark Lore (Chaos: Tzeentch) Lesser Magic (Tremor Side-step & Bind), Master Orator, Meditation, Menacing, Witchcraft, Inured to Chaos, Luck, Fast Hands, Stout Hearted, & Might Missile

Armour: None

A. points: None

Trappings: Wolf skin robes, purple flame crown

Weapons: Quarter Staff, evil looking dagger with painfully twisty blade ideal for sacrificial purposes.

Gift of Tzeentch (ToC p 175 & p235): Her Chaos familiar Knut, a **Fearling Imp**, is always near her.

Mutation: Hypnotic Gaze (p41 ToC)

GM notes on playing Vigdis: In combat, if the summoning ritual has been disrupted, her objective is to delay the PCs, then escape - her Master needs her for greater things! With this in mind, her preferred order of spell casting is to start with lesser magic, probably tremor to make the PCs fall over and buy her some time, then follow up with Pink Fire of Tzeentch (ToC p218). If time permits, she'll attempt Transformation of Tzeentch (ToC p218) before running for the escape passage and towards the boat, casting tremor again as she goes. Vigdis has the ingredients to hand for Transformation, but not for Pink Fire. If things go really bad, she'll attempt Side Step.



Magnar,

Norscan male Dwarven Artisan, ex-tradesman

Quote: "Just stand here and look how the light scatters through the ice. Marvellous!" "Don't you think she has the most perfect complexion? Look! She winked at me!", "No! Don't you dare hurt my love! Take that, you filthy Norscan barbarian!"

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45	31	43	52	48	35	42	24
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
1	14	4	5	3	0	3	0

Magnar is a highly skilled craftsman, and has travelled widely practicing his art as an ice-worker, creating the most beautiful statues and sculptures. A few months ago he was captured by Fridr's outlaws and is now a virtual prisoner, continually producing artworks. His captivity has driven him over the edge and he is convinced Fridr loves him. He produces his masterpieces as an act of devotion and will take a dim view of those who don't appreciate the beauty of his creations. He will be aghast at anyone who lays a finger on his love, and will lay down his life for her.

Magnar generally hides his third eye beneath his big fur hat, but lifts the hat so he has the benefit of extra vision when working on some of his more complicated pieces, but he's careful to check that no one around can see him.

Description: 4'9", 115 pounds, brown hair, brown eyes

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarves, Norsca), Consume Alcohol, Speak Language (Khazalid, Norscan), Trade (Stoneworker, Ice-worker +20%, Gemcutter +10%), Gossip, Drive +10%, Haggle +10%, Evaluate +10%, Perception, Read/Write & Secret Language (Guild Tongue)

Talents: Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Inured to Chaos, Resistance to Magic, Stout-Hearted, Sturdy, Dealmaker & Artistic

Armour: Leather jerkin

Weapons: Hammer and chisels (count as daggers)

Trappings: Heavy fur coat, big fur boots, big fur hat, trade tools (hammer, chisels and files), writing kit, and many beautifully written original love poems

Insanity: Lost Heart (p206 WFRP)

Mutation: Additional Eye (in forehead) (p27 ToC)

**Brunnhilda,
Freeholder, ex-Skald**

Quote: “My daughter, an Ice-Troll?! No, no, NO!”

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36	41	33	30	42	43	37	48
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	0	1	0

An imposing and statuesque Norscan woman and wife of the Jarl. Has unsettling eyes - one blue and one green. Brunnhilda is the sister of Vigdis and Fridr, although no one knows this, and she is not even sure they are alive. She’s the mother of Agnetha, and having lost two sisters, she’s not about to lose a daughter too. She loves music and performing.

Description: 6’1”, 145 pounds, blond hair, one blue eye, one green eye.

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca +10%, Chaos Wastes), Consume Alcohol, Outdoor Survival, Sail, Speak Language (Norse, +1), Animal Care, Command, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Trade (Farmer), Academic Knowledge (History), Blather, Charm, Perception, Performer (singer, dancer), Ventriloquism

Talents: Inured to Chaos, Ambidextrous, Deal-maker, Public Speaking, Savvy, Schemer, Suave

Armour: None

A. Points: None

Trappings: Longhouse, land, livestock and thralls

Weapons: Crossbow, dagger

GM notes on playing Brunnhilda: Brunnhilda is totally focussed on making everyone believe that Agnetha is her daughter, and not some random Thrall child. She also has mixed feelings about her sisters - she knows they have turned to evil but she still feels responsible for what happened to them and doesn’t want to be party to their deaths.

**Agnetha,
Brunnhilda’s “Daughter” & Ice Troll**

Quote: “!” (She can’t speak.)

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
51	16	37	33	27	34	32	18
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
2	20	3	3	5	0	2	0

Supposedly Agnetha, Brunnhilda’s daughter, but in fact an innocent Thrall child called Anni-Frid, who Brunnhilda has tricked everyone into believing is Agnetha. She really has been transformed into an ice troll, but has also kept her human senses and intellect - she does not suffer from the troll “stupid” special rules.

Description: 5’ 0”, 120 pounds, made of ice

Skills: Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Concealment, Speak Language (Reikspiel, Dark Tongue)

Talents: Fearless, Natural Weapons, Night Vision.

Armour: None

A. Points: None

Trappings: None

Weapons: None

Special Rules:

Regeneration: See ToC p122

Made of Ice: See Ice Troll description.

Prism: See Ice Troll description.

GM notes on playing Agnetha: At first “Agnetha” is too shocked to do anything much more than go with the PCs. But by the time the PCs reach the Forest of Shadows she is starting to grow accustomed to having an ice body - she’s not feeling the cold, is much stronger, and can see really well in the dark! The PCs will need to keep a close eye on her, else she might wander off. She can’t speak due to shock, and in any case doesn’t speak Norscan, which the PCs will find out later. The sled dogs don’t like her, and are skittish around her. Play her as a troubled child who becomes more willful and difficult as the adventure proceeds, so it is not just a simple baby-sitting task for the PCs to escort her.

GM note: For simplicity’s sake you can use the Thrall stats for the real Agnetha, and for when Anni-Frid is transformed back from ice to flesh too.

Ice Troll

Quote (in Dark Tongue): *"I'll smash yer bones, and eat yer marrow!"*

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41	16	57	53	27	14	32	17
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
4	32	5	5	6	0	0	0

Skills: Intimidate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Dark Tongue, Goblin Tongue), Concealment

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons (Claws), Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Armour: None

A. points: None

Weapon: Great Axe

Trappings: None

Special Rules:

Regeneration: See ToC p122

Stupid: See ToC p122

Made of Ice: Their icy bodies allow some protection from edged weapons which give -1 damage per D10, but makes them more vulnerable to blunt weapons, which cause shattering for +1 damage per D10. Fire attacks also cause +1 damage per D10.

Prism: Ice trolls can use their skin to reflect light into the eyes of any one of their attackers, giving a -20% to WS/BS for that round.

When ice trolls die, they quickly melt away until all that is left is a crystalline prism about the size of a fist, which distorts the lights in curious ways. This is the heart of the Ice troll, and can be of particular value to Grey Wizards for casting the spell Illusion, and for bragging to Troll Slayers in bars.

Thralls from Bol-a-hat Doomed Peasants

Quote (in Reikspiel): *"Sigmar save us from these barbarians!", "Help!", "Curse these savages and their frozen lands!"*

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	29	25	28	28	29	34	27
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mg	IP	FP
1	11	2	2	4	0	4	0

As if life wasn't bad enough being a peasant in the Empire, these poor souls end up being captured by bloodthirsty Norscan barbarians, who don't speak a word of Reikspiel, and will probably sacrifice them in some grisly manner before sundown.

Skills: Common Knowledge (The Empire), Gossip, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Animal Care, Swim, Charm Animal, Concealment, Drive, Gamble, Outdoor Survival, Row, Scale Sheer Surface

Talents: Rover, Flee!, Resistance to Disease, Acute Hearing

Armour: None

Trappings: Peasant clothes, not very warm

Weapons: None

Player Handouts

Handout One

What's this jibber jabber? Sayings of Norsca

The following are common sayings that you use when talking to one another:

"Wake the sleeper": Kill him. (As life is but a dream which you awaken from when you die).

"He speaks to the ground": He drank too much.

"She eats the yellow snow": She's stupid/mad.

"He s sun-mad": Too much exposure to the light reflected on snow causes craziness.

"Thrall, fetch my axe, the big one": Things are about to get bloody.

"Like swimming the Sea of Claws": An impossible task.

"I m eating whale again": Having a tough time. (Whale meat is tough compared to eating fish).

"Breath of a Troll": Something smells very bad.

"Soft as a wolf s paw": Something that feels safe, but can suddenly become dangerous.

"Swift as a glacier": Not very fast.

"The mountain s harvest": Gold, silver and gems.

"Fair as a Ymir": Very ugly.

"He s been watching the lights too long": Someone gone mad from watching the Aurora Chaoticus.

"He s taken his father s hand": He died honourably and walks with his father to the halls of Glory.

"I ll give you a salt fish for it": It's not worth much.

"Mermedus is pacing tonight": It's stormy. (Mermedus is a God worshipped by some Norscans, who's said to dwell beneath the Sea of Claws.)

"Yes, and I ll get some dragon wood logs for the fire too, whilst I m about it, eh?!" You're asking a lot! (Dragon wood is from a mythical tree in the Forest of Shadows).

"Fill its mouth with snow": When hunting, Norscans fill the mouth of the animal they've killed with snow, so it won't get thirsty on its way to the spirit world.

Handout Two

Who are we and where are we?

You are the most trusted members of Jarl Henrik Wyrmschlager's retinue, descendent of the legendary Hagmar Wyrmschlager, who is one of the great warriors of the Skaelings tribe. You live in a small settlement on the Southern coast of savage Norsca, between the dangerous Forest of Shadows and the shores of the tempestuous Sea of Claws. Henrik has enjoyed your loyal services for many winters, and you have done well by him.

Henrik's tribe survives by raiding, a little farming, and much fishing, as the soils may be barren, but the sea is bountiful, if merciless. You know the seas well, and travel on dog sleds across the lands surrounding your home up to the edge of the Forest of Shadows, where you get wood and hunt some of the beasts to supplement your diet, which is mainly salt fish. It's cold, sometimes very cold, but you know how to survive in the harsh environment, and make good use of the blubber and seal fat that your whalers bring back on the mighty Drakka (dragon) ships.

Chaos is a feature of this land, but your tribe is not heavily tainted by it, unlike some of the other tribes living further North and West, who you take care to avoid. Mutations are common though amongst the Norscan people, and something you are familiar with. The lands north of you are also plagued by the fierce Ice Queen, with her chaos magic and band of outlaws.

You have just returned in your mighty Drakka from the last raid before Winter sets in, and night wraps the land in darkness for many moons.

You sailed a long way to the South West and the lands of Albion, where all is fog and miserable, but there were plenty of thralls to be captured, cattle to take, and treasures to be seized. You are pleased to have a fresh stock of Thralls to sacrifice and order about.

Tonight is dedicated to feasting, and a celebration of your heroic exploits in Bol-a-hat to give you something good to remember to help you through the long cold Norscan winter nights.

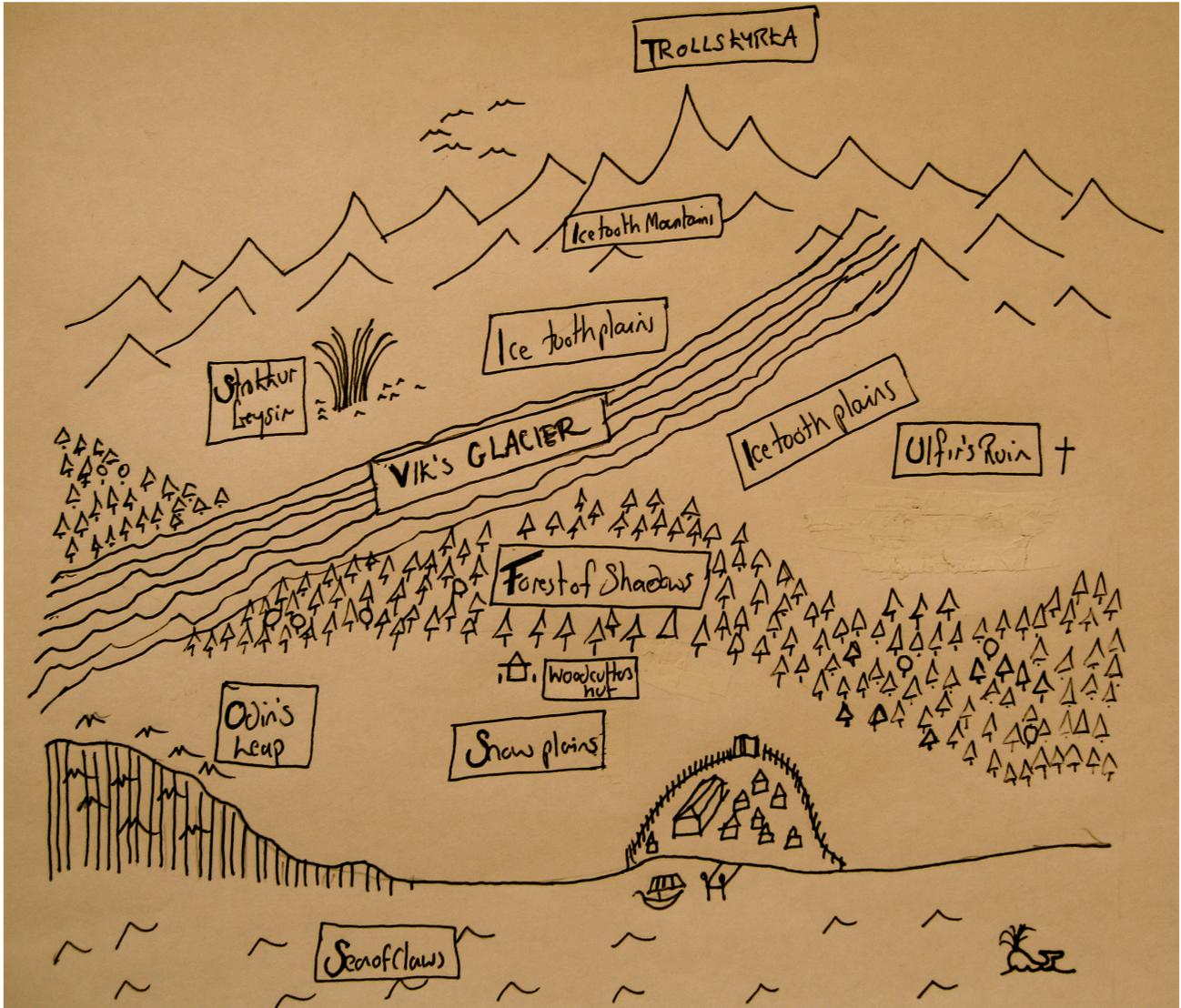
Bring out the ale!

Life is good!

Skål! Skål! Skål!

Handout 3:

The Lands Between the Ice Tooth Mountains and the Sea of Claws



Viktikipedia:
Tupilak

Typically carved from walrus tusk, reindeer antler or whale tooth, Tupilak are small sinister figures with several heads, prominent ribs, and ominous facial expressions. Such Tupilak are often given as gifts. However, when the right dark magic words are said during the making of a Tupilak, it can also have the power to harm, or even kill, enemies. For this, the Tupilak has to be made from bone, feathers, skin, claws, hair and the like, plus something from the person to be harmed. It is essential to only use thumb and forefinger when tying the knots else the magic will be ruined. The finished Tupilak should be thrown into the water to seek out its victim, although there is a risk that if the victim is stronger than the Vikti who created it, the Tupilak will return and attack the Vikti instead. Accidents are often blamed on Tupilaks. If a Norscan drowns whilst fishing, people say that he must have harpooned a Tupilak who dragged him down to the depths to meet Mermedus.

Viktikipedia:
Ice Trolls

Cruellest of the Trolls, possibly due to the biting cold of their own bodies making them constantly angry, they are a foe to be wary of. Savagely carved by the Chaos Gods from the very ice itself, they delight in ambush tactics, as they blend in perfectly with the snow and ice. Their icy bodies reflect light in curious ways, which can fatally distract the unwary warrior. Look for their heart when they are vanquished, as it is a beautiful thing inside such a monstrous creature.

Viktikipedia:
Forest of Shadows

The Forest of Shadows is a dark and dangerous place, stalked by fell beasts and corrupted by evil magic. But it is a great resource for wood, game animals, and mushrooms, which can be used in potions and spells. Only the bravest souls travel in the Forest, and many a Norscan has been lost to wolves and worse.

Viktikipedia:
Sea of Claws

A terrible place! Full of monstrous beasts with gargantuan mouths filled with razor sharp teeth, and horrible tentacles, that can devour a man whole in the blink of an eye. Only a fool would venture out on those cursed seas! There is nothing but death in the cold salty water, and no one should venture out in a boat!

Viktikipedia:
Jabberwock

The Lords of Chaos have sent forth many a monstrous creature against us in the Ice Wastes, but the Jabberwock is one of the strangest, with its evil bird-like beak, flapping wings, and lethal bite, it towers above even the greatest warrior. Some think it was created by the Ruinous Powers fusing a chicken and a snake. It has razor sharp teeth and a ferocious appetite and will eat anything. The poison glands can be recovered for later use, but it is a tricky task, and requires the steadiest of hands. Its eyes will watch you even after it is dead.

Viktikipedia:
Aurora Chaoticus

Chaos comes from the North. Such is the taint of Chaos in the farthest Northern parts that the very sky itself is polluted with its twisted colours. Lurid purples, blood reds, bruise yellows, and bilious greens swirl and turn as the powers of the Gods wax and wane, in a never ending struggle for individual supremacy. Those who stare too long at the ever changing patterns can fall under the spell of Chaos, but at the same time gain a clearer understanding of the nature of the World. Some say mutations come from the touch of the Aurora Chaoticus, as the strange lights flood in through the eyes of the beholder, and twist and turn within as they try to find a way out. Which is why it is best not to look for too long.

Viktikipedia:
Icetooth Mountains

Beyond the Icetooth Mountains there is mostly Chaos. The Aurora Chaoticus flares above the mountains for most of the year, and many have gone mad staring at the lights from the peaks, and simply step off into the unforgiving darkness, to plunge to their doom, their screams echoing around the mountain ranges for ever more.

The highest mountain is the Trollskyrka, home of the trolls, who savour the flesh of plump Norscans above all. Other fierce creatures are said to dwell in the mountains too.