

MARIENBURG

The Greatest Port in the Old World

INTRODUCTION

“The city lay between them and the sea, a dark mass of buildings still too distant to distinguish, so that it seemed to spread like a bruise across the landscape. Reflections struck back from a scattering of domes and towers large enough to stand out in their own right, and Rudi felt his head begin to reel as he took in the scale of it. Thin veins of sparkling water threaded their way through the acres of densely packed masonry, making the whole vista shimmer against the back of his eye.

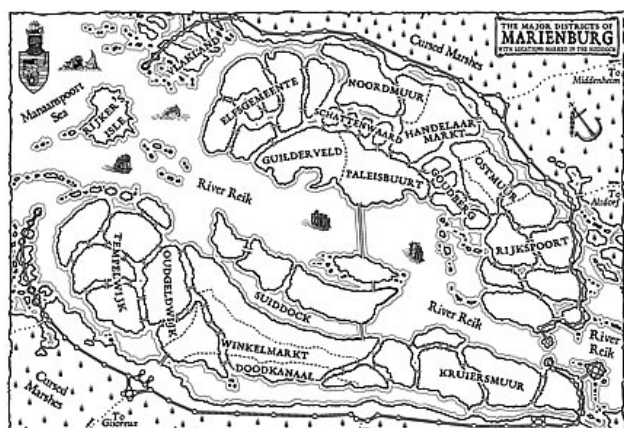
“Rudi hesitated on the threshold of the tavern door, his nostrils suddenly assaulted by the smell of the city. Yesterday it had built up gradually, so he'd barely noticed it, but today it hit him in the face all at once, a strange mixture of rotting mud, human waste, decaying vegetables and a sharp, clean odour he didn't recognise but somehow instinctively knew must be the sea.”

A wealth of background detail exists on the capital of the Wasteland and it remains a popular destination for WFRP parties, as well as providing the location to Black Library books such as *Death's City* and *A Murder in Marienburg*.



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NOTES

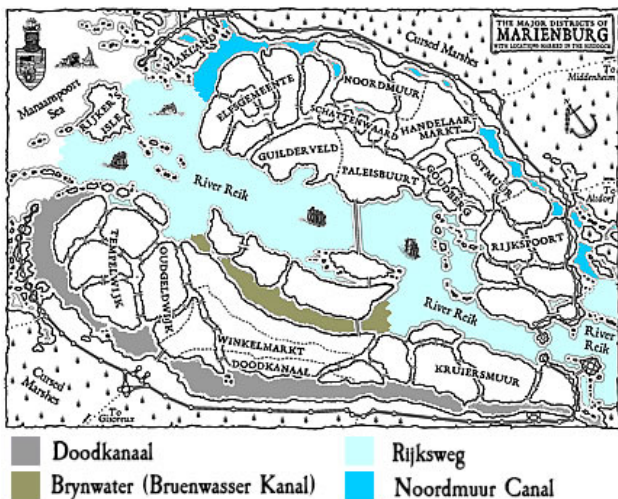
Please be aware that the contents in this document have been taken from the original material found on the Black Industries website concerning Mariengurg. Apart from the section entitled "NOTES" nothing else has been altered or added, except 1) Images may appear bigger or smaller 2) Some unimportant Images maybe missing 3) The page construction alters from the original webpages and the layout has been compiled in a way suitable for a paper production. 4) A section has been added entitled "Maps" 5) A section has been added entitled "DISCLAIMER".

DISCLAIMER

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CANALS

The canals are Marienburg's highways, crowded with boats of all kinds. The largest is the Rijksweg, the main channel of the river Reik which bisects the city and along which mist ships pass. A branch of it, the Brynwater, courses through the islands of the Suiddock and provides some of the city's busiest docks. At the far north, the Noordmuur canal is a popular route for people conducting business in the commercial and government districts, as it lets them avoid the heavy traffic on the Rijksweg. Contrasted with this is the southernmost channel, the aptly named Doodkanaal or 'Dead Canal', a sluggish and malodorous waterway choked with trash and sometimes bodies from the worst parts of the city. Evil smells and vapours rise from it, and only those who can't afford anything better or who aren't welcome anywhere else willingly live along its banks.



Dozens of other canals meander among the islands, some so small they aren't even marked on city maps. Little more than alleys, these narrow channels lead to the backs of businesses or homes, or to private lagoons hidden among the overhanging buildings. It's easy for a stranger to get lost among all the waterways, named but not marked, so most visitors to Marienburg hire one of the many local water-coaches to take them around. Boat-handling and swimming are common skills here, so much so that it's an Imperial joke that "no Marienburger will go anywhere if he can't get wet doing it".

Stairs cut into the islands themselves or built of wood in poorer districts provide access to the

canals and docks. Some, like the Grand Sweep on the Reikside of the Palace District, are broad and open. Others, especially deep within the old quarters like Suiddock or the forgotten tenements of the Doodcanal slums, are little more than cuts in the rock barely large enough for a man to get through. Ill-lit and hidden from view, what were meant to be simple pathways often become deathtraps for those who have an enemy or two.

IMPRESSIONS OF MARIENBURG'S CANALS

"As he watched, one of the skiffs Artemus had indicated turned suddenly, vanishing up a side channel so narrow the boat barely made it through, and he became aware that the far bank was riddled with narrow inlets and canals. He pointed it out and Artemus nodded. 'There are thousands of them,' he said. 'Most only go a little way inland, but some are back channels between the main canals.'"

"Narrow channels between the buildings he'd taken for alleyways from a distance, frequently turning out to be thin canals, barely wide enough for a single boat, over which the roadways were carried by bridges. Occasionally, as he glanced down one, he caught a glimpse of more open water, where they opened out into lagoons wide enough for a small dock, where a house or place of business had an entrance opening directly onto the waterways. A couple of times he crossed more substantial bodies of water, where the canals were wide enough to carry almost as much traffic as the streets; possibly even more so, as the vast majority of land routes were too narrow to accommodate carts or horses and nearly all the commercial traffic appeared to be conveyed by boat. Some of the bridges were almost indistinguishable from the rest of the street, as they were encrusted with shops and houses like the one they'd entered the city by."

CATACOMBS

Over the city's first thousand years, as Marienburg grew from a place of refuge to a fishing port to a great centre of commerce, the people built the islands up from the water, facing their sides with stone and filling the interior with earth and rock. Noble families would spend vast sums to add another foot or two, each layer a

visible sign of their power and wealth. Every so often, when the walls had risen high enough that it was time to fill the interior in, the Barons of Westerland would command the levelling of all structures and their rebuilding on the new surface. Though orders were given that all rooms were to be filled, many found ways to avoid this and constructed their new structures atop the chambers of the old. As a result, many Marienburg buildings have basements, sub-basements and sub-sub-basements, some still in use, others long ago walled-off and forgotten, and some connected by networks of tunnels dug by long-forgotten architects. While most are used for legitimate purposes (legitimate by a Marienburger's definition, at least), many are popular routes and bolt-holes for smugglers, criminals and cultists who access them via hidden or forgotten doors in the archaic system of cisterns and flood sluices under the islands at the water's level.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CATACOMBS

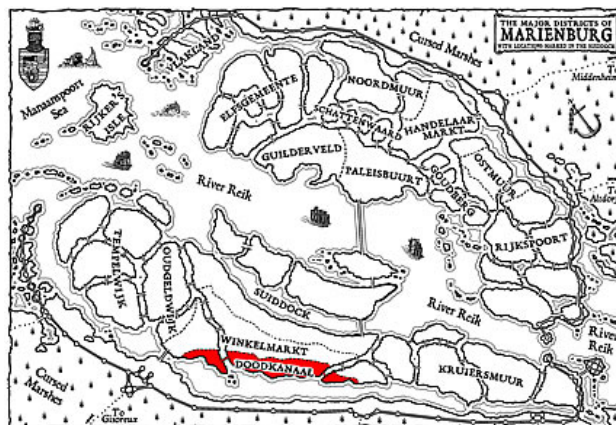
"Now he gagged on the odour of raw effluent and rotting, rancid decay – the stench of men, bitter as the metallic taste of adrenaline at the back of his throat. A greasy yellow mist choked the air in these stone tunnels, so acrid it burnt his eyes. ... He staggered on, the thigh deep waters sapping the strength from his legs."

"Arullen emerged from one tunnel into a circular chamber. Five more tunnels radiated off this space, like the spokes of a wooden cart. The elf looked up, more in hope than expectation of seeing the sky overhead. Instead there was a canopy of bones and tattered scraps of skin, the edges ragged from who knew what."

"A sickly green light bathed the terrifying tableau. Arullen realised the illumination was born of a thousand tiny glows ... light worms feeding on the last remnants of flesh and blood, using the nutrients to warm their glowing bodies."

DOODKANAAL

The worst of Marienburg's slums, feared and avoided. Dying and blighted.



COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"As long as the gangers stay in there shanking each other over half a copper, then we'll stay out here looking after those who do have some money." - Jacobus, Black Cap

The Doodkanaal, or Dead Canal, Ward is the most run down area of Marienburg though it was once a thriving district where trade flowed freely. Slowly, as the canals and waterways of the rest of the city changed, the currents of the watercourse through the canton became sluggish. The canal clogged with waste and barges no longer travelled that way. In Marienburg where there is no trade, there is no money. The district fell into disrepair as merchants moved away, closer to the active trade routes. Those who could afford to leave did so, leaving the poor and desperate behind. The Dead Canal district turned into a hub of crime and villainy, a haven for those who wished to hide from the more civilised areas of the city. Nowadays the Black Hats fear to enter and the ruling guilds ignore it in their bustling city. Whilst seemingly lawless, some sort of civilisation still exists within shops and taverns, as people attempt to claw their way out of the direst of circumstances. There is no City Watch post in the Doodkanaal and the responsibility for maintaining law and order theoretically falls to the Winkelmarkt Black Caps as the nearest barracks.

IMPRESSIONS OF DOODKANAAL

"He pointed into the distance, where a wider tributary marked the break between this island and the next. The buildings beyond it were shabbier, showing unmistakable signs of dereliction, and a couple of wharves sagged visibly on their pilings, on the verge of sliding

into the canal. 'That's Doodkanaal, and it's well named, let me tell you. No one goes there if they can avoid it. Even the Black Caps give it a wide berth if they can.'"

"The few passers-by were now gaunt and haggard, their clothing ragged, mirroring the decaying state of the buildings they evidently lived in. Gradually, they disappeared altogether, although he could still hear stealthy movement and muffled voices in some of the buildings that surrounded him. There were no more fires or torches to be seen either, just a faint glimmer of necrotic light from Morrslieb as it raised a sliver of itself over the surrounding rooftops. The feeble illumination was enough to allow him to see, despite a thin, freezing mist which began to flow through the streets, bringing with it the odour of water and rotting mud."

ADOLPH'S FINE CLOTHING EMPORIUM

Businessmen still ply their trade in the Doodkanaal district, for even the poor need food and other goods and services. Adolph Winsen is one such businessman, running a shop claiming to sell a fine range of garments for the discerning gentleman and lady.

In truth, Adolph claimed the shop as his own when the previous owner saved up enough money to leave the district and abandoned the building and some of his stock. Adolph still has some of the old stock left, and has supplemented those with clothing that amounts to patched up rags. Adolph himself is a fat and lazy man, more interested in spending time in the Jolly Boatman than in his shop.

Adolph recently married Katarine, a girl over ten years his junior. At eighteen, she naively believed becoming the wife of a shopkeeper would bring her stability and financial security. Whilst charming at first, Adolph revealed himself to be an evil brute. After they wed. He treats her as little more than a slave, forcing her to cook and clean and keeping her locked in the cellar when he goes out to spend what little money they have on grog.

One locked door in the cellar leads to the further underground complex that exists beneath the

Doodkanaal and the rest of Marienburg. Sometimes Katarine hears movement from the other side, and worries whether shouting out will attract help, or bring in something far worse than her abusive husband.

ADOLPH

Burgher

Fat and lazy, when Adolph is not selling ragged clothing to the citizens of the Dead Canal he is down at the local taverns sinking pints and groping barmaids. He sees his wife as little more than a servant, there to do his every bidding. When he lets her out of the cellar to cook and clean for him, his podgy fingers keep her on a tight leash.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
34	32	35	42	32	32	35	34
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	4	4	4	-	-	-

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Wasteland) (Int), Consume Alcohol (T), Drive (Ag), Evaluate (Int), Gossip (Fel), Haggle (Fel), Perception (Int), Read/Write (Int), Search (Int), Speak Language (Breton) (Int), Speak Language (Reikspiel) (Int +10)

Talents: Dealmaker, Savvy, Super Numerate, Very Resilient

Weapons: Dagger (1d10).

Trappings: Adolph wears a snug shirt and unbuttoned breeches. His clothes are stained with ale, food, and a little vomit. He keeps his much-used dagger in a sheath on his belt, but he constantly fidgets with it because the pommel digs into his rolls of fat. In his purse, he has 1 gc and 6s.

KATARIN

Servant

As a naïve girl of eighteen summers, Katarine though that marrying a merchant, even one as lowly as a clothes seller in the Dead Canal, would bring her financial security for the future. Two years on and her otherwise pretty face shows cuts and bruises from the times she has tried to defy

Adolph. Locked in the cellar, she looks dirty and ragged, her long brown hair grubby and tangled.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
30	30	31	30	42	36	35	37
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	-	1	-

Skills: Blather (Fel), Common Knowledge (the Wasteland) (Int), Dodge Blow (Ag), Gossip (Fel +10), Haggle (Fel), Perception (Int), Search (Int), Sleight of Hand (Ag), Speak Language (Reikspiel) (Int), Trade (Cook) (Int)

Talents: Coolheaded, Flee!, Hardy, Lightning Reflexes, Savvy

Weapons: Unarmed Strike (1d10-1; Special).

Trappings: Katarine is dressed in a tattered and soiled dress. She has no shoes and nothing of value.

THE CRAB UNION BUILDING

Before the Doodkanaal became what it was today, the canal sides were busy with Stevedores unloading goods. All that has gone now, and no men ply that trade. Remnants of the busy docksides still exist though, including what was formerly the meeting place of a union of stevedores and has now been taken over by one of the many gangs that roam the Dead Canal.

Like many gangs, the group that call themselves the Claws are mostly bored young men, stuck in the Doodkanaal and unable to find work. They therefore live out their days roaming the streets picking fights and preying on unwary travellers, whilst occasionally sneaking into other districts to steal food and drink.

The Claws take their name from the reoccurring crab motif that decorates the old Stevedore union building. They have slowly introduced the claw motif into their violent ways, using short spiked weapons in their attacks and carving a claw onto their victims' heads. As time goes on they are becoming less like a bunch of thugs and more like an organised, though violent, cult.

The truth behind this is that when the first gangers found the union building, abandoned by the Stevedores, they discovered someone had taken up residence there. Calling himself Erasmus, the strange mutant with one clawed

hand exerted a charismatic force over the easily swayed youngsters.

Under the leadership of Erasmus, who the gang often refer to as 'The Giant Crab', the Claws have slowly grown in number and in cruelty. Erasmus himself, never leaving the union building, is biding his time before he decides his gang can be indoctrinated in the worship of his true lord - Slaanesh.

ERASMUS 'THE GIANT CRAB' ODE

Mutant Zealot of Slaanesh

"Closer boy, what do you have for me? A little tribute? Yes. Good. I shall enjoy this little one. Or perhaps we could enjoy this together?"

Born with a crab's claw for a hand, a midwife would have typically handed the child over to the witch hunters. Erasmus was truly blessed by the dark prince however, and exuded a strange charm upon those present at his birth. He was hidden away by his mother in the family cellar, unknown even to his merchant father.

Somehow he lived there for fifteen years, his mother feeding him scraps from her plate. But all those long years sent Erasmus even madder than he might have been. He saw visions of a dark claw-armed god taking pleasure in the pain of others. He knew his destiny was to follow in his master's path. He was eager to sate his lust for inflicting agony.

Eventually he escaped, slaying his mother as she bought him food. Living in the sewers of Marienburg for a few years he met other freaks such as him, but grew bored with them and killed them too. He eventually surfaced into an abandoned street, in front of a building decorated with a crab mosaic. Erasmus knew this was a sign and stayed there, waiting for the followers he knew Slaanesh would provide.

Erasmus should be hideous to look at. A huge crab's claw juts out from one malformed arm. He is ghostly white, having not seen the sun for fifteen years. Wide, milky eyes stare out from a hairless face. Though a hunchbacked teenage boy he is large, towering misshapenly over most men. Yet somehow those that he talks to feel drawn to

him, eager to hear his promises of the bloodshed they will inflict in his name.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
36	15	45	28	40	35	47	59
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	4	2	4	-	6	-

Skills: Charm, Intimidate, Read/Write

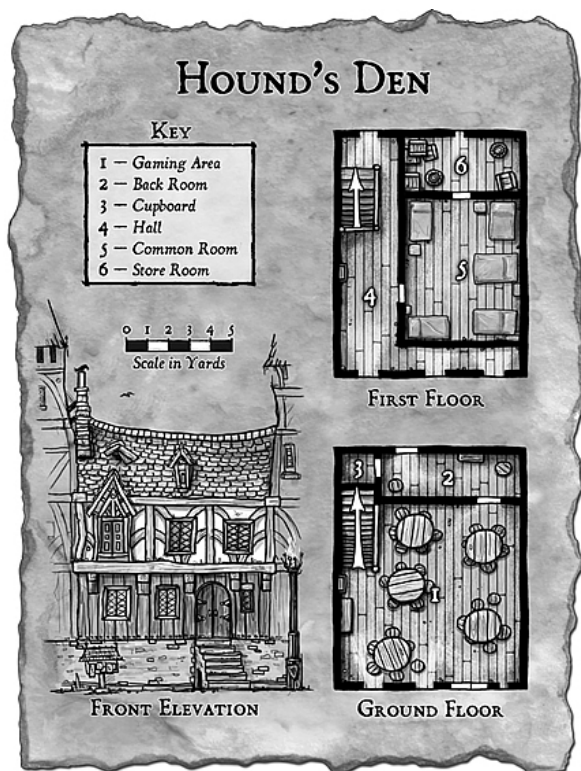
Talents: Coolheaded, Public Speaking, Strike Mighty Blow, Very Strong

Mutations: Alluring, Hunchback, Pincer Hand

Weapons: Erasmus' left hand has been replaced by a large claw. This gives him a natural weapon that has the precise quality.

THE HOUNDS' DEN

The Hounds are a small but well-known gang of the Doodkanaal District. They generally hang out in a small gambling den they own on Crab Lane.



The "Den," as it's known, is a squat building crowded by a dyer on one side and a Chandler on the other. The neighbouring businesses don't mind the toughs who lurk within since the Den opens at nine o'clock at night and closes around four in the morning. The Den is not large and the

ground floor is one large room with five circular tables at which men play cards or dice games. The Hounds do not take a cut; they simply provide an area where people can meet. Having said that, they try to make sure one Hound is involved in each game, and over time they have become very skilled gamblers (and cheaters). The Hounds also serve alcohol, though they do not tend to drink much themselves whilst gambling. After hours, there are 1d5+1 Hounds here, sleeping, drinking, or fighting amongst themselves. During business hours, there are 10 Hounds here along with 3d10+5 customers.

PIM DE GROOT AND THE HOUNDS

Gamblers

Members of the gang are easy to identify by their arms covered in tattoos of ferocious dogs. The Hounds do not keep dogs themselves; instead they often kill canines they come across and wear the teeth as decoration.

Their leader, Pim de Groot, is a typical Hound, though perhaps more cunning than the others. A shock of white hair runs through his otherwise dark brown mane. Use the standard Hound profile for Pim, but increase his Intelligence characteristic by 5.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
38	32	30	39	40	34	34	38
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	-	-	-

Skills: Blather (Fel), Common Knowledge (the Wasteland) (Int), Evaluate (Int), Gamble (Int), Gossip (Fel), Perception (Int), Read/Write (Int), Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue) (Int), Sleight of Hand (Ag), Speak Language (Reikspiel) (Int)

Talents: Coolheaded, Flee!, Savvy, Streetwise

Armour (Light): Leather Jerkin (Body 1)

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword) (1d10+3), Knuckle-duster (1d10)

Trappings: The Hounds wear common clothing, including sturdy breeches, shirts, and leather jerkins. Most wear fezzes on their heads. Each Hound has a pair of dice, deck of cards, and an ego to astound a noble. Each Hound has 1d10 Schillings, while Pim de Groot carries 3 gc bearing the face of Karl-Franz.

THE JOLLY BOATMAN

A dingy two-story building in the Doodkanaal district of Marienburg. It has one window, but it has been boarded up. A sign hangs above the door, showing a disreputable fellow making water.

The interior is no more welcoming. It's dark, with a few lanterns making a feeble effort to pierce the gloom. Surprisingly, the place is often busy, filled with sinister men nursing tankards of ale and casting wary glances around them. Conversations are whispered. At the bar running along the side of the building is Hans Kleinhopper, who happens to also be the landlord. He's a suspicious fellow and he examines anyone who approaches with his one good eye. The fare here is terrible, being burnt or raw. Ale costs a standard price, but it has a bouquet of sewage. Five pennies buys a meal of meat pie, though the contents are anyone's guess.

THE RAT AND PIPE INN

The Doodkanaal has a number of taverns, for the miserable citizens often want to drown their sorrows and escape the reality of their surroundings. However unlike other districts the area has very few inns renting rooms, for who would want to pay to stay in the Dead Canal? For Aalbert Brecht, the landlord of The Rat and Pipe, this is only a small obstacle to overcome before better times return to the district. As such his inn is one of the only places to offer rooms at a reasonable price.

Aalbert himself is a watery eyed man with palid skin. He has a tendency to smile broadly at customers, revealing blackened teeth stumps. For a Doodkanaal resident he is surprisingly friendly and naïve, traits which have lead many a man face down in the canals. It seems however that his establishment serves ale better than anywhere else in the area (in other words, it isn't lumpy) and has become the favoured drinking hole of many a mercenary and gang enforcer, all eager to keep the place open. A strange truce has therefore developed inside, and anyone starting a fight is quickly ejected by a dozen men with sharp daggers and angry looks.

The Rat and Pipe is a good place to meet all slices of Doodkanaal life. Notable NPCs to be

found in the Rat and Pipe include the sword-for-hire Midas Quirien the mysterious figure who goes only by the name Jozef.

JOZEF

Elven Spy

(ex-Merchant, ex-Burgher)

"Beneath the Canal? You wont last five minutes without my help. Thieves, mutants, ghosts and worse down there. Gold upfront, in case you don't make it out alive."

After a bitter argument in Elfsgemeente, the Elven district of Marienburg, the foul tempered Elf known as Sitheil Quinfas struck and killed a rival businessman. Such an act would surely carry the harshest punishment, so Sitheil fled to hide out in the district few Elves have cause to enter, the Doodkanaal. Permanently cloaked to hide his identity, and even taking on the human name Jozef, Sitheil has not yet been caught up with. Instead he plies his trade as a spy and thief, aiding smuggling groups as much as he steals from them.

Purposefully lowering his voice, and wearing bulky clothing, Jozef passes for human most of the time. His features are constantly swathed in a dark hood, but should the hood be removed it is impossible to miss the striking Elven features no matter how much Jozef tries to hide them. Jet black hair and striking blue eyes make Jozef a handsome figure.

People may come into contact with Jozef if they ask around for a guide to take them below the city. He has explored the tunnels beneath the Doodkanaal more than most, and is willing to take people down there for only a gold piece. Of course, once he's lead them to the most impenetrable parts of the labyrinthine passages he has no problems slitting their throats, or simply leaving them to be preyed upon by the dangerous denizens of the underworld.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
48	54	37	41	63	60	68	52
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	3	4	5	-	-	-

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Elves), Common Knowledge (The Empire), Concealment, Disguise, Drive, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Gossip +10%, Haggle +10%, Lip Reading, Perception, Performer (Actor), Pick Lock, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Shadowing, Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Eltharin), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Merchant)

Talents: Dealmaker, Excellent Vision, Flee!, Night Vision, Savvy, Schemer, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Super Numerate

Armour: Light Armour (Full Leather)

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

Weapons: Dagger, Hand Weapon (Sword)

Trappings: 9 gc, Crowbar, Healing poultice, Lock picks, Snare, Unusual charm in the shape of a fine boat

MIDAS QUIRIEN

Human Marine

(ex-Stevedore)

"Five shillings is my rate. What's that? Six of the taffers? Yeah I know them, and I'll stick 'em for only four silver, but Hans' head is mine. Deal?"

The Doodkanaal is home to a handful of mercenaries, though not many ply their trade there as very few people have the money to pay them. Midas makes most of his money as hired muscle for various gangs. His rates are cheap, and he seems to revel more in the fight than in the payment.

A few years ago Midas was a stevedore in the Suddock, unloading cargo ships. One night, to make a little extra money, he took on a secretive job for an unknown employer. Soon after, Midas began having strange, violent dreams, and in his waking life he became angry and eager to fight. To channel his rage he volunteered as a marine aboard an ocean going vessel, and fought off many a pirate raid.

Both his mind and body changed. His flesh became tough like leather and a new set of knees grew on his legs allowing him to reach his

enemies all the faster. But the rage inside him grew too much and whilst out on a press ganging expedition in Marienburg he snapped and killed five people. Fleeing the Black Caps he now hides out in the Doodkanaal, trying to keep his rage under control.

Midas' face is a network of scars, some self inflicted, that amount to advertising for his services. A layer of bristly black hair is kept close cropped over his lumped skull. His skin looks oddly dark and rubbery. His clothes and armour are a miss-match of things he's found or taken from those he's killed.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
42	26	46	50	46	28	34	30
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	5	5	-	4	-

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Common Knowledge (The Wasteland), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Intimidate, Search, Secret Language (Stevedore Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Row, Swim

Talents: Frenzy, Quick Draw, Strike Mighty Blow, Sturdy, Very Strong

Mutations: Midas has been blessed by Khorne. He has the Resilient and Extra Leg Joints mutations (already taken into account on his profile) though he attempts to keep both of these secret.

Armour: Mail Coif, Full Leather Armour

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

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Club), Knuckle Duster,

Trappings: 10 Silver, Hip flask, Patchwork clothing

SCHWARTZWASSERSTRAAT

A long and wide street found in the slums of Doodkanaal.

"Schwartzwasserstraat was wider and more open than the other streets he'd seen so far in this forgotten and blighted corner of the city. Clearly it had been prosperous at some time in the past, but like the rest of the Doodkanal those days were long gone. These days the once grand houses were little more than ruined shells, occupied for

the most part by desperate, ragged tribes of people who swarmed over and around their residences with every sign of a determination to defend them from intruders, even though they were armed with nothing more deadly than shards of broken masonry. What allegiance they owed to one another Rudi couldn't tell, since whatever family resemblance he might have noticed was obscured by grime and the pinched expressions borne of the privations they endured."

THE SIGN OF THE SAD FACE

On a rundown street that looks much like any other rundown street in the district, is a simple, nondescript building. Its only distinguishing feature is the wooden door upon which is carved a simple unhappy face. But despite its anonymity people who know the area cross the other side of the street as they walk past. Even the toughest gangers look away from the carved face. Some believe the place is haunted, for faint screams are often heard in the dead of night.

The truth is not much better. The sign of the sad face is where Solomon Ritske plys his trade as a torturer. Famed amongst the criminals fraternities all over Marienburg, Solomon is ruthlessly efficient. It is said there is not a man he could not crack. Criminal masters will send prisoners to him to extract information, or sometimes disloyal subjects in need of punishment. Having someone "sent to Solomon." is a common warning amongst thieves.

After sundown two men must approach the sad face, the victim and his guard. The guard must knock on the door five times, then after a pause knocks three times. If no-one answers the door then Solomon is out, or busy with another client. Otherwise the two enter and Solomon accepts the payment of 20 gold crowns, his services do not come cheap. The guard explains the situation, generally as quickly as possible, before scampering away.

Most of Solomon's work is done in his basement beneath the street level. The variety of tools at his disposal is staggering, and simply looking at his collection of torture devices has driven many a man to breaking point before Solomon even starts work.

SOLOMON RITSKE

Human Interrogator

(ex-Barber-Surgeon, ex-Student)

"Leave the purse on the table and the boy over by the door. What will it be this time? Knowledge? Or just a little reminder of what he's done?"

Not much is known about Solomon's early life, and most people can't even recall how long he has been plying his trade in Marienburg. In truth Solomon was a Tilean medical student, studying at university in Tilea. Fascinated by anatomy he was forced to flee the witch hunters when caught experimenting on a live body. He had little understanding for their anger, as he was certainly not a Chaos worshipper as they claimed.

Solomon travelled the Old World, moving through the Empire whilst earning money as a Barber-Surgeon, but taking any opportunity to continue his experimentations. Eventually he settled in Marienburg, where he has been for over twenty years. As an unregistered doctor, he could only hire his services out to criminals. It soon became apparent that he was more adept at hurting than healing, and he set up his business in the Doodkanaal, where he knew the Black Caps and even witch hunters fear to tread.

He is a tall gaunt figure, seemingly stretched out, with long tapering fingers. His eyes stare expressionlessly at his victims as he talks to them in an accent with only the slightest hint of Tilean roots. He seems to take no particular pleasure in his work, seeing it only as necessary to always learn more about the human body.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
41	30	43	40	47	52	59	49
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	4	4	-	7	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Anatomy), Common Knowledge (The Empire), Common Knowledge (Tilea), Common Knowledge (The Wasteland), Charm, Evaluate, Haggle, Heal (+10%), Intimidate, Perception (+20%), Read/Write (+10%), Search, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Swim, Torture (+10%)

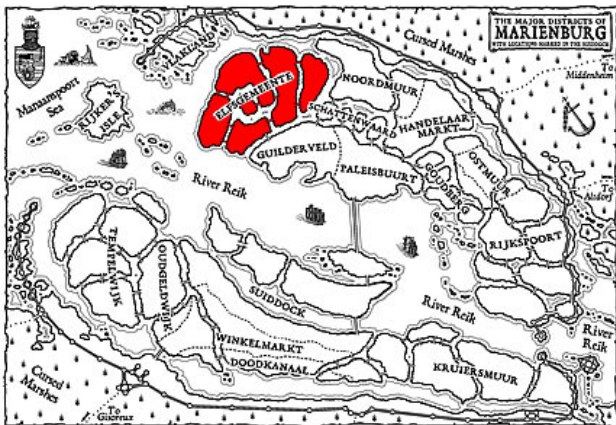
Talents: Coolheaded, Linguistics, Menacing, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Savvy, Strong Minded, Super Numerate, Surgery

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Club), Knuckle Duster.

Trappings: 40 gc, Manacles, a selection of unusual tools too disturbing to contemplate.

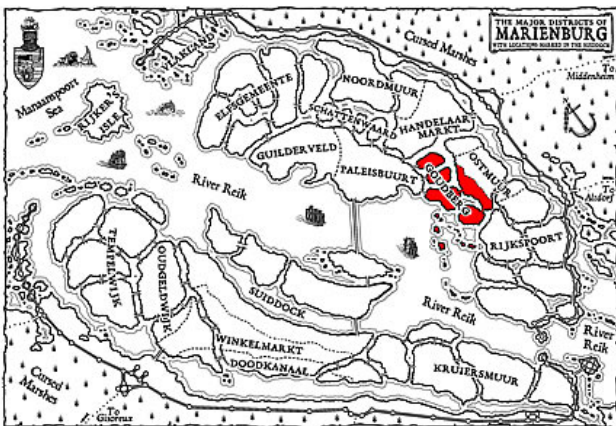
ELFSGEMEENTE

Marienburg's self-governing Sea Elf enclave.



GOUDBERG

This ward of Marienburg is a fashionable upper-class neighbourhood.



COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"It's beautiful here, Mama - there are trees lining some of the canals, fountains in the squares and real parks. It's so pleasant to walk in Goudberg that you forget that you're in the middle of a swamp."

"All the money that flows into the city winds up in the hands of the bull seals who live here. If you searched their studies, I believe you'd find title

deeds showing they owned each and every one of us."

"My brother and me were walking by van de Kuypers' place, and ten of his thugs started beating the tar out of us! Just for walking where any Marienburger is free to go! They'd have killed us if the Watch hadn't arrived and arrested us for trespass."

Goudberg is one of the wealthiest districts of Marienburg, along with Guilderveld and Oudgeldwijk. Unlike Guilderveld, the pace here is more sedate and genteel, while lacking the backward looking lassitude of the old nobility in Oudgeldwijk. The people who live in Goudberg, the rich and the filthy rich, can afford to live apart from their businesses, leaving their scores of flunkies to do the real work.

Elegance is a byword in Goudberg, and the buildings in the ward reflect that. Though small by the standards of Old World nobility, the mansions of the rich are heavily decorated in whatever style was the fashion when they were built. Tilean fluted columns and Nulner statues of Winged Victory mingle with gargoyles and faux-battlements from the time of the War of Independence. The interiors are lavish, and many a rural Imperial noble has felt like a bumpkin after paying a call. Everyone in Goudberg has servants, even if it's just one or two to do the cleaning and cooking. The mansions of the Ten are staffed to the rafters with liveried servants, many drawn from the Cathayan, Nipponese, Indic and Kislevite ghettos under Goudberg's jurisdiction.

Businesses in Goudberg tend toward luxury, service and the arts. The playwright Willibrord Mengelberg manages the highly regarded Aardbol Theatre, partly famous because it puts on farces lampooning the elite of Marienburg while receiving subsidies from the government. In a house donated by Jaan van de Kuypers, the renowned scholar Timotheus Kogeven tutors the children of the elite in the finest private Lyceum in the city. In Goudberg the pavement artists, streetwalkers and cutpurses of mundane Marienburg are replaced with sculptors, courtesans and dashing, debonair cat burglars.

During the day, the ward streets and canals are filled mostly with servants and functionaries

dashing hither and yon on their masters' affairs. Tradesmen make deliveries or perform services, while lesser merchants and brokers cut deals over lunch at elegant cafes. Beggars are forcefully discouraged.

At night, the streets and canals grow quieter as Goudbergers begin their nightly rounds of social calls. Small parties travel in lantern-lit canal boats from one mansion to another in a whirl of dinner parties and less formal affairs. Younger sons of the well-to-do sally forth in small groups of rakes, cutting dashing figures with their cloaks and rapiers, hopping from one drinking-club to the next.

As one would expect, the Black Caps are well funded and very sharp about protecting the property of the residents. Because the private marines of the Great Families in Goudberg protect their masters' homes, the Watch is free to concentrate its efforts elsewhere in the ward - although they still come quickly when Mijn Heer Director van den Nijmenks calls. Consequently, the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs is circumspect in its operations here: the targets are tempting, but the risks are very high. Alternatively, according to some wags, the Gentlemen are less active in Goudberg because they see no sense in robbing their own.

HOUSE VAN HAAGEN

Headed by Leo van Haagen, 67, House van Haagen is the second wealthiest of the Ten. Its mansion is in Goudberg on the edge of Zijdemarkt, and its symbol is a shield of blue and white chevrons, unadorned. Leo's heir is his son, Crispijn, 35.

Like the van Onderzoekers, the family concentrates its trade in the northern Old World, consequently finding itself at odds with them. The van Haagens' trading interests are eclectic, ranging from luxuries to basic everyday items. Ruling his family with an authoritarian hand, "old Leo" has placed young relatives in many cities to oversee family interests, preferring blood ties to agents' commissions. While heads of local operations are allowed to develop specialities based on the local market, all receive frequent letters of instruction from Leo, and all fear his wrath should profits drop.

For example, Jochen van Haagen is the head of

the family business interests in Bögenhafen, a small town in the Reikland. The van Haagens are the town's main dealers in luxury goods. Since the bulk of their trade is to and from Marienburg by river the van Haagens are closely allied to Bögenhafen's Stevedore's Guild, and they maintain their own small fleet of sailing barges and a wharf too. So desperate is Jochen to stay in old Leo's good books that he will consider anything - *anything* - in order to keep his corner of the van Haagen business empire prosperous.

Perceptive watchers have noticed that the van Haagens' wealth seems greater than their business would warrant. Conspicuous consumption seems to be the motto of the family, even their retainers. Speculation has it that the van Haagens are deeper into smuggling than most of the Directors, even arranging bans on goods so that they can make more money by smuggling them into the city.

There are even furtive rumours, passed in whispers late at night in Suiddock taverns, that young Crispijn van Haagen, nicknamed "the strutting cock" for his expensive and decadent tastes, has a hand in the illegal but very profitable "body trade", the traffic in living beings for sale as slaves or even sacrifices. This may or may not be true: certainly nothing has ever been proved, but the rumours persist.

MORE ON THE VAN HAAGENS IN MARIENBURG:

- The van Haagens maintain many wharfs throughout the city, a mostly forgotten one sited on the island of Riddra is detailed here.
- Edwin Kaardsherp 'works' as an assistant to the Lord Harbourmaster at The Marienburg Secretariat for Trade Equity. In reality he is a member of the van Haagen family who is lying low and incognito, for the time being.

MARQUANDT'S ESCORTS

"That's the third of these letters you've had this month, Alfons! You must take it seriously. What will you do if they come after your wife and children? I'm taking you to see Marquandt. If

anyone's trying to kill you, he's your best hope of staying alive."

"It's a racket, I tell you. Marquandt or one his boys conveniently shows up to offer hit protection just when someone needs them. Why do you think that people threatened by the Guild We've Never Heard Of who hire Marquandt stay safe? It's because he's in on it and gives the League a cut, that's why."

Footpads and cutthroats, burglars and pickpockets, racketeers, kidnappers and even hired killers - the dangers to life, limb and property in many of the Old World's cities are a constant worry. The Watch, over-worked and under-manned, if not incompetent or corrupt, can rarely do anything about it. And when they are honest and competent, they still get involved most often only after the crime has been committed - little comfort to the corpse cooling on the cobbles.

The poor and the middle classes of Marienburg can do little but carry a dagger and pray that it's the other guy's turn. But, for the person of means who wants the best in protection, there is no better place to go than Marquandt's Escort Service, at the sign of the crossed swords and shield, along the Zwaansloop canal in Goudberg.

Marquandt's storefront occupies the ground floor of a four-storey building next to the Prince's Rest Inn, with Marquandt's own dwelling above. The ground floor is divided into two offices: one manned from 8 o'clock till dusk by Velma Rutten, a former scribe and excisewoman who acts as Marquandt's secretary and accountant. It's her job to weed out the dross from those who might really need Marquandt's help. She is very loyal to her employer and takes her duties seriously. There are usually one or two of Marquandt's "boys" around, too, who are only too happy to eject people who don't take Velma seriously.

Marquandt's own well-furnished office is behind a heavy oaken door. Here, he interviews clients, determines their needs and sets his fee. The office is dominated by a heavy wooden desk topped in Tilean marble (a gift from a grateful client) and the walls are decorated with weapons and armour from Marquandt's adventuring days. His clients include some very important Marienburgers though rarely anyone closely associated with the

Ten, since they have their own household troops. Marquandt's Escorts also provides protection to wealthy visitors to Marienburg, and his agency is popular with those who plan to go "slumming" in the rougher parts of town, like Suiddock. His fees average ten guilders per day per bodyguard, payable in advance.

Marquandt has a high turnover of staff, losing them to injury or even death, so he is always on the lookout for able warriors. He provides better than average bodyguards, so prospective employees had better have good experience under their belts. He has a standing agreement with Sander Monnik, providing the Pit Master ample protection in exchange for special training for his employees. Many of Marquandt's best men were ex-fighters at Monnik's School. His line of work also puts him in possession of often-interesting information, but his dedication to confidentiality is quite strong and he is above blackmail. Anyone seeking to learn something delicate from Marquandt needs to show an excellent reason.

TOBIAS MARQUANDT

Protection Specialist

(duellist, ex sergeant, ex bounty hunter, ex watchman)



"So you cheated a Llianlach agent and now you think he's out to get you? We can protect you, but it will cost you. A lot."

"Velma, take a message to Little Roundhead. 'Dear Miguelito, comma, I've heard of your plans and I congratulate your audacity comma however, the Baroness du Piquet is under our protection, full stop. If you value what little is left of your hair and the scalp to which it is attached comma I suggest you stick to rolling drunks. Full stop. Marquandt.' Send it the usual way."

Of medium height and a wiry but powerful build, Marquandt has brush-cut blond hair and a

handlebar moustache on an otherwise clean-shaven face. A duelling scar on his left cheek and a broken nose work to make him look older than his 39 years. His grey-green eyes are always alert, never failing to take in the entire scene.

Tobias Marquandt loves a challenge, and the game of cat and mouse. After travelling the Empire and Kislev as an adventurer, he realised that he could put his talents to profitable use by protecting others. He puts his heart and soul into his work, and doesn't take it at all well on those rare occasions when the opposition gets through. He is a firm believer in the idea that payback, as he puts it, "is a bitch".

Marquandt has extensive contacts in Marienburg society, from Goudberg to Doodkanaal, and in several cities of the Old World. He has neither encouraged nor discouraged the rumours of his corruption, because these have led to useful contacts within Marienburg's underworld and actually brought in business. And, though he has been known to trade information of use to the League, he has never betrayed a client.

He knows that Aunt Mina is a fence, and uses her as a conduit to get messages to Adalbert Henschmann. At present he is considering a request to provide clandestine protection to Margareta of Kruiersmuur. The request came not from her, but in a letter from an anonymous person who sent along enough gold to pay for a month's service. Marquandt is naturally curious about the author's identity.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
65	48	46	57	47	52	57	50
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	4	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Rapier, Main-Gauche, Brace of Duelling Pistols, Dagger coated in Viper's Kiss, Good Quality Doublet, Hose and Cloak, Flask of Brandy, Knuckle-dusters, Tin of High Quality Snuff, Ring of Shadow, Ring of Shielding, 3d10 guilders.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (the Wasteland), Dodge Blow +20, Follow Trail +10, Gamble, Gossip

+20, Intimidate +20, Outdoor Survival, Perception +20, Read/Write, Search +10, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Shadowing, Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean).

Talents: Acute Hearing, Coolheaded, Disarm, Etiquette, Menacing, Mighty Shot, Quick Draw, Rover, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Swashbuckler, Warrior Born, Wrestling.

Ring of Shadow (Academic Knowledge: Magic)

A gift from a grateful Grey Magister who Marquandt kept alive, it permits the use of a minor spell of the Shadow college.

- The wearer may cast the Lore of Shadow spell 'Shadow of Death' as if he had a Magic Characteristic of 2.

Ring of Shielding (Academic Knowledge: Magic)

A slender ring of Elven design, it grants the wearer protection, even though they appear unarmoured.

- The wearer may cast the Lesser Magic spell 'Aethyric Armour' as if he had a Magic Characteristic of 2.

THE PRINCE'S REST

"The food it exquisite there! Why, Director den Euwe himself raved about the Grootscher Eel in jelly. I love eating at the Prince's Rest - all the best people do, you know."

"What a bunch of snoots-in-the-air! They acted as if I didn't belong - me, the Master of the Bakers Guild! Why, I had waited months for those reservations, and I even finagled a room for the night - don't tell my wife, please. What do I get for my trouble? Roast duck that I swear was haunted and a bed that had sprouted mushrooms! No, I'm not joking! The staff practically accused me of pranking! I'm sticking to places that I can trust after this."

Next to Marquandt's Escorts stands an ancient three-storey inn that is among the smartest

establishments in Marienburg. Named the Prince's Rest for its popularity with Grand Prince Rikard of the Reikland, who always stayed there when visiting Baron Matteus, the inn cultivates an elite, exclusive atmosphere that is reflected in its clientele. Only the best (i.e. the wealthiest) can afford to eat and sleep there, though dedicated social-climbers from the middle classes have been known to save for years to afford one evening at the Prince's.

The Prince's is most known for its exquisite cuisine and impeccable service. The dining room seats a dozen tables of various sizes, between which servants in royal purple tabards glide - the right to use this colour was granted by Grand Prince Rikard, whose letter is framed above the mantle. The kitchen is supervised by Master Chef August Bardolino, a Miraglianese whose last assignment was in the Royal Palace of Bretonnia itself. The wine cellar is without equal in Marienburg, and stocks only the finest Bretonnian, Estalian and Tilean vintages ("Imperial wine" is a contradiction in terms, according to the owner.)

Rooms are available, though most are taken up with standing reservations. Those few that are available have waiting lists stretching sometimes into years. The rooms themselves are uniformly luxurious with goose-leather mattresses and pillows, satin sheets and lamb's wool blankets. Each has its own private attendant only a bell-pull away. Sparing no expense, all the chamber pots are magically scented by Sybo Haan himself. Security for the guests and their valuables is provided through a standing arrangement with Tobias Marquandt. Anyone planning an evening at the Prince's Rest should expect to pay 500% of the standard prices. Rudolph Aasenberg owns the most exclusive inn in the northwestern Old World. So why is he unhappy? Why does he pray to Shallya for mercy every night and spend countless guilders consulting useless seers? Because poor Heer Aasenberg is convinced that his inn is haunted and if knowledge of the embarrassing goings-on became widely known, he and the Prince's Rest would be ruined.

Heer Aasenberg's problems don't stem from any ghost. Rather, he has an unknown guest, a boarder who only wants to help.

SKWIKNIBBLE MOULDEYE

Shaman of the Mother Fungus,

Snotling Extraordinaire

(servant)



"Me like. Me help."

Two feet, two inches tall, stooped and filthy. A few bristles of hair sprout from his warty green head. The rheumy yellow eyes show far more intelligence than one would expect from a snotling.

Skwiknibble was once the pet and companion of the Wizard Carstein, an Imperial Wizard who took pity on the little greenskin he found cowering in a goblins' cave he had just cleared. Recognising the faint glimmer of intelligence (the snotling could actually count to four), Carstein tamed him and actually became quite fond of him. Knowing that he could not openly take Skwiknibble with him, he carried him in a small valise drilled with air holes.

Carstein met an unfortunate end while in Marienburg. Having acquired an artefact of odd powers, he interrupted his investigations in his room at the Prince's Rest to answer nature's call. He came back just in time to see Skwiknibble swallowing the amulet. Before he could shake the jewel out of the snotling, his anger got the better of him and he died in an apopleptic fit.

Skwiknibble couldn't understand what had happened, but he knew he was in trouble and had to hide. He also knew he had nowhere to go. Since Carstein obviously liked the Prince's so much, he decided to stay there, hiding in the walls and the cesspool, to help these nice people. Soon he discovered that he could make the place more "homey" (for a snotling, that is) just by "wishing". Having forgotten about the shiny piece of glowing rock he had swallowed, he assumes

this is a blessing from the Mother Fungus herself, and that he is a great shaman. He has spent the last month adding just the right touches here and there around the inn, and the staffs' reactions have made him very happy. He's even started a puffball patch on the attic rafters.

Aasenberg and his staff have occasionally heard the faint pitter-patter of tiny feet at night, but they have assumed these are caused by the "ghost" Only one being knows the truth - the cat, Harry. He's seen Skwiknibble dashing about the inn at night and the two have become friends. Harry will sit for hours staring at a spot in the wall behind which the snotling is hiding, or meowing over the hole of the bench in the loo, waiting for him to come out. Of course, the staff just think the cat has found a mouse.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
20	20	17	20	45	17	15	15
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	6	1	2	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Soiled Loincloth and Vest, Stolen Dinner Knife, Bag of Cat Droppings, Amulet of Wild Magic.

Skills: Animal Care, Blather, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Acute Hearing, Fearless, Flee, Hardy, Lightening Reflexes, Night Vision, Very Resilient.

Amulet of Wild Magic (Academic Knowledge: Magic)

A gift given to the famous Elven Loremaster Yrtle, by his Master, when he first apprenticed to learn Magic, this powerful item is considered a toy to the great Elven Mages. Designed to test the apprentices' control over the Winds of Magic, this Amulet can perform a great many minor magical effects, providing the apprentice can maintain concentration when using it. Upon successfully mastering this device, the apprentice is judged worthy to be taught the most basic Petty Magicks.

Yrtle kept this device as a memento of his apprenticeship, and it was lost upon his death in the Great War Against Chaos. During its time lost in the hands of the Chaos Armies, the effects were subtly and dangerously twisted. To the Humans who have wielded it since, it has seemed an erratic and dangerous device, which has ultimately caused their ruin.

- The bearer may cast any Arcane Spell of Casting Number 5 or lower, as if they had a Magic Characteristic of 2.
- The bearer must pass an Intelligence Test upon casting a spell from the Amulet. If failed, the spells effect is reversed, usually in an embarrassing, dangerous, or comedic fashion (for example, 'Calm the Wild Beast' would cause Frenzy in its target, 'Deathstight' would render the living invisible to the caster, 'Ferment' would turn a liquid into sewerage, and 'Cleansing Glow' would cause mushrooms to grow on the target).
- Each time a reversed effect occurs, the wielder must pass a second Intelligence Test, or suffers a Minor Chaos Manifestation.

REE'S WAX

MUSEUM AND STUDIO

"It's a fascinating plate, dearie! The sculptures are so lifelike, you'd swear they could talk."

"Oh no, sahib! Sahib Ree is a great artist! He is like the legendary Sorcerer of the Monkey Isle, who could give life to a rock with but a touch of his whisk. Scenes of romance and danger, horror and comedy abound in his most excellent museum. Yes, yes, yes! For only two Guilders the unworthy Hadji, will guide you through Sahib Ree's wonders with most expert knowledge."

Down Sweet Street, off Baron Huybrecht's Square, near the Slangenbezweerder Bridge, a wanderer in Goudberg will come across an odd building among the scriptoria, confectioneries and luxury flats common to the area. Tall and narrow, it's finished in sombre colours that look ominous amidst its more brightly decorated neighbours.

Under a dark awning, a hooded headsman stands unmoving, his axe held before his chest as if he is patiently waiting for the condemned. A closer

WILBERT REE

Master Artisan and Drug Smuggler

(artisan, ex tradesman, ex apothecary, ex hedge wizard)



look shows that the figure is merely a wax mannequin, albeit exquisitely executed. Next to him, an ornately painted sign reads "Ree's Museum of Wax Sculpture. Twelve chambers of Marvels, Delights, & Terrors renowned throughout the Known World. Open 8 days, noon to midnight. Admission, one guilder." Within the foyer, a hunchbacked Tilean named Giovanni takes the visitors' money and escorts them to the stairs that lead up to the three floors of exhibits. On each floor are four rooms around a central landing, and all four hold exhibits designed around a theme. Each exhibit changes every few months, so that there is always something new to see.

The first floor is the Realm of History. It features stunning tableaux that depict great moments of the past: one room shows the surrender of Count Von Zelt to the commanders of Marienburg's army; the next depicts the great struggle between Admiral Jaan Maarten and Bartholomeus the Black; the third shows the meeting of the Merchants' Embassy with Emperor Magnus the Pious; while the last displays Marius enthroned.

The second floor is the Realm of Legend, displaying scenes from the classic epics and romances: the doomed love of Romero and Juliana of Remas; the comedy of how Ranald won immortality; the Swan Maiden of the Mirror Moors; and the Bretonnian Lady du Lac, reviving the mortally wounded Gilles le Breton to be her Green Knight. The topmost floor is the Realm of Chaos. Here, dark dreams are given form, and visitors see disturbing scenes of Chaos Warriors, witches, undead and other nightmare creatures. In the basement lies the sculpting and casting workshop with vats of wax and three or four figures in various stages of preparation. This is where Giovanni, Ree's Tilean artistic assistant and the target of most of his wrath, works.

All who visit the museum come away impressed by the artistry and skill of Wilbert Ree. Few fail to comment on the lifelike quality of the statues, without realising how much pain and despair are contained within their wax forms.

"Giovanni, you idiot! I said mauve, not puce. NOT PUCE!! You've ruined everything! Baroness Nikse ascended in a mauve dress, you cod! I should know - I was there. And who better than I to sculpt her memorial? What are we going to do with ten yards of puce velvet?"

"I know your master is impatient for the wax bust of his mistress, but he must understand that I will sculpt in no material - none - except for the unique wax that I alone import from Ind. Until the next shipment arrives, we can do nothing."

Ree is slim, effete and tall at 6'3". With his large nose and prominent Adam's Apple, he looks like a scarecrow - and dressed in his exaggerated artist's clothes, like a temperamental one. He affects a pose of dignity with highborn clients.

At 32, Wilbert Ree is a flamboyant member of Goudberg society, and that's the way he likes it. A high public profile is good for business, and he looks and acts as if he fits perfectly into the surrounding society. When they commission him to sculpt themselves and their families, the wealthy of Goudberg expect a temperamental and dramatic artist, and that's what they get. The middle classes who visit the museum expect erratic genius and scandalous titillations, and that's what they get. And both of these images let him get away with much more than any ordinary merchant or smuggler.

Ree studied in Tilea, and with the skills he learned during his apprenticeship to the deranged Luigi Spadolini of Tobarro (later burned at the stake for his researches into the taxidermy of humans), he has become a brilliant student of

anatomy and a wax sculptor nonpareil. However, he understood from the beginning that there was little money to be made from sculpting, and much more from other fields - particularly the Black Fields of Araby, where the Black Lotus blooms.

Playing the perfectionist artist, Ree has made it known that his is the only wax museum in the Old World to only use Ivory Wax from Ind, created - so he says - from the tallow of elephants and the wax of the giant bees which exist there. Shipments of the wax arrive on ships from Ind every few months: hundreds of heavy blocks, each a cubic foot in size. Although each one is stamped with Ind marks and seals, the blocks are actually from Araby. Although more expensive to import than the breed of Black Lotus found in the southern Empire, it is much stronger (-10% to all Tests relating to Black Lotus in either its poison or refined drug form). Each block has a small cavity deep in its centre, filled with about a pound of Black Lotus powder. Wilbert Ree is the largest smuggler of Black Lotus in Marienburg.

Ree believes his smuggling is undetectable: if the wax is melted the drug dissolves with it, and only by cutting a block in the right place (through the Ind seal) will one hit the hidden cavity. However, his business is threatened by something else. A few weeks ago Ree discovered to his total shock and horror that four of the figures in his museum are more than they seem. Like the raw blocks of wax they have something unpleasant inside. Giovanni his assistant has been obtaining bodies, covering them in wax and building them into the tableaux.

Giovanni is a brilliant artist in his own right, as mad as his master, and a devotee of Slaanesh - the cult is a good customer of Ree's, and lured Giovanni into its clutches a year ago. Some of the corpses he uses have been obtained through the Body Trade, others he abducts from the streets himself, mostly beggars and foreigners. Needless to say, if this is discovered it will be the end of the museum, possibly of Ree, and certainly of the smuggling operation. Ree is in a desperate quandary. He knows he must get rid of both Giovanni and the corpses, but while he's so far got the former addicted to Black Lotus he has no idea how to deal with the latter.

Ree is well known through the upper crust of Marienburg society - he is on the A-list for every

party in Goudberg, and more and more social climbing parents want their children to be immortalised in wax by him. Ree is also on good terms with Venk Kataswaran of the Golden Lotus: the Lascar is a major customer, although at present he has owed something over 500 guilders for more than a month. Ree has threatened to cut off his supply and is worried that perhaps Venk has found another supplier. Giovanni is familiar to the few ghouls of Marienburg, who act as intermediaries with the most depraved of bawds and cutthroats who supply his victims. Deecksburg knows Giovanni and fears him; for he has seen the touch of Chaos through his own sketches and knows it has consumed him.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
44	34	29	51	53	46	44	44
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	2	5	4	1	2	-

Equipment: Artists Smock, Large Floppy Beret, Belt pouch with sculpting knives, Swatches of Fabric, Rapier, 2d10 guilders.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (Tilea), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip +20%, Haggle +20%, Hypnotism, Magical Sense, Perception +20%, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue) +10%, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Trade (Apothecary) +10%, Trade (Herbalist), Trade (Sculptor).

Talents: Artistic, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Hedge Magic, Petty Magic (Hedge), Resistance to Poison, Savvy, Very Resilient.

SIGN OF THE BRUSH AND GULL

"He's the finest painter Marienburg has ever produced - artists imitate his style all over the Old World. The sad thing is, he's stopped painting. Drink got to him, I think. Now it's his students that do all the work at the studio, though none have matched his art."

"Imagine, turning me down! My money was perfectly good, and it's not as if he has dozens of commissions waiting - he hasn't done a portrait

in five years! All be wound say is that I wouldn't like what I saw. Hmph! I think he's lost his artist's eye, if you ask me."

Towards the north end of Goudberg, near the working-class homes of Ostmuur, is the Garret, an area of winding canals and narrow streets leading to small squares around which many of the successful artists of Marienburg and elsewhere make their homes. Sculptors, painters, goldsmiths, glass-blowers and other masters not only produce great works of art here, but pass on their knowledge to apprentices who show either talent, a full purse, or preferably both. The most famous of these houses is the sign of the Brush and Gull. Not a tavern, this is the studio of Hieronymous Deecksburg, widely regarded as the finest painter and portraitist in the history of Marienburg. Unusual for Marienburg, the top floor of three is the studio wherein students study technique under the watchful gaze of the master. Over a dozen easels are occupied by aspiring artists during the day, studying light and shadow, perspective and paint making. The lighting is good thanks to several skylights, and the air is redolent with the scents of paints, oils and solvents.

The ground floor is occupied by a stuffy Ostmuur master stonemason and his family, social climbers who are ecstatic to have the great Deecksburg as their neighbour. So far, he has managed to fend off their incessant invitations to a little "get-together".

Deecksburg himself lives alone on the second floor, though a housekeeper from Ostmuur makes his meals and to "make sure he doesn't just drink his supper". His digs are just what one would expect from an artist - it looks as if a storm from the Sea of Claws has just blown through, Sketch books and canvasses with half-finished works are scattered everywhere, and it looks as if the armoire hasn't been used in years. Empty bottles of fine liquor lie amidst the flotsam, testimony to the artist's troubles. It is here also that one will find Deecksburg's very private collection of charcoal sketches, hidden in a secret compartment in the armoire. The supreme expressions of his great talent, they could easily get him killed if they are ever discovered.

HIERONYMOUS DEECKSBURG

Cursed Master Artist

(artisan, ex initiate, ex tradesman)



"Try again Anton. Your sense of perspective is close, but not quite on. No, I won't show you, it wouldn't do any good. You must see the truth with your own eye."

"The poets have written that 'Art is Truth'. If so, then I have betrayed both."

In his mid-forties, Hieronymous is a once-handsome man whose face is beginning to show the ravages of drink. His blond, curly hair falls in ringlets to his collar, and his clean-shaven face sports a sad, knowing smile, but his eyes still have the piercing focus of a great artist. Nearly six feet tall and solidly built, he still cuts a quietly impressive figure when he enters a room.

Once Deecksburg loved his art and was proud of his talents. Now he still loves art, but fears his talents instead. An amazingly perceptive portraitist of the Marienburg "Realist" school, Deecksburg felt that Art was his road to truth, that he could cut through all life's veils on his canvas. So ardent was he in the pursuit of artistic truth that he joined the priesthood of Verena as an initiate relatively late in life. He seemed blessed after entering the order, for his art began to reveal the inner character of individuals, not just their surface features.

One day, painting a portrait of the High Priest of Haendryk, he slipped into a trance and painted at an amazing speed, though he later remembered nothing. When he was done, though, he was appalled and afraid, for his portrait was of a venal and greedy man without an ounce of compassion in him - and yet unmistakably it was the face of Simon Goudenkrum.

Hieronymous refused to show his work to the priest, claiming there was just a little more to be finished. Quickly, overnight, he made a new portrait that showed Goudenkrum in a much more heroic - and dishonest - light. For that betrayal of his vows, he was cursed by Verena to forever paint only the Truth; and he can't stop himself. His works show every fault and every virtue of his clients. Sadly, the wealthy who want their portraits done usually have far more of the former. Since he has no way of knowing how a portrait will turn out before he begins it, he now refuses all commissions and lives solely off teaching others.

But Verena - or perhaps Deecksburg's own love of Art - won't let him off so easily. He has a compulsion to sketch, and his sketches are starkly illuminating. He has done charcoals of many of Marienburg's powerful at their public appearances, and what he has learned of them has driven him to drink. He keeps the sketchbook under lock and key, and shows it to no one.

Hieronymous Deecksburg doesn't draw much any more - the pain of his curse and the memory of his failure before Verena weigh too heavily on him. But, one day, he was watching a ceremony at the opening of the Stadsraad when the pomp and pageantry moved him to sketch the scene. When he was done, he realised in horror that he had fallen into another of his trances and what at first seemed a harmless doodle showed instead the Cathayan diplomat, Hong Fu Chu, as a mutant monster bent on corrupting Marienburg and beyond. He has seen how Chu's reach is stretching into Marienburg, but the depression caused by his alcoholism and the fear of revealing his "talents" keep him from talking about this to those who would care.

Deecksburg knows many of the upper-crust families in Marienburg, many of whose children he tutors in art, whether they have any talent or not. As he doesn't sell his work any more, he depends on their largesse and the income from his studio for his livelihood. He consequently has a large range of contacts, but few close friends, and nobody knows his secret.

He is a close friend of Trancas Quendalmanlië of Three of a Kind, who regularly visits the studio. The Elf is concerned about Deecksburg's alcoholism, but doesn't yet know the reason

behind it. Deecksburg also knows of the corruption and depravity of Giovanni, Ree's assistant. He knows he should speak out, but to do so would reveal his own secrets. The torment has driven him deeper into the bottle, and he is often found in taverns and cheap hostelryes. Recently someone has suggested that Black Lotus might ease his pain better, and although he is resisting the temptation, he may not be able to hold out much longer.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
33	28	36	42	58	40	43	48
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	4	4	-	7	-

Equipment: Artists Smock, Sling Bag, Brushes, Charcoal, Coloured Chalks, Sketch Book with Key Lock (Key is on a chain around his neck), Flask of Fine Brandy, Dagger, 2d10 guilders.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Heal, Perception +20%, Read/Write +10%, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Artist) +10%, Trade (Calligraphy).

Talents: Ambidextrous, Artistic, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Lightening Reflexes, Public Speaking, Suave.

Insanities: Terrible Thirstings

VAN REEVELDT'S

BOATBUILDERS

"If you want a sea-going vessel, take your guilders to Suiddock or Rijkspoort - or even Elftown. But if you want something that'll make their heads turn while you 're tooling along the canals, or the best little ketch for enjoying the bay, then head down to van Reeveldt's. It'll cost, but she makes the finest day-boats around."

"Too bad she's honest - you sure she's a Wastelander? You sure she's female? I mean, the woman's got keys to the private lagoons of all the rich folk - and just to maintain their boats? Cods

*guts! A chance like that and we let it go to waste!
We ought to lean on her."*

Along the Zijdenmouw canal sit some of the best dockyards in Marienburg. These shipyards specialise in smaller craft, boats that travel the canals of Marienburg or the rivers of the Empire. From early in the morning till after sunset, craftsmen can be seen hard at work along the sloping shorelines, their hammers rapping a steady beat across a wooden skeleton or their voices singing a chant as another boat slides into the water. Captains with money or who demand the best bring their boats here for repair.

The best among these are the yards of Maria van Reeveltdt, a master boat-builder who retired from a prosperous life of river-trading to devote herself to her true love - building exquisite river and canal boats. Opening her first yard in an out-of-the-way portion of Kruiersmuur, van Reeveltdt quickly established her reputation as an artisan who would tolerate nothing less than the best. Soon she was able to buy the yards of a failing establishment in Goudberg and her business has soared like a Cathayan rocket.

Unique among the Goudberg builders, van Reeveltdt also sees to the maintenance of the canal boats she sells. Rather than waiting for them to come in for repair, she has been entrusted with keys to the private lagoons of many of the wealthy residents of Goudberg, Guilderveld, Oudgeldwijk and Tempelwijk. All of them see the possession of a genuine van Reeveltdt as a sign of status. She and her employees have leave to come and go as they please to inspect the boats, recommending work as needed. These keys are kept in a safe imported from the smiths of Zhufbar (requiring a **Very Hard (-30%) Pick Locks Test** to open, and requiring nothing less than several pounds of explosives to force open), and they are signed in and out every day by van Reeveltdt herself. During the night, a guard hired from Marquandt's Escorts stands watch over the safe.

Should anyone wish to commission a boat or have theirs repaired, van Reeveltdt charges twice the usual rates.

MARIA VAN REEVELDT

Master Boat Builder

(artisan, ex tradesman, ex boatman)



"That cursed Elf up in Elftown may think he makes the best boats, but he doesn't know a thing about building something that can actually get around in the canals."

"You want what? Get out! Out of my yards! I'll cut my wrists before I make a deal with that greasy cut-throat Henschmann!"

A few inches over five feet and weighing nearly eleven stone, Maria's weathered face testifies to years spent outdoors. With arms like hams and iron-grey hair tied in a loose bun, she is never seen without a flask of herbal tea and her tools. Her blue eyes look straight at you - never subtle, never deceptive.

Maria van Reeveltdt loves the rivers of the Old World, and she's travelled most of them. She is straightforward and honest and has devoted herself to her craft. To her, Marienburg's boat traffic is a joy, and she dislikes the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots, and their unfair hold on it.

Maria is also a deeply bigoted woman. Resentful of the Sea Elves for taking work from good Marienburg dockers and angry at the growing Tilean membership in the Pilot's Guild, she has taken Solkan's dictate of racial purity to heart and is now an avid member of the Knights of Purity, and a generous contributor to its coffers. She only employs native-born Wastelanders in her yards and makes no secret of her disdain for "mongrels", as she refers to foreigners. At the same time, she is loyal to the trust her clients place in her and would die before betraying them.

For some strange reason that neither really fathoms, she is a close friend of the artist Hieronymous Deecksburg, who often spends

hours in her yards, watching the water traffic or the builders at work. While she sees him occasionally sketching, she respects his privacy and does not ask to see his work. She is friends with Axel Huurder, and the two regularly drink together. She also often visits the Brotherhood of Purity to attend private meetings of the inner order of Knights. While she has not participated in any of the Knights' vigilante activities, she will sometimes make unmarked boats available for their use.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
48	42	50	43	47	35	41	40
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	5	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Trade Tools (Carpentry), Hand Axe, Rolled Plans, Flask of Bitter Herbal Tea, Tidal Almanac, Medallion of the Knights of Purity (under shirt).

Armour: Leather Jerkin (1 body).

Skills: Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle +10%, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Row, Sail, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Carpentry), Trade (Shipwright) +10%.

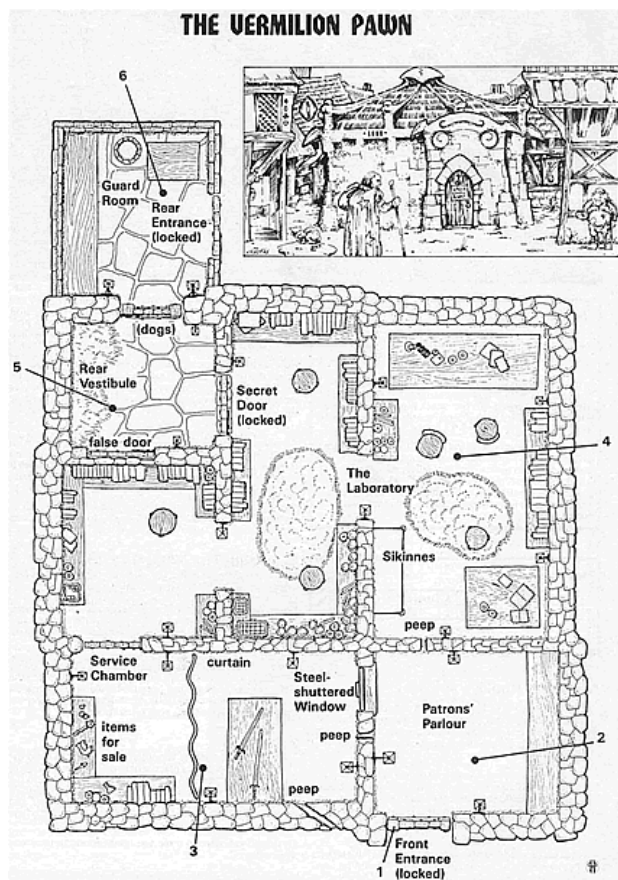
Talents: Artistic, Dealmaker, Excellent Vision, Orientation, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Very Strong.

THE VERMILLION PAWN



The Vermillion Pawn, proprietor Master Lukas Pfandleiher, performs the identification and evaluation of magic items. Master Lukas is also a source of cash loans for desperate adventurers, though they will pay high rates of interest, and must leave magical treasure behind as security.

The Pawn, as it is commonly known, is located in Goudberg and lies tucked away down a side street nestled alongside other curiosity shops.



COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"Eh? You've a magical whatsis you want priced? OOH! Let me look! No, no idea who you'd go to. Baron Hendryk's p'raps, or a banker... the Temple... Oh, there's the Red Prawn or something; that's it. Down in the Kruiersmuur..."

"Well, there's Lukas at the Vermillion Pawn, and little else to choose. You could take it to the College of Navigation and Sea Magicks, if you're a wizard. And a member. And you know what you're about. They've a library there, and maybe you can chivvy some old geezer into helping out with the research. But they're none too helpful unless you're well connected, and if you're not a member - well, forget it. Course, if you're a man of the faith, you can take it to a temple - though they don't know a lot about sorcery there, and what they do understand, they're likely to requisition - for the greater good, of course. Nope, Lukas is your best bet. Ye gods, his fees are high, but if you need cash, he's got it, and no

questions asked. He's awful fast and awful good - too good to be true, some say. He's been around for years, so he's got to be reliable."

MASTER LUKAS

Scholar

(Ex Journeyman Runesmith, Ex Apprentice Runesmith, Ex Tradesman)

Master Lukas is a pleasant-looking Dwarf in late middle age, with a slightly protruding belly, an air of scholarly dishevelment, and cheerful, penetrating blue eyes. If asked, he will say that he adopted a human name when he opened the business just over a century ago, because it describes his business better than his Dwarfen name, which he was sick of hearing mangled by his human customers. This is partly true, but his main reason is that he needed to leave his former life behind, even though the skills and knowledge it gave him are still useful.

Lukas is both a shop keeper and an accomplished scholar. In addition, he once was a promising Runesmith, a profession that officially ended in short order when he accidentally discovered a long lost method of binding Daemons into the Runes. After dabbling in such dark practices for many years, he has since moved away from the daemonic arts to resume his career as a trader, and despite his involvement in the darker side of magic, a nicer daemon summoner you could never hope to meet.

As a result of his traffick with daemonic creatures, Lukas has suffered two disabilities; neither particularly sinister. Lukas is allergic to pollen, but he stays away from the countryside, and pollen allergy is not uncommon among normal folk. He has also suffered Weakness - inconvenient but hardly crippling.

As a pawnbroker, Lukas is a remarkably agreeable sort. He charges a lot for his services, but, as he will politely explain, so do physicians and other highly trained professionals. He is an amiable but flint-willed bargainer. He knows he has an effective monopoly in his trade in Marienburg and doesn't hesitate to remind the client of it: "If you don't like my prices, well, where else can you go?"

Lukas is a respected member of the local intellectual community. Since he is an expert in magical collectibles, he is especially favoured by rich members of the Merchant houses, who are always trying to wheedle a bit of free advice out of him on what sort of treasures are particularly valuable. He is also a sought-after guest at parties, where an offhand comment from Lukas - "My, Chancellor, I see you have a set of Janacek Globes" - prompts the envy and admiration of other high status collectors.

Lukas is quite proud of his Dwarf heritage, and makes a conscious effort to treat Dwarfs generously in trade and friendship. In fact, his manner toward them borders on the patronising: "Oh my, yes, we Dwarfs have to stick together, don't we?" However, he is quite at home socialising with human and Elven scholars, wizards, nobles, and other professionals.

Lukas employs six Dwarf bodyguards, when he can get them. He outfits them with chain mail and pays them well. Typically, two guard his home in Noordmuur, two remain at the Vermilion Pawn at all times, while the remaining two accompany him as bodyguards on his walks to and from his home, his shop, and on his social visits.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
55	36	33*	53	33	67	60	37
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	3	5	3	2	-	-

* this include the reduction from weakness

Equipment: Leather Jerkin, Short Sword, Whistle (to attract the Watch if needed); Mail Shirt (Inscribed with a Permanent Master Rune of Adamant), Lukas' Wand

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (Demonology), Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Magic), Academic Knowledge (Runes) +10%, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs) +10, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Common Knowledge (The Wasteland), Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate +20%, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception +10%, Read/Write +20%, Runecraft +10%, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf) +10%, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical), Speak

Language (Dark Tongue), Speak Language (Khazalid) +10%, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary), Trade (Brewing), Trade (Herbalist), Trade (Smith) +10%, Trade (Weaponsmith)

Talents: Artistic, Dealmaker, Dwarfcraft, Grudge-Born Fury, Linguistics, Night Vision Resistance to Magic, Rune (See Below), Savvy, Stout Hearted, Sturdy

Lukas' Runes

Lukas knows many runes, including ones unknown to any other Runesmith, and the chance of Lukas knowing any given Rune should normally be determined by the needs of the plot. Lukas is willing to go to great lengths to learn new runes, and any adventurer turning up on his door with a runic item unknown to Lukas is likely to be given a very tempting offer.

Lukas' Wand (Academic Knowledge: Runes)

This short wand is carved from pure Jet and one end has been made to resemble a demonic hand clenched into a fist. Lukas purchased it from a Kislev Trader many years ago, and augmented it with two rare runes that he had discovered.

Whilst carried on their person, the wielder has access to the Dark Magic talent, which Dwarf Runesmiths may use for inscribing runes.

Once each day the wielder may exclaim the command word, ("Have at thee!" in Kazalid) and the wand will shoot out dark tendrils of magic, which confuse and frighten anyone they touch. Up to D10 targets may be affected by this, and each person hit must pass a Willpower test, or will each regard the wielder as Terrifying for the next Hour. Lukas avoids using this ability except in dire emergencies, and will claim it was created by a Grey Wizard if asked.

SIX DWARF BODYGUARDS

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
55	32	45	49	29	31	38	20
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	4	3	-	-	-

Equipment: Knuckle-Dusters, Pair of Throwing Axes, Sleeved Mail Coat and Leather Jack, Shield, 2D6 Guilders

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Dodge Blow, Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Speak Language (Kazalid), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Miner)

Talents: Dwarfcraft, Grudge-Born Fury, Night Vision, Quick Draw, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Stout Hearted, Street Fighting, Strike to Stun, Sturdy, Very Strong

Lukas's Routine

Lukas keeps irregular work hours - to discourage plotters, he says. The chance of finding him at the shop (during day-time is 50%, and 10% during the night. The rest of the time, he is typically either at his home in Noordmuur (where he refuses to see clients), doing research at the Alchemists' Guild or Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks, or on social engagements.

When he's at the shop, guards fetch food for Lukas. In addition, several dozen live rats are delivered weekly, most of which are fed to the dogs. Most, but not all...



THE PAWNSHOP

The formidable stone structure squats among shabby old hook stores, alchemical wholesalers and other shops of scholarly and antiquarian interest. Locating the place is a simple matter of enquiring among the local shopkeepers, or wandering around looking for a stone building with a red chess pawn on the door.

The shop itself is a massive, windowless stone vault, resembling a military blockhouse. The stonework is Dwarfish, dry-mortared and ponderously secure. The arched stonework of the roof is supported by thick interior walls:

"Bedrock solid!" a Dwarf might remark with satisfaction, "and as good as you're likely to see above ground." Built by Dwarfish stonemasons, the Vermilion Pawn appears to be (and, indeed, is) more secure than the average bank or prison.

A walk around the building reveals only the front door and a sturdy timber shed with a rear entrance. If Master Lukas is in, two war dogs on disconcertingly long chains are tethered in the back, ever-so-enthusiastically greeting casual visitors.

During construction, Lukas made filings from worthless cursed magic items and scattered them in the stonework to confuse magical probing. To anyone with Witchsight, the entire structure seems imbued with magic power.

1 - Front Door

This is thick oak, reinforced by iron. The two locks and three bolts on this door are Dwarf made, and can only be opened from the Service Chamber. A red pawn is painted on the door, together with a notice reading:

'Knock loudly and wait.'

Lukas scrutinises visitors from the Service Chamber through a concealed wide-angle peep lens. Unless an obvious Dwarf Runesmith, Daemon or a full regiment of troops threatens, Lukas usually releases the locks and bolts.

2 - Booth

This narrow room is fitted with a wooden bench for patrons. "Come in, and close the door behind you, for your own privacy and mine," Lukas invites, and will proceed no further until the outer door is closed and locked.

Lukas watches patrons through peep-holes. If he suspects foul play, he releases Black Lotus powder bombs through a mechanism in the ceiling of the booth. He dumps the first dose, and, if the miscreants seem merely foolish or stupid, he may open the locked door and allow them to escape to warn others against funny business. If his victims appear to be real criminals, he leaves the door locked, dumps a second dose, and sends a guard for the City Watch.

If all is in order, Lukas opens the iron shutters on the 2ft by 2ft window between the Service Chamber and the Booth. All business is conducted through this window, and at the first sign of trouble Lukas will slam the shutters and pour on the Black lotus.

Black Lotus Powder Bomb

These weapons fill a 10 yard radius with choking powder made from dried Black lotus sap which takes D10/2 rounds to dissipate. Each round anyone breathing this in must make a challenging (-10%) toughness test or not only suffer 4 wounds, but is also considered to have failed a Consume Alcohol test, as detailed on page 115 of the main rules.

Lukas has rigged these so that they fill the whole room with fumes, but for those wanting to use these items outside of this location, full rules for throwing such bombs can be found in both Old World Armoury and Children of the Horned Rat.

3 - Service Chamber

Lukas keeps his business records and minor magical trinkets in here, along with a few basic reference texts and analysis tools. These allow him to identify most common potions and devices while the patron waits.

Note that all items must be analysed and appraised by Lukas before he will even discuss offering a loan against the item, or consider purchasing the item.

The procedure is simple: Lukas explains his terms (see below) and if the patron agrees he is charged an initial 20 Guilders for each item to be identified, appraised, pawned or offered for sale. Lukas then withdraws and seals the shutters while he performs basic tests on the items. Note that if Lukas can't identify the object with his simple tests, the client must still pay the 20 Guilders advance, as the Dwarf always warns his customers.

If the tests reveal the nature and value of the item, he opens the shutters, and collects the balance for his analysis before announcing his findings. If the item requires further study and research, Lukas informs the clients and estimates when they should return for the final report.

Patrons interested in purchasing something from Lukas must explain what they seek and how much they are willing to pay before Lukas will reveal whether he has the item in question, or what he will charge for it. Bargaining will affect the sale price in the usual manner.

If the bargaining is successful, the shutters are sealed; Lukas retrieves the object, returns, opens the shutter, and concludes the deal. If Lukas and the client cannot come to terms, Lukas politely asks the client to leave, and closes the shutters. Troublesome clients are assisted from the premises by the guards, or if necessary, the Watch.

Lukas's Business Practices

Pawning Items

Lukas offers 50% of appraised value as a cash loan secured against the item. His terms are 1% interest per day on the loan with a minimum credit charge of 40 Guilders (to cover the cost of his appraisal).

Thus, if he appraises your Ring of Warding at 500 Guilders, he'll loan you 250 Guilders on the ring. You take the loan and repay it in ten days. At 1% per day, Lukas requires the 250 Guilders loan, plus 25 Guilders interest for 10 days, for a total of 275 Guilders. If you paid it back in one day, you'd only owe 2 Guilders and 10 shillings in interest, but you'd still have to pay the loan (250 Guilders) plus the 40 Guilders minimum credit charge.

Identifying Items

A flat fee of 40 Guilders + 10% of the appraised value is charged for item analysis, with 20 Guilders paid in advance.

His standing offer is, "If you think my appraised value is too high, I'll buy the object from you for that amount. If you think the value is too low, be thankful - your 10% fee is thereby reduced."

If Lukas can't fully identify the item with his basic analysis test, he offers his 'advanced research' services. "If I can't identify it by mundane methods, you can either take the object to someone else, or pay my advanced research fee: 400 Guilders and 10% of the appraised value, plus expenses for advanced research."

Advanced research takes from 4-6 weeks, with no guarantee of success. However, if Lukas can't identify the item, the client only pays the 20 Guilders basic fee, and is always free to retrieve the item and take it elsewhere for identification.

In addition to these standard methods of investigation, Lukas has recourse to a vast collection of books and tools that he can use if his Academic Knowledge skills are not sufficient. This reference material and equipment forms the basis of his advanced research, and allows him to continue gaining information where he left off. Learning everything about an item is extremely difficult for a typical adventurer, but mere child's play for experienced magical scholars like Lukas.

While in a Library like Lukas' anyone with Read/Write and the appropriate language skills may re-roll a failed Academic Knowledge skill check for each additional full day's research. In addition to this any and all Academic Knowledge skills made by a character with access to a library count as Basic skill checks. Note that Lukas will not let anyone else use his library under any circumstances, and to make use of it Characters would need to speak all three of Daemonic, Classical and Arcane Dwarf.

Items with functions deliberately or accidentally obscured, and items of inherently obscure function, provide more serious challenges to magical scholars. Various elaborate research procedures are available, most of which are either time-consuming or dangerous, and none of which guarantee success.

For these very difficult cases, Lukas can always ask his Daemon for an appraisal (see below). Lukas generally saves this as a last resort, since the Daemon charges in quarts of humanoid blood. Lukas is a nice fellow, and dislikes such practices, but he is also a practical businessman, and will use this resource when all other means have failed.

Purchasing Items

Lukas attempts to sell items for double their appraised value. On the black market he sells for a lower price, but at a greater volume.

Since it is almost impossible to buy magical items else-where, the doubled price is really rather fair:

"Folk looking for a specific item are happy to pay, and folk who complain about the prices have no business shopping in the first place," he says.

If the characters have offered a price at least as high as this, Lukas will sell the item to them straight away. Other-wise, he will haggle, trying to find the best price he can get. Obvious experts in magic gain + 10% to the test out of professional respect; Lukas may also be inclined to drop the price if the client is buying several items. Both Lukas and the characters should test - if both succeed, the process continues; if both fail, negotiations have broken down and Lukas delivers an ultimatum of paying the full price or leaving immediately. If Lukas succeeds and the characters fail, he will drop his price slightly (around 25% of the difference between what he asked and what the characters offered) and refuse to go any lower. If the characters succeed and Lukas fails, he will drop his price slightly (as above) and the haggling continues. Lukas will simply laugh off any bids below the appraised price of an item; he is no fool, and will not sell at a loss under any circumstances.

Lukas stores the majority of his wares on shelves behind the curtain, out of sight of the clients. Lukas honestly reports the true capabilities of the items to his clients - a policy he steadfastly maintains. More expensive or unusual items are available to the right sort of people, but Lukas keeps these secure in a special cabinet (see below).

Items for Sale

At any time Lukas will have several minor items for sale. Most of these will be Draughts and Oddities. However he will sell the occasional potion as detailed in *Realms of Sorcery* and some items he has inscribed with temporary runes. (Lukas will never inscribe permanent runes for fear of someone tracing him, for the same reason he will also not scribe any of the Daemonic runes he has mastered, even in temporary form.)

Lukas never lies about the effects of Items he sells, but will lie about their origin. In particular he often claims the runic items he has made are dedicated to various gods, such as Shallya, Sigmar and Morr, as he believes this will safely help obscure his abilities from the occasional curious witch hunter.

Finally at any given time there is a 10% chance that Lukas will have a single magic item or sale, often acquired from his pawn broking. Most items he acquires will already have a buyer arranged from his vast list of contacts, so most items he sells will be extremely limited in power. In addition Lukas will not knowingly sell Chaotic or Cursed Items under any circumstances. Below is an example of the kind of items Lukas may have for sale.

Lukas charges standard prices for Draughts and Oddities, and 50 Guilders per dose of potion. Items with temporary runes he sells for 100 Guilders and he will not part for magic items like the one below for less than 3000 Guilders, and often much more.

Dagger of Death

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: Any critical hit caused by this dagger is counted as 2 categories higher, so a +1 crit becomes a +3.

History: This dagger was the work of Mario Fettucini, an infamous Tilean sorcerer formerly employed by the assassins' guild of Sartosa. Its fine curving Tabaro steel blade is said to have been tempered by plunging it into the still beating heart of one of the guild's junior members, thus enthusing it with potent Shyish magics.

4 - The Lab

Lukas does most of his Advanced Research here. His client services take up only as small portion of his time. The remainder is spent on personal projects - magical studies or researching items he has purchased for his own collection. Even the Wizards' and Alchemists' Guild does not have such a fine collection of magical reference books pertinent to Lukas's trade. The value of the reference works and tools is incalculable. It would be impossible to list every tome and tool; instead, if characters get into the lab and start asking awkward questions about Lukas's equipment, the GM should improvise extensively.

Magical items of great value or interest are stored inside what appears to be a metal cabinet. This is not only soundly locked but also inscribed with a Rune Lukas has discovered.

Due to this Rune anyone apart from Lukas who attempts to open the cabinet must make a WP test or find themselves unable to do so. In addition, anyone who does manage to open the cabinet sets off the other effect of the Rune, immediately summoning Sikinnes, a Lesser Daemon who has been bound into the rune until it fades in 1001 years time. The Daemon is intelligent, can speak and is incredibly vicious. It can form thousands of tiny toothy mouths, each of which delivers a serpent's poisonous bite. (When Sikinnes is around, Lukas feeds it a live rat daily - a discouraging experience for the rat, you can be sure.)

SIKINNES

the Daemon Cabinet

(Unaligned Lesser Daemon,

Bound into a Rune)

Sikinnes normally keeps his mouths shut, as ordered by his master, however, as explained above, if someone touches the cabinet without Lukas's consent Sikinnes gleefully materialises on top of (or even inside, as he's not that big) the cabinet and attacks the improvident victim.

When not hidden within his rune, Sikinnes appears as a large purple sea anemone like creature, with 3 pairs of bat like wings and fanged mouths on the ends of his ever changing mass of tentacles.

During combat he is unable to contain his amusement, His many mouths chatter like magpies, gloating over his triumphant attack, mocking the probably-dying victim, and generally making a nuisance of himself.

Life as Lukas's servant is not such a hardship for Sikinnes. "Try a couple of eons as a Lesser Daemon sometime, and see how you like it," he observes. "The Greater Daemons stand around all day and kick molten rock and ectoplasmic slime on you. No fun, believe you and me."

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
50	22	23	37	49	39	49	14
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
D10*	12	2	3 (5)	4 (6)	-	-	-

* See Tentacles Special Rules

Skills: Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Speak Language (Riekspiel)

Talents: Fearless, Frightening

Traits: Daemonic Aura, Flier, Natural Weapons, Night Vision

Special Rules:

Rune Bound: If you are using the rules for daemons in the Tome of Corruption, note that Sikinnes does not suffer from instability, as he is bound into a rune on the material plane for the next 1001 years. If killed Sikinnes is banished to his rune and cannot immerge for the next D10 days. Under no circumstances may Sikinnes travel more than a yard from his rune, and he must obey any command given to him by the Dwarf who struck it. (In this case, Lukas)

Tentacles: Each round Sikinnes forms thousands of sinuous stalks ending in mouths and chews on the improvident victims. Because of this when making a swift attack action, Sikinnes gains a random number of attacks as shown on his profile.

Poisoned Bite: Sikinnes many fanged maws drip with venom. Any bite attack, which inflicts at least 1 Wound, deals an additional 2 Wounds unless the target succeeds a Challenging Toughness Test.

Identify Artefact: By drinking a Quart of humanoid blood and making a willpower test. Sikinnes may examine a magical artefact and gain one piece of pertinent information about it, (that is to say, its Name, Powers or History.) There is no limit to how many times Sikinnes may attempt this, but he needs a fresh quart of blood each time.

Contents of the Cabinet

In the cabinet are six items for sale, all worth several thousand Guilders but are only of interest to specific collectors.

Boots of Gucci

Academic Knowledge: Genealogy/Heraldry

Powers: When invoked with the words "Grace is beyond style", spoken in Tilean, the wearer receives a +10 bonus to Fellowship as long as the boots remain on their feet.

History: These rather ornate boots are primarily of interest to collectors, for Gucci is an enchanter of wide renown and these are a rare example of his early works. Lukas has valued this item at 16,000 Guilders.

The Sword of Tain-Ella

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: This weapon counts as magical.

History: The secrets of recharging this Elven sword - as well as the function of the device - are lost, but the sword retains its enchantment. Tain-Ella is recorded as having been a Sea Elf merchant prince of late 23rd Century. Lukas has valued this item at 3,000 Guilders.

The Hand of Hardarin

Academic Knowledge: Magic

Powers: While Hardarin holds this staff, he doubles the bonus given to his spell casting by channelling.

History: A long ebony staff ending in a clenched hand gripping a shard of jet, this staff allows Hardarin spectacular mastery of the winds of magic. Unfortunately Hardarin is over 75 years dead, somewhat limiting the items usefulness. This item possibly has use to a wizard researching similar effects and it is also speculated that it might be possible for the limitation to be altered by a master enchanter. However this would destroy the collectible value of the item. Lukas has valued this item at 10,000 Guilders.

The Rod of the Fifth Part

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: None until all parts of the staff are assembled.

History: The Rod of the Fifth Part: an ancient device of obscure origin and function, but has a wide reputation in folklore as a staff of great power if the other parts were assembled. No one knows how many parts there are in total, or where they may be, rendering this item no more than a fabulously expensive curiosity. Lukas has valued this item at 20,000 Guilders.

Tiny Armour

Academic Knowledge: Runes

Powers: Unknown

History: A badly battered miniature suit of armour for a humanoid two inches tall, engraved with three dwarf runes, none of which have been identified by Lukas. At present its origin and function are unknown, and Lukas will not part with it willingly until he has identified it.

A Gold-plated Cyclopean Skull

Academic Knowledge: Demonology

Powers: Unknown

History: Lukas has identified this skull from ancient chronicles as a decoration from a battle standard found in the wasteland, but has been unable to determine any details of the object's function or owners. Lukas will not willingly part with this item until he has identified it in more detail.

5 - Rear Vestibule

When Lukas is not present, two War Dogs are here, unchained. Otherwise, they are kept chained outside the building's rear entrance. Both are trained only to accept food from Lukas. Stats for War Dogs can be found in common animals section of the Main Rule book.

Any attempt to open the false door causes a triple dose of Black Lotus bombs to drop from a concealed trap door in the ceiling. The release catch for the secret door is between two stones to the left of the false door at knee-height. A thin object three inches long must be inserted between the stones and pressed down in order to release

the catch, which then remains open for one round - just time enough to step to the secret door and go through. However, pressing the catch does not reveal the location of the secret door, so those clever enough to find it will probably assume it opens the false door - heh, heh!

6 - Guard Room

When Lukas is not present, two guards sit here and take turns napping. When Lukas is present his personal body-guards take over, permitting the regular guards to run errands or take time off. Lukas is a gracious and generous employer. Both Lukas and the guards on duty have keys to the sturdy locks on the rear entrance. Only Lukas has the key to the locks on the door from the guard room to the rear vestibule.

Additional Security Measures

Player characters contemplating breaking and entry upon The Vermilion Pawn should be permitted an Int test to anticipate some of the following deterrents, or may with a Gossip test be informed of them by local criminals, at your discretion.

Lukas has designed elaborate precautions to protect his lab and his wares, but he knows that making his shop a fortress is not sufficient to discourage the dedicated thief. Therefore, he pays a substantial protection fee to Adalbert "Casanova" Henschmann, and no sensible Marienburg thief would think of crossing him as a result. Lukas has called on the services of Sam Warble in the past when something has gone missing. Sam would be happy to help him track down any-one who violated his privacy or ransacked his treasures and research facilities. As a consequence of these contacts Lukas will not risk his life in defence of his shop, confident that he can pursue thieves later and wreak a terrible vengeance upon them.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Vermilion Pawn can feature in campaigns as a location to be visited at need or else as a source of adventures in its own right. Perhaps the best approach is to let characters visit the shop once or twice, and then get drawn in more deeply when one of the following happens:

A valuable magical item is stolen from the player characters or from a patron or cult of the PCs. It is suggested that they approach Lukas and enlist his aid, anticipating that the thieves may try to pawn the purloined magical item at his shop.

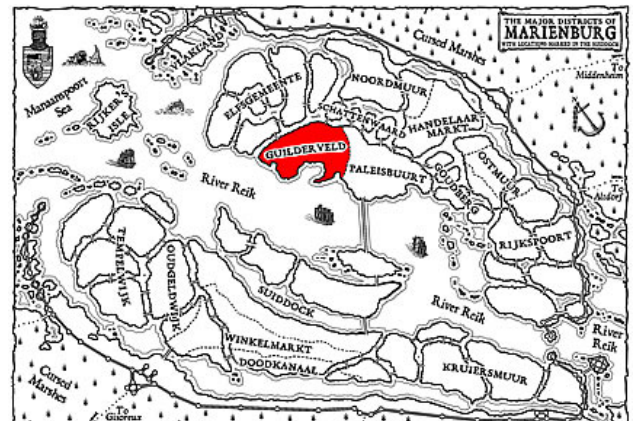
A master grey wizard with a unique teleport ritual enlists the aid of the PCs. A fellow has a fine pair of magical boots I want. I'll teleport you inside his lab, right past all his defences, and all you have to do is find the boots. I'll give you one hour, then teleport you right out. Safe as houses."

Lukas gets a wind of a plot to break into to his lab. He hires the PCs as extra guards, though as he says, "I doubt I'll need much help, I can take care of myself." In particular, Lukas has not seen fit to reveal the security secrets of his lab to his temporary employees. Pride cometh before a fall. Four Chaos mutants enter the patron's parlour. One with incredible strength rips the iron shutters aside before the Black Lotus takes effect. The PCs, sitting in the guard room, hear a shriek and a sound of rending metal shutters. Now what? Lukas managed to open the front door before he was bashed unconscious. Now the mutants, still groggy from the Black Lotus, are loose inside the lab.



GUILDERVELD

This ward of Marienburg contains major commercial and banking houses, along with other services for the rich.



COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"Guildeveld is not as classy as Goudberg, but it's livelier, and it's where I'd go to have a shot at some big deals with the Elves, without having to join the 'Change or get past the Mannikins in Elftgemeente. Dress well enough and hang about in the right clubs, and they'll think you belong there doing business - seems we all look alike to them."

"Dratted vermin! No, not the rats, the chalk artists! Look at it! They've drawn an elf kissing the backside of a dwarf right on my stoop, and I'm expecting a representative from Clan Lianllach to arrive at any minute - and he has absolutely no sense of humour! Augh! They've even signed my name to it!"

Guildeveld ("Moneyfield") is one of the newer wards of the city, having been completely rebuilt after the signing of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce. Prior to the coming of the Sea Elves, it was a lower-class district known as Noordhaven, a decaying dockland that had never successfully competed with Suiddock. A mysterious plague struck it the year the Elves came - brought, it was rumoured, on a ship from Moussillon. Although the scourge did not spread much beyond the district, Noordhaven's population was decimated.

In the wake of the plague, the Merchants' Guild presented Baron van Hoogmans with a plan; since the land was in a good location to take advantage of the new Elf haven, the Baron should simply seize the lands under his ancient rights - the Guild would then buy it from him and develop it. Baron Matteus agreed and, faced with a strong force of Tilean mercenaries, the locals had no choice but to acquiesce. Being poor already, they relocated to the city's slums, notably Doodkanaal. This act is known in history as "The Long Swim". While the Guild paid a considerable sum for the properties, the fortunes made since have more than repaid their investment.

Nowadays, Guildeveld is home to many successful businesses that provide services to the wealthy and upper middle classes of Marienburg and elsewhere. Large homes belonging to master craftsmen stand next to their well-appointed workhouses, the separate structures attesting to

their owners' wealth. There are also the offices of many of the city's mercantile concerns, while goldsmiths and gemcutters share the area with successful artists and brokerage firms. Guildeveld's bustling streets and canals are well-tended, residents and hired help making sure that everything is neat and clean - even pavement artists are run off! Nevertheless, Guildeveld sports a large number of street entertainers who earn quite a bit from the tips of passers-by. Wealth, of course, attracts the attention of thieves and other crooks, so the local ward council is careful to keep the Black Caps well-equipped and happy, and night patrols are frequent and vigilant.

DELFTGRUBER AND SON, SHIP'S CHANDLERS

"Used to be a big name hereabouts, did old Delftgruber. Then Casanova took over. That was a wild time - years ago, now, during the last 'feeding frenzy'. They found Delftgruber nailed to a Watch-house door, and it was a good thing he already had a son, if you take my meaning."

"Go to old Delftgruber's chandlery and mention my name, and you'll find you can buy more than rope. But not a word to anyone else - if Adalbert hears about this we're all dead men."

At the end of Gold Harbour canal, close to what's left of the Noordhaven waterfront in the oldest part of Guildeveld, stands a small, unobtrusive doorway with a dirty window beside it and a peeling sign reading *H Delftgruber & Son, Ship's Chandlers*. The building looks like an old converted warehouse - which, for the most part, is what it is. There is nothing to indicate that it is also the front for a smuggling operation, and was once the headquarters of one of the largest gangs north of the Rijksweg.

The worn door gives way to a small, neat shop area, with a bay window looking out onto a view of the great harbour's traffic. Hugo Delftgruber usually sits by the window to work, making the most of the daylight. Behind the counter are racks holding small items useful on a ship - lanterns, nails and so on, while a door leads to the warehouse for the larger items like barrels, sail cloth and crates of salted fish. Stairs from here lead to the upper floor, which holds the family's living quarters. A concealed door under the stairs

gives access to the deep levels of Guilderveld Island and a forgotten cistern in which Gijsbert's gang stores their boats.

The Delftgrubers were once a powerful local gang, but lost out in a gang war with Adalbert Henschmann. Gijsbert was only young then, and took no active part, but his father Hugo was found, mutilated and barely alive, nailed to a Watch-house door. His wife was never seen again. A broken man, Hugo Delftgruber is now content just to be alive and in business as a merchant.

Gijsbert runs a small-time smuggling operation with his father's collusion, but is careful not to do anything too large-scale or obvious, which might draw Adalbert's attention. Adalbert, of course, is well aware of what goes on, but lets the Delftgruber gang think that they are outside his knowledge and control with their little operation. In fact, he manipulates them as surely as he does any other criminal in Marienburg, but more subtly. And if they live in constant fear of him discovering them, he reasons, then his hold over them will be all the stronger, should he ever choose to exercise it.

GIJSBERT DELFTGRUBER

Smuggler

(smuggler, ex boatman, ex tradesman)



"And supposing I did happen to know of a discreet and reliable trader who could lay his hands on the goods you seek, what would be your best offer?"

In his early 20s, Gijsbert Delftgruber is a tall, slim, handsome young man, and he knows it. His fastidious and fashionable appearance marks him out even among the wealthier residents of Guilderveld and he is something of a local character. While his father's business isn't the

most prosperous, he appears every inch the gentleman of fashion.

Gijsbert would like to think of himself as a colourful swashbuckler, champion of the people and master of the victimless crime of smuggling. Full of ready wit and banter, he is the image of the stock character of Ranald out of the antique farces. Some people take him for a fool on account of his exterior, but he has a quick, shrewd mind and a sharp eye for the main chance. He is not lacking in courage, either - although some would claim that this is mere folly brought on by his dedication to his image.

With his colourful appearance, just about everyone in this part of Marienburg knows Gijsbert by sight. His smuggling gang is based in the Red Cock Inn near the east end of Guilderveld, and he is on friendly terms with the owner, Donat Tuersveld. He knows and is wary of "Casanova" Henschmann and his followers, and generally keeps away from that side of the town. Gijsbert regards Gerardus Hondschoen as his mentor and role model, and his father with sentimental pity.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
43	39	41	33	45	43	33	46
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Loud Clothes, Rapier, Dagger, Jewellery worth 25 guilders.

Skills: Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle +10%, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Row, Sail, Search +10%, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move +10%, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim +10%, Trade (Shipwright), Trade (Tailor).

Talents: Dealmaker, Hardy, Orientation, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Streetwise, Very Strong.

HUGO DELFTGRUBER

Trader

(tradesman, ex racketeer, ex catburglar,
ex thief, ex smuggler)



"You should talk to my son about that idea. I've no idea what the rest of the world gets up to."

"I don't remember. I just sell rope, that's all! I'm no one, from nowhere! Leave me alone!"

Hugo Delftgruber, or Old Delftgruber as he is usually known, is a drab, scrawny-looking man in his late fifties. His narrow, sharp features are deeply etched, and he has a distracted, slightly absent-minded manner. His hands are slightly twisted, as if with serious arthritis. He wears fingerless gloves most of the time, but if anyone inspects his hands closely they will find scars on the palms and backs, as if nails were driven through them several years ago.

On matters to do with ship's outfitting, Hugo Delftgruber is as sharp, bright and efficient as any Guilderveld merchant charging three times the price. Apart from occasional periods of abstraction, he is a master of his trade and many ship captains deal exclusively with him.

Should the conversation drift onto other topics, however, Old Delftgruber's eccentricities come a little more to the fore. He knows very little of what goes on in Marienburg, as he hardly ever leaves his shop. His almost complete lack of knowledge and curiosity is rare among Marienburgers, and is enough for a number of his neighbours to be convinced that he's completely mad. He is timid in the extreme. He does not care to hear about events in the outside world, and will ask people to change the subject; if they insist on forcing some item of news upon him, he will react very badly.

Old Delftgruber never speaks about his past, when he was one of the north city's most feared crime bosses, or of his downfall at the hands of the dreaded Adalbert Henschmann - he either can't or won't remember anything from this period of his life, and if anyone tries to ask him about it, he must immediately test on his insanities.

Old Delftgruber has a number of regular customers, but knows almost nobody else. Friends from "the old days" will occasionally drop in, but they don't stay long, since he gets upset easily. He tries to have nothing to do with the smuggling operation, or at least, as little as possible. Having tasted Adalbert's vengeance once, he is not keen to suffer again. He has a close friend in Sumieren Imlordil of Priceless Friends, whose life Hugo once saved during the same gang war that cost him his power. Sumieren doesn't visit often, but his response would be instant and violent should he learn of anyone harming his friend. He has not set eyes on Loretta Wakker of the Gentlemen's Club since the night she betrayed him to Adalbert Henschmann, and it would likely tip him completely over the edge if he was ever to come face to face with her again.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
57	53	52	43	53	48	39	35
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	5	4	4	-	14	-

Equipment: Shop, Account Books.

Skills: Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment +10%, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate +20%, Gamble, Gossip +20%, Haggle +10%, Intimidate, Perception +20%, Pick Lock, Read/Write, Row, Scale Sheer Surfaces +10%, Search +10%, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Language (Thieves Tongue) +10%, Secret Signs (Thief), Shadowing, Silent Move +20%, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Kislevite), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Carpenter), Trade (Shipwright).

Talents: Alley Cat, Dealmaker, Menacing, Savvy, Street Fighting, Streetwise, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Super Numerate, Trapfinder.

Insanities: Heart of Despair, Knives of Memory.

ARKAT FOOGER'S

COUNTING HOUSE

"Marienburg's queer place. Where else can an Elf walk up to a Dwarf, ask for money and, instead of being shown the door with a bootprint on his backside, get a loan? Then again, knowing old Fooger, that same Elf's grandson will still be paying off the debt."

"You think your Emperor is rich, Altdorfer? Look over there. See that building? Yeah, the one with the axe-boys guarding the front. That there is the Fooger bank, as in Director Fooger, one of the Ten! Enough money flows through there each day that he could buy your precious Emperor five times over and set him to digging ditches."

At the eastern end of Guilderveld is an impressive building that speaks of wealth, power, tradition and security - the counting house and vaults of the House of Fooger, bankers to nobility, insurers to the world. Sitting among other banking and merchant houses along the canal known officially as Baron Frederik's Folly, and more commonly as Usurers' Row, the building is an impressive four-storey structure built of stone and brick, capped with high-peaked roofs, each sporting several chimneys that speak of the luxuriant comfort of those within.

The Counting House sits well back from the canal, forming one side of a small plaza with churches to Haendryk and Verena to the right and left of it. Hundreds of people from all levels of society pass through the plaza each day, rushing from one deal to the next. Dozens of them make for the great double doors of "De Oud Foogershuis", built of imported oak and guarded night and day by four axe-wielding Dwarfs wearing the livery of the House of Fooger.

The ground floor is one large room, a beehive of activity with more than a score of clerks furiously scribbling in their ledgers, tallying the day's profits and losses based on messages bought in by runners. Expensive tapestries line the walls, and a teak railing separates the foyer from the main work area. At the rail's gate, a Dwarf of House Fooger screens incoming clients to check whose business is legitimate and rich enough, and whose requirements "may best be served by other, lesser institutions than this".

Those who pass muster are escorted by pages to the second floor where merchants in the House's employ handle all their financial needs. The third is given over to the new Fooger insurance brokerage, a revolutionary enterprise conceived and developed by Arkat Fooger himself, and one that has been very profitable until lately. The topmost office is the private domain of Director Fooger and his staff, where he personally sees important clients, including representatives of nobility and royalty from around the Old World. He also has private quarters here, used when he has to stay late on House or Directorate business. Finally, a secret passage on the ground floor leads down to the Fooger vaults, which hold the House's gold reserves and other precious items that clients pay to have stored there.

Characters may have direct business with the House of Fooger when they need a large loan (smaller loans are better served by a pawnbroker such as Three Guilders Emporium) or insurance, or if they wish to store valuables in the safest environment in Marienburg. But so much money, clean and dirty, passes through House of Fooger that many plots could draw adventurers here.

Loans accrue 15% interest per year, or 2% per month for loans of less than a year, and all loans must be made against some kind of physical collateral. The Fooger's are very strict about prosecuting anyone who defaults on a loan, and very successful at getting their money from non-payers, in kind if not in cash. Insurance for cargoes is available for 5% of the declared value, which is set by inspectors in the House's employ. Those wishing to store items may do so for a fee of 1% of the item's value per week, minimum 1 guilder. Rates for longer terms are negotiable.

The bank uses its own team of bailiffs to recover property from those unable to pay their debts. These range from jewellery, paintings and cargoes to horses, houses, businesses and ships. Smaller items are stored in a large warehouse on the old Noordhaven docks, where on the first Guilstag of each month there is a large auction where everything is sold off, attracting people from all over the city.

ARKAT FOOGER

Director and Master Banker

(guild master, ex politician, ex merchant, ex steward, ex scholar, ex student)



"Of course, Count Von Kohl, discretion is a speciality of the House of Fooger. You may tell your royal mistress that a credit note for 10,000 crowns will arrive within a month, and no one else need ever know of it. The Crown of Margaritha will be as safe here as if it were in Haendryk's own purse. Just sign here. And I hope she enjoys her new wardrobe."

"Marienburg was as a co-operative in which everyone could profit. But now there are those on the Directorate who see it and its people as their personal property. That is the road to ruin."

An elderly but impressive Dwarf of over 150 years. Wrinkles of care and wisdom line his face, and his immaculate beard hangs over his paunch to his knees. His dignified bearing commands attention and respect.

Arkat Fooger was groomed from childhood to be his clan's head and a powerful financier. His father, Roenekaath, spared no expense for his education, and the investment has paid off. "Old Fooger", as he is respectfully called, has built his clan's fortunes until they can no longer be ignored, culminating in his elevation to the Directorate in 2428. He is stern, reserved, and a very shrewd businessdwarf. While he gives nothing away to the competition, he never cheats his customers either. And, for over a century, his spoken word has been regarded as an iron bond. His devotion to clan and city are paramount, and the fortunes of the House of Fooger are irrevocably tied to those of Marienburg.

Lately, however, he has been under great stress, as the House's fortunes have suffered from recent losses. Several heavily insured cargoes have been lost at sea, and Arkat has had to dip deeply into Fooger reserves to meet the payments. He has begun to suspect that more than chance is at work, and that one or more of his fellow Directors may be plotting his downfall.

Strain has taken its toll on Director Fooger - nervous tension and a need for sleep have led him to use Black Lotus to relax. Now he is addicted, and finds he cannot get through the day without a pipe or two... or three. At first, his trusted major-domo Jan brought him his drug, but then refused (and was fired) when Fooger's need grew stronger. Now he ventures to Marienburg's "dream parlours" in the guise of a common Dwarf, his shame leading him to deny his problem even to those closest to him. He often spends whole nights on a filthy bunk in a blissful stupor. So far, no one has recognised him, but his closest aides fear the day he is exposed and are at a loss over what to do.

Arkat is a close friend of Sister Marianne of St Rutha's Orphanage, having met when she brazenly asked him for money, right there on the street. He is a patron of the arts and has decorated his mansion and offices with paintings from the students of Hieronymous Deecksburg, though he is puzzled at the Master's refusal to do a portrait of him.

A less friendly connection is Jan, the former major-domo. Not only is he resentful of his treatment by Fooger, he also knows a great deal about the inner workings of the bank, and its current vulnerability. He plans to extort money from Fooger in return for his silence, but if he doesn't get it then he may take what he knows to one of the Counting-House's many rivals, possibly even one of the other Directors.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
50	45	50	53	42	35	40	40
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	5	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Rich clothes befitting a Dwarf of station, Gold Clan Head's Ring worth 200 guilders, Gold and Ruby Directors Pectoral worth 500 guilders, and anything else he wants – he's rich!

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Academic Knowledge (History) +10%, Academic Knowledge (Law) +20%, Academic Knowledge (Runes), Blather, Charm +20%, Command +20%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Common Knowledge (Dwarves), Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +10%, Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate +20%, Gossip +20%, Haggle +20%, Intimidate, Perception +20%, Performer (Actor), Read/Write, Ride, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Arabyan), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Classical), Speak language (Khazalid) +10%, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Merchant) +20%, Trade (Miner), Trade (Smith).

Talents: Dealmaker, Dwarfcraft, Etiquette, Grudge Born Fury, Linguistics, Master Orator, Night Vision, Public Speaking, Savvy, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Streetwise, Sturdy, Super Numerate.

GROENEWOUD'S FINE MEATS, FRESH FISH AND ABATTOIR

"Best meats and fish in the city in that shop, m'friend! Old Boni's a good soul too. He gives duty Watchmen free meat pies and tea, to show his appreciation for the 'boys in black'. Good enough to make a Halfling cry for joy, they are. In fact, I think it's time for m'lunch break."

At the northern tip of Guilderveld by the Westbrug bridgetown and across from Schattinwaard sit two buildings far too elegant to be called "butcher shop" and "slaughterhouse" respectively.

The brass plaque by the entrance to the shop reads *'Fine Meats and Fish. B. Groenewoud, prop.'* Small diamond windowpanes provide passers-by with glimpses of mouth-watering sausages, delectable racks of ribs, and fresh fish, among other delights on crushed ice. Inside, a fur-coated lad offers herbal tea to warm the bones

of high-born customers, warding off the chill brought on by the great blocks of ice imported at much expense from the distant north to keep the store and its goods cold.

The two buildings sit in a walled compound. The shop itself, a two-storey half-timber structure with Bonifatius's quarters on the second floor, faces Three Fools' Lane. The lower portion consists of two rooms, a public display area with icebox cases that display the day's offerings and holds both Groenewoud's desk and some comfortable chairs for clients waiting for their orders. Behind the cases and through a heavy locked oaken door is a cold locker that stores dressed carcasses ready for carving. Only Groenewoud and his abattoir staff are allowed in here.

The compound opens onto Three Fool's lane via a double-gate that is mainly used by drovers bringing Kleinland cattle and sheep the short distance from Schroedinger's docks - Groenewoud is careful to make sure the animals are delivered by back alleys and side streets, so as not to disturb his neighbours. Daily deliveries of ice arrive during the predawn hours and are handled by the slaughterhouse foreman. A large Imperial warhound, Griff, has the run of the yard at night and discourages anyone from taking home free samples.

The abattoir squats at the back of the compound by the canal, a utilitarian structure with thick walls to keep the sounds of slaughter from disturbing the neighbours. Blood and other unused parts are sold to the Channel Rats, who market the remains to shops in the poor parts of town - places where people consider head cheese and pickled knuckles a delicacy. Inside the abattoir is a single large warehouse filled with killing pens, meat-hooks, bloody saws and knives still covered with bits of blood and bone, drains in the floor to collect the fluids, and the occasional human corpse hanging from a chain, ready to be ground up and spiced for tomorrow's sausages.

For Bonifatius Groenewoud is devoted to Khaine, and delights in turning his upstanding neighbours into occasional cannibals.

BONIFATIUS GROENEWOUD

Cannibal Butcher

(assassin, ex initiate, ex spy,

ex tradesman, ex camp follower)



"I'm proud to say I've put meat on the Stadtholder's table. Care to sample the pate he'll be serving tomorrow?"

"There will be a ritual feast tomorrow night. Find a sacrifice and bring him here - you know what to do, you've done it enough times before. And no snacking!"

In his late forties, "Boni" Groenewoud is a heavy-set barrel-chested man with thinning brown hair, a ruddy complexion, and twinkling eyes that speak of someone who loves his work and loves to chat with customers. His hands are thick, and his fingers resemble small sausages, but they're surprisingly deft when he's handling a carving knife - or a garrotte during ceremonies.

Outwardly a model citizen, Groenewoud is an insane cultist who seeks to spread his murderous master's worship by creating a nest of ghouls in Marienburg. By feeding Human (and more rarely Elf, Dwarf, and Halfling) meat to his unsuspecting clients, Bonifatius hopes to spontaneously trigger some innate tendency towards ghoulishness in Humans. He has had some success, and over the last few years has created perhaps a half-dozen ghouls, who now reside in Marienburg's ancient underworld, regarding Groenewoud as their leader. It also appeals to his sense of humour to occasionally slip such meat to the high and mighty.

Boni hopes through all this to become a full priest of Khaine. While anxious to do the lord of Murder's will, he is also cautious and only takes one victim per month - generally from among sailors or the nearby foreign ghettos.

Bonifatius Groenewoud is well connected, being on friendly terms with the local Watch and the wives and servants of many of the leading families of Marienburg - it is becoming a symbol of status to have one's meat supplied by Groenewoud's. He does business with Venk Kataswaran of Suiddock, the drug dealer occasionally supplying him with sacrifices from among his clientele. The Lascar knows they are used for sacrifice, but knows nothing of the growing ghouls' nest. Groenewoud knows that Dr Vesalion deals with grave-robbers and hopes to use this information for blackmail - perhaps even to make a convert of someone highly placed with the cult of Shallya.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
58	49	44	51	63	52	62	51
3	15	4	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: White Smock and Cap, Set of Carving Knives, Masters Medallion of the Butcher's Guild, Garrotte, Khainite Shrine and Robes, 5d10 guilders.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment, Disguise, Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip, Haggle +10%, Heal, Lip Reading, Perception +20%, Performer (Actor), Pick Lock, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Shadowing +10%, Silent Move +10%, Sleight of Hand +10, Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Merchant), Trade (Cook) +20%.

Talents: Dealmaker, Flee, Hardy, Lightening Reflexes, Linguistics, Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Savvy, Schemer, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Street Fighting, Streetwise, Very Resilient, Very Strong, Warrior Born.

THE RED COCK INN

"Now there's the place to do real business, laddie! Donat's one o' the gang, ye know. In like flint with 'Casanova'. Just don't be obvious and he'll provide a safe place to hide hot goods - or

your own hot hide, should the Excise be after ye!"

"Excellent place to take a client. The food is marvellous - do try the herring in aspic - and even the riff-raff are well behaved. They say Tuersveld was a pirate in his youth and may still have his hands in the barrel. Don't believe it, myself. He's not coarse enough."

Midway along the inner shore of Gold Harbour, by the side of the Onionwater Canal, a thirsty traveller will find the sign of the Red Cock Inn, Donat Tuersveld, innkeeper. For over thirty years the Red Cock has been known for good food, good beer and a respectable atmosphere. And, for the same time, it has been the preferred safe house for smugglers in the north of the city looking for a place to store contraband.

The inn is a large single storey structure, built of stone and timber about two centuries ago. Up a small flight of steps and through the doors lies the main room dominated by a central horseshoe-shaped bar that at night is busy enough to be worked by three bartenders. The ends of the bar sit against a wall that separates the main hall from the kitchens. At the rear of the kitchens are doors leading onto the canal, where deliveries are made by boat and trash dumped in the sluggish water.

The inn's tables and semi-private booths are often populated by local merchants. While the Red Cock doesn't offer private meeting rooms, the staff make sure that customers who don't want to be disturbed aren't. Unlike many business owners Donat Tuersveld does not live above his premises, preferring to rent rooms at a nearby boarding house.

The Red Cock has a second life that begins soon after the doors close at midnight. A grate with disguised hinges covers the entrance to what was once, centuries ago, a minor canal that fed the Onionwater. As the island was built higher and higher, the canal was gradually covered over and forgotten. Tuersveld, a former pirate, bought the Red Cock when he discovered the old canal connected to a basement under the inn.

In the years since, many smugglers have hidden their goods in the Red Cock's secret basement, paying a storage fee to Donat that varies on the size and riskiness of the cargo, and how well he

knows them. People needing to get in and out of Marienburg unobserved have also used the Inn's services, entering or exiting through the secret door in the kitchen's pantry. A careful watch of the Red Cock might reveal customers who enter but never leave, or who leave without having been seen to enter.

If, however, all you want here is a meal, price and quality are both 10% above average.

DONAT TUERSVELD

Innkeeper

**(racketeer, ex thug, ex tradesman,
ex smuggler, ex seaman)**



"Welcome! I've not seen you folk around here before, what's your pleasure? Eh? Sorry, you've the wrong place for that - try somewhere in Suiddock. How about some beer instead?"

"Lower your voice, for Ranald's sake - you're sticking out like a Halfling in a brothel! You want out of Marienburg?" That can be arranged. The fee is 200 guilders, firm. Now do as I tell you. Come back next Guilstag - what, tonight? That's double the price. Go and sit over there, by the hearth. Say nothing, do nothing except enjoy a good meal until closing. Then we'll move you. And stop shaking, man!"

A strong man in his late fifties, the muscle only beginning to turn to fat. Cornflower blue eyes sparkle in a friendly face framed by a trim sandy beard. Bald on top and with a broken nose, his skin has been weathered and burned by years at sea.

Donat Tuersveld was once a pirate, serving under the Sartosan captain Stefan Jaanzoon "the Howler". Injury lead him to reconsider the life of a reaver, and so he retired to his native Marienburg, bought the Red Cock when he

discovered its secret, and began running both sides of its business. As it turns out, he has a natural talent at playing the gracious host.

Tuersveld has no ambition other than to quietly run his business and die peacefully in bed. He is a high-ranking member of the 'Guild We've Never Heard Of', and tries to act as a mediator among the league's various gangs. More than most, he realises that another feeding frenzy between the city's gangs would be bad for everyone's business. Donat Tuersveld has many contacts among both the legitimate business community of Guilderveld and Marienburg's underworld. He is respected for his judgement by Adalbert Henschmann, and is able to moderate "Casanova's" more violent impulses.

He despises the Lascar and suspects his involvement in the body trade. He regularly buys meat from Boni Groenewoud, though he has no idea of the butcher's real business. He occasionally sells information to Trancas of Three of a Kind if it is in the League's interests. There is a reward on his head of 300 gold ducats from the Miragliano authorities, who know him by his old nom-de-guerre of Karl the Wolf.

While he gave up the life of a pirate years ago, Donat Tuersveld is still willing to take risks when the stakes are worth it. Now he is convinced that Adalbert Henschmann cannot prevent another gang war, and so he has begun building alliances, working to eliminate "Casanova" and put himself, a smart businessman, in charge. By slowly making allies of the minor guilds, small gangs and solo operators in Marienburg, he hopes to gather enough influence and power to take out Henschmann with minimal bloodshed. He has recruited the younger Delftgruber to the cause, and among others has made allies of Guan Lo Fat and some of the many Tilean gangs in the city. Still, he is many months if not years from making his move, unless the sudden outbreak of another feeding frenzy forces his hand.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
51	52	50	52	41	44	35	45
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	13	5	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Good practical clothes befitting a respectable businessman, Dagger, Keys to pantry

and canal gate, Gold loop earring in left ear worth 10 guilders, Ring of Fortitude, 4d10 guilders.

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +10%, Consume Alcohol +10%, Dodge Blow +20%, Drive, Evaluate +20%, Gamble, Gossip +20%, Haggle +20%, Intimidate, Perception +20%, Read/Write, Row +10%, Sail, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Speak Language (Kislevite), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Swim +10%, Trade (Cartographer), Trade (Shipwright).
Talents: Dealmaker, Disarm, Hardy, Lightening Reflexes, Quick Draw, Resistance to Poison, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Street Fighting, Streetwise, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Swashbuckler, Very Resilient, Wrestling.

Ring of Fortitude (Academic Knowledge: History)

Fashioned by the first Collegiate Wizards to aid the fight against the Hordes of Chaos, these iron rings, engraved with the image of a Griffon, were given to the Captains and Officers of the Imperial armies, so that they would not flee in the face of their hideous enemies.

- Grants +10% to the wearers Will Power Characteristic.

SYBO'S MYSTIC EMPORIUM

"Used to be his brother Leo ran the business, he always was the more talented of the two. But he went on a collecting trip to the Southlands colony a few years ago and came back changed - strange, you might say. He wouldn't leave his house, nor deal with customers. One day, Sybo sent a message saying Leo had left and moved away - to Kislev, I heard. At first, some folk suspected Sybo of doing away with his brother, but we still get letters from him, and he does pay his dues. Guess he just wanted a change."

"He's never open, dearie. Never opens a window or draws a curtain. The Gods alone know what he does in there."

Sybo Haan is the ostensible proprietor of Haan's Custom Magicks, where items are given minor enchantments for those rich enough to afford their utility or luxury value. The shop is fairly spacious, the windows are usually shuttered, the curtains drawn, and the doors are both bolted and chained on the inside and are reinforced by ritual magic (such that it would require a being with a Strength of over 70% to be able to force open the doors). Sybo very rarely opens for business: most customers write to make appointments. Sybo's well-to-do landlord (an agent of the de Roelef family) accepts some minor magical services in lieu of rent, and this allows Sybo to advertise his influential patronage as a mark of the quality of his work.

Visitors - only seen with an appointment - are expected to wait in the reception room downstairs while Sybo prepares himself and any items he has readied for them. The slightly twitchy young wizard usually entertains visitors with the sounds of his three Norse bloodhounds (huge, vicious, slavering watchdogs) growling and snarling. Sybo is always nervous and feels more secure with these dogs around.

Sybo's bedroom and his upstairs workroom, which visitors won't normally see, both have very strongly reinforced doors (requiring a **Very Hard (-30%) Strength Test** to breach), with Magic Lock spells cast on them, which Sybo locks and bolts into the bargain. The windows of this house are made of enchanted glass, as tough as cast iron, and the window frames themselves are just as tough (Sybo is proud of having attended to this detail). The sash windows will only open if the signet ring Sybo wears is touched to the frames. The windows require a **Very Hard (-30%) Strength Test** to break due to these enchantments, and if struck they emit a loud, ringing tone for 2D10 rounds.

Down in the basement, an arcane rune is carved into the wall at the bottom of the steps. Passing this without uttering the password "Safe", results on a Universal Confusion spell being cast upon the trespasser.

The Haan Range

The Haans make fairly minor magics for the rich, and use many of them in their own home. They are talented improvisers, and their creations are

enchanted variations of standard household items: among them are coffee-pots which stay hot for hours, talking door plaques that can hold a short announcement, fuelless room heaters, and candles that light at a stroke of the wick.

Prices for these items vary according to the size, utility and complexity of the item and the nature of its enchantment, and how much Sybo thinks his customers will cough up. Prices usually start at 50 guilders for a small self-cleaning bedpan to 120 guilders for self-polishing and drying boots, and really elaborate magical fashions can cost 2000 guilders or more for a fine full evening outfit complete with magically sparkling earrings.

SYBO HAAN

Consulting Wizard

(journeyman wizard, ex apprentice wizard)



"I can manage an appointment for you in, ah, two weeks after I've done the van de Merwe's scented commode tray. Perhaps you'd like a self-fitting corset? You're obviously a man of action, but age takes its toll, eh? And it keeps up appearances for the University Rector's brunch. Anything you can think of, I can try to make for you - for my usual fee, of course."

Sybo is of average height and medium build, 28 years old, with curly fair hair worn fairly short. He has well-defined facial features, and is quite handsome and charming. His blue eyes seem always to be alive, darting to and fro; disconcertingly, he avoids mutual gaze with others, which makes him appear slightly shift. He dresses fairly sloppily most of the time, but when he goes out at nights he looks very sharp in blue, cream and silver Estalian-tailored doublet and britches.

Sybo is naturally a friendly person, sociable and warm, but he has a strong streak of insecurity and is paranoid about protecting his home and

workplace - his brother's troubles are taking their toll on him. He frequently pays small considerations to Watchmen to make a detour or two past his home during their patrols, and when he is out the dogs have the run of the place.

Sybo is really only the junior partner in the custom-magic business. He has been happy to go along with it because the money is good and out of pity for his brother. But since Leo, his brother, has become more self-obsessed and has been drawn into butcheries and deals with grave-robbers, Sybo has become unhappy about his life in Marienburg. He is even beginning to resent his work, and secretly plans a possible escape from his brother - possibly as far as Cathay.

Sybo does all the direct dealings with others, and by the nature of his work he often needs the help of craftsmen to fashion the items he enchants. He has to deal with Sumieren Imlordil of Priceless Friends, who imports Lustrian monkeys for Leo's researches, and who wouldn't be at all happy to find out what Leo has been doing with them. Sybo also deals with Dmitri Hrodovsky for certain rare "medicaments", and since both of them are salesmen they enjoy haggling with each other. Dmitri is convinced Sybo is an addict, and doesn't suspect the drugs are for Leo's researches. There is a rivalry with Wilhelm Rotkopf, however, and Sybo loses no chance to badmouth him. Lastly because his work involves dealing with the rich, Sybo has developed a fondness for visiting places where the rich enjoy themselves, and the Red Cock Inn has become a frequent haunt of late.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
45	28	41	53	50	54	49	37
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	5	4	2	-	-

Equipment: Fine Tilean Doublet, First Strike, Amulet of Jade, 50 guilders (double at night).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Runes), Academic Knowledge (Magic) +10%, Channelling +10%, Charm, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Gossip, Magical Sense +10%, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim.

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Lore (Metal), Lesser Magic (Magic Alarm, Magic

Lock), Meditation, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy, Very Strong, Very Resilient, Warrior Born.

LEO HANN

Vivisectionist

(barber-surgeon, ex apothecary,

ex master wizard, ex journeyman wizard,

ex apprentice wizard)



"If you find any freshly dead Halflings, I'll pay the best price you'll get. But they must be fresh! Freshly dead! Maybe not even quite dead yet."

Leo is of medium height and build with thin fair hair, which has begun to fall out in patches. He is very self-conscious about his decaying appearance, which is exacerbated by his addiction to Caru, an imported Lustrian stimulant. Leo suffers insomnia and anorexia, and his skin is raw and flaking badly, where it isn't scabbed. A desperate man, he might even be ripe for recruitment by a cult that offered the promise of lifting his curse. It is also obvious that his researches are taking him perilously close to necromancy.

Leo actually does most of the Haan business's enchantments, but has become increasingly reclusive to the point where people think he has left. Five years ago, aged 30, he stole a magical artefact from a shaman's hut in the Southlands, triggering a vicious and powerful curse. The curse makes his body slowly rot away, and Leo can't decide if it will eventually kill him or, worse yet, let him live as a horrible monster. Unable to lift the curse by the normal means, or to find a magician or priest who could do it for him, Leo has sunk himself into experiments to try to create a cure. Experiments with creatures resistant to magic and Chaos (especially Halflings), exotic live animals and their still-quivering glands, and

worse fill Leo's time in the basement. He now only does magic-item work if it's beyond Sybo.

Leo always works alone in the combination of alchemical laboratory, morgue and vivisection parlour which comprises his workroom, spending almost all his waking time there, collapsing into drug-free exhaustion only after long experimenting sessions. The main workshop is a frightful sight, packed with preserved body parts, bottled organs and glands, pickled organs and much worse.

Leo has very few contacts and when, if ever, he goes out at night to meet them he wears a disguise or a hooded cloak to hide his appearance. He deals regularly with grave robbers, and has some contact with junior morticians at the Physikers's and Barbers' College. While Leo formerly had several friends at the Guild of Wizards and Alchemists, over the years he has not visited the Guild and his full membership has lapsed, retaining only Corresponding Member status, helping to foster the belief that he has moved away from Marienburg to a location unknown.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
44	42	43	36	53	67	64	38
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	3	4	3	4	-

Equipment: Power Crystal (True Sapphire), Ring of Fey Bane, Robes of the Wraith, Southlands Fertility Idol, Filthy Cloak and Clothing, Surgeons Apron, Dissection Kit, Alchemical Equipment, Casket with 255 guilders.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Academic Knowledge (Magic) +20%, Academic Knowledge (Science) +10%, Channelling +20%, Charm, Common Knowledge (Araby), Common Knowledge (Southlands), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Gossip, Haggle, Heal +10%, Intimidate, Magical Sense +20%, Perception +10%, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Araby), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Apothecary).

Talents: Acute Hearing, Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Lore (Heavens), Dark Magic, Lesser

Magic (Aethyric Armour, Magic Alarm, Magic Lock), Meditation, Menacing, Mighty Missile, Petty Magic (Arcane), Resistance to Poison, Savvy, Strong Minded, Very Strong, Very Resilient. Mutation: Rotting Flesh

Amulet of Thrice Blessed Copper (Academic Knowledge: History)

A commonly fashioned item, originating from distant Cathay, these amulets are often traded for other goods and services by Cathayan merchants travelling to Marienburg.

- The Damage of all attacks on the wearer are reduced by 1.
- The amulet grants +20% to Toughness Tests to resist the effects of Poison.
- Amulet turns green when placed within an inch of poison.

First Strike (Common Knowledge: Elves)

A narrow bladed silver dagger, it enhanced the danger-sense of its bearer, allowing the wielder to invariably act before any opponent, even if caught by surprise.

- Grants the bearer the Quick Draw and Sixth Sense Talents.
- The wielder may choose to act first in any round in which he begins the round holding First Strike, as long as the dagger is used for any attack actions. This is in place of the wielders usual round on their Initiative.

Power Crystal – True Sapphire (Academic Knowledge: Magic)

Teclis taught the first patriarchs of the Colleges of Magic the art of solidifying raw magic into stones, allowing them to be kept for future use when most needed. This crystal is solidified Blue Wind.

- When casting a spell of the Blue wind, the caster may use two additional casting dice over his normal allowance. This destroys the Power Crystal.

Ring of Fey Bane (Academic Knowledge: History)

Fashioned by the chief advisor to the Elector Count of Hochland, this ring is designed to

protect against those who might seek him harm. Made overconfident by the rings power, it was lost during a failed foray into Laurelorn Forest.

- The wearer takes only half-normal damage from the attacks of Elves. In addition the wearer receives a +10 bonus to all tests related to spells and special abilities employed by Elves.
- Any Elf wishing to take possession of the ring must first pass a Hard (-20%) Will Power Test or be unable to take it.

Regardless of success or failure, the Elf immediately suffers a Damage 5 hit that ignores Armour.

- Any Elf who wears the ring suffers -15% to Fellowship whilst it is worn.

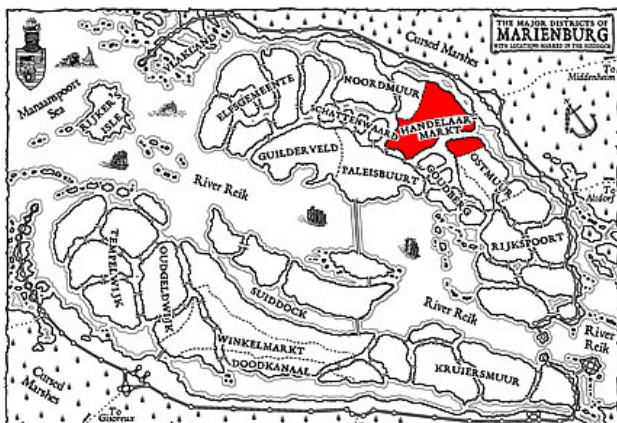
Robes of the Wraith (Academic Knowledge: Necromancy)

The court vestments of a long dead vizier of Nekehara, the creatures centuries of unlife imbued a part of its essence upon the robes upon its destruction.

- Grants +20% to the wearers Concealment Skill and +10% to their Intimidation Skill.
- A magic user wearing these robes may attempt to cast the Lore of Shadows spell 'Shroud of Invisibility' at their normal Magic Characteristic.

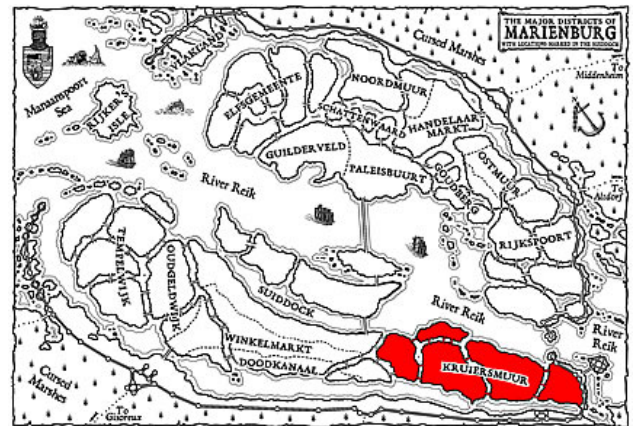
HANDELAARMARKT

This ward of Marienburg is a breeding ground for up-and-coming small businessmen, and has a sharp reputation.



KRUIERSMUUR

Kruiersmuur ('Porter's Wall') is the oldest working-class neighbourhood in Marienburg, occupied by shopkeepers and artisans.



COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"They're hard-working, solid people. Not the most popular place to live, what with it being off that damned ditch – you know, the Dead Canal – but the folk there take care of their own business – even the Bretties. Too bad they're stuck with that loony-bin."

"I'll grant the house needs some repair, mijn heer, but the ward has plenty of character. Well, yes, it has been troubled in recent years and local property values have fallen, but that just makes this a better investment opportunity."

There are several working-class neighbourhoods in Marienburg, places where the average man and woman have regular jobs and make enough to live with some small comfort and security. Kruiersmuur ('Porter's wall') is the oldest such area in the city occupied mostly by artisans and shopkeepers. Like most of Marienburg, the buildings are tall and narrow usually two or three stories above a ground floor business. The shop owners typically live on the floor above their businesses, while the floor or floors above are rented out.

Time and progress haven't been kind to Kruiersmuur. The south side of Marienburg has been gradually declining for some time – more and more trade has moved to the wards north of the Rijksweg, and the people have gone with it. While the windows still sport flower boxes and the locals go to the neighbourhood churches each Festag, Kruiersmuur is decaying around the

edges. The paint is peeling on the eaves and shutters, and graffiti mars the walls. Though the people here are typical Marienburgers – friendly, quick-witted, always hustling for a guilder - the residents of Kruiersmuur are oppressed by the thought that luck is against them, and that if things are ever going to get better, they'll get worse first.

One thing that weighs heavily on the minds of Kruiersmuur's residents is the changing nature of the ward itself - as people move out, more and more "outlanders" are moving in, making the area seem less and less like Marienburg. No less than four foreign ghettos fall under the ward council's jurisdiction.

The Remeans and the Miraglianese are constantly at odds, and their brawls keep the Kruiersmuur Watch busy on many a night. The southeast has become known as "Little Bretonnia" or "Garlic-town" for the culinary preferences and breath of the residents and at the furthest end of the ward are the Halflings of Kleinmoot. Kruiersmuurers prefer them to any of the human foreigners; both for their sensible attitudes and for the buffer they provide with the dying Doodkanaal district.

This immigration has in turn has bred resentments among the self-titled "real" Marienburgers, making Kruiersmuur a fertile recruiting ground for groups like the Knights of Purity.

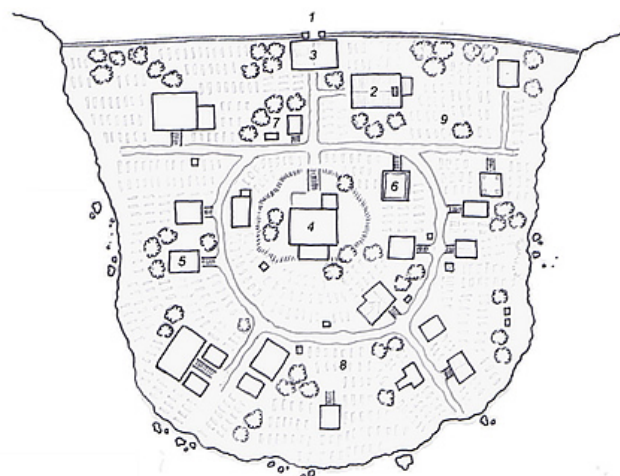
DEEDESVELD GRAVEYARD

"Those ravens that nest in the graveyard aren't normal birds, ye know. Three years ago, one flew out of the graveyard, circled three times round Morts Handerman's chimney, and flew back. Morts was dead within a week – and buried in Deedesveld."

"Haunted? Haunted be damned. There's nothing supernatural about the resurrections that go on in Deedesveld. The whole areas a rat's nest – those that aren't smugglers are bodysnatchers. A lot more than the lamented dead passes through Morr's gates in that graveyard, you mark my words."

Situated on the southernmost point of Zanderveldt Island in Kruiersmuur, looking southward across the Doodkanaal to Heiligdom

and the Vloedmuur and eastward towards the keep of Rompvanger Redoute and the Reik Towers, Deedesveld is a small burial ground dating back about seven centuries or so. The site was originally occupied by a small fishing hamlet connected by cliff-steps to the Doodkanaal below, which was then a main avenue for ships. As Marienburg grew over the centuries the area turned into the notorious Breedmoers slums, which became such a stronghold of lawlessness that the area was eventually cleared by the military in 1796 and demolished. The site was acquired by the Cult of Morr and dedicated as a burial ground in 1798. From its earliest days as a graveyard, Deedesveld became the preferred place of final rest for the seamen of Suiddock, which has no graveyard of its own.



Deedesveld Graveyard

In a city like Marienburg where land is at a premium, few can afford the cost of a burial plot. The middle classes often pay for the "basic" interment, which involves placing the corpse in a sack or cheap coffin, filling it with quicklime, and then placing more quicklime atop the sack once it is placed in the grave. This way, the grave is soon ready for a new occupant. Markers tend to be temporary, replaced when someone else needs the space. Wealthier Marienburgers or those who have performed some great service for the city can get a permanent plot with a formal headstone. Deedesveld has accumulated many of these over the centuries, and such burials have become very rare in recent times.

Unknown to all but a few, some of the houses of Breedmoers had deep cellars cut into the rock, linking to hidden passages which were – and still are – used for smuggling. And although every precaution has been taken to ensure that those

buried in Deedesveld don't get up again, every now and then, one will occasionally slip through the net. Add to this the occasional forager for spare parts in aid of magical or medical research, and you will understand that Deedesveld is far from dead as graveyards go.

Deedesveld is shaped roughly like the blade of a shovel, with a stone wall forming the northern perimeter, and the cliff edge marking the southern boundary. The cliff is unstable, and after a storm it is not unknown for bones and coffin fragments to be found on the rocks below, having been washed out the collapsing cliff face. The smugglers' steps said to have been cut into the cliff hundreds of years ago are long gone.

The trees in Deedesveld support a large colony of ravens, and since they are one of the sacred animals of Morr, everyone is happy to have them there. A local superstition claims the ravens are Morr's eyes watching over the dead, and it is said that if the ravens ever leave Deedesveld then the whole city is doomed.

MAP KEY

1. Wall and Gateway

The perimeter wall is 12 feet high and built of timber-laced stone 3ft thick. Local tradition has it that the wall was built from the demolished houses of Breedmoers, and it is possible to see stones and timbers in the wall which appear to have been robbed from another structure (on a successful **Routine (+10%) Trade (Carpenter or Stonemason) Test**, with a further +10% for former Engineers, or Dwarves) – in some places, the stones are severely blackened by fire. It would take half hours work, and a successful **Very Hard (-30%) Strength Test** to dismantle a section of this wall.

The gates are of heavy wrought iron, cunningly-shaped with symbols of Mórr in the ironwork. They are unlocked but closed during daylight hours, and secured with a padlock and heavy chain at night (requiring a **Challenging (-10%) Pick Locks Test**, or a **Very Hard (-30%) Strength Test** to open). The gateway itself is a plain, square portal – the symbol of Mórr – made from massive black oak beams.

2. Sexton's Cottage

This small cottage is where Pal Koster lives. It is a small, grubby-looking place beside the gateway, with lean-to tool shed at the back. Although it is clearly well-built and could be made into a very comfortable little house, it is equally clear that Koster has not bothered to look after the place and it is as dirty and run-down as the sexton himself. The windows are cracked and filthy, with rags stuffed into holes where panes are missing. A Perception Test is required to see anything through the windows from the outside. The door is not locked – the lock broke and has not been repaired – but the cottage contains nothing of value. The tool shed contains a couple of shovels, a wheel-barrow and a couple of other gardening tools, which might be used as improvised two-handed weapons in an emergency.

PAL KOSTER

Gravedigger

(tradesman, ex initiate)

"Sod off!"

"Too dry to talk, been working."

Pal Koster is a stocky, surly man in his forties or fifties. He dresses in scuffed and filthy working clothes, his face and hands are dark with ingrained dirt, and his breath always stinks of whisky. If he were a little more outgoing, he'd look like the kind of man that parents warn their children about.

Koster spends more-or-less equal amounts of his waking hours slumped in his cottage in a drunken stupor and wandering about the graveyard with a shovel, doing very little. He will dig a grave when called upon to do so, and from time to time he will even cut down the rank growth of vegetation around a particular grave if requested to do so by the next-of-kin – given a little liquid persuasion. His naturally gloomy and introverted nature has been enhanced by thirty years of living and working in the graveyard. There have been a couple of encounters with smugglers, grave-robbers, and other, more terrifying things, and Koster has ended up sullen and withdrawn, with only bottles as his friends.

As the sexton, gravedigger, and ground-keeper for Deedesveld, Koster is a member of the Mourners' Guild, and has received the mandatory initiation into the Cult of Morr. He was an inattentive student though, and has never had any reason or occasion to use the things he learned during his cult training.

Koster has never left the confines of the graveyard in living memory. A local innkeeper cooks food and takes it to him every day, along with the occasional bottle. The only person who has dealings with Koster on a regular basis is Anders Vesalion. Rumours link Koster with a range of the city's more unsavoury characters, from grave-robbers to Adalbert Henschmann. Others refuse to believe it: after all, if anything untoward were going on in Deedesveld, Koster would probably be the last to realise. Margareta is one of the few who will stop to talk with Koster, and she's sure that some kind of illegal operation is run out of the cemetery.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
36	28	33	38	33	38	40	22
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	4	0	14	0

Equipment: Dagger, Shovel, Bottle of cheap liquor.

Armour: Leather Jacket (1 body/arms)

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Charm, Drive, Gossip, Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10.

Talents: Cool Headed, Lightening Reflexes, Very Resilient, Very Strong, Warrior Born.

Insanities: Heart of Despair, Terrible Thirstings (modifiers already applied to characteristics).

3. Chapel to Mórr

This plain black building stands across the entrance like a broad archway. It is stave-built of wood and has a pitched roof of wooden shingles. All the wood has been stained black. The timber for the chapel is said to have come from ships wrecked in the vicinity.

As befits a chapel to Mórr, there are no doors and the inside is devoid of furnishings except for a sea-chest which is bolted to the floor. This serves as an altar, and has a slot cut into the lid to receive donations. The chest would require either a Challenging (-10%) Strength Test or Challenging (-10%) Pick Locks Test to open, and anyone so impious as to rob it will find 3D10 silver shillings and 8D10 brass pennies inside. The chapel is only used for funeral services, and the clerics conducting the services bring their own equipment.

4. The Sailors' Memorial

This large and impressive structure stands at the top of a rocky rise, almost in the centre of the graveyard, at the end of the southward path. It is one of the oldest monuments in Deedesveld, and the burial-ground was obviously planned around it. Built by the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots, the memorial is dedicated to all Marienburgers lost at sea.

5. Vault

This large and ornate vault is carved with the arms of the Van der Voer family. A **Hard (-20%) Common Knowledge (Wasteland) Test**, an **Average Academic Knowledge (History) Test**, or a **Routine (+10%) Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry) Test** will recognise the arms, and will know the following about them:

"The Van der Voers were a small merchant family who moved to Zanderveldt after the clearing of Breedmoers, when the Council sponsored the building of large private houses in the hope that this would improve the tone of southern Zanderveldt. Many other moderately wealthy middle-class families did the same, but it soon became apparent that rather than raising the tone they were providing the criminal class of nearby Suiddock and Doodkanaal with a new source of victims, and the bulk of them soon after moved to more decent wards like Noordmuur across the Rijksweg. But Rasmus Van der Voers and his family refused to be driven from their newly-built home by anything, and lived on Zanderveldt until the family died out fifty years ago. Even now, their name survives in local vernacular – the phrase stiff as old Rasmus is used to denote superhuman stubbornness, and an

exceptionally secure and well-defended building is often described as a Voers home."

The vault itself is approached down a short flight of steps from the east. The iron doors are locked, and the lock and hinges are very stiff with rust (requiring a **Hard (-20%) Strength Test** or **Very Hard (-30%) Pick Locks Test** to open – oil allowed to penetrate for 6 hours or more will reduce the **Pick Locks Test** to **Challenging (-10%)**). Climbing plants hang down over the doors, and it is clear that they have not been opened since the last of the family was laid to rest there around fifty years ago.

However, there is another entrance to the vault, on the northern side by the north-west corner. This is a perforated decorative moulding at ground level which has been broken in a couple of places, allowing it to be lifted out revealing a hole around a foot in diameter. This is concealed behind the rank grass and undergrowth which grows around the vault, and will only be found by a **Challenging (-10%) Search Test**. An **Average Follow Trail Test** will find a few clues – the odd flattened blade of grass and crushed twig – that someone has passed this way within the last week or so.

Inside the vault is a stone sarcophagus containing the mortal remains of Rasmus van der Voers and his wife, and three grave-slabs in the floor inscribed with the names of his descendants on Zanderveldt – Jan-Paal, Marius and Magnus. A close inspection of Marius' slab will reveal signs that it has been removed and replaced at least once in the last year or so. It can be lifted with a crowbar on an **Average Strength Test**, revealing a steeply sloping passage heading down into the rock to the caves at B1.

6. Tomb of Karl Avermans

This ornate vault takes the form of a pillared marble canopy over a carved effigy of an armoured knight lying on a bier. The bier forms the roof of the semi-subterranean vault, whose doors are reached via a short flight of steps on the north side.

A classical inscription around the edge of the canopy reads:

"Hic jacet Carolus Auermanus miles fortissimus vixit annos xxviiij mort anno vii Mag. Imp. MMCCCXI Sig. cum militibus suis. Cives pii gratiique Zanderveldtes me fecit."

A character with the relevant skill can translate as follows:

"Here lies Karl Avermans, a great warrior, with some of his troops. He lived 28 years and died in the 7th year of the reign of Emperor Magnus, the 2311th year of Sigmar. The pious and grateful citizens of Zanderveldt made this monument."

An **Average Common Knowledge (Wasteland)**, or **Academic Knowledge (History) Test**, or a **Routine (+10%) Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry) Test** will reveal some information about Karl Avermans. He was a wanderer who first rose to prominence during the Incursion of Chaos two hundred years ago. Then a Marine captain in one of the merchant militias, he fought with great courage in the defence of Riddra, and became the hero of a number of popular songs and romances. He died shortly after the battle against Chaos was won, apparently from a head-wound – the wound had been treated and for several days he appeared to be in perfect health, and then one day he simply dropped dead. In recognition of his valour in their defence, the citizens of Riddra paid for his monument by public subscription. He was buried with great ceremony, along with some of his men who had fallen in the battles against Chaos. The story of *The Boy Who Stole His Father's Ring for Captain Avermans' Grave* can still be found in some books of children's tales in Marienburg.

The doors of the vault are rusted shut (requiring a **Hard (-20%) Strength Test** to force open), and the steps are filled to a depth of about a foot with dry leaves and other debris – clearly the vault has lain undisturbed for some time.

KARL AVERMANS

Ghoul

What no-one knows is the real tragedy of Karl Avermans – he did not actually die. The blow to his head caused a blood-clot, which temporarily shut off the flow of blood to the brain and sent him into a coma. He was buried alive. The funeral rituals, intended to prevent undead arising

from a dead body, had no effect on him because he was alive at the time they were conducted. When he awoke he found himself trapped – his reason had already been damaged by the coma, and it finally snapped when he found himself shut in his own tomb and unable to get out. Faced with a slow, painful death by starvation, he broke into the other coffins and ate the bodies. Eventually he became a Ghoul.

The Ghoul is still unable to escape its confinement, and is mad with hunger – it ate its last meal long ago. Any noise made in the vicinity of the vault will alert the Ghoul, and it will scabble frantically against the doors, trying to get out. The Ghoul has a 20% chance of hearing any loud noise made outside the vault, and its frantic scratching can only be heard on the outside on a **Very Hard (-30%) Perception Test**, reduced to a **Challenging (-10%)** if anyone is specifically listening at the door.

If the vault is opened, Karl will launch himself desperately through them. Maddened with hunger, it attacks the nearest character, and will only try to flee if it is reduced to half its original Wounds score. His long years of confinement, combined with his coma have erased all traces of what he once was, he cannot remember his name, and cannot be reasoned with.

Examining the inside of the vault will tell the story. There are five coffins inside, and all have been broken open. One on an ornate marble bier, has been broken open from the inside (an **Average Perception Test** to realise this), and the others have all been broken open from the outside. In the four lesser coffins, and scattered around the floor of the vault, are broken and gnawed bones. Among them are four unmistakably Human skulls. Realising the full horror of what occurred here will require a successful **Will Power Test**, those who fail are so haunted by the horror of it that they gain an Insanity Point.

Among the bones on the floor are four swords, now rusted and filthy, and a few scraps of chain mail armour. In Avermans' coffin lies a scabbarded sword, which is still in good condition – it is magical, enchanted against the creatures and followers of Chaos.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
32	0	37	45	34	15	31	5
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	12	3	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Perception, Outdoor Survival, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Search, Silent Move, Shadowing, Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover.

Special Rules:

Poisonous Attack: A target that suffers at least 1 Wound from the Ghouls claws must pass a Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test or suffer an additional 2 Wounds.

Sigmar's Mercy

Academic Knowledge – History or Genealogy/Heraldry

- Best Craftmanship Sword – grants +10% to Weapon Skill when used to parry.

- Can damage creatures immune to normal weapons.

- Inflicts double Wounds against Daemons, Mutants, or those possessing a Reward of Chaos (after reductions for Toughness and Armour).

- If wielded by a Mutant, Daemon, or Undead, it inflicts an automatic Wound each round, ignoring Toughness and Armour.

- Wielder must offer a prayer to Sigmar as a free action when drawing it, or suffer -10% to Weapon Skill for the duration of the fight. The wielder may not use the **Quick Draw Talent** if he chooses to pray.

7. The Paupers' Vault

This carved stone sarcophagus bears an inscription in Reikspiel:

“Built by the Council and the Temple of Mórr for the Amenity and Relief of the Poor and the Sanitation and Safety of All. Anno 1847.”

The lid of the sarcophagus requires a **Hard (-20%) Strength Test** to lift (reduced to a **Routine (+10%) Test** if a second character assists. Inside, it is clean and empty.

A successful **Average Search Test** (modified to **Routine (+10%)** if the character has **Trade (Stoneworking)** or the **Trapfinder Talent**) will reveal a hidden catch in the moldings of the

western side. An **Average Perception Test** (with the same modifiers as above) will reveal that the base of the sarcophagus is false – the hidden catch operates a mechanism which causes it to retract, but this can only happen when the lid of the sarcophagus is closed. The false door can be forced open on a **Hard (-20%) Strength Test**.

SHINER

The Paupers' Vault is designed to operate as follows. After the funeral, the body is laid in the sarcophagus and the lid is closed. After the mourners have departed, the officiating priest pulls the hidden catch – the floor of the sarcophagus drops away, dumping the body down a broad shaft into an underground cave. Since this ingenious system was devised, an intruder has worked its way into the cave via an underground water channel – a Shiner, a large breed of Amoeba, common to disused crypts. Ironically, this has actually made the system more efficient, and the well-fed Amoeba has brought no trouble to those above.

It is a 2-yard fall from the floor of the sarcophagus to the Amoeba's chamber, but an unfortunate falling into this chamber will suffer no damage because of the soft landing. However, falling characters automatically count as engulfed when they drop onto the waiting Amoeba.

Running off from one side of the Amoeba's chamber is a narrow channel. This allows any remains left by the Amoeba to fall out from the cliff-face and into the water below, so that the chamber does not become choked with indigestible debris. The channel is just about wide enough to crawl down.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
35	0	43	37	25	0	0	0
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +20%.

Traits: Mindless.

Special Rules:

Acid Attack: As a full action, the Shiner automatically hits a target in the same square, dealing a Damage 5 hit to a random location. If the head is hit, the target must pass a

Challenging (-10%) Agility Test or be blinded

for 1d10 rounds.

Engulfing Attack: If a shiner successfully causes 2 or more Wounds with a normal attack, that location becomes Engulfed. Engulfed characters take an automatic Damage 4 hit each round to the affected location. If the location is the head, apply the rules for Suffocation. The Shiner will only release an Engulfed target if reduced to 4 or fewer Wounds. Attacks to the Engulfed location inflict equal damage to both the Shiner and its victim.

Ooze: Attacks upon the Shiner with normal weapons do a maximum of 1 Wound per hit. Fire, magical weapons and spells do normal damage. All hits to a Shiner are assumed to be on the body, and Sudden Death Critical Hit rules apply. During combat, an Ooze may only take Standard Attack, and Move actions or use their Acid Attack. Shiners are immune to Fear, Terror, poison, disease, and all spells, skills, and effects that involve manipulation of emotions and the mind.

8. The Miser's Grave

On the way to somewhere else within the graveyard, an individual's eye might be drawn to one of the smaller graves. The grave is ill kept, and the marker is the smallest and meanest that has ever been seen. There isn't even a proper inscription on it – just the scratched initials WV.

This is the grave of Willem Vrekman, a noted miser in his day. Despite the well-known adage that you can't take it with you when you go, Vrekman did his best: he concealed his small hoard of gold in the lining of his coffin, so that it would be buried with him. His obsession with his gold has survived his death, and even now he guards his hoard jealously, unable to bear the thought of being parted with it.

WILLEM VREKMANS

Wight

If any character stands over the grave for more than 2 minutes, or disturbs it in any way, a startling thing will happen. Mist will rise up from the grave like steam from a kettle spout, gathering itself into a terrifyingly misshapen humanoid form. Willem Vrekman is now a Wight. He is obsessed with keeping people away from his gold, and will attack anyone within two yards of the grave, but will venture no further

than that of his own free will. If no one approaches his grave for a minute, he will sink back into his grave.

If the Wight is disposed of and the grave opened (an act of great sacrilege unless the Mourners' Guild and the Cult of Morr give their permission), they will uncover a plain, featureless coffin, lined with sackcloth, and containing a wizened corpse. Beneath the sackcloth can be found gold coins of various nations, to the value of 153 Guilders.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
40	35	45	45	30	25	35	20
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Perception, Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Frightening, Night Vision, Undead.

Note: Willem does not possess a Wight Blade like more typical Wights.

9. Premature Burial

Whilst passing through the graveyard, visitors may notice that the ravens are behaving strangely. They are hopping in an agitated fashion around a freshly dug grave, and if the visitor is a follower of Morr, a raven will fly towards him and attempt to land on his shoulder, cawing loudly and giving the occasional gentle peck on the head until he approaches the grave.

The headstone on the grave gives the name Jan Meeland, and a date of death of less than a week ago. The burial clearly took place only yesterday or today. The ravens continue to hop around the grave excitedly, occasionally scratching or pecking at the ground.

The reason for their behavior is that Jan Meeland isn't actually dead. He fell into a cataleptic fit a few days ago, and has been buried prematurely. Awakening in his coffin to realise the awful truth, he has called upon Morr to save him, and his call has been answered – hence the strange behaviour of the ravens.

Someone should take the hint that something is amiss with the grave, and exhume the hapless Meeland. He is still rather hysterical, and is

suffering from Knives of Memory as a result of the strain of his ordeal. But he is alive, and if his family can be traced (which they can, through Mourner's Guild records with Pal Koster's grudging co-operation), they will be delighted – if surprised – to have him back. Jan's saviours might come by a small financial reward for their assistance, and upon their return to the graveyard, a raven will drop a small item – a pendant fashioned from a finger bone in the image of a cloaked figure bearing a scythe – in front of them, which is a **Bone Charm of Morr** (see Tome of Salvation).

Meanwhile, the people who caused Meeland to be buried before his time (one of the many criminal gangs who operate within the city) are none too happy. Alive, Meeland is a threat to their illegal activities: they think he knows too much, and can identify them. He and his saviours become targets – but because of the trauma of his ordeal, he can't remember the details of what is happening, including the identities of those trying to kill him.

Death's Beacon

While in or around the graveyard at night, individuals will see bobbing lights by the cliff edge at the southernmost point of the island. The lights of an approaching riverboat may be visible in the channel, and observers will see it change course in response to the lights – right towards the deadly rocks to the south of the island.

Observers might well conclude that a gang of wreckers is at work, and decide to deal with them, save the ship, and collect any reward that's going. Unfortunately, they don't know the full story.

About ten years ago, a notorious gang of wreckers did indeed operate from Deedesveld, using the caves and tunnels which are now the territory of the smugglers. Not even in the most crime-ridden parts of the Doodkanaal further west did other wreckers operate this openly, and the gang's renown was considerable. Finally, they were caught and hanged, and their remains were buried in an unmarked mass grave in Deedesveld. But their activities are not entirely at an end – for every year, on the anniversary of their execution, the wreckers rise from their graves as a special kind of Poltergeist, a Marshlight, and steer a ship to its doom.

MARSHLIGHT

There are five Marshlights at the cliff edge, and if anyone interferes, the evil spirits will try to draw them over the cliff using their mesmeric ability. Once the Marshlights have been dealt with, the adventurers might learn the truth by asking locals: Granny Hetta remembers the wreckers very well, as does Eric Roergang of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots and Gideon Scheepscheers of the Three Guilders Emporium, and checking up on legal records at the Worshipful Company of Advocates, the Lord Harbourmaster's Assize or the Cathedral of Manaan will give the gist of the story.

The encounter can be brought to a satisfactory end by destroying the Marshlights, and then locating their unmarked grave and having a Priest of Morr perform the funeral rites over it to prevent their rising again. For discovering and dealing with the problem, adventurers will be eligible for two standing rewards – one for 50 Guilders from the Cathedral of Manann for information leading to the discovery and punishment of wreckers (although a bureaucratic lay-clerk at the Temple will be a little unhappy about paying out the reward twice for the same gang of wreckers!) and one of 25 Guilders from the Temple of Morr for information regarding undead.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
22	0	30	30	45	31	18	30
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	6	0	0	0

Skills: Charm, Hypnotism +20%, Perception +20%, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Ethereal, Frightening, Night Vision, Undead.

Special Rules:

Invisible: The Marshlight can become invisible as a free action. When invisible, the Marshlight cannot be targeted with ranged attacks, including Magic Missiles. In addition, they may not be attacked in melee.

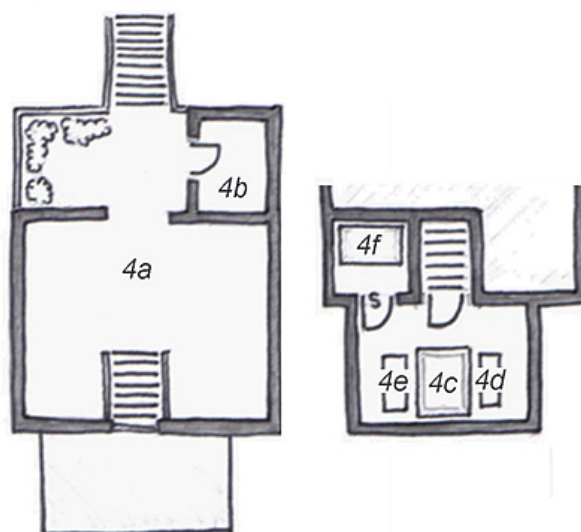
Glowing Light: The Marshlight produces light as a lantern.

Entrancing: Once per round, as a half action, the Marshlight can attempt to enthrall a target within 30 yards on a successful **Hypnotism Test**. On their own turn, the target may attempt a

Challenging (-10%) Will Power Test, or move directly towards the Marshlight, heedless of other enemies or natural hazards. The effect ends if the Marshlight leaves the targets sight (such as by turning invisible).

THE SAILOR'S MEMORIAL

This large and impressive structure stands at the top of a rocky rise, almost in the centre of the Deedesveld Graveyard, at the end of the southward path. It is one of the oldest monuments in the cemetery, and the burial-ground was obviously planned around it. Built by the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots, the memorial is dedicated to all Marienburgers lost at sea.



Sailor's Memorial

4a. Memorial

Steps lead up from the path to the top of the rise, and into an open room (4a) with a single door in the back wall. The room is lined with plaques, each inscribed with the name of a ship, when, where and how she went down, and the names of the men who were lost. The oldest plaque is on the right of the door at eye-height and reads as follows:

THE MERMAID

*Wrecked on Breukrats, 11 Jahrdrung 1799
Captain Paulus Foegelsoog and all hands lost*

Beneath this inscription is the sign of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots, and an abbreviated inscription in Classical – "*Piet, Foeg,*

Mag, Coll, Pi, Frat, Ded.". Characters with **Read/Write** can, upon a successful **Speak Language (Classical) Test**, interpret the inscription: "*Pieter Foegelsoog, Master of the Guild, loving brother, dedicated this.*" Characters also possessing **Trade (Stonemason)** find this Test **Easy (+20%)**.

4b. Storeroom

The sign of the Brotherhood is also carved on the door, which is locked (requiring either a **Challenging (-10%) Pick Locks Test** or **Hard (-20%) Strength Test** to open). Behind the door is a smaller room (4b), containing a variety of ritual accoutrements used by officials of the Brotherhood in the dedication and remembrance services which they hold in the memorial. There is a folding altar of ebony and silver (worth 100 Guilders), a half-size marble statue of Manaan (75 Guilders), and a locked sea-chest (requiring either a **Challenging (-10%) Strength** or **Pick Lock Test** to open) containing robes and other equipment (125 Guilders total). As well as the door to the main area, there is a trapdoor leading to the flat roof of the memorial. It is bolted on the inside (requiring a **Challenging (-10%) Strength Test** to open from above).

4c. Crypt

On the south side of the memorial, steps lead down to a black iron door. It is locked (requiring either a **Challenging (-10%) Pick Locks Test** or **Hard (-20%) Strength Test** to open), but a successful **Perception Test** or **Routine (+10%) Follow Trails Test** will turn up signs of recent and continuous use – the lock and hinges have recently been piled, and there are fresh scrapes on the steps, as if from boot-nails.

The door leads to a crypt containing a large stone sarcophagus with a figure carved into the lid. An inscription around the rim of the lid identifies the figure as Pieter Foegelsoog, Master of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots from 1793 to 1826. Set into the floor on either side of the sarcophagus are large grave-slabs, inscribed with the names of two other Masters of the Brotherhood – Janus Lood (1827-1855) and Marius Jongeit (1855-1890).

The crypt is noticeably free of dust and cobwebs, and a successful **Perception Test** will reveal that

the two floor-slabs have been moved recently. Each can be lifted with a crowbar on a successful **Strength Test**, revealing a space beneath, some 12ft x 5ft x 5ft deep (4d-e). In addition, there is a secret door on the northern side of the crypt, leading to a hidden crypt beneath the steps (4f).

4d-e. Cleared Tombs

The mortal remains of the two Guildmasters have long since been removed from their tombs, and these highly useful spaces are now used by the smugglers for storing contraband when it needs to be readily accessible from the surface.

4f. Hidden Crypt

The secret door from 4c is operated by twisting the figurehead on a relief of a ship which is carved into the wall nearby. Steps lead steeply down into the hidden crypt, which is only just large enough to contain a stone sarcophagus.

The sarcophagus is clearly of some antiquity, and a **Routine (+10%) Academic Knowledge (History)** or **Trade (Stonemason) Test** will reveal that it is 500-600 years old by the style of the carvings. A **Routine (+10%) Perception Test** (Dwarves, Engineers, or those possessing either the **Academic Knowledge (History or Genealogy/Heraldry)** or **Trade (Stonemason) skill**, or the **Trapfinder Talent** find this test **Very Easy (+30%)**) will turn up signs that it has been moved to this location.

There is an inscription around the lid of the sarcophagus, written in Classical:

"Hic jacet Adelbehretus Skibbesmannus, magister primus fraternitatis nautiorum gubernatorisque. E manus Mananis in manus Mohretis, requiescat in pace."

A character with the relevant skill will be able to translate as thus:

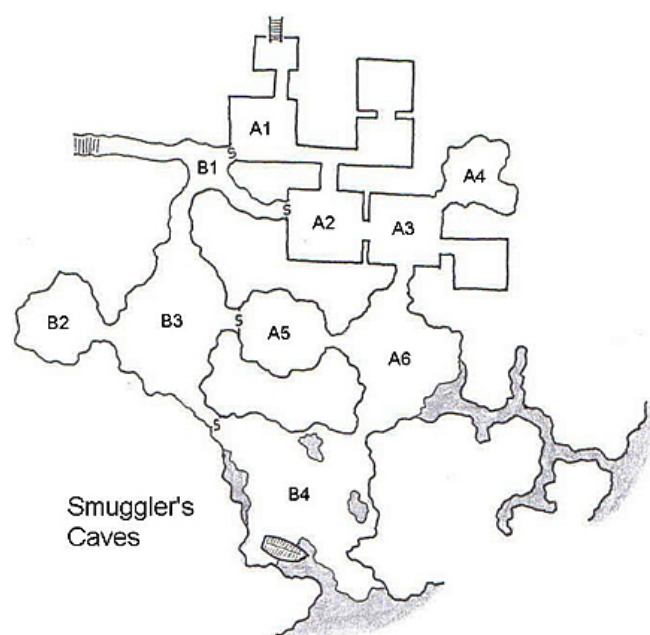
"Here lies Adelbert Skibbemans, the first Master of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots. From the hands of Manaan into the hands of Mór, may he rest in peace."

An individual who can read Classical who passes a **Routine (+10%) Academic Knowledge (History)** or **Trade (Stonemason) Test** will reveal that the style of the inscription, the spelling

and the form of words reinforces the impression that the sarcophagus is around five hundred years old. A successful **Perception Test** will reveal recent scratches around the lid of the sarcophagus, which can be lifted upon a **Hard (-20%) Strength Test** (reduced to an **Average Test** if a second character assists). The sarcophagus is empty, and covers a hole in the floor – a shaft with iron rungs in the side, leading down to the caves at A1.

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVES

The Deedesveld Graveyard is home to not one band of smugglers, but two. Thijs Modegekker and his band think they're the only ones who know about the secret passages beneath the cemetery, but they're wrong. Andries 'the Fish' knows all about Modegekker's operation – in fact, he's keeping an eye on it for his loathsome master Grossbart – and he uses a second cave system of which Modegekker is completely unaware. Andries knows all the caves and their secret doors; Modegekker knows only of caves A1-6 and B4, and is unaware of the secret doors connecting B4 and A5 to B3.



Cave System A: chambers 1-6

This system is entered from a hidden crypt in the Sailor's Memorial. Goods are brought in at high tide, through cave B4. As the tide ebbs, the boat is left stranded in the cave, and the goods are taken into the smugglers' cave through cave A6. Modegekker knows about the secret door from B4 to A6, and up to the main storage areas off A1

and A2, which were once cellars of the houses of Breedmoers, before the area was cleared and the graveyard laid out there. The water-filled passage from A6 to the outside provides an emergency exit, but only for those who know it well and have strong lungs.

The cellars and caves have been used by smugglers for centuries, and Modegekker has inherited his father's incomplete knowledge of them.

THIJS MODEGEKKER

Smuggler

(smuggler, ex rogue)

“Criminal?! I am offended by your crass suggestion. I am an honest man, toiling to bring the items carried at great danger and expense by hard working tradesmen like yourself to the men and women of our city who need them most. If you want to see a thief, a charlatan, let the thugs and racketeers of the Excise have a look over your cargo. Or perhaps you want to trust your products to the light fingers of the Stevedores Guild?”

Thijs Modegekker is one of the more colourful characters of Kruiersmuur – in more ways than one. Son of the reputable tailor, Pepijn Modegekker, Thijs is a walking advertisement for the skill and products of his father. From an early age, Thijs determined that part of the secret of success was to look as though you were successful. Clad in the latest fashions, using off-cuts of many materials and hues, Thijs is invariably a riot of offensively clashing colours. In part, Thijs' assessment of life is quite correct, those who have met him believe him to be quite a successful tailor and merchant, despite his total lack of aptitude in his father's trade.

Thijs is exceptionally bright for his upbringing, and blessed with a streak of luck. Possessing something of an adventurous streak, the dull life of a tailor was never going to be for him – he sought something a little more dangerous and exciting, and a small secret from his fathers past showed him the way. Back in the 2480's, diplomatic shenanigans between Marienburg and the Cathayan ambassador of the time led to huge tolls on Cathayan silk. Modegekker senior, seeing

his business in danger, started fencing Cathayan silk from smugglers based out of the Deedesveld tunnels. He learnt the general location of the caves; secretly following the smugglers one night and seeing them using the tomb in the graveyard, but he neither wanted or needed to inspect further into their dealings. Years later, he happened to relate this story to Thijs, who took it upon himself to explore the caves.

Thijs' small band, mainly comprising young tradesmen's sons, and boatmen stifled out of business by the practices of the Brotherhood, run a small smuggling operation, taking goods in through a number of the small Suiddock docks, primarily Haagen's Wharf, and getting the goods direct to the tradesmen. They do not deal in anything illegal, though Thijs has cultivated a modest friendship with Hans Kluger, which enables him to get rid of anything unusual or valuable, which he cannot dispose of to his usual clients.

Despite his trade, Thijs does not consider himself a criminal. Having seen honest men and women, driven out of business by the politics and dirty tactics of the Guilds and Merchant Houses, and having witnessed the corruption of the River Watch and Excise, he sees himself as a champion of the working class, a friend to those whose hard work and toil has made the city the great place it is. He is particularly contemptuous of the criminal elements whom claim to be working for the good of the people, but instead are just lining their own pockets. Chief amongst these in his eyes is the Stevedores and Teamsters Guild, and if not careful, he is close to running afoul of this organisation. Thijs' ideals caused him to develop a brief friendship a couple of years ago with the agitator Haam Markvalt. However, Thijs' seeming 'slavery' to the trappings of wealth caused friction with the young radical, whilst Thijs believed that Markvalt's talk of revolution threatens to bring more harm than good to the people of the city. Although it goes against his own ideals, Thijs could be convinced to help in bringing down the Vrijbond, if convinced of its danger to the working people of the city.

Pepijn is in total denial about his son's means of income, but very enthusiastic about supplying him with the latest fashions, dressing him for the advance into the Merchants circles that 'is just around the corner'. Thijs' mother is buried in

Deedesveld, and according to Pepijn, Thijs spends his long hours at Deedesveld mourning his beloved mother. Thijs' was very close to his cousin Silvia, who went mad following the deaths of her parents. She was consigned to the Asylum of Heiligdom, and Thijs contributes generously to the cult of Shallya because of this. He would not like the familial connection to get out though, as he prefers to look quite the philanthropist.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
33	34	28	34	48	37	36	47
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	2	4	5	-	-	-

Equipment: 'Fashionable' Clothes, Sword, Dagger.

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip +20%, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Actor), Search, Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%, Swim.

Talents: Ambidextrous, Flee, Fleet Footed, Luck, Public Speaking, Streetwise.

Cave System B: chambers 1-4

Thijs Modegekker is not the only smuggler operating from Deedesveld. This second system of caves is used by Andries 'the Fish', a notorious figure in Riddra's underworld. He, too, uses the water-level cave at B4, but makes sure that Modegekker's men are out of the way. The spyhole between passage B1 and the cellars level allows Andries' men to check that cave system A is empty – or at least, that there is no sound of movement – and if necessary a small diversion can be arranged. Goods are brought into B3 and taken through the Van der Voer vault (location 5 in the Deedesveld Graveyard). Andries is a man who can call on enormous resources, and it is seldom any trouble to keep Modegekker's men out of the way until a shipment can be stored.

ANDRIES 'THE FISH'

Smuggler

(fence, ex smuggler, ex stevedore)

"I know what you're after, you don't need to tell me, the look in your eyes says it all. Supply is scarce this time of year, its going to cost... but we both know you don't have any choice."

"That my friend, is going to be the last mistake of your sorry little life."

Andries 'the Fish', a nickname gained for his membership in the gang that rules half the Altdorf docklands, is a wiry man, with mean eyes and a perpetual sneer. He is familiar with all the vices that plagues the lower and working classes, and he can either provide them, or make contact to someone else who can. He does not partake of his own merchandise, viewing the dealers he sells his drugs to, and the pathetic addicts at the bottom of the chain as cowards and weaklings, and does little to disguise his scorn when dealing with the more pathetic specimens.

A native Wastelander, he left for the capital of the Empire in his late teens. Even then, he was a rising star within the Guild We've Never Heard Of, and went to oversee the Guilds interests in Altdorf. He does not talk of what caused him to leave the capital of the Empire, but the tattoo of a bloody dagger inscribed over his old gang tattoo implies it was not a peaceful parting with the Imperial gangs. That said, he clearly still has extensive contacts back in Altdorf and beyond, as he is able to lay his hands on many rare (and highly illegal) products through his network of acquaintances.

Andries is violent, and possessing of no sense of pity. The addicts who rely on his supplies of Mandrake or Crimson Shade will be cut off without a moment of consideration if they can no longer pay his prices. Likewise, tradesmen who back out on a deal over even the smallest item will face bloody retribution. Apart from having a fair number of thugs and drug dealers working for him directly, Andries also relies on more advanced services provided by a few specialists through blackmail, including people like Pieter Bloemblad.

Aside from Andries expanding drug and smuggling operations, he serves as a go-between for Grossbart and Adalbert Henschmann. However, Andries is not content to serve much longer as a middleman. His eye is on the much larger prizes and territories in the city. He is savvy enough to know that Grossbart is a far more dangerous individual than his poor health belies, and that his contacts sink to the very heart of the Guild, and would therefore not consider double crossing him. Besides, his close relationship to Grossbart grants him a measure of protection. Andries ambition is currently aimed squarely at the Kislevite apothecary, Dmitri Hrodovsky.

Andries and Dmitri share a tenuous arrangement, both operating from bases within Kruiersmuur. Andries has easy access to Mandrake, Weirdroot, and Crimson Shade, and actually supplies these drugs to the Kislevite. However, he has been completely unable to gain a steady supply of Black Lotus, and is completely baffled at where Hrodovsky obtains his own supplies of that drug. As things stand, both men are too important to Henschmann for control of the drug business within the city, and he will not sanction the removal of either. Things are, however, coming to a head, and Andries is courting the idea of seeking an alliance with Venk Kataswaran to remove the Kislevite – a move, which would undoubtedly descend the entire south of the city into a drugs war. Grossbart is well aware of Andries ambition, and is eagerly playing all the men against one another, no doubt to his own obscure gain.

Some might wonder why Andries permits the close proximity of Thijs Modegekker's band of smugglers to his own. Quite simply, he is setting up the young idealist to take the fall for him, should the law discover the nature of some of the products going through the Deedesveld Caves.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
42	33	49	41	47	53	34	41
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Sword, Dockers Hook, 3 doses Refined Black Lotus.

Skills: Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gamble +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle +10%, Intimidate, Perception +10%, Performer (Singer), Row, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Search +10%, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Speak Language (Kislevite), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim +10%.

Talents: Dealmaker, Lightning Reflexes, Savvy, Sixth Sense, Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Sturdy, Super Numerate, Very Strong.

Contraband

An enormous range of goods moves in and out of Marienburg all the year round, and although only some of it is sufficiently valuable or sufficiently highly taxed to make it worthwhile to smugglers, even so there is a wide range of contraband available.

At any time, there is a 20% chance that contraband of one kind or another is stored in the smugglers' caves under Deedesveld graveyard. If and when the adventurers find their way into the caves, make D10/3 rolls on the **Smuggled Goods Table** below to determine what kind of contraband they will find there.

Selling Contraband

If they find contraband hidden in the caves, there is a good chance that the adventurers will try to move it out and sell it for their own profit. The prices given in the tables are guidelines only – use them as a base point for characters trying to estimate the value of the goods, and start potential purchasers bargaining at around three-quarters of that level. Most merchants can only be haggled up to 100% of the value given here, although it may be possible to make more by selling the goods in smaller lots to individual traders. Traders will start bargaining at 90% of the value given here, and will stop at 90% of the cost given the rulebook, or twice the price given here – whichever is lower.

Guards

When there is contraband in the caves, D10/2+2 smugglers will be in the caves guarding it,

usually staying together in the main areas. For example, Modegekker's men will be in A1 or A2, drinking and playing cards, while Andries' men will mainly be in the B2 and B3, doing much the same while a lookout in B1 keeps an eye on Modegekker's area. For each gang member in the caves, there is a 10% chance that their boss will be there as well.

Unpleasant Substances

Andries 'the Fish' is a somewhat shadier character than Thijs Modegekker, and deals in somewhat murkier goods. He leaves much of the day-to-day smuggling to Modegekker (who pays him protection in any case), and concentrates on drugs, components for forbidden magic, and various other unsavory high-risk, high-return contraband. To reflect this, you might use this optional rule: Roll for contraband type as normal, but on any even roll refer to the table Unpleasant Substance Table.

Smuggled Goods Table

D100 Goods

- 01-50 Wines & Spirits (roll once)
- 61-90 Luxury Goods (roll once)
- 91-00 Luxury Foods (roll once)

D100 Goods	Cases	Enc/case	Value/case
Wines and Spirits			
01-20 Bretonnian Brandy	D10+14	70	5 Gu
21-35 Estalian Brandy	D10+8	70	5 Gu 10/-
36-42 Norse Aquavit	D10+8	70	6 Gu
43-50 Kislevite Vodka	D10+2	70	6 Gu
51-55 Lustrian Mezcal	D10+2	70	8 Gu
56-60 Albion Uisce	D10+2	70	7 Gu 10/-
61-65 Nipponese Saka	D10	70	9 Gu
66-75 Mousillon White Wine	2D10+20	70	4 Gu
76-85 Bretonnian Red Wine	2D10+25	70	4 Gu 10/-

86-97	Tilean Fizzy Red Wine	D10+22	70	4 Gu 5/-
98-00	Sea Elven White Wine	D10+2	70	7 Gu
Luxury Goods				
01-05	Lustrian wood carvings	D10+2	100	D10+2 Gu
06-35	Tilean leatherwork	D10+10	150	20 Gu
36-60	Norse Furs	D10+10	120	22 Gu
61-70	Kislevite silver	D10	80	75 Gu
71	Sea Elven art	D10/2	100	100 Gu
72-76	Cathayan porcelain	D10+8	120	25 Gu
77-80	Cathayan silk	D10	100	50 Gu
81-85	Arabian silk	D10+2	100	35 Gu
86-90	Cathayan incense	D10/2	60	25 Gu
91-97	Arabian incense	D10	60	20 Gu
98-00	Nipponese incense	D10/2	60	30 Gu

Luxury Foods

01-60	Arabian spices	D10	40	20 Gu
61-80	Lustrian spices	D10/2	40	40 Gu
81-85	Cathayan spices	D10/2	40	35 Gu
86-90	Lustrian palm-nuts	D10/2	100	10 Gu
91-00	Arabian dates	D10+2	100	5 Gu

Unpleasant Substance Table

Item	Enc
Droo Goods	Enc
01-10 ¼ pint vial, Mummy dust	2
11-60 Illegal Drugs (*)	3D10
61-65 Goblin corpse on ice	600
66-72 Orc / Beastman / Skaven corpse on ice	700

73-74	Troll / Ogre corpse on ice	900
75-81	Mutant corpse on ice	600
82-86	Chaotic Artifact (symbol, weapon, idol, etc)	varies
87-88	Body part of Chaos Champion on ice (limb, heart, brain, etc)	5
89-95	¼ pint vial, Daemon Blood	2
96-98	Daemon Heart on ice	20
99-00	½ pound Warpstone	20

(*) See Old World Armoury and The Golden Lotus for description of specific drugs.

No value is given for the goods on this table, because they are illegal and hard to come by, they are worth whatever the adventurers can get for them. They are also very dangerous goods to trade in. Quite apart from the interesting situations which can arise if a frozen Troll thaws out while the adventurers are trying to find a buyer, it is never a good idea to cross Andries 'the Fish'. The adventurers will have to be very tough or clever if they want to enjoy the profits of their actions.

DMITRI'S APOTHECARY

"A fine man and a pillar of the community! Most chemists would charge an arm and a leg for the medicines you need but Dmitri is always willing to extend credit to the needy. And people repay his kindness by going back time and again."

"If yer cleared by the league, then Dmitri's the one you want to see. He can get you any drug you need, any time. Just don't drink anything he gives ya, mate. That's how he gets his customers!"

In the heart of Kruiersmuur on the Zoutevis canal, is the shop of Dmitri Hrodovsky, a Kislevite apothecary who emigrated to Marienburg about 15 years ago. It occupies the ground floor of a two-storey half-timber building, while the upper floor holds Hrodovsky's bachelor living quarters. A sign hanging over the door proclaims "D Hrodovsky. Chemist & Herbalist", with a picture of a mortar and pestle above it for those who can't read.

Beyond the leaded glass windows and heavy wooden door, the shop is tiled with hanging bundles of herbs and shelf after shelf of glass and clay jars holding a multitude of powders, crystals,

fluids and seeds. Precisely labelled in Dmitri's spider-like script, they have exotic names like "Tincture of Ogre Tears" or "Powdered Web of Giant Spider". Behind the stained wooden counter sits Hrodovsky himself, measuring and grinding and mixing his concoctions. Many of his customers regularly travel quite a distance, forgoing their local apothecaries to do business with Dmitri.

Of course, it's easy to get repeat business when half the medicines you sell are designed to make an addict out of the user.

Hrodovsky is a drug-dealer who verges on being a poisoner. His victims, from upstanding burghers and merchants to little old grannies and small children, are given medicines laced with various drugs, the sole purpose of which is to make the users feel terrible if they don't get a regular dose. Since they have no idea their medicines have been spiked, and since the same medicine from other pharmacists doesn't have the same effect, they're forced to go back to Dmitri, only to find him claiming that "market forces have sadly left me no choice but to raise prices." All this has given the Kislevite a very tidy and steady income, and a bevy of testimonials from people who have benefited from his so-called tonics.

As a high-ranking member of the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs, he can procure almost anything that enterprising individuals have the money for, and is well known for it in the city's underworld. Hrodovsky charges 5 guilders a dose for every-day substances, more for anything rare or dangerous, and he will only sell to people who have been vetted by the League, or who are known to him. He will not negotiate his price.

DMITRI HRODOVSKY

Pharmacist

(charlatan, ex rogue, ex apothecary)



"No need to pay now, tovarisch! You are sick, and I am sure you are good for the money. Take this with wine when you get home, I promise you will feel much better. You can pay the next time you come in."

"My recipes are more effective because they are handed down from ancient sources I discovered - at great risk to myself - in the steppes beyond the World's Edge Mountains. They are the perfect remedy to the stress caused by modern city-life."

A heavy-set man in his fifties with a great salt and pepper beard. Hrodovsky seems genuinely concerned about his clients' welfare - more concerned with their health than with money. His piggish brown eyes somehow manage to convey deep sympathy from under their wild eyebrows. He is precise in his work, a consummate professional.

Human (or other) pain and suffering mean nothing to him. People are just mines from which he can extract wealth. Still, Hrodovsky is always careful not to let his true feelings show and, given that he doctors the medicaments of only one-fifth of his customers, no one has suspected anything so far. Established as a respectable businessman since his arrival in Marienburg from Erengard ten years ago, he is planning to study Alchemy in an attempt to find an elixir of life.

The only weak link in his scheme is his memory. Brilliant at remembering formulae and dosages, he cannot remember faces and names. So, to remember which patients are receiving his spiked medicines, he keeps a list of names and prescriptions in a leather-bound pocket book which he carries at all times. It is written using the Kislevite alphabet and is indecipherable to anyone who can't read that language. Addicted patients have a star beside their names.

Hrodovsky is one of Adalbert Henschmann's lieutenants, supplying him with "tonics of virility" (a mild stimulant, one dose) in return for control of the drug trade in the southeast of the city. He is also the sole supplier for the growing number of drug dealers in Kruiersmuur and the surrounding ghettos. He lusts after Margareta, and looks forward to his chance to ensnare her. He deals regularly with Gideon Scheepscheers, from whom he buys valuable items people pawn to raise money for their "medicine". Dmitri

obtains the majority of his supplies from several trusted Kislevite captains, and from Andries 'The Fish', who he considers a vicious and untrustworthy dock-rat. Dmitri is desperately seeking an excuse to 'cut-out' this particular middle man, whose base of operations lies firmly within Dmitri's territory. In addition, Andries supplies a number of prominent dealers within the south of the city, first amongst them being the feared Grossbart, and Hrodovsky believes his monopoly (sanctioned by Adalbert) should include Luydenhoek. He refuses to buy drugs from Wilbert Ree, who he regards as trespassing on his territory. Hrodovsky is very friendly with the local Black Cap sergeants, several of whom are "regulars", consequently, the Watch will not take kindly to roustabouts who make slanderous claims against respectable citizens like Mijn Heer Hrodovsky.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
35	41	29	36	53	49	52	64
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	2	3	4	-	13	-

Equipment: Fine clothes appropriate to his profession and status, 4 Packets of 'Tonic Powder', Sword, Equipment and Texts necessary for his profession, Crossbow and 4 bolts tipped in Black Lotus Poison, Leather-bound Pocket Book, Watchman's Whistle.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Blather +10%, Charm, Common Knowledge (Kislev), Evaluate +10%, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Haggle +20%, Heal, Perception, Performer (Actor), Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Kislevite), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary).

Talents: Hardy, Luck, Public Speaking, Resistance to Poison, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Street Fighting, Suave.

HEILIGDOM - SHALLYAN ASYLUM OF BLESSED REST

"There s more to Heiligdom than meets the eye, mark my words. I have evidence that they harbour mutants and arrange for their escape to the marshes! Yet one more example of the cult

hierarchy's disgusting weakness of heart and mind."

"I don't like to think of all those tainted people locked up in there, raving and festering and Manaan knows what... but better that than having them loose on the streets."

Across the Doodkanaal from the Deedesveld Graveyard sits the dark stone bulk of Heiligdom, an ancient building originally constructed as a small fort during the Age of Three Emperors. Gifted to the cult of Shallya by the last Baron, Paulus van der Maacht, before he left to join Magnus the Pious's army, its outer walls were torn down, the keep redecorated in a more classical style and the grounds around it replanted and decorated in a fashion designed to be restful for the mind. But there is an old Dwarf saying that a structure reflects those who live within it, and Heiligdom can't disguise the madness and pain it houses, for this is where Marienburg's mentally ill are sent to scream and moan out their days.

Heiligdom took its modern form in the 18th century, when Baron Loos Ruijkeyser replaced the old fort with a rectangular keep over 100 feet tall. The upper three floors are used as dormitories for the inmates; the trapdoors to each kept locked and chained. The first storey is a residence for the nuns who have specialised in caring for the insane. The ground level, accessible both through a trap door in the first floor and a heavy, reinforced outer door, is a storage chamber where supplies are kept.

At each corner of the 10-foot-thick walls are drum towers, 30 feet in diameter. Three are flush with the roof of the keep while the south tower, the Tower of Lamentations, rises another 20 feet. This tower holds the most violent and dangerous cases, and the interior door at its base is secured with iron bars and heavy locks. The topmost chamber, once the residence of the castellan, is now a solarium where the tower's inmates can take the sun without being exposed to the rest of the asylum's population.

Of the other towers, the north tower is the residence of the Abbess and her assistants. The east one is home to the small library and infirmary, where Sister Katja Faasen is the chief pharmacist and physician. She often experiments

with new concoctions made from ingredients brought from the swamp. Rumour has it that her less successful experiments end up in the Tower of Lamentations.

The west tower, alone among the buildings of Heiligdom, is empty and its entrances sealed with brick. By order of the first abbess, Sister Eefje Denkers, none are to enter the tower, ever. Her order was reinforced by the Council of Quenelles in 2420 in the sternest terms; its violation is the only death penalty in Shallyan canon law. Only the senior members of the cult know the reason for the edict, and they won't talk about it.

Within the half-acre perimeter are the gardens, work buildings and chapter house of the order. Concealed by the walls, the inmates can relax, receive therapy and generally escape from the often-cruel attentions of "normal" Marienburgers. Nuns not directly involved with treating inmates see to the various mundane tasks of maintaining a monastery-hospital; cooking, laundry, carpentry and so on.

Heiligdom is administered by Sister Monica Aarden, an elderly but still active priestess who has dedicated her life to helping Shallya's "lost nestlings". But suspicion lingers about the asylum's activities because she was one of Sister Astrid Von Nimlsheim's defenders, when the latter was charged with heresy for advocating treatment instead of execution for mutants. The Knights of Purity are convinced that Heiligdom gives comfort to those touched by Chaos, and the witch-hunter van Goor has sworn to expose them. Heiligdom has been subject to occasional raids by the Fen Loonies, after which one or more patients are usually reported missing. Still, there is no proof of Chaotic infiltration, and the asylum's status as a sanctuary has kept it so far free from formal investigation.

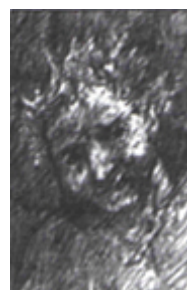
People can wind up in Heiligdom in one of several ways, committed there by the courts after a finding of mental incompetence, placed there by concerned family and friends who pay the Shallyans for their upkeep, and occasionally brought in off the streets by Heiligdom's nuns who happen to cross their path. Treatment for the non-violent consists of work therapy, prayer and supervised walks in the garden. The violently insane - anyone who resists, which means the majority of Heiligdom's inmates - are confined to

cells and chains to keep them from hurting themselves or others. Burly labourers feed them their meals and clean their cells, and always escort the nuns on their rounds through the wards. Individuals incarcerated in Heiligdom for more than a week amongst the howling and screaming inmates must make a Terror test at the end of each week or gain 1 insanity point, whether they had any to start with or not.

PEPIJN BARENDREGT

Inmate

(artisan, ex tradesman)



"Them! Them! THEM!!"

"They're there, you know - in all the corners and all the dark places, just waiting for Marienburg to stumble. And when it does, they'll come to take us, but we'll already be one of them!"

In his late thirties and tall at 6'4", this once proud man has been broken mentally so that he now walks with a nervous step, his eyes twitching back and forth, as if looking for something or someone that could come from anywhere at any time. His harrowing experiences have left him looking twenty years older, and the patches of grey hair that remain jut out at wild angles. He is suspicious of everyone and keeps on a constant move to make sure he can't be trapped again. He is never without his sketchpad and charcoal sticks, nor without his best friend, Wilmer.

Pepijn is a paranoid lunatic who is convinced that the mysterious "they" will come for him. But being paranoid doesn't mean that someone isn't out to get you. Pepijn was once an up-and-coming member of the Mason's and Tyler's Guild in Marienburg. The youngest Master ever, he knew all the secret handshakes. He was so skilled that the Dwarven Engineer's Guild recognised his talents and made him an honorary member, the

only non-Dwarf to have been so honoured in living memory.

Then one day, Pepijn vanished while inspecting the ancient cisterns and sewers under Kruiersmuur. No one saw him for days, and his friends began to assume that he had either met with an accident or, worse yet, run afoul of some criminal gang. Then, weeks later, he was found wandering the canalsides in Winkelmarkt, raving about "them" and "they're everywhere" and "we're them". Unable to care for himself and a potential danger to others, the ward council committed him to Heiligdom.

Pepijn had been captured by a band of Fen Loonies who had used almost-forgotten ways to enter Marienburg. Held prisoner and tortured for weeks, he managed to escape and somehow wandered back into the city. He suspects the warders of being mutants and is just waiting for them to take their masks off and reveal the drooling beasts beneath. While he's become a little calmer, thanks to the Sisters ministrations, it wouldn't take much to unhinge his delicate mind and send him over the edge again.

His paranoia prevents him from having any real friends - he doesn't trust the staff, and his friends from the outside have given up on him. He does like Sister Lise, who gave him his pad and charcoals and encourages his art, at which he's quite good. Wilmer is his only real friend, though, because he doesn't have a face that can hide an enemy. He does, however, know the way to the Loonies' camp in the Fens and could lead adventurers there - if they could only gain his trust, overcome his phobias and get him out of Heiligdom.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
26	33	43	41	57	48	47	47
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	4	4	4	-	13	-

Equipment: Trade Tools (Mason) and Trade Tools (Carpentry) (kept by the sisters, so he can't hurt himself), Homespun Smock and Sandals, Charcoal and Sketch Pad, Headless Doll named Wilmer.

Skills: Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Secret Language

(Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Artist), Trade (Carpentry) +10%, Trade (Mason) +10%.

Talents: Artistic, Dealmaker, Excellent Vision, Etiquette, Savvy, Super Numerate.

Insanities: Profane Persecutions, The Fear.

KOESTER'S BOARDING HOUSE

"She takes in a weird kind of boarder - not at all respectable! I mean, there's that troublemaker from Baron Henryk's, Hamhock or whatever his name is. The Watch already busted up her place arresting him once."

"It's not a bad place to stay. The rates are cheap and the beds are clean. You just have to put up with Widow Koester's preachin over your breakfast. Kind of hard to take when you're hungover."

Towards the far end of Cutler's Road by Kleermakersvaart ('Tailors' Canal') stands an old house with a small converted shack next door to it. Both properties are owned by the widow Beatrijs Koester and, although separate, they're both known as Koester's Boarding House. There's usually a sign on the door of the larger house announcing that rooms are available and listing prices. The boarding house doesn't look especially prepossessing, but whether it's a good idea staying there depends on the reaction of Koester. If she likes the look of you then you can live there cheaply and, if it isn't luxury, you can at least avoid extremes of discomfort.

Getting into the building isn't as easy as it might seem. In the larger house, Widow Koester is usually to be found in the kitchen-cum-common room. She may be passing the time of day with any of her boarders here. Once Koester has been located and her charges negotiated, a room to stay in may be reached up the main stairs just next to the kitchen, or via some rickety wooden steps round the back of the building to a single, separate upstairs room if this is the room she offers. In the smaller house next door, the ground floor is a large common room where a bunch of laborers usually flop for the night after a hard day's work. The upper-storey rooms here are accessed via a separate entrance at the front of the building, but these aren't currently to let. Koester

herself occupies two of them and Haam Markvalt occupies the other.

Staying at Koester's

The cheapest way of staying at Koester's is to doss down in the common room, where beds and bunks are available for up to 12 people (Koester only admits men to the common room). You get an uncomfortable bed with a single blanket, and its necessary to share with a bunch of labourers, often drunk, smelly or both. However, the subdivision of the common room into three smaller rooms helps one to avoid the more obnoxious sorts if a bed can be found far enough away from them. There are washing and toilet facilities, but they're primitive for such princely accommodation. Koester charges 3/6 per night or 1 guilder per week, payable in advance.

For individual rooms, the widow charges 7/- per night or 2 guilders per week, and for this a person gets their bed linen changed once per week, and the room cleaned on an irregular basis (whenever she feels like getting in some scullion to do it). This charge is for one person. If two people share a room, Koester charges 11/- for the room or 3 guilders per week.

Koester does not haggle over prices. Her rates are standard and she doesn't budge on them. Any attempt to haggle will be taken as evidence of the individuals ignorance by Koester, but anyone being persistent (and attempting to use a relevant skill such as Haggle) will find all subsequent Fellowship Tests with Koester have become **Challenging (-10%)**, and Koester will make her dislike clear! And if you don't pay her on time, she's been known to sell anything left in peoples' rooms for the rent-money.

Koester only provides a breakfast of dumplings, gravy and tea, but the wood stove in the kitchen always boasts a kettle and pot of tea and sometimes a turnip stew will be offered up for general consumption; if you happen to be around at the right time you might have the good luck to get some of this - if you think eating some distinctly greasy soup is good luck, that is. Of course, you'll also have to listen to Widow Koester's lectures about "Shallyan right-living". But if you're short of coin...

BEATRIJS KOESTER

(tradesman, ex servant)



"Don't you complain to me about street kiddies begging for a penny or two from you. We can all spare something for those less fortunate than ourselves. Those children have nothing but what charity gives them and I reckon you could come up with something. If there's one thing I hate, it's a skinflint."

"I don't haggle. I charge a fair rate and offer clean living. Two guilders or find yourself somewhere a lot less pleasant to stay."

Beatrijs is sometimes known as "Battleaxe Koester", but that refers more to her temperament - sometimes grouchy and rather reactionary - than to her appearance. The Widow Koester is in her mid-sixties and, despite being short (5'1") is built like a brick outhouse. Barrel-chested and thick-thighed, she has biceps that would put a man to shame and her generally tough appearance is emphasised by her large head. Her broken nose and furled brow render her appearance even more intimidating.

Widow Koester is actually rather a gentle woman, devoted to Shallya. While she's gruff and takes no nonsense from anyone, she can tell a deserving case from a shyster. But with deserving cases she's a kind and caring woman. She regularly gives money to the St Rutha's Orphanage - and aggressively entreats others to do the same. She is also very friendly to young Haam Markvalt; preparing his food and taking care that his laundry is delivered to washerwomen. She hangs around the kitchen of the main boarding house, and enjoys talking to any of her residents about almost anything. Koester has sufficient income from her boarding house that she doesn't need employment, although she has enough to do keeping the houses in good shape and maintaining order if one or more of her guests gets a little rowdy.

Koester has an unusual hobby, as the rickety wooden steps leading up from a balcony outside her own living room to the flat, slatted wooden roof suggest. On the roof of her house is a stout wooden aviary containing her pet racing pigeons. Koester is an ardent devotee of pigeon breeding and racing and has won prizes for her avian pets. Locals mutter about the mess they make in Cutler's Road, but there is also an element of civic pride in the fact that one of the area's regular inhabitants has a silver trophy or two stashed away in her cupboards.

Recently, Widow Koester found a surprise in her coop - a pigeon she hadn't seen before, obviously exhausted from a long flight, and with a note tied around one of its legs. She read the note - something about children and cargoes, it didn't make much sense - tied it back around the bird's leg, fed it and sent it on. A few days later, it was back, with a new note. She read it and sent it on, and again it came back. After a few months, she has come to realise that she had stumbled on a trade in kidnapped children - the Body Trade. And the notes clearly implicated someone senior in House van Haagen, one of the Ten! The implications frightened her, and she is terrified that an agent of the van Haagen's will see the bird alighting in her coop.

Apart from her residents, Koester is well known to Sister Marianne for her generous donations, and to several ship captains, whose sailors she often boards. Another of her regular boarders is the surgeon, Doktor Putlangs, although he always seems to be either unconscious or hung-over. Granny Hetta sometimes shares a drink or two with Koester. The two women have a melancholy element of their pasts in common. Granny's husband was drowned some years ago, while Koester's husband died of the dreaded Bloat twenty years ago. If Widow Koester ever has too much to drink, it's usually in the company of Granny after hours in the kitchens. Finally, Koester is generally well known around Kruiersmuur because she has enough free time to wander around chatting with the locals.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
37	26	46	41	39	30	36	40
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	4	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Iron Ladle, Carpenter's tools, Shallyan book of sermons.

Skills: Animal Care +10%, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Blather, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Carpentry), Trade (Cook).

Talents: Acute Hearing, Etiquette, Lightening Reflexes, Super Numerate, Very Strong.

MARGARETTA

MARGARETTA

Girl of the Streets

(tradesman, ex camp follower)



"Ribbons and pins! Pots and pans! The best goods at the best prices!"

"Keep your hands to yourself, you creep! I'm not selling that any more!"

A woman from the wrong side of the canal, Margarettta symbolises the hopes of every Marienburger to wheel and deal their way to the top. Once a common streetwalker, she peddles an ever-changing variety of goods from her cart, hoping to earn enough to get a shop and then buy into a cargo, becoming a real merchant with a membership in the 'Change. Tall at 5'11", her blonde hair and blue eyes speak plainly about the unknown Norscan who must have been her father.

Margarettta was forced onto the streets when her mother died just before her 13th birthday. With no skills and no prospects, she had to do what she could to survive. Petty thievery, prostitution and begging seemed to be all that life held for her. Shortly after she turned 21, her life nearly came to an end when she was discovered holding out

on her bawd, "Slick" Willi, hiding money that she was supposed to give him. Beaten and left in the gutter of an alley near Little Bretonnia, it was there amidst her tears that she came to the conclusion that she would either have to turn her life around, or die before she turned 22.

Taking what little she money she had saved and "borrowing" some more from a former client who didn't want Margi and his wife to meet, she paid what she owed her bawd, bought a run-down houseboat on Cattail canal, and bought the cart and goods of an old peddler who had retired. Now she gets up before dawn almost every day and peddles household goods along the streets of Kruiersmuur and its foreign ghettos. On Marktags, she goes to the docks in Suddock and sees if there is anything she can buy from the sailors that might bring her an extra shilling or two. The trouble is, many often remember her from the old days and expect she's there to sell, not buy. With Margi, that's a quick way to a black eye.

For all she's been, one might expect her to be a hard-bitten hellion with a bitter hate in her heart. Far from it. Once she had set her life's course, Margi's naturally sunny disposition came to the fore. Always good at selling and putting people at their ease, she discovered a natural talent for business - something she enjoyed. People look forward to her visits to their neighbourhoods and often find themselves buying something just because they've had such a good time talking to her. This same success has not made her popular with many of the established merchants of Kruiersmuur, who resent her success at selling the same goods more cheaply. Only her membership in the Peddler's Guild has kept her from being hauled into court facing a civil suit.

But her ambition doesn't stop at owning a pushcart. She's seen the fancy houses of the merchants, their nice clothes and servants, and good food whenever they want it. She wants that too, but on her own terms, not marrying for it. Margi is husbanding her money carefully, waiting for the day when she can buy a shop and become a real merchant. She's even learning to read and do maths, with occasional lessons from a sympathetic Verenan priest. For no reason she can explain, she knows her chance will come. People will often see Margareta selling her wares when they're in Kruiersmuur. It they gain her

trust, they'll discover that she's a valuable source of information. She knows a lot of dirt about supposedly upstanding citizens, and might let a tid-bit or two slip while doing business. However, she knows the value of everything and is unlikely to give away anything really worth knowing for free. As far as she's concerned, anything that earns her more money - well, almost anything - is good.

Margi knows the many children who live in Tarnopol's Clock Tower and is on good terms with them. She's heard of the ghost, but thinks it's just a fairy story. She's one of the few who will stop to talk with old Pal Koster, and she's sure that some kind of illegal operation is run out of the cemetery. Margi also knows, but avoids, Dmitri Hrodovsky, who was a customer of hers in the old days. The way he looks at her makes her uneasy, and she's sure he's up to no good.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
38	34	34	46	41	32	31	46
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	4	5	-	-	-

Equipment: Pushcart, Small Boat with Cabin, Assorted Pots and Pans, Coloured Ribbon, Pins of all sizes, Cheap but serviceable cutlery, Dagger, Knuckle-dusters, Old hand-bills for practising her reading.

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip +20%, Haggle +10%, Perception, Search, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Trade (Merchant) +10%.

Talents: Dealmaker, Excellent Vision, Flee, Fleet Footed, Hardy, Resistance to Disease, Street Fighting.

TARNOPOL'S CLOCK TOWER

"You want to be careful round that tower when the night's draw in. They say that you can hear ghostly bells ringing in the night, and see a figure sitting on the bells themselves, riding them like daemons ride souls down into damnation."

"There's something strange going on round there. Nothing to do with all this ghostly lark, that's all superstitious nonsense of course. But the place isn't deserted, there are things running about at

night... maybe some more of those snotlings that escaped from that circus last year."

Tarnopol's clock tower is a weird folly on the water's edge within sight of both Suiddock and Remasweg. It stands 50 feet tall, but the bulk of the uppermost storey is crumbling and unsafe, with gaping cracks in the walls. The metal struts and girders supporting the great bronze bells are still intact, though, and the bells survive. The grotesque gargoyles and arabesques which decorated the original design have either fallen into the street (once or twice a year more bricks fall from the tower, prompting calls for its demolition) or have been defaced, but the main doors to the clock tower are still intact and show signs of being kept in working order.

Why haven't thieves attempted to remove the bronze bells, worth many guilders as scrap? The answer is of course, that they have tried, although few have been so foolish or ignorant as to attempt it recently. The reason lies in the clock tower's history.

The tower was built as a mausoleum for Lech Tarnopol, a rich Ostlander merchant who emigrated to Marienburg in the 25th century. He was proud of his adoptive home in Kruiersmuur and fancied himself as something of a public benefactor. When he died, rather than having an ordinary ornate tomb or mausoleum with tiresome alabaster angels spreading their wings in all directions, Lech's will left instructions for the erection of this edifice. With his tomb in the basement, the tower's bronze bells would be rung every hour to remind the people of Kruiersmuur, where Lech had done so much of his business, of his generosity in providing such a service.

When Kruiersmuur started to fall into decline, the clock tower was as affected as everywhere else. The Tarnopol family made no attempt to pay for the work needed to keep the clock tower intact. Most of them hated old Lech, who had made an eccentric will, which imposed ridiculous duties and restrictions upon them, and were in no mood to maintain his monument. However, while the tower crumbled, it did not do so unoccupied.

What keeps the thieves at bay is the ghost of Wim Masaryk, which still haunts the tower. Masaryk met a tragic and untimely end and his ghost has come back to haunt the tower, which was the

scene of his death. Here he frightens potential looters and pillagers. But in life, the eccentric lad always had a soft spot for children and has never attacked or threatened the Captains since they first fled here, pursued by cutthroats and scum who wanted to sell them into slavery. They, in turn, grew used to the ghost and see him as their protector; they even put new ropes on the bells for him, and they have even begun to try to repair some of the stonework on the upper storeys of the tower.

THE CAPTAINS

Light Fingered Children

(thief)



"Sybo, stop crying! You're six now, act like a big boy! I'm sorry, sir. But he's 'ungry. Couldja mebbe spare a shillin' or two, just for a crust of bread?"

Clad in raggedy clothes, with sooty faces, and perpetually runny noses. But behind each set of eyes is the look of a survivor. They live to stick together and make it through each day. Older than their years in many ways, the friendship they share with each other and Wim's ghost keeps the core of a child's innocence and hope alive in each. But they are still very suspicious of outsiders.

The Captains are a group of street children who live in the clock tower. Some are orphans, some runaways, and some nomads who occasionally return to their homes. But they're all poor, dirty and perpetually hungry, as well as being wily, unscrupulous and mischievous in a fairly brutal way. Enough of them have suffered at the hands of adults for all of them to be wary of any grown-ups, particularly ones who ask too many questions, although with hard work and a lot of food it might be possible to win the confidence or even the trust of a few of them.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
27	29	28	34	35	32	28	34
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	2	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Knife, Purse with 2 shillings and d10 pennies, Bag of minor items (marbles, handkerchief, string, etc.).

Armour: Leather Jerkin (1 body).

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment, Evaluate, Gossip, Perception, Pick Lock, Search, Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Alley Cat, Streetwise, Trapfinder.

CLAUDIA KILSCH

Street Thief

(rogue, ex thief)



"Well, sir, I do know where you can get some lanterns at a low price. Its my uncle, sir, he hasn't had the heart for business since my poor aunt died of the scrofulous quinsy, and he's selling up all his business, poor man. No, sir, he doesn't care for folk to visit his shop, so black is his mood after his tragic loss. Meet me at Haagen's Wharf in two hours and you shall have your lanterns."

Claudia is 14 years old, although she can look a couple of years younger or older as she wishes. She usually has dirty brown hair, close-cropped, her eyes are blue-grey and she has somewhat sallow skin. She is pretty after a fashion but with a hard edge.

Claudia is the oldest of the Captains and acts as a combination elder sister and foster mother to the rest, who range in age from five to twelve. She's very wise in the ways of the streets of Suiddock

and Kruiersmuur and doesn't tolerate fools - she robs them. She's also very firm in her loyalties and convictions; the other Captains are her family, the ghost of Wim Masaryk is her friend, and woe betide any fool who harms any of them.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
36	33	27	35	48	37	32	36
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	3	5	-	-	-

Equipment: Knife, Purse with 2 shillings and d10 pennies, Bag of minor items (marbles, handkerchief, string, etc.).

Armour: Leather Jerkin (1 body).

Skills: Blather, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment, Disguise, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Perception, Pick Lock, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Search, Secret Language (Thief), Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Alley Cat, Flee, Fleet Footed, Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Sixth Sense, Streetwise, Trapfinder.

WIM MASARYK

Ghost

"Damn you, Scheepscheers! You'll pay if it takes eternity!"

"Leave them alone, or I'll suck your soul!"

Wim appears as a man in his mid-twenties, dishevelled and scrawny. When the light's just right, the viewer can faintly see what's behind him - he's translucent. Around his neck is a noose and a rope, this isn't real, but the force of his obsession has caused it to become part of his ghostly manifestation.

Wim killed himself ten years ago when it became known that he had lost family heirlooms - a gold Tilean Salter and an icon of Morr - after pawning them to pay gambling debts. He blamed Gideon Scheepscheers for not giving him more time to recover them. Rather than face his family, he hung himself from the bell ropes of Tarnopol's clock tower, and the ringing of the bells was the last thing he heard. Wim's body is actually buried in Deedesveld graveyard not far away.

Since death, Wim has become partly deranged. He believes that he has become the tower's bell-ringer, and that by ringing the bells regularly he can summon Scheepscheers and exact his revenge. Scheepscheers won't be able to resist the allure of the pealing bells, Wim thinks. This idea is crazy, but then Wim is crazy. Wim believes that he is ringing the bells and goes through the motions - which doesn't have any effect on the real bells, but he thinks it does and will fly into a furious rage if this is denied.

Wim Masaryk can be laid to rest if either he is shown proof of Gideon Scheepscheers' death (since this would likely involve murder, this is perhaps not the best course), or if he is shown that his family heirlooms have been recovered and returned to his parents, tailors who live in Rijkspoort. The items are currently in the possession of Governor de Beq of Rijker's Isle.

Wim knows Scheepscheers very well, and is convinced some dark magic helps him resist the bells. He retains enough of his humanity to be fond of the Captains, especially Claudia, their leader.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
25	0	30	30	42	31	18	30
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	3	6	-	-	-

Equipment: None

Skills: Concealment +20%, Gossip, Perception +20%, Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Ethereal, Frightening, Night Vision, Undead.

Special Rules:

Fearful Touch: The touch of a Ghost does not cause damage to non-ethereal creatures, but does cause the target to make a new Fear Test. This can be dodged but not parried. The Ghost must be visible to use this ability.

Invisible: The Ghost can become invisible as a free action. When invisible, the Ghost cannot be targeted with ranged attacks, including Magic Missiles. In addition, they may not be attacked in melee.

Place of Death: Wim may not pass the doors of Tarnopol's Clock Tower.

THREE GUILDERS EMPORIUM

"That bilge-sucking thief. First he gives me a tenth of what me Mum's silver teapot it worth, then he expects me to pay full price to get it back! What do I tell er?"

Three gold-painted wooden coins hang from a yardarm, the symbol of Gideon Scheepscheers, pawnbroker and usurer. The small, unprepossessing storefront sits on the edge of the Wezelwater canal, across from Miraglianese ghetto in the heart of Kruiersmuur. Windows of heavy leaded glass display the varied goods pawned by the desperate, now unclaimed and for sale. The windows are protected by bars and the heavy doors (one street side one on the canal) are each reinforced by a ship's timber that can be slid across the inside at closing time (requiring a **Very Hard (-20%) Strength Test** to break down).

Beyond the doors is a hallway, bare except for a few chairs where clients can wait their turn to deal with Scheepscheers through a barred and shuttered teller's cage. A single door as stout as the outer doors gives admittance to the storeroom and Scheepscheers' spartan living quarters. Through the bars of the cage and the streetside window, prospective clients can see an amazing variety of goods shelved in a random array. Scheepscheers hires two guards to protect the premises during the day, and one maintains a watch during the night. The three floors above are rented to tenants for an exorbitant rate.

People come to the Three Guilders when they need cash quickly and have something to offer as collateral. They never get what the item is really worth, but are usually in such straits that they will take what they can get. Locals desperate for rent money, sailors with gambling debts, businessmen whose fortunes have declined and addicts who need their next fix - the clientele at Scheepscheer's is a cross-section of Marienburg society. Gideon will usually offer one-fifth of what an item is worth, less if he thinks a client is particularly needy. He can be bargained up to no more than one-quarter. Pawned items are held for almost a month, with an interest rate of 10% per week. After 50 days, the item is offered for general sale, and the original owner can only redeem it by paying its full value.

Scheepscheers posts a list of "Today's Specials" outside both doors, but individuals might also

hear of something desirable through some poor sod's tale of woe. Almost anything one can think of has passed through the Three Guilders at one time or another. Gideon will ask 120% of the item's value, though he can be bargained down to 90%, since he's making a profit on it in any event.

Gideon Scheepscheers

Pawnbroker

(merchant, ex fence, ex burgher)



"Welcome to the Three Guilders! How may I serve you? I understand, sir, we're all caught short at times, but do creditors listen? A musical Estalian pocket clock, sir? I'll offer you 12 guilders for it - just sign here, mijn heer."

"My rates are posted for all to see, so you have no complaint! You failed to pay the loan within a month, and I was within my rights to sell it! Now get out and stop wasting my time?"

Gideon Scheepscheers is tall but stooped, a man in his early sixties whose wrinkled face and perpetual squint make him look like some huge dried fruit doll. He wears severe black clothes that went out of fashion twenty years ago, but he keeps them because they're still "perfectly good". He almost always seems to be checking his accounts or inventorying his stock, when not dealing with clients. He never leaves the shop without his bodyguard.

Unctuous, almost fawning to prospective clients, he has no patience with "deadbeats" - his word - who can't pay their debts. He knows the debtor's law like the back of his hand, and has privately prosecuted more than one person and sent them to jail for unpaid bills - the law allows him to do this when he has been unable to sell an item that is also unclaimed. He adheres to the letter of a contract and has never been known to show leniency to anyone. The fact that people will accept his terms to get money he takes as a sign of his good business sense, as was his decision to

get out of fencing nearly 30 years ago into something far more profitable and far less dangerous, though he is still careful of those who might resent his riches.

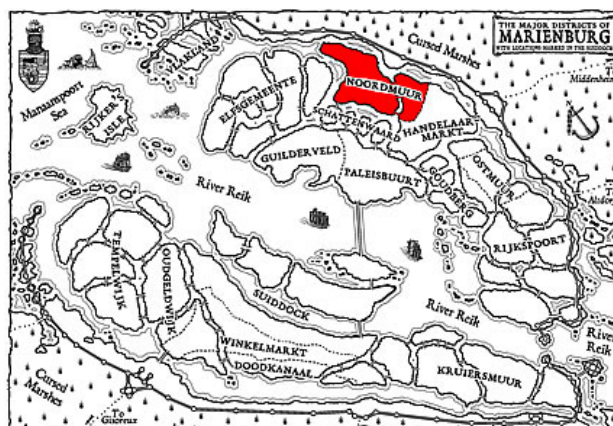
He is friendly with Marquandt of Marquandt's Escorts, from whom he hires his bodyguard. Dmitri Hrodovsky regularly buys items here and often joins Gideon for a game of dominoes at a local private club, the Blue Heron. Gideon has seen the ghost of Tarnopol's Clocktower and knows it is after him. He will not go to that part of Kruiersmuur for any reason.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
55	47	37	42	41	54	50	52
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	3	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Severe, conservative clothes, Dagger, Gold Rimmed Spectacles, d10 Promissory Notes, Guild Ring, Account Book, Tin of Snuff, Medallion of Morr.
Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Drive, Evaluate +20%, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle +20%, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Sleight of Hand +10%, Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%, Speak Language (Tilean), Trade (Merchant).
Talents: Ambidextrous, Dealmaker, Savvy, Sixth Sense, Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Suave, Super Numerate.

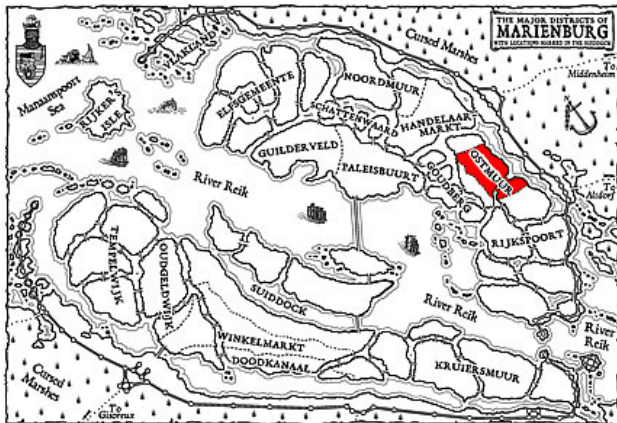
NOORDMUUR

This ward of Marienburg is mostly inhabited by the upper middle class. Conservative. Many devout Manaan and Haendryk worshippers are here.



OSTMUUR

This ward of Marienburg is a middle-class area with a championship water ball team.



THE TEMPLE OF MORR

The Temple of Mórr is easily distinguished from the other temples in Marienburg by its dark grey basalt walls and unique gate-like, lintel-covered entrance. Narrow windows are situated high in the walls, making the inside fairly gloomy. An extensive vault have been excavated in the hard sandstone beneath the temple and can be reached by stairs behind the high altar. The remains of past High Priests are interred in the vaults along with reliquaries for cult saints.

The priests at the temple tend not to have the time for visitors. Anyone seeking to learn information about matters that concern the cult are directed to Lodewijck Raffleugel, the chief librarian of the Temple of Mórr and its expert on cult lore and other related areas (such as the information about the Undead). Anyone dealing with Lodewijck in a direct manner finds the Priest of Mórr an affable, intelligent man. In contrast, Lodewijck has little patience when dealing with those who prefer to be evasive or too circumspect.

LODEWIJCK RAFFLEUGEL

Anointed Priest

(ex-Student, ex-Scholar, ex-Initiate)

Lodewijck has been the chief librarian and keeper of the cult's lore for the last 40 years or so. His ability to remember details far exceeds what one would expect from someone Lodewijck's age. Lodewijck is also a busy man, very direct, and has little patience for people who waste his time.

Towards those who handle themselves in a straightforward manner, Lodewijck is quite the amiable chap. He'll assist them in any matter to the extent that he is able, especially if that matter involves the eradication of Necromancers and followers of Kháine.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
43	36	32	37	46	62	47	46
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	4	1	-	-

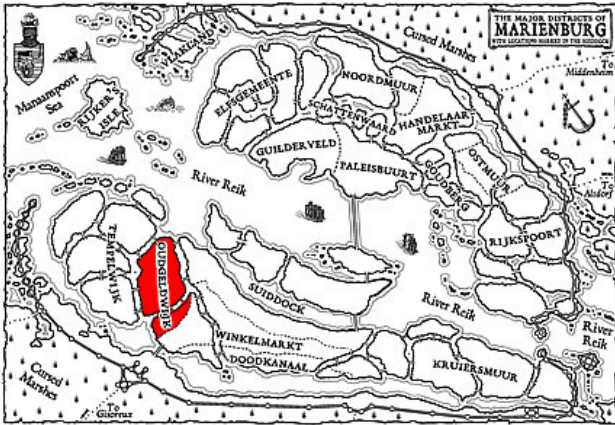
Equipment: Plain, black-hooded robes; Raven medallion (under robes), a few books on a wide range of topics, and purse containing 3 Gu, 7 shillings.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (Astrology), Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Channelling, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Undead), Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +10%, Gossip, Heal +20%, Magical Sense, Perception +10%, Read/Write +20%, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Common), Speak Language (Estalian), Speak Language (Norse), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Swim, Trade (Cartographer).

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Armoured Casting, Divine Lore (Morr), Lightning Reflexes, Linguistics, Petty Magic (Divine), Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Suave.

OUDGELDWIJK

Little better than one of Marienburg's slum areas, this ward used to be the home of Marienburg's nobility, but is now in a state of genteel poverty.



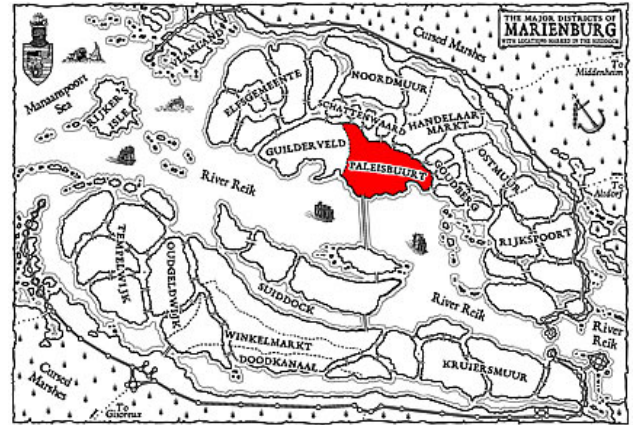
IMPRESSIONS OF OUDGELDWIJK

“The buildings on the other side of the bridge were bigger and more elaborate than those in the Winkelmarkt and marked by time and decay. Plaster was crumbling, paint flaking, and many of the once grand mansions they passed had clearly been subdivided into dwellings and offices. A faint air of decay seemed to hang over them all.”

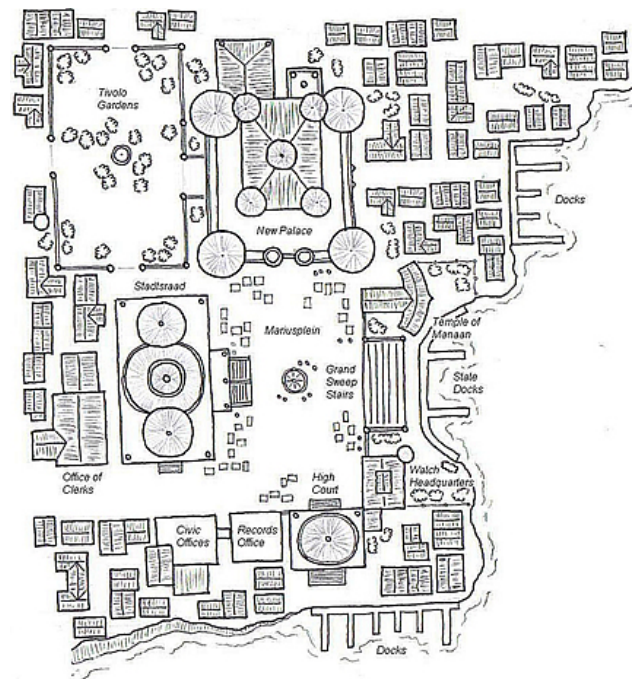
“A few hundred years ago the wealthiest merchants in the city lived here. But after the bridge was built the real money moved over the river, where there was room for bigger houses. Some of the families stayed, but the ones that did are struggling. Now half the houses are let and the rest are being circled by the speculators.”

PALEISBUURT

The Palace District is the centre of Marienburg's official government. A showcase for the city's success, generations of rulers - both Barons and Directors - have lavished money here. Many of the government buildings are architectural gems and students come from as far away as Araby to study the works of the continent's greatest architects. It's also the site of the famed Tivolo Gardens, a rare square of urban parkland that's constantly maintained by a small army of groundskeepers paid for by the Stadtholder.



A map of the Mariusplein, the busy square at the heart of the Palace District



COMMON KNOWLEDGE

“It's actually not a bad place to live. The rich prefer Goudberg or Guilderveld, so most of the locals are bureaucrats or lawyers - and those snooty foreigners sticking their noses into our business.”

“If you 're looking to study architecture, you can't do better than the Palace District. If you 're interested in government, try the 'Change instead.”

“You can't walk ten feet through Paleisbuurt without someone trying to buy or sell you secrets.”

During the day, Paleisbuurt teems with people who are either in the government, or who have business with it - all classes of Marienburgers have reasons to come here at one time or another. Many, if not most, are headed to the High Court: the lawyers to try their cases, the defendants to plead their innocence, and their families to worry. Others seek audiences with the officers of the Stadsraad or even the Staadtholder himself - Marienburg has a long tradition of its rulers being accessible to the people.

The ward is much quieter at night. The residents are mostly bureaucrats and lawyers who go home after a busy day to spend a quiet evening with family or exchange visits with friends. Rents for flats in areas off the main canals are actually quite reasonable. But the placid veneer hides subtle intrigue, for the offices and embassies in Paleisbuurt hide secrets that draw spies like Skaven to warpstone.

Paleisbuurt is also home to the exotic sights of Embassy Row, where the governments of all the Powers of the Old World and beyond maintain official representatives to guard their interests in the City. Anxious to know the plans of the Directorate and each other, the embassies will often resort to any means to gain the information they need. Spies, agents and information-brokers for every side and faction operate in Paleisbuurt; some serving several masters at once.

As one would expect, the Watch maintains a strong presence in Paleisbuurt. The central headquarters are located in a building next to the High Courts. Black Caps there are responsible for guarding prisoners consigned to the cells under the courts, and for the security of public buildings. They have ample funds, and Headquarters maintains a large supply of firearms in case of civil disturbance. They even have several wizards under contract, whose magic is used for both investigation and enforcement.

IMPRESSIONS OF PALEISBUURT

"Where foreign embassies jostled for position with one another and with the residences of the wealthiest merchants of the city. Who, it seemed, formed the government of the place, or at least the richest ten did."

"The Paleisbuurt was the least congested part of the city he'd seen so far, the streets broad, and many of the houses had modest gardens around them. That had seemed impressive enough at first sight, but even this profligate use of the city's limited space was eclipsed by the largest open area he'd seen since his arrival in Marienburg. The square in front of the staadholder's palace was wide enough for a company of soldiers to have drilled in without difficulty, unless they got tangled up in the large ornate fountain in the centre of it encrusted with dolphins and other sea life."

EMBASSY ROW

"Of course they spy on us from their embassies - but at least we know where they're doing it from."

"The Black Caps could take some lessons about gallantry from those foreigners! Just last week I was walking home from St Arne's when three hoodlums accosted me on Embassy Row and tried to steal my purse! My bodyguard ran off, the coward. But, out of nowhere, three guards dashed out from the Bretonnian embassy and not only recovered my purse, but left the blackguards trussed for the Watch. And the only reward they asked was to kiss my hand!"

Embassy Row is a series of walled compounds near the Vreemdelingsvaart ('Foreigner's Canal'), north of the Mariusplein. Like the Elf enclave of Sith-Rionnasc'namishathir, each of the foreign embassies is considered extra-territorial - an area of foreign land, not Marienburg. Unlike Sith Rionnasc, the territory is limited to the grounds around each mansion - and given that this is Marienburg, this isn't much land at all. All embassies, however, are off-limits to the civil and military forces of Marienburg, who may only enter with the permission of the relevant ambassador. To do otherwise is considered an act of war. At the same time, Marienburg is responsible for the security of each embassy: when a recent riot broke out over some intemperate remarks by the Imperial Ambassador, Baron Von Heinsoo, it was the Paleisbuurt Black Caps who had to keep the rioters from breaking down the gates. Not surprisingly, the Watch

doesn't appreciate having to break Marienburger heads to protect ungrateful foreigners.

For all these rules of gentlemanly behaviour, though, Embassy Row is a focus for intrigue and espionage. Marienburg's intelligence service, the Fog Walkers, both tries to find out what's going on in each embassy, and guards against the spying attempts launched from each embassy. What's more, various private interests (including the Houses of the Ten, the Elves of Sith Rionnasc, and The League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs) hire freelance agents to ferret out the foreigners secrets.

Not that the embassies themselves are innocent victims. All the legations employ spies to some extent. Some, like the Arabyans, rely on relatively open contacts with their kinsmen in their Marienburg ghetto to report what they've seen and heard. Others like the Bretonnians and the Imperials, run multiple spy rings, each unaware of the other and reporting to the embassy only through the most indirect means, if they are known to the embassy at all. Several embassies hire native Marienburgers as agents, and there are freelance agents who sell their skills and information to the highest bidder, or sometimes to several bidders, playing one off against another.

There are embassies for all the major powers of the Old World along the Vreemdelingsvaart: Araby, Bretonnia, the Empire, Kislev, Miragliano, Remas, Magritta and Bilbali. From farther afield, both the Monkey King of Cathay, and the Divine Sun of Nippon have recently opened formal relations, though their strange customs and impenetrable language make it hard for Marienburgers to divine their intentions. However, it's clear that there is no love lost between the two delegations.

Individuals are most likely to encounter the embassies, in one of two ways; either through dealings with their staff on their errands in Marienburg, or through involvement (willing or otherwise) with the web of plots that surrounds each and every one.

HONG FU CHU

Chaos Recruiter

**(spy, ex cult acolyte of tzeentch,
ex charlatan, ex entertainer)**



"Just as the dragon shows infinite colours, so Truth shows infinite faces. I shall show you the Truth in the infinite forms of Chaos."

Hong Fu Chu is a little over five and a half feet tall, with a fat belly and a round, jowly, pock-marked face. His head is hairless, except for two long curly locks descending from his temple and a long thin moustache that hangs beneath his chin on either side. His robes hide the legs of a bird, covered in purple feathers to the backward knees and ending in yellow claws, a gift of mutation from his Chaotic Lord.

A schemer and a deceiver, his vile goal is to implement Lord Tsien-Tsin's desires for change among the barbarians of this land. He is cruel the way a cat is, and enjoys offering his lord sacrifices by slow torture, ceremonies that sometimes last for days.

Hong Fu Chu arrived in Marienburg about a year ago, bearing news that a new faction was in power at the Celestial Court; one devoted to the Lord of Change. The ambassador, a veteran of Cathayan politics, has accepted this without question or without having it further confirmed from his Emperor. Nor does he make mention of his new First Secretary's unusual gait.

Chu does not venture from the embassy, but has used its existing contacts with the Cathayan community to begin his master's work. Slowly he is taking control of the underworld in Little Cathay, but is careful not to reveal his growing influence yet to Guan Lo Fat, the ghetto's crime lord. He has also made discreet contact with

another Tzeentch cult in the city, the Rainbow Flames, and is hatching plans to use their influence over Haam Markvalt to his own ends.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
49	46	34	43	52	54	51	60
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	3	4	4	1	-	-

Equipment: Floor-length mandarin robes of the finest silk, Four-cornered tasselled hat, Rings and Gems worth 300 Guilders, Collapsible Fan, Dagger, 4 Doses of Chimera Spittle.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Blather +10%, Channelling, Charm +20%, Command, Common Knowledge (Cathay), Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Nippon), Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +10%, Concealment, Disguise +20%, Evaluate +20%, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Hypnotism, Intimidate, Lip Reading, Magical Sense, Perception +20%, Performer (Actor) +10%, Performer (Dancer), Pick Lock, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Shadowing, Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Cathayan), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Nipponese), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim.

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Controlled Corruption, Coolheaded, Dark Magic, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Flee, Inured to Chaos, Lightning Reflexes, Linguistics, Mimic, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Chaos), Public Speaking, Resistance to Magic, Savvy, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Streetwise, Suave.

Mutations: Bird's Leg x2.

Reward of Chaos: Magic of Tzeentch (Pink Coral Ring with grants Pink Fire of Tzeentch).

THE GULL AND TRIDENT

"If I may advise you, take your honeymoon in Marienburg; at the dull and Trident Inn. It's in the best part of town: you'll have a beautiful view of the river and be near all the finest theatres and shops. The food is superb, too. All prepared by Wilhelmina Thistledown, the owner. Many couples go again and again. Why, I book one Altdorf couple three times a year."

In a city known for its attractions, with its many inns and hostelries catering to travelling merchants and even tourists, one of the best and best-known is the Gull and Trident, owned and run by Wilhelmina Thistledown. It's in Paleisbuurt, west of the High Tower Bridge. Her bed and breakfast is very popular with both travellers and locals. A double-wing, two-storey structure built along the bank of the Rijksweg, it boasts very comfy rooms, excellent food, and a magnificent view from its terrace. Coaching and riverboat agents from as far away as Talabheim and Nuln recommend it to their clients, and it's nearly always booked months in advance.

Of course, that's understandable when one of the most popular hotels in Marienburg is also a front for the biggest fencing operation between Erengrad, L'Anguille and Altdorf. Many local thieves come to the inn for its celebrated breakfast, and order the "special gull-meat sausages" - a signal that they have something to sell. Staff will always tell them that there's a delay of between five and thirty minutes, which is actually how long they should wait before leaving their table and going to the inn's coach house. There they will be met by Egbert the blacksmith/bodyguard and Aunt Mina, who will be smoking the foul cigar she always lights when doing business. Mina will always give good prices, typically about 35% of value, or 30% if the item is particularly "hot". A successful Haggle test will add 5% to the price she is willing to pay. She will insist that the client stay and pay for breakfast *"A working man must keep up his strength, dearie,"* she says.

Some of the newlywed couples and tourists who stay at the inn are actually agents representing the biggest gangs in the Empire and Bretonnia. They come to see what's available or by special invitation of Aunt Mina. Stolen goods are sold at roughly 60% of street value, or more if the item is well known or several gangs are bidding for it. A successful Haggle test will reduce her selling price by 5%. Many clients make regular trips several times a year.

Individuals new to Marienburg can hear of the Gull and Trident through contacts when they try to sell or trace stolen goods. Perhaps they will be visiting the inn for its famous breakfasts and become suspicious when two or three men all order gull-meat sausages and then disappear for a

time. They might order it themselves and then be surprised when the sausages don't arrive but Egbert - who has no sense of humour at all - comes to find who's been wasting their time. Aunt Mina can also be a source of training to would-be Fence's, or a conduit to a meeting with Adalbert Henschmann. He will be less suspicious of anyone referred by her.

WILHELMINA THISTLEDOWN

Innkeeper

(fence, ex burgher, ex servant)



"Just call me Aunt Mina, dearie. You've come for breakfast? Perhaps you'd like to sit out on the terrace - you can see Rijker's Isle today. Now, what will you have? The gull-meat sausages? I see... (in a whisper) Right! I'll see you in the coach house, ten minutes. Make like you're going to the garderobe. And don't forget to pay for breakfast. You wouldn't want to upset Egbert, would you, dearie?"

Heavy, round build, barely 4' tall. Looks like everyone's grandmother. Rosy cheeks, greying hair tied up in a bun. She admits to being "not a day over 75, dearie."

A protective, doting woman. Loves to feed people. Smokes cigars when alone or doing business. A sharp, competitive businesswoman who doesn't take nonsense from anyone.

Aunt Mina has been able to operate for the past 15 years because of the special patronage of "Casanova" Henschmann. Years ago, when Henschmann was fighting for his life in the gang war that gave him control of the League; Aunt Mina gave him shelter at a dangerous moment.

Henschmann never forgot, and after he won he set her up in the Gull and Trident. She is under his special protection, and no one in his right mind would ever think of harming or double-crossing his "little mama".

Mina has contacts throughout the Marienburg underworld and beyond, both from her association with Henschmann and her reputation as a square dealer. On the rare times that Hugo Delftgruber gets out, he likes to come here to pay his respects. Out of pity, Mina gives him extra portions for free. Hieronymous Deecksburg also occasionally eats here, though he has yet to stumble on the inn's secret. She has refused to buy her meat from Groenewoud's, as something "doesn't smell right to her nose" about the butcher and his shop.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
49	33	32	27	53	47	50	53
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	2	4	-	1	-

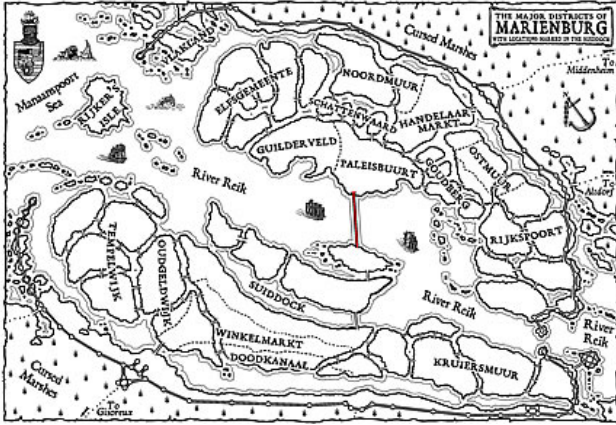
Equipment: Apron, Soup Ladle, Practical Homespun Dress, Two or three recipes traded with friends in Kleinmoot, d5 Lustrian Cigars (one usually lit).

Skills: Animal Care, Blather, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate +20%, Gamble, Gossip +20%, Haggle +20%, Perception, Search, Sleight of Hand +10%, Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook).

Talents: Acute Hearing, Cool Headed, Dealmaker, Hardy, Lightening Reflexes, Marksman, Savvy, Streetwise, Suave, Super Numerate.

THE HOOGBRUG BRIDGE

The Hoogbrug bridge. Longest and highest in the known world. The arches are large enough for an ocean-going ship to pass through under full sail and the ramps around the outside of the towers are wide enough for two coaches to pass one another. The bridge spans the mouth of the Reik, and is connected to towers in the Paleisbuurt District and Hightower Island in the Suiddock.



"In the far distance, yet still able to dwarf the warehouses and other buildings in between, a vast viaduct rose, higher than any structure he would have believed possible."

"Rudi got his first view of the Hoogbrug and the huge tower leading up to it, which cast its shadow across the whole ward like the gnomon of a gigantic sundial. As Kris had boasted, the roadway wound its way around it in a huge spiral, wide enough for the traffic to flow unobstructed in both directions."

THE NEW PALACE

"Looks like a big wedding cake, doesn't it?"

Though its foundations were laid nearly 1,000 years ago, Marienburgers typically call the home of the Stadtholder the "New Palace", a reference to the time when the city's ruling family lived in the fortress of Rijker's Isle. The palace was begun under Baron van Buik in the late 16th century and served as the headquarters of the Bretonnian governor during the occupation. It was burned during the Bretonnian withdrawal and rebuilt with funds borrowed from the Merchants' Association. Because of the role these loans played in the expansion of political liberty in Marienburg, the palace is also known as "Democracy's Cradle".

Though the city has not been sacked for 700 years, the New Palace still looks very much like a fortress: four stout towers guard the approaches, and the lone gate that pierces the keep wall is made of solid steel, forged by the Dwarfs of Karaz-a-Karak and enchanted with guarding runes. An elite troop of the Black Caps under the personal command of General Escottus van

Haaring guards the palace day and night, ready to smite any foe with their halberds and pistols.

Of course, peace and prosperity have taken their toll on the venerable keep: the walls have been holed in many places with large, modern windows out of place in a defensive structure and, on the north, a great unfortified chapel and banquet hall were added by Stadtholder Willem van Tafte "the Corpulent" in the last century. The watchmen spend more time chasing away beggars than invaders, and one of the towers houses a coop for Stadtholder van Raemerswijk's prized racing pigeons.

Still, this is the official centre of Marienburg's government - the Directorate meets here in the Azure Gallery, while the Stadtholder hosts state functions here. It is also the headquarters for the Fog Walkers - so security is good, even though it is not obvious. There are secrets hidden here that could bring down more than one government in the Old World.

SJEF GERRITSE

Chamberlain of the Ballroom

(valet, ex servant)



"Yes, of course I can get you into the Geheimnstag Ball, my dear, but whether it's as servant or guest depends on the quantity and nature of the favours that you're prepared do for me."

Slightly under medium height, Sjeff's thinning sandy hair is hidden under a powdered periwig. Watery grey eyes peer disdainfully from behind a monocle when dealing with a social inferior, but are humbly lowered in the presence of Marienburg's elite. His skin, though treated with the finest cosmetics, is showing his middle age and the effects of his dissolute lifestyle.

Greed and cynicism are the guiding lights in Sjef's life. Starting as a kitchen servant, through a creative combination of gossip, backstabbing, flattery and pandering he has risen to be the arbiter of who gets accepted to Court social life, and who is left outside. A born petty tyrant, few make that final leap to high society without paying his toll. A well-placed rumour from Sjef can make or break any social climber's season.

Gerritse is secretly an extreme human chauvinist, and his dislike of non-humans has lead him to cooperate with the Knights of Purity, in spite of their dedication to the tenets of Solkan. He has used his influence to cover their trail after the recent assaults and arsons in Elfsgemeente, even to the extent of letting them use portions of the New Palace as a safe house. The damage to relations between Marienburg and the Exarchate would be enormous if it were ever discovered.

Sjef Gerritse knows the staff of the New Palace thoroughly - and he despises them as much as they hate him. Agents seeking access to the Palace's social functions know to drop him a few guilders if they want admittance. This makes him unusually knowledgeable about who's who in Marienburg's espionage community. While he has few true friends, he avidly cultivates relationships with the Ten and other power figures in Marienburg, such as Speaker Gyngrijk. At the same time, many among Marienburg's would-be elite seek his favour to advance their own standing. When he ventures out of the Palace just to relax, he can be found at the Gull and Trident, at his private table.

Gerritse is well liked and trusted by the Stadtholder. Playing on this, Sjef is manoeuvring to become the Stadtholder's permanent secretary, coveting the unofficial power of the position. However he has no idea of the current holder's true position as head of the Fog Walkers, a blind-spot likely to be fatal to his plans.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
40	33	32	37	41	32	45	48
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	5	-	-	-

Equipment: Fine clothes in the livery of the New Palace, Dagger, Keys to the rooms of Van Tafte's

Wing, Staff and Orb of Office, Tin of Imported Snuff.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Blather +10%, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook).

Talents: Acute Hearing, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Fleet Footed, Luck, Very Resilient.

STADSRAAD

"I hear that the Sergeants-At-Arms have been ordered to keep the noise from the fights in the Burgherhof to a minimum, lest the shouting wake up the sleepers in the Rijkskamer."

Opposite the New Palace across the famed Tivolo Gardens sits the magnificent Stadsraad, Marienburg's city council and the Wasteland's parliament. Built in a flush of municipal pride after independence, the building is a gaudy triple-domed structure of cream-coloured stone decorated with Tilean columns and gold trim, with a massive flight of stone steps leading up to its entrance doors. Atop the domes of the two Chambers are regal statues of Marius, while surmounting the central dome of the great atrium is a gilded statue of the city's symbol, a mermaid holding a sword and a bag of money.

The building sits on the west side of the plaza known as Mariusplein, which is dotted with marble statues in the Tilean style and bordered on one side by the New Palace and a smaller temple to Manaana, and on the other side by the High Court, the Inns of Court, and various civil offices including the City Records Office. Opposite it, the Grand Sweep stairs lead down to the Reik's edge and the docks where important visitors are given a state reception.

The central chamber of the Stadsraad is an atrium, with a vast mosaic of the city-state's symbol inlaid in its floor. In niches surrounding the chamber, statues to most of the gods bear eternal watch over Marienburg's fate and receive the prayers of the Chief Priest of Verena, Leontine Tolenaar, at the opening of the first session of each new year. Perhaps unsurprisingly, both Ranald and Sigmar are conspicuous by their absences.

The Burgerhof is a smallish chamber, with tiers of benches on either side of the central aisle, at the head of which is a dais that holds the desks of the clerks and the throne of the Speaker. The Burgerhof is the scene of lively debates as the members of the various factions hurl questions and sometimes rotten vegetables at each other - the junior members, called "backbenchers", are especially enthusiastic hurlers. A door to the side of the Speaker's dais leads to the Burgerhof library and offices, including the office of Speaker Gyngrijk himself.

The Rijkskamer is much more spacious and comfortable, as befits the senior Chamber. There are chairs, not benches, and they are cushioned in velvet. It is also much cleaner, since the honoured members prefer polite debate to chucking cabbages. When called into session by the Stadtholder, the Rijkskamer becomes a sea of colours and courtesy, with each member dressed in splendid robes and wigs and gracing each other with flowery speeches. It meets rarely, however, and the staff spends much of their time dusting and polishing on the off chance that someone might unexpectedly want to use the place.

NIEUT GYNGRIJK

Speaker of the Burgerhof

(demagogue, ex litigant, ex student)



"How're ya doing? Good to see ya! Always glad to meet the people!"

"Sure. I feed the people dreams. But their dreams might one day put me in the Stadtholder's chair. Want some taffy?"

In his forties, of medium height and portly build. His bright grey eyes seem welcoming and cheerful, though a piggish squint reveals the calculating, selfish personality within.

In a city that specialises in back-room deals, Speaker Gyngrijk is the consummate mass-politician. He rose from a middle-class family in Noordmuur and quickly gained a reputation as a firebrand orator for the rights of the working man in Marienburg's courts. But he is not an idealist - rather, he desires power and money. Since his birth denied him the advantages of the rich, he pragmatically created his own power base: the resentful and unsophisticated who seek to blame others for their own troubles.

His success brought him to the attention of the Directorate. But, instead of arranging a anonymous trip to Rijkers for him, they played on his venality and came to a mutually beneficial arrangement: he would become their creature, especially of the van de Kuypers faction. He would use his considerable skills to protect their interests in the Burgerhof, and they would see he enjoyed the perquisites he had always wanted. For the past seven years, he has served them well.

But Nieuw isn't satisfied to be the cats-paw of Jaan van de Kuypers. He's set his eyes on the greatest prize of all - he wants to be nothing less than Stadtholder of Marienburg.

The Speaker has regular contact with all the Directors, especially van de Kuypers, van Haagen and de Roelefs. Recently, his contacts with the de Roelefs family has taken on a more intimate tone, as he has recently begun to pay court to Clotilde de Roelefs niece, Clara, who has just reached marriageable age. Nieuw Gyngrijk has become a regular visitor to the Rood Haan Paleis in Oudgeldwijk. Director de Roelefs herself is considering the match, since it would bring the Speaker's considerable public appeal into the anti-van de Kuypers faction. Clara's opinions are unknown.

Speaker Gyngrijk makes frequent visits to working-class neighbourhoods of Marienburg, where he "presses the flesh" and lets everyone know he's in the common man's corner. He's especially popular in Kruiersmuur. Understandably, the Elves and Dwarves are quite cool to him.

Someone, though, actively dislikes him. Recent rumours and suspicious happenings have convinced him that someone wants him dead. But who? Taking no chances, he has engaged

Marquandt's Escort Service to provide a round-the-clock bodyguard.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
41	42	32	53	52	65	46	73
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	3	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Robes, Medallion and Sceptre of Office, Loaded Pistol (concealed), Ring of Mastership of Litigants League, Bag of Saltwater Taffy.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Law) +20%, Blather +10%, Charm +20%, Command, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Gossip +20%, Haggle +10%, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Speak language (Eltharin), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%.

Talents: Acute Hearing, Etiquette, Dealmaker, Public Speaking, Master Orator, Savvy, Street Fighting, Streetwise, Suave, Super Numerate, Very Resilient.

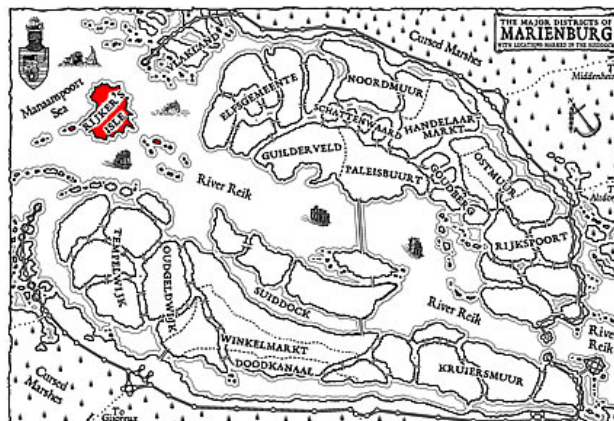
Medallion of Office (Common Knowledge: Wasteland)

A wide, copper medallion, emblazoned on the front with the symbol of the Burgerhof, and hall-marked on the back by its Cathayan maker. The amulet is designed to protect the wearer against the simple modes of assassination, which political enemies might employ.

- The Damage of all attacks on the wearer are reduced by 1.
- The amulet grants +20% to Toughness Tests to resist the effects of Poison.
- Amulet turns green when placed within an inch of poison.

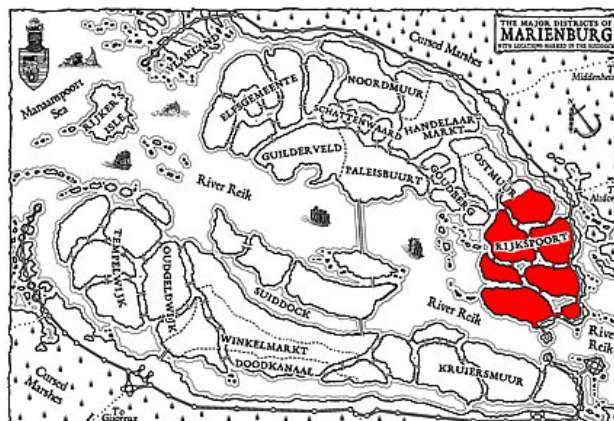
RIJKER'S ISLE

Marienburg's feared fortress-prison.



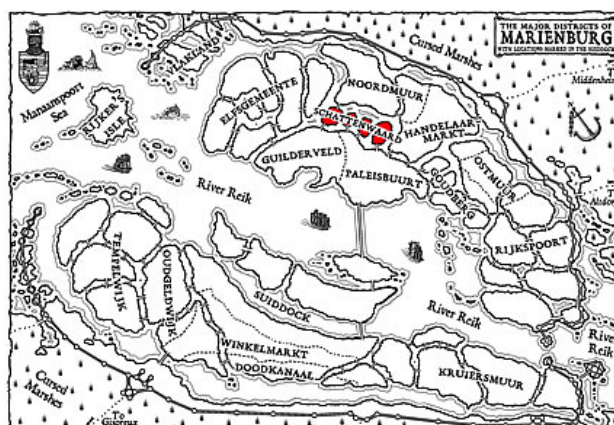
RIJKSPOORT

This ward of Marienburg is mostly inhabited by working-class families and fishermen. One of the Rijk chain-towers is here.



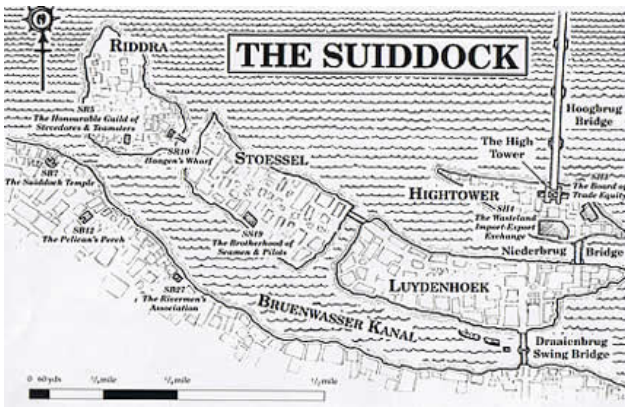
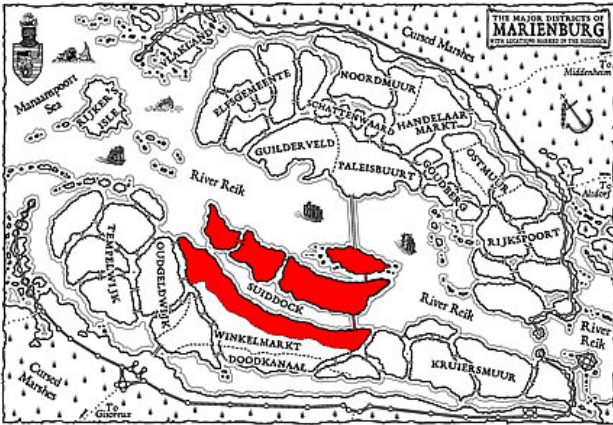
SCHATTINWAARD

This ward of Marienburg has few residents; and is mostly made up of warehouses and counting houses.



SUIDDOCK

The Brunwasser Kanal is one of the few channels deep enough to handle the many ocean-going vessels that visit Marienburg. For almost a mile, both sides of the Brunwasser are lined with docks, warehouses, counting houses, mercantile offices, shipyards, taverns and brothels. This waterfront is Suiddock – the heart of Marienburg, and the crossroads of the world. It is said that everyone and everything that moves into and out of the Old World passes through Suiddock at some point. This includes adventurers.



ARRIVING

The Suiddock is an ideal place for a band of adventurers to begin finding out about Marienburg. Precisely how you go about getting your adventurers to the Suiddock depends on how they travel to Marienburg.

If they arrive by boat, it is almost inevitable that their first landing will be in the Suiddock. Both sea and river traffic end up somewhere in the huge docklands.

If they arrive by the Middenheim road, they will almost certainly enter Marienburg through the Oostenpoort Gate. Most of the coach services end at depots on the edge of the Suiddock, where the land is cheap and the Teamster's Guild is not far away. This gives the adventurers a trip right across the city from north to south, over canals and across bridges, as they marvel at the size of the place. If the adventurers arrive by road from Bretonnia, they will enter through the Westernpoort Gate, which leads onto the Suiddock itself.

And finally, of the adventurers are Marienburgers born and bred, they will know that the Suiddock is the area to start a life of adventure. Lower-class types may well have grown up there, and others might well check out the docklands in the hope of taking ship to some far-flung and exotic corner of the world.

THE LIE OF THE LAND

As we've already said, the Suiddock is the area to either side of a mile-long stretch of the Brunwasser Kanal. The north bank of the Brunwasser is made up of three main islands: Luydenhoek, Stoessel and Riddra, from east to west. Connected to Luydenhoek by the Neiderbrug bridge is Hightower Isle, built up to form the footing of one end of the spectacular Hoogbrug bridge.

The oldest part of the Suiddock is in the west, by Riddra and the western half of Stoessel. Over time, the docks have expanded eastwards and upriver, and the largest and most modern docks are in the part known as the Luydenhoek Stretch, or Down East. This is where most of the real business of Suiddock is done, and Riddra and its surrounding districts have become a run-down maze of slums, where only the locals feel truly at home.

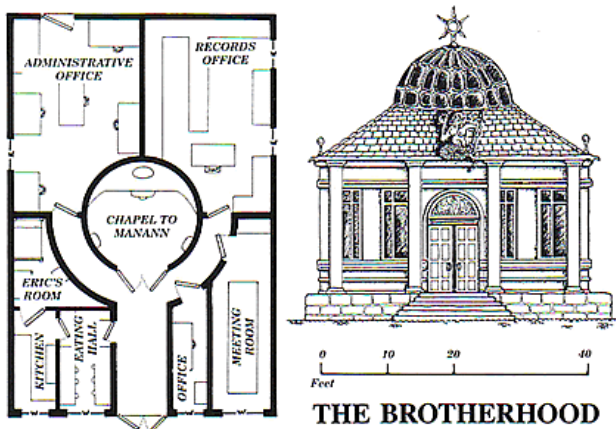
IMPRESSIONS OF THE SUIDDOCK

"This is the Suiddock," Kris said, as they passed through an area which seemed to consist largely of warehouses and taverns. There were more wharves and canals here too, which Rudi mainly glimpsed through gaps between the larger structures, most of the berths occupied by ocean-going vessels whose masts towered over the

buildings surrounding them like trees in the forest. Other docks played host to riverboats. Sweating stevedores swarmed over ship and boat alike removing and loading cargoes, or transferring them between the two. The vast majority of bundles and barrels seemed to be destined for the warehouses surrounding them and several times Rudi had to stand aside to let a laden handcart trundle past. 'It's a bit out of our way to be honest, but I thought you'd like to see it. You can't really get a good sense of what Marienburg is all about until you've seen the docks.'

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SEAMEN AND PILOTS

The Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots is located in the Marienburg's Suiddock District.



THE BROTHERHOOD

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"It's a very effective guild. It's not a closed shop like the Stevedores and Teamsters, but just about everyone's a member. It's comforting to know the Brotherhood's behind you if you have any problems."

"Albert's got his head screwed on. You can take any problem to him, and within a few minutes he'll come up with a common-sense answer. That's how he does things. The merchants do it with money, the Stevedores do it – well, you know how they do it – and Albert does it with common sense. Never known it to fail."

"Eric does the best pickled herring in Marienburg – and it's cheap. He runs a very

exclusive place though. If you're not a member, you don't get invited in."

Dead centre on the Stoessel waterfront and in sight of the Rivermen's Association lies the guildhall of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots, one of the oldest and most respected guilds in the city. The guildhall is a well-kept building with a pillared facade and a painted mermaid figurehead jutting from the cornice. On its small dome is a brass spire, topped with a representation of Manaan's crown.

The guild exists to protect the interests of seamen and harbour pilots, and represent them in dealings with the Lord Harbourmaster's office. The Brotherhood is at pains to maintain good relations with local temples, seamen being a superstitious lot, and regularly gives money to the temples and charities such as St Rutha's orphanage. The guild also houses a small chapel dedicated to Manaan in his aspect of Rijkstrum the Guide, where members can make offerings and pray in private. The Brotherhood harbours a grudge against the Rivermen's Association because of the latter's complaints about piloting fees and, lately, accusations of sabotage by members of the Brotherhood against the Rivermen. While no proof has been offered, a few Pilots have been bragging late at night in dockside inns about how "we put them durned river rats in their place, we did."

One of Suiddock's landmarks is the mess hall on the ground floor of the guildhall. Lots of guilds serve food, but no one serves hot fish stew as cheap or as good as 'Old Eric' Roergang, a retired ship's cook who also is caretaker for the hall. Eric receives a pension from the guild and cooks for the love of sailors' company and the swapping of old stories - the cost, half the normal price elsewhere in Suiddock, is just to cover supplies. To the dismay of many in Marienburg, though, the mess hall is open only to members of the Brotherhood.

Albert Loodemans has been the head of the Brotherhood for five years. He's a respected figure around Suiddock, and can be found at the Guildhall most days and often well into the night. Lately his time has been taken up trying to reach some sort of understanding with Axel Huurder.

ALBERT LOODEMANS

Guildmaster

(mate, ex seaman, ex boatman)



"I'm sure we can come to an agreement that meets both our needs."

"Let's just think about this for a few minutes."

"No sense in getting worked up, now is there?"

"What do you do? Give them a test to see who needs a pilot? Who would administer it? Who would enforce it? And, who would compensate our members for the lost earnings? You can see, it's a complex problem."

"I can see how galling it must be for some of the Rivermen, but we won't solve it by fighting. I've heard some ugly rumours, and if anyone proves Brothers have been involved in sabotage, I will deal with them, I can promise you that."

Albert is short, heavy-set, balding on top, with deep blue eyes and a ginger beard. His nose was broken in a brawl with the riverman years ago, and has given his voice a nasal tone. Albert is calm, reasonable, thoughtful and a devout worshipper of common sense. He wants to avoid trouble with the Rivermen, and tries to stay on good terms with Axel Huurder, though with limited success. He has earned the trust of most in Suiddock through his scrupulous honesty and unfailing diplomacy.

Albert has frequent dealings with the Lord Harbour-master, Odvaal van den Huister, and high officials of most of the Merchant Houses.

He cultivates the goodwill of Speaker Gyngrijk, knowing that the man's influence in the Stadsraad could be crucial in preventing any repeal or weakening of the Piloting Laws.

Unbeknownst to any in the guild, though, Albert is a member of the Brotherhood of Purity, the outer front for the secretive Knights of Purity. Albert thinks it is merely a Goudberg drinking club, a place where he can relax and let loose his true feelings about all the non-human and foreign trash dirtying Marienburg's streets. Fooling himself, he turns a blind eye to any hints he sees of the organisation's vigilante work.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
43	39	43	41	40	32	37	38
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Dagger, Walking Cane, Ring with Guild Seal, 2d10 Guilders.

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +10%, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +10%, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Row +20%, Sail +10%, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Secret Language (Ranger), Speak Language (Norscan), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim +10%, Trade (Shipwright).

Talents: Cool Headed, Orientation, Resistance to Disease, Seasoned Traveller, Street Fighting, Suave, Swashbuckler.

ERIC ROERGANG

Cook and Caretaker

(servant, ex seaman)



“There ye go, matey, get it down yer while it’s ‘ot.”

“Hello, hello, look who’s here! Where ye blowed in from this time? You look like ye could do with a change from salt beef and ship’s biscuit.”

“It’s bad, this thing with the Rivermen, an’ no mistake. They always stuck to the law of the river afore now. It was writ to be stuck to, so it was – someone didn’t sit an’ write it down to fill a rainy arternoon! So it should be stuck to, otherwise who knows where it’ll all end?”

Eric is six feet tall, but his age and his years in cramped shipboard conditions have given him a stoop. His hair is pure white, but his bushy eyebrows are still black. In earlier years, he was obviously powerful, and there is still very little fat on his body. His eyes are hazel, but what most people notice are the eyebrows and the scar that runs under his right cheekbone, splitting his top lip.

Eric is a contented soul. He had a good life at sea, and he is happy to spend the rest of his days near the ships that mean so much to him. Running the kitchen for the Brotherhood, he is able to keep in touch with seamen and swap stories of far-away places. He also doesn’t need to worry about keeping a roof over his head.

Just about every sailor and pilot in the port knows Eric. He seldom leaves the guildhouse, and is a kind of grandfather to the Brotherhood, and woe betide anyone who mistreats him.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
37	34	43	31	41	36	36	29
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	4	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Knife, Wooden Spoon, Apron, Bottle of Rum.

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +10%, Gossip +10%, Perception +10%, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Speak Language (Norscan), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Cook).

Talents: Acute Hearing, Cool Headed, Hardy, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Swashbuckler.

THE DRAAIENBRUG

SWING BRIDGE

“Getting to Luydenhoek in the first place meant crossing the Bruynwasser, the main canal used by ocean going vessels, and as he neared it the breeze flowing through the streets began to take on a sharper edge. The thoroughfares began to seem more crowded too, pedestrians, carts and carriages mingling in confusion as they were funnelled into the approaches of the only bridge over the shipping channel. Unlike many of the other bridges he’d seen in Marienburg the Draaijenbrug which spanned the Bruynwasser was free of obstructing houses and market stalls.”

“The entire bridge was rotating around the massive stone pillar beneath the archway, smoke belching from a chimney and wisps of steam escaping from vents in the carriageway. A metallic clatter and screech echoed across the water, louder than anything he’d ever heard. The spectacle was breathtaking. Rudi saw an ocean going carrack, its sails cracking in the wind, tacking cautiously around the bridge, which now lay parallel to the flow of the Bruynwasser.”

THE GOLDEN LOTUS

At the Riddra end of the thieves' den known as Three Penny Bridge, hard by the spot where the Red Lantern Canal enters the channel, squats a dilapidated three-storey timber and stone building that has an evil, sick look to it: the Golden Lotus Dreaming House, the most notorious drug den in all of Suiddock.



"The Golden Lotus isn't your average drug den, chum – oh no, it's a real palace of poison. And possibly something worse."

"I love it, and I hate it! It's killing me, but it's my only escape from this miserable life."

Older than anyone's memory and added to by everyone who's owned it, it leans at crazy angles and is built so far over the canal that folks wonder why it hasn't fallen in yet. The only sign marking its business is a faded board over the door with a gold lotus painted on it - that, and the telltale odour of Black Lotus that carries on the breeze.

The inside is like a vision from some Shallyan nightmare. Down the flight of creaking, stained stairs from the alley door, past the silent Nipponese bouncer, lies a single large room, dimly lit. There clients sprawl in three-high bunks, their hands clutching drug pipes, their jaws slack and their eyes dilated, seeing who knows what. Smoke perpetually hangs in the air, choking those not accustomed to it.

There are always a around a dozen customers here at any one time, but the only motion in the room usually comes from Kroeller, the attendant who refills the pipes and takes the money. New customers are admitted only after being screened by the bouncer through a small panel in the alley door.

On the second floor are private rooms, little more than cots behind a closed door, reserved for special customers for only a guilder per pipe. The House promises discretion in its operations, and some of Marienburg's finest and most prominent come here to indulge their filthy habit. The topmost floor holds the private quarters of the owner, an Indic named Venk Kataswaran but commonly called "the Lascar", and his assistants: a Nipponese ninja (assassin) known only as Toko, and the bouncer, a hulking Nipponese mercenary named Masahito. Both are fanatically loyal to Venk.

REFINED BLACK LOTUS

Whereas much of the Empire is familiar with the addictive narcotic Mandrake, in Marienburg its use is eclipsed by a yet more dangerous and insidious drug. Assassins and hired killers are

familiar with the Black Lotus, whose seeds are crushed to form a thick black paste, which is applied to arrows and blades to make their touch fatal. However, foreign alchemists have found another use for this plant. Grinding up the leaves and seeds into a dark grey powder, and smoked through pipes, this refined Black Lotus (or Dark Lotus as it is becoming known on the streets of Marienburg) numbs the body and enters the imbiber into pleasant hallucinogenic dreams. Although not as instantly addictive as Mandrake, the effects can swiftly become far worse, until finally taking the life of the user.

A dose of refined Black Lotus costs the same as a dose of the poison, though its rarity is reduced to only Scarce in Marienburg. At known dealers such as the Golden Lotus Dreaming House and the Long Dragon, it is assumed to always be available (assuming a client can gain admittance and the trust of the owners).

After taking only a single dose of the drug the imbiber must pass a **Routine (+10%) Willpower Test** or become addicted. If the test is passed, the imbiber suffers a cumulative -10% to each subsequent Test for addiction, which reduces by 10% for each month off the drug. An addict must make a Will Power Test each day to resist the craving, or he must seek out and take a dose by whatever means necessary. Upon taking a dose, an addict must pass a Will Power Test or seek to immediately take another dose (to a maximum of three per day at which time the addict is rendered unconscious for the rest of the day). If an addict is unable to obtain a dose following a failed Willpower Test, they suffer a -10% penalty to Intelligence, Will Power and Fellowship Tests until they can take another dose. The drug is not without its benefits though: on a day in which a dose of the drug is imbibed, the user can ignore the effects of one insanity under which they are suffering, and reduces the effects of all Critical Hits suffered by 1.

Long-term abuse of the drug weakens the body and mind, and can result in the hallucinations intruding into the waking mind, resulting in insanity. Each day the user takes a dose of refined Black Lotus, they must pass an **Easy (+20%) Willpower Test** or gain an Insanity Point (the difficulty increases one step per dose taken in the day). In addition, for every six months a user is addicted to the drug, he permanently suffers –

10% to Strength, Toughness, Agility, Intelligence, Willpower, and Fellowship, and must pass a Toughness Test or his heart fails under the ravages of the drug, and he dies.

At the discretion of the GM, a character suffering the 'Mandrake Man' insanity may instead become addicted to refined Black Lotus instead of Mandrake.

VENK KATASWARAN

Owner

(slaver, ex merchant, ex burgher,

ex journeyman wizard, ex apprentice wizard)



"Me, sahib? No, I never touch the stuff"

"He's dead - the fool had a weak heart. Masahito! Take the body to Noormanswijk and dump it in the canal. Make it look as if he was robbed. If anyone asks, he left here in perfect health, understand?"

Somewhere around 60, of medium height and slender build. His head is covered in a scarlet turban. He is missing the third finger of his left hand, and his eyes have a rheumy, vulture-like look to them.

Venk's soul is as black as the deepest pit. He doesn't care a jot about any other living beings - he sees even his loyal assistants as useful tools, nothing more. His only goal is the acquisition of power and money, through magic and by blackmailing clients who have become addicts. He wants to seize control of the body-trade within

the city, and thus become the leader of the Khaine cultists in Marienburg.

The Lascar pays protection money to Adalbert Henschmann, who suspects that Venk fronts for someone else. He does regular business with Guan Lo Fat, not trusting Dimitri Hrodovsky. Although many assume he smuggles his own drugs into Marienburg, in fact he relies on Wilbert Ree for his supplies, and will act to defend Ree if the man or his business are threatened. Most sinister of all, he is an important part of a slave ring operating in the city, involved in the trafficking of adults and children throughout the Old World. Some of the sleeping bodies in the Golden Lotus have been drugged against their will.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
45	40	43	48	50	55	56	52
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	4	4	2	-	-

Equipment: Dagger, Fine Indic Clothing, Medallion of Merchants Guild, 5 doses Belladonna, 5 doses Black Lotus Venom, 4d10 Guilders, Rings worth 2D10 Guilders.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Academic Knowledge (Magic) +10%, Channelling +10%, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Araby), Common Knowledge (Ind), Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +10%, Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate +20%, Gossip, Haggle +20%, Intimidate +10%, Magical Sense +10%, Perception +10%, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Ride, Search +10%, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Arabyan), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Estalian), Speak Language (Indic), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Torture, Trade (Merchant).

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Lore (Amethyst), Dark Magic, Dealmaker, Fast Hands, Lesser Magic (Magic Alarm, Magic Lock), Lightning Reflexes, Meditation, Menacing, Mighty Missile, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Suave, Super Numerate, Very Resilient.

GRANNY HETTA



"Hot food! Hot drink! Only a shilling a go!"

"What do I know? Ooh, you'd be surprised what I know, dearie."

"Ha! You should have been here in the floods of '48! You'd have seen some real water then! The water came well up over my waist, you know, even when I was standing on the quay!"

"Ah, you're too young to..." (understand, know better, care, remember, or any one of a dozen other verbs).

Granny Hetta is one of the multitude of canal-people who make their living from the dockworkers, sailors and boatmen of Suiddock. A frail-looking woman, she paddles her boat up and down the Bruynwater to sell the hot drinks and victuals that she cooks on her small spirit-stove. Her wares are basic - hot sausage in a bun, hot tea and rum - but they are very welcome after a hard morning's work, and her boat is a well-known sight. It's a rowing-boat about twelve feet long, with a tented awning at the back where she sleeps and keeps her few possessions.

Granny Hetta is a little over five feet. Her hair is grey, tied back in a bun, but wisps are always escaping and hanging down in her eyes. She is thin and frail-looking, with rapid, birdlike movements, but anyone observing her for a few minutes will realise that she's stringy rather than frail. She wears a pair of cracked and filthy eyeglasses jammed on her sharp nose, but she always looks over them, not through them.

Hetta has a good heart, sharp eyes, and is tough as nails - she has to be tough to have lived this

long in the docks. She always has a hand-out for folk who are genuinely down on their luck and will provide a free meal for anyone who is down and out. She has had run-ins with Sister Hilli from St Olovald's, who tries to stop her giving rum to the drunks who congregate around the temple.

Opinion is divided over Granny Hetta. Some people think she's a poor old woman who's become a little touched after so long on the canals, and buy her wares as much from pity as hunger. Others know she is as sharp as ever, and little that happens on Suiddock escapes her notice. She is allowed to wander where she wants to sell her food and drinks, and no one takes much notice of a harmless old lady. As a result Hetta sees much of what is going on, and is a great source of information. She'll sell this to anyone, and her activities as a lookout and listening-post for various organisations and individuals supplement what she makes from food-selling.

Just about everyone on Suiddock knows Granny Hetta, and anyone who causes her trouble will make enemies very quickly, either among the community of people who live on the canals (the Channel Rats), the people to whom she sells information, or both. No Suiddocker would raise a finger to harm her. Stories are told of a Norse sea captain who pushed her over in the street a few years ago. His ship somehow broke loose and grounded on the edge of Stoessel, costing him a hundred-guilder fine. Then the captain himself was found by the river watch, hanging by his feet from the underside of a quay, minutes before the incoming tide would have drowned him.

Granny provides information for Lee-Jan Cobbius, and most Suiddockers guess that he was somehow behind the Norseman's ill luck. She has a love-hate relationship with Hilaria om Klint of St Olovald's; sometimes Sister Hilli could cheerfully strangle Granny Hetta for handing out rum to the alcoholics at the temple, and Granny thinks Sister Hilli should learn a little tolerance. She is fast friends with Ishmael at the Pelican's Perch; even Beaky recognises her as a friend and source of an occasional sausage; she likes Ingrid as well, and often points out good fishing spots to her in return for a fish or two. She likes to visit St Rutha's, where the children love her. She often looks in at The Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots

to visit Eric Roergang and gossip about the old days. She sometimes shares a drink or two with Beatrijs Koester. The two women have a melancholy element of their pasts in common. Granny's husband was drowned some years ago, while Koester's husband died of the dreaded Bloat twenty years ago.

Many good-hearted people wonder at Granny's refusal of their offers of shelter and a bed, and Shallyan nuns cluck their tongues at the old lady's obstinacy. But she has good reason to prefer the canals and the company of derelicts: hidden among the Suddock flotsam, she is safe from her old life. She is Director Jaan van de Kuypers grandmother, who fled from her wealth and family on the night that Bertold "went insane" and hacked her son, daughter-in-law and granddaughter to pieces. She knows the truth - Jaan summoned a demon to murder his family, and then blamed his brother for the crime, leaving him heir to the de Kuypers fortune. He knows she's still alive somewhere, and although he hasn't found her in 30 years, he's still searching.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
38	42	29	42	48	42	31	46
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	2	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Dagger, Walking Stick, Boat, Small Spirit Stove, Flask of Spirit, Bag of Rolls, Bag of Sausages, Eyeglasses.

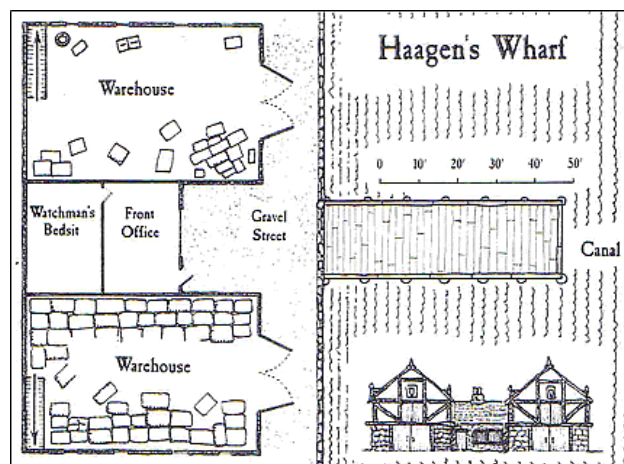
Skills: Blather, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gamble +10%, Gossip +20%, Haggle +10%, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception +20%, Performer (Storyteller), Pick Lock, Row +10%, Sail, Search +20%, Secret Language (Ranger), Secret Language (Thieves tongue), Silent Move +10%, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Kislevite), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim +10%.

Talents: Acute Hearing, Alley Cat, Dealmaker, Excellent Vision, Flee, Luck, Orientation, Public Speaking, Seasoned Traveller, Streetwise, Super Numerate, Trapfinder.

HAAGEN'S WHARF

At the eastern end of Riddra Isle lies Haagen's Wharf; a small privately owned mooring run by

one of the city's most powerful merchant families. The wharf is small by Marienburg standards, and dates back several centuries; it consists of a jetty built out into the Brunwasser Kanal, a pair of warehouses and a small office maintained by the van Haagen family.



The members of the van Haagen family rarely concern themselves with this relatively minor part of their business empire. The Riddra wharf was among the first van Haagen possessions in Marienburg, but now it is just one more piece of dockland owned by the family. Money moved away from Riddra years ago, and the van Haagen's main businesses went too - Riddra had become unfashionable. The wharf is now overseen by Jochen Kaaimans with warehouseman Andreas Pakuister; manual laborers are hired in from the Honorable Guild of Stevedores and Teamsters.

Like many of the all-but-forgotten wharves along the waterfront of the western Suddock, Haagen's wharf sees a certain amount of illicit activity. There is some smuggling, and some stolen goods are 'laundered' through the warehouses - stored there for a short time, and then given false documentation to make them look like they were imported legitimately. It is also used sometimes to hide people who are on the run from the law. These activities may bring the wharf to the attention of a certain type of adventurer...

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"Haagen's Wharf? You'll never see a van Haagen round there, dear me, no. Far too run-down and grubby for them!"

"There's plenty like it round here. Up West, the locals call it. Everything's old Up West - the

Suiddock went east over the years. Sooner or later, I expect they'll pull everything down at the west and put in some new docks and warehousing."

"It's an old wharf all right. Just look at the timberwork in that jetty. Must be five hundred years old, and it's still as sound as a Guilder. Now that stuff they've thrown up Down East, there's no comparison. That won't be around in five hundred years from now, and that's for sure."

"Haagen's Wharf? Haagen's? Kaaimans' Wharf would be closer to the truth. He runs that place, and might as well be the owner for all the notice the Haagen's have ever shown. Just you watch yourself round that one. Count your fingers and your toes, if you follow my drift..."

"There's dozens of little wharves like this around here. Some are still independents, but most are owned by one family or another nowadays. Most of the families don't bother with them – the big money's Down East in the new docks."

"Smugglers' paradise, the west is. Most o' the owners don' know the 'alf on it, and them as 'as an inklin' don' care."

JOCHEN 'BREUKROTS' KAAIMANS

(foreman, ex tradesman)



"PAKUISTER! Where are you, you worthless scrap of nothing!"

"I'm in charge here. I say what goes and what don't go."

"You want to watch yourself, you do. You've clearly got no idea of who you're talking to."

Nicknamed 'Breukrots' after the wreckers' rock of Marienburg, Kaaimans is a huge man, very heavily built and nearly six feet tall. His dark brown hair is unwashed, and hangs to his shoulders; his eyes are hazel, small, and deeply sunk. He has a very loud voice, and seems unable to manage any tone lower than a shout. He spends most of his time in the office poring over his extensive collection of ledgers, getting up for a pace around the warehouses maybe twice a day. He lives on the site, and is responsible for the nighttime security of the warehouses – hence his interest in firearms.

Kaaimans is a pencil pusher, and has worked for the van Haagen family for around ten years. He is happy to have charge of the wharf, since it gives him the chance to be monarch of his own little domain. Sometimes, when he is in the right mood, he'll spend a day or so making Andreas' life pure misery, just because he can. Being left to do pretty much what he will with the wharf, he runs various petty frauds and dodges; even a cursory investigation of the ledgers by a former Scribe, Tradesman, Merchant, or Exciseman will reveal traces of enough malpractices to get him into deep trouble.

Somewhere, in the lower echelons of the van Haagen family's main operation, there must be someone who is aware of the existence of Jochen Kaaimans, but the family give no sign of it. He has various illicit dealings with Thijs Modegekker and his smuggling gang, and with Jan Omkoop of the Board of Trade Equity, with both of whom he enjoys a mutually beneficial business relationship. Occasionally he is called upon to do a 'favour' for Lea-Jan Cobbius of the Honourable Guild of Stevedores and Teamsters, providing a 'safe house' in his warehouses to hide some object, merchandise, or person.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
42	41	41	53	44	50	51	51
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	4	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: : Sword, Dagger, Blunderbuss with 10 uses shot and powder, 2 Pistols with 10 uses

shot and powder, Ledger, Writing Kit, Warehouse Keys.

Armour: Leather Jerkin (1 body).

Skills: Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Haggle +10%, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Carpenter), Trade (Merchant).

Talents: Dealmaker, Public Speaking, Savvy, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Streetwise, Super Numerate, Very Resilient.

ANDREAS PAKUISTER

(stevedore, ex boatman)



Andreas is a small, skinny man, known to the Suddock street brats as ‘the Scarecrow’. His stooped shoulders make him seem even shorter than his full 5’ 6”, and his stringy frame belies even the small amount of physical strength that he possesses. His copper-coloured hair is lank and straight, hanging in his eyes at the front and to his shoulders at the sides and back. His eyes, when you see them, are a washed-out pale blue, and his face wears the perpetual expression of a dumb animal that has become too used to being beaten. He moves slowly and speaks little.

Andreas is thoroughly victimised and mistreated by his overseer Jochen Kaaimans, and has taken the rap for his overseer’s rackets and dodges on more than one occasion. No one knows why he puts up with the treatment he receives – some say that he’d rather stick with the devil he knows, no matter how bad, while others maintain that he’s too stupid to change. The two of them make an

odd couple, but in a strange sort of way they balance each other.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
32	38	36	41	35	31	32	24
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: : Dagger, Clipboard and papers.

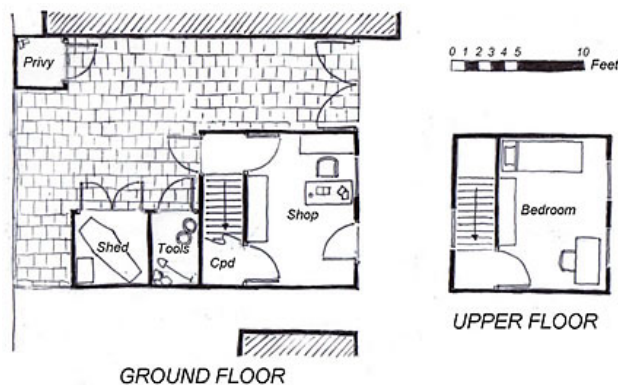
Armour: Leather Jerkin (1 body).

Skills: Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Gossip +10%, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Read/Write, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Search, Speak Language (Kislevite), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim +10%.

Talents: Orientation, Seasoned Traveller, Sturdy, Super Numerate.

JEREMIAS QUALK

A quiet, unassuming little shop, sited on Luydenhoek a couple of streets from his main customers on Leech Street and Potion Square.



Jeremias Qualk does a bare business in medical supplies, probably due to his slightly awkward opening hours – he has never opened before midday, and has been known to remain open to the middle of the night. Some say that he must be a heavy drinker, but those who have encountered him in the Long Dragon knows he does not stay late, and it is rare to see him not sober. The real reason is that Jeremias does the vast majority of his real work at night.

Nestled in a small yard behind his shop, accessed only through a stout wooden gate, sits two securely locked brick outhouses. Within these sheds can be found the tools and remains of his real job – shovels, picks, a small cart, and the

broken down wooden remains of coffins. Jeremias Qualk is a graverobber, who supplies human remains to a number of students, physicians, necromancers, cultists, and far less pleasant individuals. Qualk does not care the purposes his 'merchandise' is put to, and in fact prefers to remain ignorant, correctly assuming that the less he knows, the less likely his customers are to see him as a threat to remove, and more likely to get repeat business.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"If yer lookin' for medical tools, try young Qualk. Ain't no doktor 'imself, but has some trainin', and might have what yer need. Don' know how e' keeps in business though, his stock is poor, and Sigmar knows whether he is open today."

"Out all night, carousing at the Dragon, and I am sure I have seen him crossing the Poultrice well after midnight. No wonder he can't rouse himself at a normal time like decent folks."

"I see... things like that are hard to come by. Qualk may be your man, but be careful how you approach him. He's a cautious man, he won't deal with you if he thinks you can't mind your tongue."

JEREMIAS QUALK

(grave robber, ex student, ex thief)



"Discretion, I pray you, sir! Circumspicio in omnibus, indeed. Necrophorism, sir - that's what it is: a dignified term for a useful service. The word you used was most unfortunate, sir, most

unfortunate indeed - and most likely to bring upon our blameless heads the ignorant wrath of the authorities!"

"Ah, good evening my noble purveyor of the law. Late, but what a night! El magnifico mon celestis. My pardon, I mean the heavens are magnificent. A look in the cart? I couldnst allow thou to divert thyself from your invaluable duty in the defence of our fair city. Which reminds me, how remiss of one such as me, one protected by the valiant and self-sacrificing efforts of those such as thouself. Please, I must insist that I commend this small sum to the coffers of thous brave companions, such that our streets remain free of villainy."

Jeremias is a lean man in his mid-twenties. He has lank brown hair and a permanent shifty expression. His fingers toy nervously when he is wary or agitated, which is always in the presence of authority figures.

As an orphan child on the streets of the Suiddock Jeremias was the typical street urchin, performing small tasks for a few coins or a loaf of bread. Street-smart, he learnt how to work his way around most people, getting a little further ahead than the other more slow-witted children. Unlike most, he preferred his own company to that of the street gangs. It meant he had to be that little more savvy to prevent himself falling prey to other street kids, but it meant that the coins and food he earned were entirely his own.

Unfortunately, his intelligence fostered an arrogance and a belief in his own invincibility, and he began playing for higher and higher stakes, until he was caught by the Watch attempting to steal from a wealthy merchant. Fortunately for him (though he certainly did not see it that way), rather than face jail or worse, the Watch turned him over to Sister Marianne. The years he spent there were some of the worst of his life, and although he learnt some valuable lessons during his time there, he was frequently attempting to run away, and many times was brought back by the Watch. As he grew older, Sister Marianne was able to engage his keen mind on the subject of medicine. Hoping that she may have found him a vocation, she apprenticed him to an elderly doctor on Leech Street.

Although he learned much about the medical arts, he discovered something far more interesting.

Seeing how much time his mentor spent on the study of anatomy, and some of the less than legal lengths he went to to study the subject, Jeremias realised that there was a potentially vast market in the acquisition and sale of human body parts. When his mentor died, there was no one willing to take up his tutelage. Taking what money he had earned (and stolen) from his mentor, he set himself up in a small shop near Potion Square, ostensibly as a trader in medical supplies (bandages, medical tools, vials, etc) but primarily focussing on those medical supplies which could not be obtained legally – human remains. Jeremias makes a specific effort to distance himself from his pathetic upbringing, and hates to be reminded of it. He over-accentuates his part-educated nature, exhibiting a love of long words, old-fashioned, educated-sounding sentences, and odd phrases in Classical of uneven quality.

Jeremias supplies (both legally and illegally) to many doctors on Leech Street, to Wilhelm Rotkopf, and to Grossbart at the Long Dragon. He doesn't know, and doesn't particularly care, what his customers might use the body parts for. To his own amusement, he supplies (legal) items to Droevigger's Funeral Emporium, and has yet to steal from their premises, though he has thoroughly cased their shop out for the occasion when he might need to. Jeremias does the occasional dealing with Doktor Puttlangs, helping dispose of some of the Doktor's more serious mistakes. Jeremias is beginning to increasingly regret his association with Puttlangs – he is astute enough to realise that the Doktor is unstable, and has no intention of being brought down with him when he finally snaps. Jeremias pays regular bribes to Dirck Nederbaar to ensure that the Watch does not take too much interest in his operation.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
31	33	36	40	51	46	43	42
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	4	5	-	-	-

Equipment: Club, Dagger, Spade, Sack, Handcart, Lockpicks, Thick Cloak, Wide Brimmed Hat.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment, Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate,

Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Perception +10%, Pick Lock, Read/Write, Search +10%, Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move +10%, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Alley Cat, Cool-headed, Flee, Fleet Footed, Linguistics, Resistance to Disease, Streetwise, Strong Minded, Suave, Super Numerate.

THE MARIENBURG GENTLEMAN'S CLUB

The Marienburg Gentlemen's Club is the nerve centre of the criminal organisations in the city. The first thing people notice upon entering this "typical" Riddra tavern is the monster of a man behind the bar. Olaf Thurgansson is a huge Norscan who doubles as the Gentlemen's Club barkeep and bouncer. Despite his size, Olaf is talkative with customers about unimportant topics, like the weather, stories from his homeland, and other mundane topics. In contrast, he is very tight-lipped about the establishment and its owners. Annoying, overly aggressive, or prying customers get to learn the less pleasant aspects of Olaf's personality first hand. Many of these chaps are barely able to crawl away and find a safe haven to heal.



Three centuries old, the building is structurally sound, but needs some external repairs. Parts of the frontage are cracked and peeling, and a few roof tiles are missing. The windows are mostly cracked and filthy, making it very difficult for someone outside to see in, but perhaps that is deliberate. The tavern sits above the cut, which

crosses the Bruynwater and the Rijksweg, with the north end standing on piles out over the cut. The ground floor stands well above the level of the canals – 15 feet at low tide and 4 feet at high tide.

The interior of the tavern is little different than any other taproom in Marienburg. The ceiling is low, the wooden floorboards are covered in spilled ale and sawdust, and a low fog of smoke chokes the air. The narrow space between the Club and the abandoned building next door is known to the regulars as the Privy Chamber, and a pair of outward opening doors lead onto it. It is a common joke for regulars to tell drunken newcomers to the Club that the water closet is through those doors, and wait for the resulting splash. The doors are also used to eject troublemakers. At the other end of the bar is the Surprise Room. It is windowless and completely dark, and the floor is built to drop away, depositing anyone inside into the cut.

Ranging in age from mid-teens to late 20s and in appearance from pretty to homely, several barmaids work in the common room serving customers their drinks, drugs, and whatever else strikes their fancy. A couple of semi-private booths to one side of the common room offer some opportunities and a sense of privacy. The only requirement imposed upon the barmaids is that they do not enthrall a customer to the point of financially ruining them as it's bad business. Better to provide them with a service that renders them addicted and brings them back for more.

The upper floor contains three rooms: Adalbert Henschmann's opulent bedroom, a smaller chamber for his bodyguard Helga, a heavysset and dour woman with straw blonde hair tied in plaits bound into whirls on the sides of her head, and the mockingly named Directorate. This room, named after the city's executive council, is used by Henschmann for meetings of the League's Board of Masters and occasional private gambling. The importance of this room is reflected in its décor – a white marble floor, rich tapestries and curtains around the walls and windows, and a crystal chandelier hung from the velvet draped ceiling. Dominating the room is a large wooden table, its polished surface inlaid with golden swirls and curlicues. Ten matching chairs surround the table, similarly inlaid with gold. Off the Directorate, through a secret door

which can only be opened by pressing the hearthstone in the fireplace outside, is a bolt-hole used for storage – sometimes holding troublemakers until Adalbert decides on their fate.

However unlikely it may be, there is a small chance that bumbling adventurers may find their way into the Club and live to tell about it. Of course, that's also assuming that adventurers can survive their journey into and out of the slum-infested, crime-ridden part of the Suiddock where three-penny bridge and this establishment are located.

Characters with roguish backgrounds may want to boldly walk into the Gentlemen's Club to join The League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs or "The Guild We Never Heard of." While brash enough to initially impress with one's boldness (or foolishness, depending upon other circumstances), it's not the typical way one tries to join the League. Outside local patrons, only League members in good standing and long service are permitted to the Gentlemen's Club without previous approval by either Adalbert Henschmann or Loretta Wakker, the Manager.

Loretta is ever watchful for talented individuals who could contribute to the Business. Anyone, even PCs, walking into the Club will be quickly sized up. If Loretta likes what she sees, she'll continue to observe the stranger. She may even approach them and engage in idle conversation, all the while appraising them as if they were a gem in the rough. If they continue to impress her, Loretta will arrange for them to be followed and observed for three to five days. Once all her concerns have been answered, Loretta will personally arrange for a contract assassin to meet with the individual to offer them a position with the League. Should the individual turn down the offer, then the assassin has the leave to ensure that the declining individual is unable to tell anyone that they refused the League.

LORETTA WAKKER

Hostess

(spy, ex charlatan, ex thief)

"I know that you would like to spend some time together, sweetmeats, but I don't mix business

with pleasure. And you are definitely on the business side of things."

"Sir, if you can't behave yourself, I'll throw you out."

"Let's get something straight. I don't like you in the least. So, I have this proposition for you: leave immediately and live. Otherwise, I won't be responsible for Olaf's behaviour."

Manager of the Marienburg Gentlemen's Club, Loretta Wakker is a tall, fine-looking woman in her late thirties with a medium built, icy blue eyes, and shoulder-length blond hair. She often wears her hair in the latest fashion, using hairpins to hold it up.

The relationship of Loretta to Adalbert "Casanova" Henschmann is purely business. No more, no less. She runs the day-to-day business and makes sure that no one pries too closely into the operation. She has Henschmann's complete confidence and therefore can "remove" problems and enforce other solutions without his permission. She is an excellent judge of character and Henschmann is known to ask her advice on occasion. She is intelligent and quick-witted, possessed of a sharply sarcastic sense of humour.

Loretta is a cold-hearted woman who has lied and cheated her to the top. That is not to say she has no talents. She does and uses them ruthlessly when necessary. She has killed in her time but wouldn't directly involve herself anymore now she has reached the heights. Her high profile means she has less opportunity to. She is loyal to Henschmann, in that she knows her fortune is tied directly to his. Loretta sees little need for personal relationships and spends most of her life at the club. She loves the dealing and scheming of the criminal underworld and would fight tooth and nail to protect her position. Perhaps her greatest gift is the ability to have people trust her. Thus she has gained the loyalty of hundreds over the years, and through these contacts gathers a lot of information.

The only daughter of a disgraced merchant, the family found themselves living in the Kruiersmuur district. Away from the life she knew, she soon became estranged from her family. In time, she allowed herself to be recruited as a prostitute. A little while later she

murdered the brothel's madam and tried to take over the business herself. However, neighbouring pimps saw their chance and moved it, Loretta only just escaping with her life. Back on the streets she found life as a thief was a profitable one. Here she first met the ambitious Henschmann and he recognised her talents. She performed a number of tasks for him and he grew to trust her. Only later did she realise he was grooming her. She was trained in the skills of the spy and the rituals of a noble lady.

Henschmann positioned her to attract the attention of Hugo Delftgruber. Captivated, the League master fell under her spell and soon she had a measure of control over him. Information was passed to Henschmann and under her influence Delftgruber made a number of bad decisions. His control on the League was slowly weakened and infighting began. It was then Henschmann began to make his move for control of the League. The bloody war came to end with the capture of Hugo Delftgruber, tempted from his hideout by Loretta.

Her part in the victory was widely known and Henschmann rewarded her with control of The Marienburg Gentlemen's Club. The belief she was just a "dumb blonde tart" came to an end after she killed two of Delftgruber's lieutenants a year later when they attacked her in the Club. She has now been in charge for fifteen years.

To ensure that the Watch is kept at arm's length, Loretta has compromised Watch Sergeant Wilhelm Hoogtoran of the Suiddock Barracks. In return, he supplies her with information on Captain Graveland's activities and warns them of any impending Watch action in the vicinity of the Marienburg Gentlemen's Club. She also knows that a local physician, Doktor Jolle Rietdijk, is infatuated with her and plans to use this and his gambling addiction to extract future favours from him.

As a favour to Adalbert, Loretta is the primary contact for Pieter Malenpad, a Suiddocker alchemist with lusty appetites who serves her by analysing, purifying, and cutting the drugs sold at the Marienburg Gentlemen's Club. Loretta purposely drives the womaniser up the wall by forcing him to wait for some time at the bar. Inevitably, Pieter needs to buy a couple of drinks

just to cope with the ribbing he gets from the working women in the bar.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
52	50	41	39	58	54	45	63
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	4	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Sword, Garrote, 2 Hairpins (treat as dagger), Knuckledusters, 3 Throwing Knives, Dagger, Codebook, Disguise Kit, Purse (d10 Gu, 3d10 shillings).

Armour: Leather Jacket and Mail Shirt (3 body, 1 arms)

Skills: Blather, Charm +20%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment +10%, Disguise +20%, Evaluate +10%, Gamble +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Lip Reading, Perception +10%, Performer (Actor), Pick Lock, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Secret Signs (Thieves), Shadowing, Silent Move +10%, Sleight of Hand +10%, Speak language (Breton), Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Alley Cat, Flee, Luck, Marksman, Mimic, Public Speaking, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Streetwise, Super Numerate.

Three centuries old, the building is structurally sound, but needs some external repairs. Parts of the frontage are cracked and peeling, and a few roof tiles are missing. The windows are mostly cracked and filthy, making it very difficult for someone outside to see in, but perhaps that is deliberate. The tavern sits above the cut, which crosses the Bruynwater and the Rijksweg, with the north end standing on piles out over the cut. The ground floor stands well above the level of the canals – 15 feet at low tide and 4 feet at high tide.

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However unlikely it may be, there is a small chance that bumbling adventurers may find their way into the Club and live to tell about it. Of course, that's also assuming that adventurers can survive their journey into and out of the slum-infested, crime-ridden part of the Suiddock where three-penny bridge and this establishment are located.

Characters with roguish backgrounds may want to boldly walk into the Gentlemen's Club to join

The League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs or "The Guild We Never Heard of." While brash enough to initially impress with one's boldness (or foolishness, depending upon other circumstances), it's not the typical way one tries to join the League. Outside local patrons, only League members in good standing and long service are permitted to the Gentlemen's Club without previous approval by either Adalbert Henschmann or Loretta Wakker, the Manager.

Loretta is ever watchful for talented individuals who could contribute to the Business. Anyone, even PCs, walking into the Club will be quickly sized up. If Loretta likes what she sees, she'll continue to observe the stranger. She may even approach them and engage in idle conversation, all the while appraising them as if they were a gem in the rough. If they continue to impress her, Loretta will arrange for them to be followed and observed for three to five days. Once all her concerns have been answered, Loretta will personally arrange for a contract assassin to meet with the individual to offer them a position with the League. Should the individual turn down the offer, then the assassin has the leave to ensure that the declining individual is unable to tell anyone that they refused the League.

LORETTA WAKKER

Hostess

(spy, ex charlatan, ex thief)

"I know that you would like to spend some time together, sweetmeats, but I don't mix business with pleasure. And you are definitely on the business side of things."

"Sir, if you can't behave yourself, I'll throw you out."

"Let's get something straight. I don't like you in the least. So, I have this proposition for you: leave immediately and live. Otherwise, I won't be responsible for Olaf's behaviour."

Manager of the Marienburg Gentlemen's Club, Loretta Wakker is a tall, fine-looking woman in her late thirties with a medium built, icy blue eyes, and shoulder-length blond hair. She often wears her hair in the latest fashion, using hairpins to hold it up.

The relationship of Loretta to Adalbert "Casanova" Henschmann is purely business. No more, no less. She runs the day-to-day business and makes sure that no one pries too closely into the operation. She has Henschmann's complete confidence and therefore can "remove" problems and enforce other solutions without his permission. She is an excellent judge of character and Henschmann is known to ask her advice on occasion. She is intelligent and quick-witted, possessed of a sharply sarcastic sense of humour.

Loretta is a cold-hearted woman who has lied and cheated her to the top. That is not to say she has no talents. She does and uses them ruthlessly when necessary. She has killed in her time but wouldn't directly involve herself anymore now she has reached the heights. Her high profile means she has less opportunity to. She is loyal to Henschmann, in that she knows her fortune is tied directly to his. Loretta sees little need for personal relationships and spends most of her life at the club. She loves the dealing and scheming of the criminal underworld and would fight tooth and nail to protect her position. Perhaps her greatest gift is the ability to have people trust her. Thus she has gained the loyalty of hundreds over the years, and through these contacts gathers a lot of information.

The only daughter of a disgraced merchant, the family found themselves living in the Kruiersmuur district. Away from the life she knew, she soon became estranged from her family. In time, she allowed herself to be recruited as a prostitute. A little while later she murdered the brothel's madam and tried to take over the business herself. However, neighbouring pimps saw their chance and moved it, Loretta only just escaping with her life. Back on the streets she found life as a thief was a profitable one. Here she first met the ambitious Henschmann and he recognised her talents. She performed a number of tasks for him and he grew to trust her. Only later did she realise he was grooming her. She was trained in the skills of the spy and the rituals of a noble lady.

Henschmann positioned her to attract the attention of Hugo Delftgruber. Captivated, the League master fell under her spell and soon she had a measure of control over him. Information was passed to Henschmann and under her influence Delftgruber made a number of bad

decisions. His control on the League was slowly weakened and infighting began. It was then Henschmann began to make his move for control of the League. The bloody war came to end with the capture of Hugo Delftgruber, tempted from his hideout by Loretta.

Her part in the victory was widely known and Henschmann rewarded her with control of The Marienburg Gentlemen's Club. The belief she was just a "dumb blonde tart" came to an end after she killed two of Delftgruber's lieutenants a year later when they attacked her in the Club. She has now been in charge for fifteen years.

To ensure that the Watch is kept at arm's length, Loretta has compromised Watch Sergeant Wilhelm Hoogtoran of the Suiddock Barracks. In return, he supplies her with information on Captain Graveland's activities and warns them of any impending Watch action in the vicinity of the Marienburg Gentlemen's Club. She also knows that a local physician, Doktor Jolle Rietdijk, is infatuated with her and plans to use this and his gambling addiction to extract future favours from him.

As a favour to Adalbert, Loretta is the primary contact for Pieter Malenpad, a Suiddocker alchemist with lusty appetites who serves her by analysing, purifying, and cutting the drugs sold at the Marienburg Gentlemen's Club. Loretta purposely drives the womaniser up the wall by forcing him to wait for some time at the bar. Inevitably, Pieter needs to buy a couple of drinks just to cope with the ribbing he gets from the working women in the bar.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
52	50	41	39	58	54	45	63
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	4	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Sword, Garrote, 2 Hairpins (treat as dagger), Knuckledusters, 3 Throwing Knives, Dagger, Codebook, Disguise Kit, Purse (d10 Gu, 3d10 shillings).

Armour: Leather Jacket and Mail Shirt (3 body, 1 arms)

Skills: Blather, Charm +20%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Common Knowledge

(Wasteland), Concealment +10%, Disguise +20%, Evaluate +10%, Gamble +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Lip Reading, Perception +10%, Performer (Actor), Pick Lock, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Secret Signs (Thieves), Shadowing, Silent Move +10%, Sleight of Hand +10%, Speak language (Breton), Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Alley Cat, Flee, Luck, Marksman, Mimic, Public Speaking, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Streetwise, Super Numerate.

THE MARIENBURG SECRETARIAT FOR TRADE EQUITY

"I tell ya, don't mess with the Lord 'Arbourmaster. 'E will get ya one way or another. If ya don't pay the taxes to 'is Excise boys, the Patrol will lock ya up in the Brig. And that place is rat infested believe ya me."

"It's bad enough they charge 1Guilder per foot of boat, but they charge you the extra foot if it's just a fraction longer than you claim. It's robbery I tell you."

"The daft part about it is that if most of your body is over the water, you're subject to Port Law. If most of your body is on land, you're answerable to that Ward's laws and its Watch. If you're exactly in between, you can be dragged into both sets of Courts. There's no way to come out on top... lest you're one of the Rich."

Located next to the Niederbrug Bridge on Hightower Isle in the Suiddock, this office is located in the Admiralty Building, a large, three-storied, green painted building with white trim. The Secretariat is the centre of all activities relating to the functioning of the Port of Marienburg. It is also the domain of the Lord Harbourmaster, who is responsible for collecting all duties and docking fees from these ships, as well as enforcing Port Law. Additionally, the Lord Harbourmaster doubles as the Commandant of the River Watch and has jurisdiction over anything and everything waterside.

Anyone desiring to meet the Lord Harbourmaster

will be in for a disappointment as Odvaal van den Huister only meets with members of the Directorate or their representatives. Demanding characters will have to bluff their way past one of the four Captains of the Harbour Watch, which is very unlikely. The range of personalities of the Captains vary from the literally useless, self-serving Edwin Kaardschep to the coolly-competent, incorruptible Johannes Zeewanden.

In theory, the four Harbour Watch Captains closely work with the Magistrate of the Excise, Konraad van Goot. Van Goot is the taskmaster who ensures that the scribes reporting to him record the arrival and departure of all ships conducting legitimate business in Marienburg. Particularly dedicated scribes are elevated by van Goot to the Honourable Chamber of Auditors whose tasks include the compilation and maintenance of tax records, auditing of funds received to ensure proper accounting, and perusal of receipts to verify collection from the Excise. The centre of the dreaded Port Excise is located on the first floor of the building below the offices and suites of the Lord Harbourmaster and his Captains.

Various taxes are levied on goods and people entering the city. Some of the more common are listed below, but others come and go for business and political reasons.

- One Guilder (Gu) for every foot of length of a boat berthing in port (rounded up to the nearest foot).
- 2% tax on estimated value of cargo arriving in Marienburg, 10% for those arriving at Fort Solace.
- Five shillings per leg for those entering the city via the Gisoreux Road (Westenpoort Gate) or the Middenheim Road (Oostenpoort Gate). An additional Gu is levied on carts and wagons.
- Five shilling road toll per person collected at Fort Bergbres (on the Westerland/Bretonnian border) and Wouduin Tollstation (on the Westerland/Imperial border). Duties on specific Bretonnian and Imperial goods are collected at the appropriate border locations.

The Admiralty Court - where violators of Port Law are tried - is located on the ground floor.

This is the personal fiefdom of Ludwig Nauzicht, Chief Magistrate of the Port Judiciary. Ludwig has two senior and five junior magistrates with whom he shares the caseload. In addition, seven lawyers specialising in Port Law are subordinate to Ludwig. This could easily be seen as a conflict of interest in cases where Ludwig is the presiding magistrate. One should be careful with levelling such a charge as Ludwig takes such as a personal affront. The Chief Magistrate considers his objectivity as being beyond reproach. Opposition lawyers who are brazen (or foolish) enough to put forth such a charge find themselves serving a few days in the brig for Contempt of Court. This much feared prison lies beneath the Courts and all those with a date in the Court wait here. It is damp (water often rises to a couple of inches, dingy, rat infested and filled with fear.

THE RIVER WATCH

The main River Watch barracks near the docks. There are anywhere between two to four patrols operating at a single time. Although the crew in the Suiddock is twice the size, each River Watch patrol normally consists of four to six Marines and one Sergeant. Like the neighbourhood Watch Houses on land, the River Watch maintains small boathouses and offices in the other islands of Marienburg. There are only eight such and these are generally manned by a single patrol of Marines.

There may also be a novice priest of Manann stationed at a particular boathouse. Their role is two-fold: (1) constantly seek out information pertaining to the outlawed cult of Stormfels and (2) deal with any problem which the typical River Watchman is not equipped to handle, such as abusive Wizards. All Manann priests so assigned report to Kaspar Golflied, the highest ranking priest designated to aid the Lord Harbourmaster.

“There was little love lost between the Black Caps and their opposite numbers charged with maintaining maritime law. In theory the River Watch’s jurisdiction was city-wide rather than being organised ward by ward, and although it was strictly restricted to the docks and waterways, they used the wider mandate they’d been given to interfere in other matters to an extent most black caps found irksome in the extreme. With no City Watch post in the Doodkanal the responsibility for maintaining law

and order theoretically fell to the Winkelmarkt Caps as the nearest barracks, but they could reasonably argue that, for once, their despised colleagues had a better claim."

The River Watch jurisdiction is limited to within one hundred yards of a waterway. Though some of their captains can be creative about this definition if it means they have a chance at making an important arrest.

"There was a sewer running underneath the place, right? And the smart bugger just grins at me and says, 'That's a waterway.' So while we were busy arguing the toss about it, the smugglers legged it. Bloody embarrassing. For weeks afterwards every time we felt a collar we got 'hang on, I've just pissed myself, shouldn't you hand me over to the River Watch?'"

EDWIN KAARDSCHERP

Assistant to the Lord Harbourmaster

(merchant, ex excisemen,

ex charlatan, ex gambler)

"Don't bother me with details. I have other, higher priorities on my mind."

"Look, I don't care if a ship has run aground near the mouth of the Bruynwater Kanaal. Nor do I care if it is snarling traffic. I have more important things like closing this business deal now before I lose another 100 Guilders."

"If you don't like it, see my superior. I'm late for another appointment."

The blond hair, blue-eyed Edwin is a conceited ass of the highest order. Somehow, the 6ft 2in, 202 lb. miscreant was appointed to his post over the strenuous objections of Odvaal van den Huister. Edwin is concerned with nothing other than his own advancement and enrichment. As obvious to those who admit knowing him, Edwin grossly overrates his skills as a merchant and his worth as a human being. It is even common knowledge to all but Edwin that the courtesans at "Hændryk's Beauties" in Guilderveld charge him thrice the normal rate.

Rumours have it that Edwin's a relative of one of the powerful merchant families that run Marienburg. In fact, he is a second cousin to Crispijn van Haagen, heir to that family's fortune. As a businessman, Edwin is an utter failure although he continues to posture as a successful one. Edwin can be found at some of the plusher Gaming establishments, such as "Three of a Kind" on Elfgate Bridge during his off-duty hours. Usually his stay is a short one since Edwin has an uncanny way of annoying even the most tolerant person.

At heart Edwin is still a Gambler. Although born to a privileged life; he was the only, and very spoiled, child in the family. He spent much of his youth hanging around disreputable gambling dens making a name for himself as an easy source of funds and an unbearable twit. It wasn't that he was a bad gambler he just never knew when to give up. His father soon could not turn a blind eye to his son's activities and sent to study in Tilean. Soon bored, Edwin joined up with another expatriate named Serena. They made a fine team, conning local nobles into supplying funds to help "Countess" Serena regain her family home.

Edwin escaped with his life after the ruse was discovered. However, he decided not to tell Serena. He is unaware whether she is alive, dead or in prison. Returning to Marienburg, his uncle insisted he take a proper job instead of distracting his son Crispijn. Thus a post in the Secretariat was arranged, with strict orders not to reveal his family connections. To do such would mean the removal of his small monthly payments. Thus Edwin finds himself indignantly trapped until he "turn things around."

Edwin's relationship with the Lord Harbourmaster is best described as a very strong and mutual dislike for one another. His peers have little, if any, respect for Edwin and probably wouldn't mind seeing something untoward happen to him. However, Edwin does have one close ally. Klaus Rathold, one of the excisemen under his command has decided loyalty to Edwin offers his best prospect of advancement. Edwin loathes him but finds him useful as a manservant. However, Klaus's dogged desire to please has currently placed Edwin in a difficult position. Klaus recently found a parcel of Ranald's Delight on a boat and decided to give it to Edwin. Knowing it sits under Edwin's floorboards while

he worries about it. On one hand he knows it will make him some good money and perhaps friends, but on the other someone out there is missing a small fortune in addictive happiness.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
38	36	41	43	54	62	47	56
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	4	5	-	-	-

Equipment: Sword, Deck of Cards, Town House, Warehouse (on Stoessel), Purse (8d10 Gu, 3d10 Shillings).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Blather +10%, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Tilea), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Disguise, Evaluate +10%, Gamble +10%, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Sleight of Hand +10%, Speak language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Trade (Merchant).

Talents: Dealmaker, Flee, Fleet Footed, Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Mimic, Public Speaking, Savvy, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Super Numerate.

JOHANNES ZEEWANDEN

Assistant to the Lord Harbourmaster

(captain, ex sergeant, ex mate, ex marine)

"So you want to know about the Lady's Pride? What's your business with the ship? Owner, you say? Do you have the bill of sale or certificate of ownership? No? Do you know the Captain's name? Let's see... no, that's not the name. What's your name again?"

"How's that? Information about the arrival of ships in the Suiddock today and their cargo? That's rather privileged information, sir. Let me move that weighted bag for you so I can make room for the daily log."

"You want to offer a contribution to the River Watch of 5 Guilders? That, sir, is attempted bribery of a public official. You're lucky that I'm in a good mood tonight. I'll grant you a choice: pay a fine of 20 Guilders or spend some time as our guest in the Brig. I'll even throw in a date

with the Courts if you pick the second choice. So, what's your pleasure?"

Johannes has medium brown hair, with a touch of grey (he's 41) and pale-grey eyes. He stands at 5ft 7in and weighs 187 lbs. His speech is a calm, even voice unless he pushed to anger. He then speaks slowly in a deep voice that indicates to any, but the most obtuse, that they have stepped over the line. Quick, intelligent people will recognise that this is the time to make amends before they are thrown out into either the streets or the brig.

Johannes is the only assistant to the Lord Harbourmaster who is not a political appointee, which explains why he is the only one with night duty (late evenings to dawn). Relative to other city officials, Johannes is considered incorruptible. This doesn't infer that he cannot be bribed. Fact is Johannes will sell the type of information that will not put his command and position at risk. These are typically minor bits such as directions, ship arrivals and departures, and the place of registry of any specific ship. The only requirement Johannes has is that any attempt at bribery be discreet. He will easily recognise clumsy and obvious attempts at bribery, which could land the briber in the brig with a date to visit the Port Law Courts.

After spending his early life, eking out a living on the streets of Marienburg, Johannes believed the tales of wealth to be gained at sea and became a Marine. Putting his talents for brawling to use, he joined a small trading company sailing to Bretonnia and back. He proved himself a loyal crewmember was promoted to the position of First Mate. In Marienburg he had made friends with Odvaal van Huuister, then a Lord Harbourmaster's Assistant, after they found themselves on the same side in a barroom brawl. The friendship almost put his life in danger. By accident he discovered his captain and some of the crew were smuggling in various heavily taxed items. In truth it didn't bother him much. However, he soon learned they planned to get him out of the way. He approached van Huuister with the information. However, van Huuister convinced him to sail with them one more time to fully uncover what they were up to. It worked and various crewmembers are still rotting in prison. The newly promoted Van Huuister rewarded Johannes with his current position.

Johannes is a long-time friend and confidante of Lord Harbourmaster Odvaal van Huuister. Together, they work to minimise the damage caused by Edwin Kaardscherp's ineptitude and callousness. Johannes also gets the task of being the liaison with the Suiddock Watch and Captain Graveland. Johannes grudgingly finds himself respecting Graveland, despite the fools and incompetents the Suiddock Captain has under his command.

Currently Johannes spends much of his spare time trying to track down a particularly vicious smuggling ring. He believes they are smuggling slaves out of Marienburg through a number of the bigger Mercantile Houses. He suspects the recent deaths of two of his men were a result of this investigation. Officially, the investigation is outside his jurisdiction and he has been publicly reprimanded once. However, he has the private support of the Lord Harbourmaster.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
64	59	52	54	48	55	47	64
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	17	5	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Rapier, Dagger, Purse (with d10 Gu, 2d10 Shillings).

Armour: Leather Jacket, Sleeved Mail Shirt, Leather Leggings (3 body/arms, 1 legs)

Skills: Animal Care, Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +10%, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +20%, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Intimidate +10%, Perception, Read/Write, Row, Sail, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak language (Breton), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Swim +10%, Trade (Shipwright).

Talents: Disarm, Lightening Parry, Menacing, Quick Draw, Resistance to Disease, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Super Numerate.

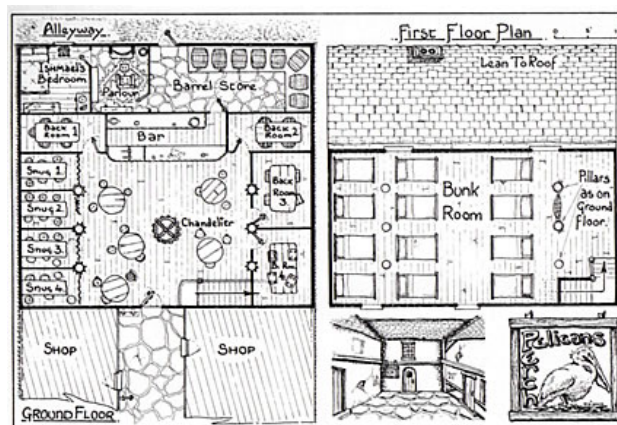
THE NEIDERBRUG BRIDGE

The wide bridge connecting Luydenhoek to Hightower Island, where the mighty Hoogbrug terminates. Like the Draaienbrug Swing Bridge

the Neiderbrug is completely clear of the obstructions that cluster on other bridges in Marienburg, though this time the reason is different. It and the Hoogbrug are kept clear by law. The Directors of the city tolerate no hinderance to the free flow of commerce across the river and anyone attempting to do so would quickly find new lodgings at their expense on the fortress prison of Rijker's Isle, the lonely outcrop which guards the mouth of the harbour.

THE PELICAN'S PERCH

At the end of a narrow alley off the street that runs behind the warehouses is a large but unobtrusive hostelry called The Pelican's Perch. Every true Suiddocker knows where it is, and it is a favourite watering-hole for the stevedores and rivermen. It opens from noon till midnight.



The interior of the Pelican's Perch is larger than one might expect, having seen the modest entrance. There is a large common room, and a number of curtained booths and side-rooms for those patrons who require privacy. And, it is rumoured, there are secret passages leading to all the canals around, which are used for smuggling and other nefarious activities...

The Pelican's Perch is owned by Ishmael Boorsevelt, a former ship's mate who lost his leg (and, some say, a few of his marbles) when his last ship was destroyed by a sea-monster in the Sea of Claws. His left leg is now wooden from the knee down. Sailors are known for being superstitious, but Ishmael is legendary. For instance, he fears being known only by his last name: "That's the mark of a dead man," he mutters, "Just call me Ishmael." As a result, few people even know he has a last name.

The Pelican's Perch offers a wide range of local beers and spirits, including the notorious Alte Geheerentode rum and Braakbroew strong ale. It also boasts an array of brandies from Bretonnia and The Empire, Kislevite vodkas, Albion uisce beathadh and Norse aquavit. The range of drink available is well-known throughout the Suiddock - as, indeed, are the prices, which are rather lower than one might expect. The Perch also offers accommodation - there is a bunkroom upstairs, with twelve bunks. Ishmael charges 3/6 per person per night, in advance, whether you get a bunk or not. Ishmael is not adverse to overbooking; according to the regulars, the record is thirty-two people in the bunkroom - a total reached after a particularly successful Stevedores' Guild party.

Entertainment at the Pelican's Perch includes singers, storytellers, and exotic dancers, all on a nautical theme. There is no regular programme of entertainment - "it happens when it happens", as the regulars say. A loaded blunderbuss behind the counter prevents critics in the audience from getting out of hand.

The Perch is named after Ishmael's pet pelican, Beaky, who has free run of the place - much to the discomfiture of unwary customers!

Common Knowledge

"Nowhere to stay, eh? Try the Pelican's Perch - ask anyone where it is. Tell old Ishmael I sent you - he'll see you right. Watch out for the pelican, though."

"Old Ishmael's not as daft as he seems, you know. There's a lot more goes on at the Pelican's Perch than anyone knows."

"I'll never forget the time those three Nipponese came in. Strange lot, they were, but polite as you please. They thought Beaky was on the menu and asked old Ishmael how much he'd cost boiled with rice! I've never seen anyone go as purple as Ishmael did!"

"Whatever you do, don't whistle in the Perch. Or talk about the weather. Last time someone started whistling, old Ishmael damn near blasted 'em with his blunderbuss. He's superstitious, you see. Don't ever ask his last name, either, or tell him

yours - he says only dead men are known by their last names."

"Good watering-hole, the Perch. If you can drink it, the odds are old Ishmael's got some. He's also got some stuff that's only fit for running lamps on. Last week, he had a bottle of some stuff that some mad Norseman brought back from Lustria. Made from cactus juice, he said. It tasted like they left the spikes on, I can tell you. Mind you, it brought the silverwork on my belt-buckle up a treat."

"Keep your hand on your drink in the Perch. That bird'll have anything if you give it the chance. And don't touch the dried fish - you never know what they died of. Or when."

ISHMAEL BOORSEVELT

Innkeeper

(tradesman, ex mate, ex seaman)



"I won't have that sort o' behavior in here. Agin luck that is."

"Mark of a dead man that is."

"Now go outside and run round the building three times with some salt in yer 'and. And mind you don't go near no cats neither..."

"Don't you mock - there's things you can do and things you can't do an' if you go on doin' thins you can't do it's the worse for you."

"You can tempt bad luck if you want to, but not in here. If you want to invite disaster, you o an' do it where other folks won't suffer."

BEAKY THE PELICAN



"Rrraaawrk!"

Old Ishmael, as he is universally known, is a tall, lean man in his forties. His face is almost hidden by shaggy dark-blond hair, and he has an unkempt beard of the same colour. His eyes are blue, and generally rather glassy. Those who have known him for years say that he has never been the same since he lost his leg.

As a result of losing his leg, Ishmael firmly believes in every superstition you've ever heard of, plus any you care to make up. When a customer breaks a superstition, Ishmael must make an immediate **Willpower Test**. If the test is failed, Ishmael becomes hysterical and throws the customer out - he'll calm down after five or ten minutes, but the customer will receive a stern warning never, ever to do 'that' (whatever 'that' happened to be) again in the Perch. Ishmael is quiet to the point of sullenness, never using a word when a grunt will do - except when someone breaks one of his superstitions. He generally lets other people do the talking. He can never be induced to talk about his seafaring days or how he came to lose his leg - treat persistent questioning as a breach of particularly dearly-held superstition...

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
48	43	42	39	44	47	45	43
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	3	4	-	6	-

Equipment: Dagger, Blunderbuss, Wooden Leg.

Armour: Leather Jerkin (1 body)

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (Norsca), Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +10%, Consume Alcohol +10%, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception +10%, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Speak Language (Norscan), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim +10%, Trade (Brewer), Trade (Shipwright).

Talents: Dealmaker, Hardy, Resistance to Disease, Seasoned Traveller, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow. Critical Hits: Lost Leg (-1 M, -20% to mobility tests. May not use Dodge Blow) – Modifiers included on profile.

Insanity: The Mindless Obsession (see *Tome of Corruption*).

Beaky is a large white pelican with a black tail and wingtips, standing about three feet high and with a wingspan of just over eight feet. Ishmael picked him up on one of his voyages, and he has become a kind of mascot for the inn.

If he feels threatened, crowded or just plain irritable, Beaky will stand back on his webbed feet, stretch his neck to make himself taller, stretch his wings to about half-way (four feet or so), and squawk loudly. If this fails to deter whoever is annoying him, he will deliver a lightning fast stab with his beak, which is sharp and hooked at the end.

Ishmael clipped Beaky's wings after an unfortunate incident in which the pelican tried to take off inside the bar, so Beaky cannot fly. However, by flapping his wings frantically, Beaky can hop up to 3ft in any direction including straight up, giving his beak a reach of 6ft or so.

Beaky is in the habit of helping himself to the bowls of dried sprats and rolled herring (often several days old) which Ishmael leaves on tables as bar snacks, and it is not uncommon for one or more customers to lose their drinks in the process. As Beaky lunges at the bowl, each character at the table must make a successful **Average Agility Test** (regular customers only need pass an **Easy (+20%) Agility Test**) in order to get their drinks out of the bird's way.

Beaky has even been known to steal a customer's drink, glass and all, flipping it expertly into the air and catching it - or most of it - in his huge beak, before hurling the empty glass or tankard across the room with a whip of his neck. He is

particularly fond of beer, and generally tries to steal one or two pints a night.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
38	0	20	20	38	12	24	0
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	7	2	2	2(8)	-	-	-

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Perception +20%.

Talents: Keen Senses, Orientation, Strike to Injure.

INGRID BOTENVERHUURDER

Barmaid

(gambler, ex rogue, ex boatman)



"That'll be, erm, four shillings and thruppence. No, silly me, three and eleven... I think. No. That's not right either. So it's three at seven pence and one at a shilling. Or... Ishmael, Ishmael! I'm stuck! How much is two-and-nine and one-and-six?"

"Beaky! Beaky! Fish!"

"You feeling lucky? Good. So am I!"

"Deal. Don't chat."

Ingrid Botenverhuurder came to the big city in search of excitement. She had had enough of drifting up and down river on her granny's boat, and when the old woman died, she sold up and took to dry land. She got no further into Marienburg than the Suiddock, and no further

into the Suiddock than the Pelican's Perch. She has found a perfect niche for her talents. Her skills as a card player (learned to keep her granny amused during long winter nights) have given her a place in the Perch for as long as she wants it. When she isn't in the Perch she can be found down the docks, sitting quietly with a fishing rod.

Ishmael and Beaky (Ingrid just knows that it's Beaky that runs the Perch) employ Ingrid as a barmaid, although she is only adequate in the job - she usually asks for the wrong money unless Ishmael is helping her (roll a D10: evens, she asks for D10 Pennies too much; odds, she asks for D10 Pennies too little). She just seems to have a blind spot where the everyday adding up of money is concerned. Ishmael grumbles about this occasionally, but he doesn't complain about her too much and he certainly won't listen to customers' complaints about her erratic handling of money - he has the vague suspicion that she is the Perch's 'luck'.

And Ishmael's suspicions seem entirely justified whenever Ingrid is given a deck of cards or a set of dice. The change that comes over her is remarkable: all her hesitancy with money vanishes, and she becomes a very good gambler indeed. She has an encyclopaedic knowledge about games of chance and skill. If you can bet on the game's outcome, Ingrid knows all the ins and-outs of the rules. Even more remarkable is the fact that she plays a completely honest game; even when her opponents cheat, she always manages to break even and occasionally win!

The regulars all know of Ingrid's remarkable skill at cards and dice, and few take her on at any game except for penny stakes. She is, however, admired for her skills (especially when she is taking some unsuspecting, wealthy visitor to the cleaners) and the regulars are rather proud of her. She is an almost permanent fixture at the Perch, although she doesn't live in the building. Among the other regulars there is much good-natured speculation about where she does spend her nights, but nobody has the heart to upset her (and possibly Ishmael, when speculation runs that way) by asking. Ingrid is quite friendly with many of the boatmen who come into the Perch, mostly because she is 'one of them'. She is also a big hit with Beaky, thanks to her habit of giving him the best of her day's catch.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
36	31	29	36	40	50	31	40
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Knife, Dice, Pack of Cards, d10 Shillings, 2d10 pence (though Ishmael will give her as much money as she needs for a game).

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Gamble +20%, Gossip +10%, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Read/Write, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Secret Language (Ranger), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim.

Talents: Etiquette, Luck, Oreintation, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Super Numerate.

* **Card Sharp:** Ingrid's Super Numerate Talent adds a +20% to Gambling Tests, and no benefit to Navigation or Perception Tests.

THE REGULARS OF THE PELICAN'S PERCH

Just about everyone on the Suiddock knows of Ishmael, Beaky and Ingrid, and everyone the PCs meet in the docklands will have at least a 50% chance of being a regular patron of the Pelican's Perch. The locals derive a great deal of innocent amusement from Beaky's encounters with strangers, and Ishmael is regarded as a kind of eccentric uncle. There is a continuing debate as to who really runs the Perch. Any character who harms or threatens either Beaky or Ishmael will be in deep trouble with a lot of Suiddockers.

At almost any time, the Perch will have between twenty and forty locals in the bar, drinking, gossiping and relaxing. Lea-Jan Cobbius and Big Piet from The Stevedores and Teamsters Guild generally drop in for a drink just after sundown, and Axel Huurder of the Rivermen's Association comes in occasionally. Granny Hetta buys her rum from Ishmael, and comes in around sundown most days. Captain Graveland of the Watch comes in for an hour or two on Festag nights, after he gets off duty; about half the time Sergeant Kuyper comes too.

The Perch's other regulars are a more-or-less even mixture of seamen, rivermen and stevedores. Excisemen occasionally come in, and are served

courteously by Ishmael but studiously ignored by everyone else. Seamen and Rivermen have heated debates about the merits of the river pilots. Very few pilots ever set foot inside the Perch for a very good reason - when they do, the result is almost always a brawl!

THE BILL OF FARE

The Pelican's Perch sells a wide range of alcoholic beverages, with varying prices and strengths. A brief guide to what is available:

Item	Size	Alcohol Points	Cost
Small Beer	Half Pint	0.5	3p
Small Beer	Pint	1	7p
Local ale	Half Pint	1	5p
Local ale	Pint	2	9p
Strong ale	Half Pint	1.5	7p
Strong ale	Pint	3	1/-
Braakbroew ale	Half Pint	2	1/-
Braakbroew ale	Pint	4	1/9
Reik white wine	Goblet	1	1/-
Reik white wine	Bottle	4	3/6
Mousillon white wine	Goblet	1	1/3
Mousillon white wine	Bottle	4.5	4/-
Bretonnian red wine	Goblet	1.5	1/6
Bretonnian red wine	Bottle	6	5/-
Tilean red wine	Goblet	1	1/3
Tilean red wine	Bottle	4	4/-
Imperial brandy	Goblet	4	4/-

Imperial brandy	Bottle	16	12/-
Brettonnian brandy	Goblet	3.5	3/6
Brettonnian brandy	Bottle	14	10/6
Wastelander rum	Goblet	4	3/-
Wastelander rum	Bottle	16	10/-
Alte Geheerentode rum	Goblet	6	4/-
Alte Geheerentode rum	Bottle	24	15/-
Kislevite vodka	Goblet	4.5	3/9
Kislevite vodka	Bottle	18	12/6
Norse aquavit	Goblet	4.5	3/9
Norse aquavit	Bottle	18	12/6
Lustrian mezcal	Goblet	4	4/-
Lustrian mezcal	Bottle	16	16/-
Albion uisce	Dram	5	3/9
Albion uisce	Bottle	20	15/-

Optional rule: These rules regarding the effect of consuming alcohol are a slightly more complicated alternative to the ones in the main rulebook (p. 115): When a character drinks the player must keep a running total of the alcohol points consumed. When the total of the alcohol points is divisible by the character's Toughness Bonus, a Consume Alcohol Test must be made; the Test Difficulty begins at Routine and increases by one level for each failed test, as per the regular rules, yet there is an additional penalty equal to the running total of alcohol points. For example, a character with Toughness 32 must make a Routine Consume Alcohol Test at -3 when 3 alcohol points have been consumed, producing a base chance of 39% (32 +10 for

Routine difficulty -3 alcohol points) of the test succeeding; another Toughness Test when 6 alcohol points have been consumed (now with a 36% chance of success – unless the first test failed, in which case the test is now Average, and the chance of success is reduced to 26%); and further tests at 9, 12 and 15 alcohol points - and possibly at larger totals!

The effect of each failed test remains exactly the same as stated in the main rulebook.

BRAWLS

It is not uncommon for a brawl to break out in the Pelican's Perch - especially if a pilot walks in - and brawling is an accepted part of everyday life there. No one minds an honest punch-up - a few bruises are no big thing - but anyone using, or attempting to use, weapons or magic is most definitely breaking the rules. People getting killed can open up feuds, and they can also attract all kinds of unwelcome official attention. A character drawing a weapon or using magic (or appearing to do either) during the course of a brawl will be turned on by everyone within 12ft and quickly rendered unconscious and/or bundled out. A brawl is a brawl, but no-one likes troublemakers.

INCIDENTS IN THE PELICAN'S PERCH

The Pelican's Perch is intended to be a focal point of the adventurers' stay in the Suiddock, either as a base of operations or as a regular haunt. Here are two encounters to enliven an evening in the Perch.

WAITER...

One evening, a gorgeously-dressed young man strolls casually into the Perch, and withdraws to a curtained booth with a bottle of Brettonnian red wine. After a few minutes, the curtain to the booth is thrown back, and he stalks up to the bar.

"Innkeeper," he says, in ringing tones and with a distinct Imperial upper-class accent, "This... substance may once have been wine, but at least three people have already drunk it!" With a deft motion, he flings the contents of his goblet over Ishmael.

The rash young man is Bernhardt von Schwerdblitz, a noble and professional duelist from Nuln who prides himself on his swordsmanship and spends much of his time starting fights so that he can show it off. Having recently arrived in Marienburg after a long and tedious journey, he is deliberately trying to start a brawl for his own amusement. And he looks like succeeding as half a-dozen stevedores rise to their feet at this mistreatment of Ishmael.

You can run this incident as a normal bar-room brawl. The adventurers can get involved on any side they want, and the brawl will probably spread rapidly across the bar-room as people accidentally hit other people on the backswing and so forth.

The adventurers will probably be most interested in von Schwerdblitz. He is more than a match for any of the inn's patrons, and is probably equal to any of the adventurers acting singly. If things begin to look hopeless, he will escape by vaulting onto the bar, swinging over everyone's heads on the chandelier and running out into the street.

He can give the adventurers a hard fight if they decide to get involved, but you should always make sure that he escapes. If he is particularly impressed by a character's fighting ability, he may contact them later and offer them the chance to practice with him. He might even be persuaded to join the adventurers as a replacement character; he is not evil, but is motivated purely by boredom.

BERNHARDT VON SCHWERDBLITZ

Duelist

(duelist, ex pistolier, ex noble)

Von Schwerdblitz is a little under 6ft tall and slim built, with collar-length fair hair and blue eyes. He has a short scar running vertically across his left cheekbone. His face is stamped with an almost permanent expression of disdain, and practically the only time he smiles is when he is

fighting. He is abrupt, high-handed and often insulting - he respects no-one who has not proved themselves against him with a sword.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
63	52	41	52	59	52	56	43
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Best Craftmanship Rapier, Main-Gauche.

Armour: Leather Jacket and Leggings (1 body/legs)

Skills: Animal Care, Blather, Common Knowledge (Empire) +10%, Consume Alcohol, Charm, Dodge Blow +10%, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Signs (Scout), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%.

Talents: Ambidextrous, Coolheaded, Disarm, Etiquette, Luck, Master Gunner, Mighty Shot, Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, Savvy, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Sure Shot, Swashbuckler.

A BITE TO DRINK

As the PCs are drinking in the Perch one evening, a stranger enters. He is tall, and heavily muffled against the fog which has blown in from the marshes. From the slightly awkward way in which he moves, he seems to be unwell. His face can just be seen it is a little pale, with dark eyes and bushy grey hair. He heads for one of the booths, beckoning to Ishmael who shuffles over to take his order. A bottle of Kislevite vodka is taken to the booth, and on his way back Ishmael stumps over to one of the PCs.

"Him in the booth wants yez" He rasps. "Summink 'baht a job."

'RADU VROLATSIN'

Von Carstein Vampire

(courtier, ex vampire thrall, ex noble)

The stranger is a Vampire, who has just got off a boat after a long journey downriver. He desperately needs to feed, and is hoping to lure a lone victim into the booth. Once there, he will use his powers to attempt to dominate the targets mind, and feed, attempting to flee ethereally if this fails.

If the adventurers go into the booth as a group, the Vampire will be more subtle. He will introduce himself as "Radu Vrolatsin" and talk to them - in a noticeably eastern, though cultured, accent - about recovering some valuables that were stolen from his family centuries ago, and which he believes to be buried in the family vault of a family of Marienburg traders.

While he does this, he will pick out the character who appears to be the weakest willed (dumb warriors and such) and try his gaze. If this is successful, the Vampire will compel that character to 'remember' having left something in the booth shortly after the adventurers leave. The victim will then go back into the booth, and get bitten by 'Radu'.

If the gaze doesn't work on his first choice of victim, the Vampire will try it once more on another character. If he can't control any of the PCs, the Vampire will give them a gold coin each (characters with the Academic Knowledge (Heraldry) skill are allowed to test to spot that the coins were minted in the Border Princes, and at least three hundred years old - in Marienburg each coin is worth 2 Guilders) as a token of good faith, and promise to meet them at the Perch at the same time the following night, to give them the information they will need to discover the whereabouts of the stolen valuables. Needless to say, he will not appear that night or any other.

Strange rumours of violent attacks by a large creature will begin circulating in the Perch and the rest of the Suiddock, but not until several days after the adventurers' meeting with the Vampire. No-one the PCs talk to has seen anything, however; all the tales are second hand. After a week or so the stories stop being told.

You should, of course, ensure that the Vampire survives his first encounter with the PCs - they will be hearing of him again...

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
61	37	58	63	62	61	64	57
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	23	5	6	6	1	-	-

Equipment: Sword, Dagger.

Skills: Academic Knowledge

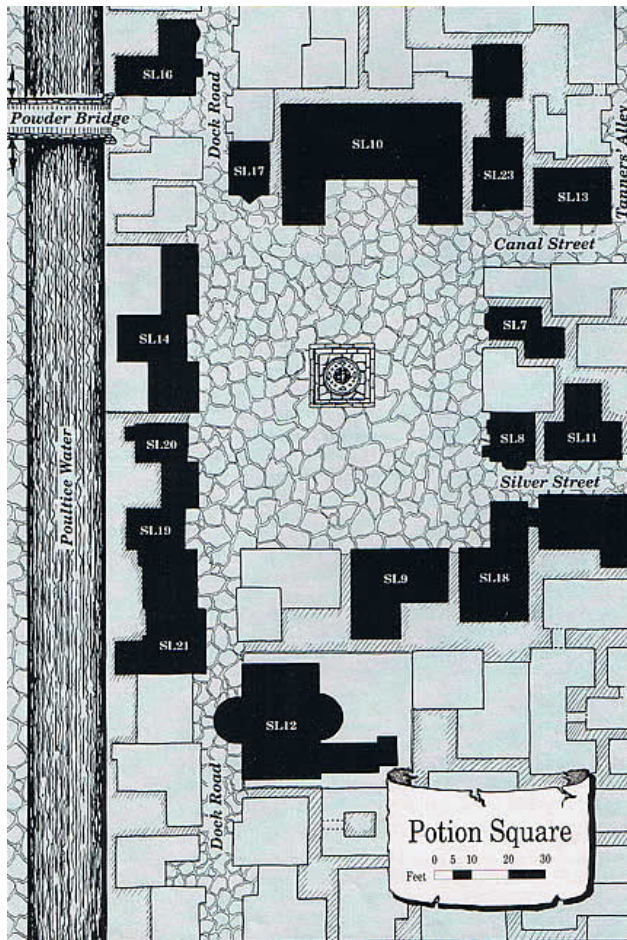
(Genealogy/Heraldry), Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Necromancy), Blather, Channelling, Charm +20%, Command +20%, Common Knowledge (Border Princes), Common Knowledge (Empire) +10%, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Performer (Musician), Read/Write, Ride, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Search, Shadowing, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Torture.

Talents: Coolheaded, Dark Magic, Disarm, Etiquette, Keen Senses, Frightening, Luck, Master Orator, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Arcane), Public Speaking, Savvy, Schemer, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Undead, Warrior Born.

Blood Gift: Blood Drain, Domination, Ethereal Mist, Natural Necromancer, Pass for Human, Vampires Curse (Fire, Garlic, No Reflection, Running Water, Silver, Sunlight).

POTION SQUARE

Potion Square can be found on Luydenhoek, the largest island of Marienburg's Suiddock district.



Map Key

- SL1G - Old Mother Crumhorn
- SL7 - The Watch Post
- SL8 - Doktor Markus Puttlangs
- SL9 - Jan Arzneier's Floracopoeia
- SL10 - The Edelmoed Temple
- SL11 - Kluger's Emporium
- SL12 - Wilhelm Rotkopf, Alchemist
- SL13 - Lisette's Leather Goods
- SL14 - Orphanage of St Rutha
- SL17 - Hassan's
- SL18 - The Long Dragon
- SL19 - Dagblad's Wholesale Leathers
- SL20 - Sign of the Quill
- SL21 - The Funeral Emporium
- SL23 - Loewijer's Tannery

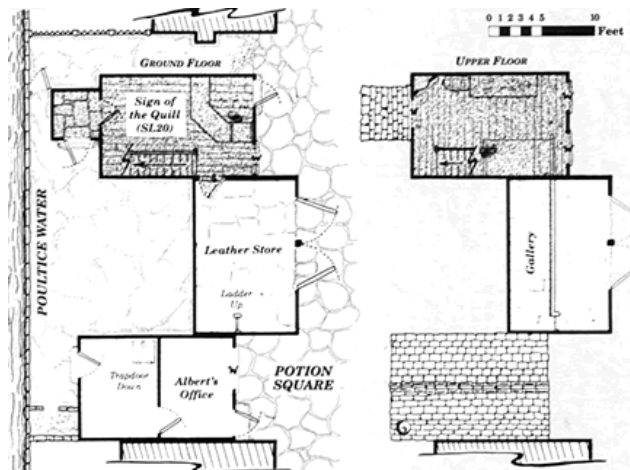
City maps and ordnances call it 'Graf Anders Square', but this name is hardly ever used by Suiddockers. Ask for Graf Anders Square and you'll get a blank look, and be told to head towards Elftown! Ask for Potion Square and

you'll stand a good chance of getting the right directions.

The name comes from the fact that the Square is close to Zegepraal Straat – generally known as Leech Street, where a great many physicians and other healers live and work. The predominantly medical nature of the area is reflected in many unofficial local place-names: for example, locals know the small canal which separates Potion Square from Leech Street as the Poulitice Water, rather than its official name of the Tussenkanal.

DAGBLAD'S WHOLESALE LEATHERS

The row of buildings which back onto the Poulitice Water were all originally small houses, but many, like St Rutha's Orphanage, have been adapted to other uses. Dagblad's consists of two houses, next-door-but-one to the orphanage. One has been converted into a small warehouse, and Albert Waarmans the caretaker lives in the other.



The two buildings are owned by Artur Dagblad, but he hardly ever visits them, having many interests elsewhere. Their main business is simply to store madeup leather goods before they are moved on to other parts of the city for sale. Occasionally Dagblad will arrange for other things to be stored here, but the warehouse's main business is leathers from nearby Tanner's Alley and Shoemaker's Square.

Albert's shack is a single-storey, two-room affair. He sleeps and cooks in the back, which is fitted with a small stove; firewood is kept outside in a small roofless pen built into the wall of the yard. The front room is a blend of parlour and office, with a rickety table scattered with miscellaneous paperwork and writing kit, and a comfortable but

slightly battered chair right by the window. It is here that Albert spends most of his days, watching the world go by outside. On a fine summer day, he will even drag his chair into the doorway. There is a trapdoor in the floor of the back room which presumably leads down to some kind of cellar, but Albert has never opened it and has no idea what might be in there. It's left to your discretion as GM to decide where this trapdoor really leads - the sewer, perhaps?

The 'lockup' was originally a small two-storey house, but has been radically altered. A narrow loft, reached by ladder from the ground, is all that remains of the upper floor, and a tall double-doorway has been cut into the front of the building. The back door which originally led out to the yard has been bricked and plastered; now the doorway is visible only from the outside. Neither Albert nor Dagblad is aware of the secret door leading into Dirck Oester's shop.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"That? Warehouse of some kind, I think. Saw them moving some leather jerkins in there once. The old boy next door seems to be some kind of caretaker."

"Cushiest job in the docks, old Albert's got. All he has to do is sit there all day in his shack. I mean, who's going to rob a warehouse full of cheap leathers?"

"Never met Dagblad, but he seems to look after old Albert all right. Still, at his age he's entitled to an easier life, I reckon. Not that he takes it particularly easy in the Long Dragon of an evening, but that's another story."

ALBERT WAARMANS –

Caretaker (servant, ex stevedore)

"What d'ye think to this weather, then? Not bad for this time of year, eh."

"GERRADAVIT! Oh, sorry, boss – thought you was another o' them kids from the orphanage. 'Ave t' keep an eye on them, I do – always muckin' about round 'ere."

"That kid of Rotkopf's is out at all hours, y'know – the spotty one. I reckon he's got a sweetheart somewhere. Up all night lookin' at the stars, he

was – an' not with a telescope like 'is boss, either."



"Saw that Doctor Markus in the Dragon last night – dear me, the state he was in. Couldn't 'ave stood up to save 'is life – not even if 'e'd 'ad six pair o' legs! Someone carted 'im back to Koester's in the end – sleepin' like a baby, 'e was – and I'd be very surprised if 'e remembers a thing about it."

Albert Waarmans is a weather-beaten, wrinkled old man, stooped by age but still mentally active. The job of looking after the warehouse ("the lockup" as he calls it) is not a demanding one, and most of the time he does pretty much what he pleases. He is more fortunate than many Marienburgers of his age without families to support them, since the job gives him free accommodation in the shack next to the warehouse and enough money for food and a few drinks in the Long Dragon. Albert is a contented individual, and loves nothing more than a few beers and a good gossip. He sees and hears a good deal of what goes on in and around Potion Square, and spends so much time watching the neighbours, in fact, that he is completely unaware of the fact that the lockup is sometimes used by

smugglers working in collusion with Dirck Oester next door.

Albert is well known in the Long Dragon, although he doesn't know all its secrets. His predilection for gossip makes him an unwitting look-out for Grossbart and his minions. He is forever chasing orphans away from the lockup, but he does this more for his own enjoyment than for any fear of theft or damage. He makes regular small donations to the Edlemoed Temple – he's fallen on his feet and found a nice little job to keep him going in to his old age, and the donations are as much a bribe to keep Shallya sweet as they are alms for the needy. He is also a paid-up member (a penny a week) of Edvard Strattner's shrine club a little further down dock road. Albert worked on the docks as a younger man, and his acquaintance with Lea-Jan Cobbius goes back decades. He believes that Cobbius secretly keeps an eye on him, which accounts for the lack of trouble at the warehouse; in fact, Cobbius would just about remember him if the two met, and is much more interested in taking a share of the contraband that passes through there. Albert knows Granny Hetta but the two don't get on – neither wants to stop talking and listen to the other one!

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
32	31	38	53	30	33	28	41
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Dagger, Club, Lantern, Keys, Bottle of Rum.

Armour: Leather Jack and Cap (1 head/body/arms).

Skills: Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Drive, Gossip +20%, Perception +10%, Performer (Singer), Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim.

Talents: Luck, Strong Minded, Sturdy, Very Resilient, Very Strong.

ILLICIT DEALINGS

More complete details of Oester's smuggling operation will be found in the description of his shop. At any time, there is a 20% chance that a quantity of contraband of some kind is being

stored in the lockup behind and beneath one of the piles of jerkins and aprons. Oester makes a habit of talking to Albert, so he always knows when the lockup is about to be cleared and he can move his contraband before that happens. If any contraband is found here Albert could be in serious trouble unless someone finds the secret door and can prove the connection with Oester.

DOKTOR MARKUS PUTLANGS

On the corner of Potion Square and Silver Street, next door to Kluger's Emporium, stands a small building with a strange sign hanging outside - a crossed saw and knife.



People can be seen going in, but very few seem to come out; the air is rent by an occasional ear-splitting scream from inside. Then there's the stale smell of a badly-kept butchers (perhaps slaughterhouse is a more accurate term), and the well fed flies that contentedly buzz round the place...

This is the surgery of Mijnheer Doktor Markus Puttlangs.

The main entrance to the surgery is on the corner, below the sign. This leads into a waiting-room furnished with a few old and grubby chairs and couches. From here, another door leads into the surgery itself. Everything, from the floorboards to

the rusty lamp hanging from the ceiling, is rather worn and down-at-heel, and the standards of hygiene leave much to be desired. There are any number of unhealthy looking stains on the floor, walls and even the ceiling!

A back door leads from the side-alley directly into the surgery, and is used by Doktor Puttlangs' more secretive patients. Rumour has it that this door is also used for disposing of his 'failures' discreetly.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"Puttlangs? Only the poor and the desperate go to him. Used to have a place on Leech Street once - big place, so they say - but the drink... well, you know."

"Old Puttlangs is all right for the occasional patch-up job, provided he's got a bottle of brandy inside him - stops him shaking, you see - but I wouldn't trust him to do anything major. Still, his prices are low and he doesn't tell tales, if you take my meaning."

"Drunken old fool. He'll kill somebody one of these days, you mark my words - that's if he hasn't killed a few people already. He should be stopped."

"Well, if people want to risk their lives, that's their privilege, I suppose. He seems to make a living somehow."

"I tell you, it fair made my 'air stand on end. Leastways, it would 'ave if I'd 'ad any. There I was, just kippin' down in the alley, when this 'orrible scream comes out of the Mad Doctor's place. 'Orrible, it was - I never 'eard anyfink like it. Then, a few minutes later, out comes the Doctor with this bundle over 'is shoulder. Well, I says to meself, there ain't no prizes for guessin' what that might be. And off 'e goes down the alley, lookin' round all the time in case someone was to see 'im. I just stopped in the shadders an' made out I was asleep. Some fings are best to keep yer nose out of, I says to meself. 'Ere - spare a copper for a cup of tea?"

MARKUS PUTTLANGS

Surgeon

(physician, ex barber surgeon)

"Um... yes, yes of course. Just give me a moment to prepare myself."

"Ah, good day to you. And what an excellent day it is! On such a day, I could heal the dead themselves! So - whose life can I save this morning?"

"Go away! Leave me alone! I'm doing nothing today, nothing! Just leave me alone!"

Markus Puttlangs was once a wealthy and successful physician, with a large establishment on Leech Street in the heart of Marienburg's medical community. Now, as anyone can see, he has gone to the dogs.

The good Doctor is a man in his fifties, with unkempt collar-length grey hair and bloodshot, slightly bulging eyes. His clothes are of good quality but worn and stained, and his breath always smells of stale brandy.

Puttlangs trained with some distinction in the medical school attached to the University of Marienburg, but unfortunately, he lacks one of the prime requirements for a successful surgeon - a sense of detachment. Performing operations without the aid of anesthetics is a harrowing business, and he researched extensively into the use of deleriants to deaden the pain of his 'victims'. Although he had some success, he was also tempted to use the drugs himself, to relieve the horror of his early surgical experiences.

His drugs rapidly became his only friends. He is hopelessly addicted to mandrake, and also needs regular drinks to keep his hand steady. It was only a matter of time before the drinks and the drugs began to change his personality; he lost the confidence of his most wealthy patients, and was forced to move to the less expensive area of Potion Square.

The Doctor now caters to a rather different clientele, patching wounds for those who would rather have no questions asked and occasionally performing surgery for those in need. His neighbours in Potion Square know of his drinking

but do not suspect his drug addiction – if news of this were to reach the Guild of Physicks, he would almost certainly be expelled and banned from practicing in the city. Brother Marijkus of the Edelmoed Temple keeps an eye on him and is trying to convince him to give up drinking, but to no avail so far. Sister Marianne will occasionally call on him to treat emergency cases among her orphans, but would never allow him to perform surgery on them. She suspects that he could be ‘struck off’ if she reported him to the Guild, but she has decided that this would be a waste of an occasionally-useful physician.

When his surgery is not open, Doctor Puttlangs can be found in the Long Dragon, where he usually has to be carried home to Koester’s Boarding House where he rents a cheap room. On occasion he will do business with Jeremias Qualk, and he relies on Grossbart for his supply of Mandrake.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
19	33	33	36	35	54	35	37
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	3	4	-	5	-

Equipment: : Medical Instruments, Bottle of Brandy.

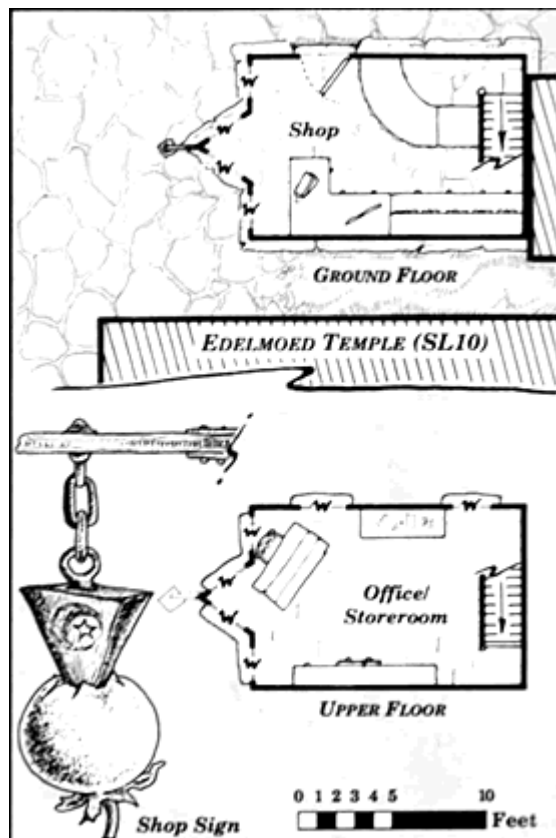
Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Drive, Gossip, Haggle, Heal +10%, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Trade (Apothecary).

Talents: Ambidextrous, Resistant to Disease, Savvy, Strike to Stun, Surgery, Very Resilient.

Insanities: Mandrake Man (modifiers have already been applied to characteristics).

HASSAN'S

Between the Edelmoed Temple and Dock Road there stands a very strange little building, with an equally strange sign hanging outside - an iron wedge jammed into a carved wooden fruit of some sort. There is no other sign or name-plate, but the stoppered glass jars of dried fruits and powders in the windows give a clue that here one may buy spices. This impression is confirmed upon entering the shop. The mixture of aromas is almost overwhelming.



A small, wiry, dark-skinned man rises from a chair behind the counter as the customer enters, bows formally, and speaks in cultured tones, but with a noticeable Arabian accent: "Enter and be welcome. My humble shop is at your service. How may I assist you?"

Hassan's shop is a small, dark place, crammed with drawers and jars of herbs, spices and other ingredients. Upstairs, he has a small office and sitting room where he entertains 'special' customers. Some of the business which is transacted in the privacy of the upstairs room may not be entirely legal...

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"It's not right, I tell you. Bringing his heathen practices into a civilised country - and right next door to the temple, too! We're too soft on these furriners. No good'll come of it, you mark my words!"

"Whole place is the wrong way round if you ask me. I mean, look at the frontage. All windows, and that bay poking out - it's the natural place for a door. But is the door there? No. It's round the side on Dock Road, set into a blank wall. You can't tell me it's not like that for a purpose. There's something not right there, that's for sure."

"It's a funny place, right enough, but Hassan's all right when you get to know him. Always has the best stuff, too. A lot of people are wary of him, but that's just because he's Arabian, I reckon. Don't see a lot of them around here - they mainly keep to their little enclave up around Havensdijk, along with the other foreign merchants."

"They say he's connected with one of the big Arabian merchants up on Havensdijk - second cousin of someone's brother-in-law or something. He must have contacts to get hold of the stuff he sells. He knows his stuff, too. People come to Hassan's from all over the city, and not just the occasional Halfling after some seasonings. If you know what you're doing, there's a lot you can get from Hassan."

"There's more to that one than meets the eye..."

HASSAN BIN NAROUN AL-ASRED

Spice Merchant

(merchant, ex tradesman,

ex apprentice wizard)



"Welcome to my humble place of business. Here most assuredly will you find what you seek."

"Aaah, but observe - the colour, the texture, the aroma. This is the very best - fit for the table of the Sultan himself! Already I must face the angry ghosts of my forefathers for offering it at such a price! For my soul, I cannot go one penny lower."

"Five Guilders? I would not take so little for a

single hair from my beard! Hassan does no business with thieves!"

"What you ask is clearly impossible. The Sultan himself has decreed that this spice is never to leave the shores of Araby, on pain of death to the faithless merchant who ships it. I will do what I can, but the price will be high. Return in two weeks."

"Son of a dog, you exhaust me utterly. Take it, take it and give me your filthy money. I betray my trade, my nation and my family by selling at this price - I shall starve and my soul be torn by evil spirits for such dealings, but take it, you shameless robber! May worms eat your guts, you bandit, and may you taste the poverty your dealings fall upon my blameless head!"

Hassan is a shortish, hawk-faced, wiry man in his late thirties. His black beard and moustache are impeccably trimmed, and he always wears a turban of black or purple silk secured by a ruby-topped pin. He dresses in the loose clothing of Araby, wearing brightly coloured silks and satins in combinations that no Old Worlder could carry off. In winter, he adds a fine wine-coloured velvet cloak against the cold and damp.

Hassan's manner is faultlessly polite when dealing with a customer, but he is a very spirited haggler and engages in bargaining with an enthusiasm that Old Worlders sometimes find unnerving. Even the more genteel Marienburgers among his clientele sometimes have trouble keeping up with the unending flow of refusals, threats, pleas and insults that make up a typical Arabian bargaining session.

Hassan deals mainly in spices brought in from Araby. Despite rumours of powerful connections amongst the resident Arabian merchants, he works more or less alone, dealing directly with ships' captains. They are generally happy to bring in an extra sack or two, and Hassan's extensive contacts among the Arabian crews mean that he is able to maintain a steady supply of almost anything.

As well as the more conventional spices, Hassan has been known to deal in more exotic substances from Araby, trading Old World herbs and rarities back to his homeland. Several of the city's wizards rely on Hassan for certain spell

ingredients, and more than one of Marienburg's merchant princes has found him useful in obtaining Arabian antiquities and other exotic items with which to impress friends and rivals. Despite the fact he is not formally attached to any of the Arabian mercantile concerns in the city, Hassan has numerous friends and contacts among the resident Arabians.

He occasionally obtains exotic herbs for Jan van Arzner, and Wilhelm Rotkopf buys ingredients from him regularly. He is licensed by the Guild of Wizards and Alchemists to sell spell ingredients, and a framed certificate to this effect hangs on the wall behind the counter. Hassan has never done business with Grossbart – he knows there is a drug den in the Long Dragon but is not inclined to become involved. Grossbart, for his part, is aware of Hassan's dealings, but is letting him be for the moment.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
43	38	36	43	52	63	53	50
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Dagger, Special sheath which automatically coats the blade with poison when drawn, 2 Doses Black Lotus Venom, Jewellery (50 guilders).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic), Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (Araby), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip +20%, Haggle +10%, Magical Sense, Perception +10%, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Arabian), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Herbalist), Trade (Merchant) +10%.

Talents: Acute Hearing, Dealmaker, Fast Hands, Lightening Reflexes, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy, Super Numerate, Very Resilient.

TRADING AT HASSAN'S

As well as a range of culinary spices, Hassan stocks a few herbs and ingredients for all legal (not Hedge Magic or any sort of Dark Lore) Lesser Magic Spells, and all Arcane spells up to CN18. Costs of 1 Guilder for Lesser spells, 2

Guilders for spells up and including CN10, and 4 Guilders for spells of CN11 and above - this price gets enough for a single casting of the spell. You might want to alter this price if an ingredient is particularly mundane (eg a piece of wax) or particularly exotic (eg the tongue of a Harpy).

As we've already said, Hassan is very fond of haggling. He will always demand twice the normal price for an item, and will haggle normally down to 120% of the normal price. At this point, his bargaining becomes more heated as he calls upon the full 20% bonus conferred by his exceptional Haggle skill. He can be bargained down to 100% of the normal price, but only after a lot of protests, imprecations, insults and general histrionics. He never sells at less than 100%. It is up to you to decide exactly what Hassan has in stock at any time - you might have special reasons for wanting the adventurers to be able to get hold of certain spell ingredients - or not!

If the adventurers ever need to get hold of something rare or exotic, there's a chance that they will find it at Hassan's. You might also use him to introduce them to various adventures connected with the stranger items among his stock.

SECURITY MEASURES

Hassan does not live on the premises, and his shop is equipped with several anti-burglar measures. The lock on the door is of the very highest quality, requiring a Very Hard (-30%) Lock Picking Test to open. In addition, the heavy oak door requires a Very Hard (-30%) Strength Test to break down.

All the windows have been subjected to a low-power ritual cast by an Arabian Wizard as a gift. No matter how carefully a would-be burglar breaks a window, it triggers a Sounds spell, causing a loud noise across the Square.

The security measures continue inside the shop. Hassan has four Enchanted Ropes imported from his native land. He leaves them located in strategic places within the shop (top and bottom of the stairs, near the window, on the counter), to attack and bind anyone who enters except him.

ROPE OF ENTRAPMENT

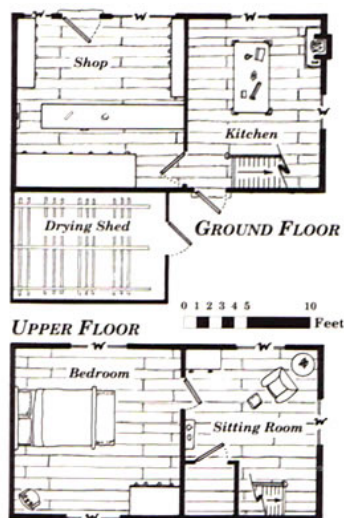
(Academic Knowledge: Magic)

Roughly six feet long, and appearing as a standard thick hemp rope, these items are crafted using ancient Arabian lore, and are rarely found in the Old World. Used for performing amusing tricks to part travellers from their gold, the also make for effective sentries.

- When held by the owner, the rope moves at the owners will, defying gravity if necessary. The rope cannot be used to manipulate any but the lightest objects in this way.
- If any living creature other than the one they are created to serve comes within 2 yards, it will attack and attempt to Grapple the target. The rope counts as having WS 42 and S 50.
- If attacked, the rope has a TB 3 and W 15. Due to its constant movement, it is impossible for a creature to attack it successfully whilst it is grappling another creature.

JAN ARZNEIER'S FLORACOPOEIA

This resounding title hangs on a board outside the small herbalist's emporium owned by Jan van Arzneier, on the south side of Potion Square. Despite being a two-story building, the shop seems somehow low and cramped. It has two windows at the front, made of bullseye glass which makes it impossible to see anything inside. On entering the shop, one finds that it smells wonderful, that the ceiling is very low (the beams reduce this to only five feet in places) and that bunches of dried herbs hang everywhere.



COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"Herbs, eh? Best place I can think of is van Arzneier's. If he hasn't got it he'll know where to get it. Paddle over to Luydenhoek and ask for Potion Square - van Arzneier's the name, on the south side opposite the temple."

"Could be there's a better place to buy herbs somewhere in Marienburg, but I don't know where and they'd probably charge you five times the price."

"He knows what he's at, does van Arzneier - gets a lot of stuff straight off the docks as it comes in. Things you'd never find growing in the Old World."

JAN VAN ARZNEIER

Herbalist

(artisan, ex apothecary, ex student)



"Hm. Now normally I'd recommend a brew of Tarrabeth for that, but... here, have a chew on this. One sprig a day, and rest as much as you can. And if that swelling hasn't cleared up in three or four days, come back and we'll try something else. I've just got a shipment of something new in from Cathay, and I'm dying to try some of it out."

Van Arzneier is a short, stringy man in his thirties, who looks tanned and weather-beaten but fit – an excellent advertisement for his own products. His short hair is light brown, and his eyes are the same colour. His present

employment is the result of a life-long fascination for mixing things together to see what would happen, and many of his preparations combine pharmacy and alchemy with traditional herbalism.

He has a number of contacts among the ship's captains who are always in and out of Marienburg, and he corresponds (albeit irregularly) with fellow herbalists from Norsca to Nippon. As a result, he occasionally get hold of rare and unusual herbs from all corners of the world, and he even has some stock from darkest Lustria!

His supplies of more common herbs are very reliable, as well, even out of season, and he does business with many of the physicians and other healers in the city. He is very friendly with Brother Marijkus of the Edelmoed Temple, and occasionally provides treatment for the orphans at St Rutha's when an illness is beyond Sister Marianne's ability to treat. Van Arznieier is a member of the Guild of Physicks, and wears a ring with the guild symbol.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
28	33	31	37	36	45	36	33
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	3	4	-	5	-

Equipment: Dagger, Shop and contents, Guild Ring (10 guilders).

Armour: Leather Jerkin (1 body).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science) +10%, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Evaluate, Gossip +20%, Haggle, Heal +10%, Perception +20%, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue) +10%, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary) +10%, Trade (Brewer), Trade (Herbalist).

Talents: Etiquette, Hardy, Resistance to Disease, Savvy, Super Numerate.

KLUGER'S EMPORIUM

Just off the south side of Potion Square, on Silver Street, a grimy and barely readable sign hangs outside a tall, narrow building. Upon close inspection, it reads Kluger's Emporium ~ Antiques and Curios. A small, filthy window reveals nothing of the inside.

GROUND FLOOR



As the door opens, it squeaks on its hinges and rings a tinny-sounding bell. It takes a few second for the visitor's eyes to become accustomed to the near-darkness. Near the door lies an enormous ginger cat. Small, grime-encrusted oil lamps serve only to throw weird shadows from the jumbled heaps of books, pieces of armour, pots, and other miscellaneous objects that tower threateningly over the visitor - perhaps the slightest sound or movement might start an avalanche!

The wooden floor creaks beneath underfoot, and the boards are so badly warped that crossing the darkened room is an unnerving experience. Even the shop's wooden desk has clearly seen better days. An oil lamp casts a fitful light on the open book which rests there, and on the indeterminate shape which sits reading it. A chair scrapes, and the figure rises. "Good day to you," says a strong voice, "looking for anything in particular?"

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"Whose Emporium? Never heard of it."

"You never know what you'll find at Kluger's. I don't think even he knows what he's got."

"Watch out for that cat of his. It knows more than a cat ought to know, if you take my meaning."

"The Bretonnian crown jewels could be hidden in that junk and no-one would ever find them - and maybe they are!"

HANS KLUGER

Fence

(fence, ex racketeer, ex cat burglar, ex thief)



"Hmmm. I saw something of the sort, only a couple of years ago. Over here, I think - ah, yes. Is this the kind of thing?"

"A pleasure to meet you. Its always gratifying to be recommended by a - ah - regular customer."

"Perhaps this will do..."

"Hmmm. I have to confess, I'm not sure about this piece. Very distinctive, you see. Obviously made for the tastes of one person. Very difficult to find a buyer for something like that. Still - shall we say twenty-five?"

Hans is short, middle-aged, and surprisingly neat and clean - a sharp contrast with his environment. He has grey hair, but his hairline has receded beyond the top of his skull, so that at first he appears to be completely bald. His grey eyes hardly ever seem to blink, and he always looks straight into the eyes of the person whom he is addressing. He is normally dressed in clean, if crumpled, middle-class clothes, typically a green doublet, a white linen shirt, and brown breeches.

Despite the almost insane jumble inside his shop, Hans can find anything in a matter of seconds.

Anyone else might spend days and never find what they were looking for. Hans is unfailingly polite, well-spoken, and talkative, but whenever he is nervous or annoyed he clenches and unclenches his fists. He is particularly fascinated with the nonhuman races, and will talk for hours about nonhuman art and antiquities. He is a superstitious character, and fears magic of all sorts.

Hans is one of the most successful fences in the city. He took over from his father, who died in jail 30 years ago, awaiting trial for a murder he did not commit. Officially, he hanged himself in his cell, but Hans has his own opinions. His father's death has left him with a deep grudge against the law and its minions, which occasionally shows through his politeness.

Through his father's shadier dealings, Hans grew up with extensive contacts in Marienburg's underworld. Many of his childhood friends are now among the most respected and feared in the city's criminal fraternity. Lea-Jan Cobbius is a kind of unofficial uncle to Hans, whose business is carried on with his permission. He also has dealings with Ruud Vilager, Jochen Kaaimans at Haagen's Wharf, Jan Omkoop of the Excise, and the smuggler Thijs Mogegekker, when he needs to send a consignment out of Marienburg. He also does occasional legitimate business with Neugierde's of Middenheim.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
59	38	48	41	58	39	45	50
2	18	4	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Dagger, Rapier Sword-Cane.

Skills: Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment +10%, Disguise, Dodge Blow, Evaluate +20%, Gossip +10%, Haggle +10%, Intimidate, Pick Lock +10%, Perception +20%, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Secret Language (Thieves Tongue) +10%, Secret Signs (Thief) +10%, Shadowing, Silent Move +10%, Sleight of Hand +10%, Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Alley Cat, Dealmaker, Lightening

Reflexes, Menacing, Street Fighting, Streetwise, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Suave, Super Numerate, Trapfinder.

HASCHA

Cat

Jascha is a large ginger cat, who usually lies on the floor halfway between the door and his master's desk, visible only by the glinting of his eyes. He has never been known to move out of the way for a customer, but will sometimes show an interest in goods which are being discussed. As well as being a pet and a mouser, Jascha serves Hans as a kind of security device. Many regulars are habitually hooded, masked or otherwise disguised, so Hans does not know their faces. But he knows Jascha's reaction to all of them, and more than once this has helped him to penetrate an imposture by 'undesirables' – as he calls the servants of the law.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
25	0	10	10	38	10	10	0
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	6	1	1	6	-	-	-

Skills: Concealment, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Silent Move.

Talents: Alley Cat, Flee, Keen Senses.

TRADING AT KLUGER'S EMPORIUM

Hans will buy and sell just about anything. If strangers want his services as a fence, they must make the first move themselves. Direct and clumsy approaches will result in Hans doing a very good imitation of an outraged honest trader. "What manner of dealer do you take me for?" he will thunder.

Hans will buy items up to 10 Guilders in value without question. When offered more valuable goods, he will ask for some proof of ownership – "without wishing to cause offense, of course, but one has to be careful." If he is satisfied, he will offer up to 75% of the items value. If he believes that an item was stolen, he will offer 30-60% of its value, depending on his degree of acquaintance with the customer. He can be bargained up to 150% of his original offer, but no further.

Only the smaller, cheaper stolen items are actually out in the shop. Valuable and bulky items are kept in the cellar, behind a stout padlocked trapdoor (**Hard (-20%) Strength Test** to break open, **Very Hard (-30%) Pick Locks Test** to open). Such items rarely stay on the premises for more than a couple of days; Hans generally has a buyer lined up. Particularly 'hot' items are shipped out of town to contacts in the Empire, Bretonnia, or Kislev.

If adventurers want to buy something specific, you should assign an 'illegal availability rating' to the item, and follow the standard availability procedure detailed in *Old World Armoury*, treating Kluger's Emporium as a City with 1000 inhabitants. Depending on the rarity of the item sought, Hans will take several days and a few dozen Guilders before the sale can be completed.

For a fee, Hans will keep an item 'to be called for'. This fee ranges from 3 Guilders per day to 20 or more, depending on the items value and the status of the person from which it was stolen. For example, an expensive ring slipped from an artisans fat finger might be worth 5-6 Guilders per day; if the owner had been the head of a powerful merchant family, it might cost 9-10 Guilders per day to store. A wizard's ring, even if it is not magical, might cost 20 Guilders per day, due to Hans' distrust of magic.

MAKING CONTACT

Adventurers might not find Kluger's at all unless they are looking for it. If they intend to do business there, then a recommendation is the most valuable thing they can take with them.

Beggars – always the eyes and ears of the underworld – might let slip that Kluger's is the place to find anything you want and sell anything you don't. Ingrid, the barmaid at the Pelican's Perch may recommend Kluger's as she hears a lot of gossip. Granny Hetta uses Kluger – although she is cautious in her dealings with him. Jochen Kaaimans at Haagens Wharf might also point adventurers towards Kluger's – but only if offered a suitable bribe. Lisette will send enquirers to Kluger's, once she has consulted The Guild about them. Adventurers who can tell Hans that one of his trusted contacts recommended him will be more likely to get a favourable reception.

Alternatively, the adventurers might overhear a conversation in the Long Dragon with a reference to "the stuff Paal left at Kluger's", they might find themselves tracking down a stolen item, or being used as go-betweens in negotiations for the recovery of something valuable. Shadowing a contact after a meeting may also lead to Kluger's.

A USEFUL ACQUAINTANCE

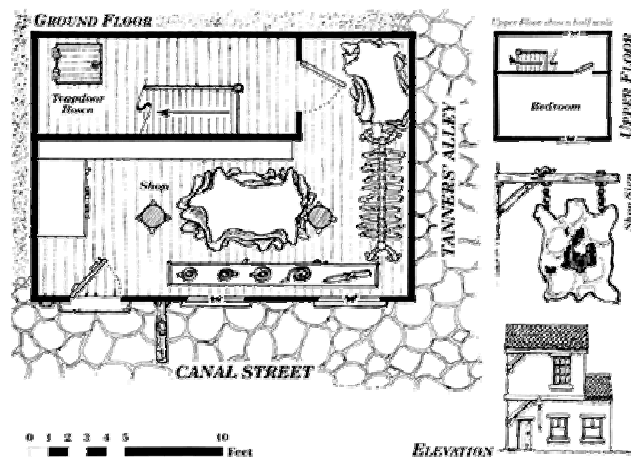
Hans Kluger can be very useful to a group of adventurers. As well as buying and selling goods, he might be persuaded – for a suitable fee – to teach skills or to provide training for career changes. Offers of money, new contacts, new goods and permanent custom will all help sway him. The monetary charge will be modest – 3-4 Guilders per hour or 20 Guilders per day – but Hans will also ask for favours and services now and again.

Once the adventurers have got to know him, Hans can be used as a lead-in to several adventures. For example, he might have them acquire a certain item which Hans has been asked to obtain. Or Hans might have been receiving blackmail threats. The only clue is the instructions for delivering the money. Who is the blackmailer? A rival fence? Someone Hans crossed in business? A racketeer trying to take over part of Suiddock? The possibilities are endless.

A more complex scenario might start when a contact Hans expected four days ago still hasn't shown up. The item in question is a talisman from Araby which is said to carry a curse. Hans wants rid of it, and fears for the life of his contact – this might be one of the rare occasions when he lets slip a customer's identity. Why is he late? Has he fallen prey to the curse? Have Arabyan assassins struck him down? Are they now converging on Kluger's? Or is the contact fuming beside a broken coach between here and Middenheim.

LISETTE'S LEATHER GOODS

Canal Street is one of the darker, narrower side-streets leading off from Potion Square. A little way from the square, on the north side of the street, stands a small, neat shop with a sign in the shape of a cowhide.



Neatly arranged in the windows are leather goods of all kinds, from pieces of leather armour to leather tankards and jugs. Behind them, in the shop, can be seen stacks of cured hides and piles of finished garments and other leather goods.

Lisette is well-known as a dealer in hides and leather goods - she is a merchant rather than an artisan, and specialises in buying and selling rather than in actually working leather. It is no accident that her shop is close to Tanner's Alley.

In some quarters, there are darker rumours about this particular leather-merchant. It is whispered in some quarters of the Suiddock that Lisette is well-connected in the underworld organisation known simply as The Guild; some people assert - though never in her hearing - that she holds a very high position in that shadowy brotherhood. It certainly seems to be the case that things said to her have a way of getting back to them.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"Anything you want in leather, Lisette can supply it, or point you at a leatherworker who can. Take care with her, though - she doesn't suffer fools. You'll see what I mean. "

"She knows her business, all right. Don't waste your time wandering up and down Tanner's Alley and around Shoemaker's Square, just go straight to Lisette. Don't waste her time, though. She hates having her time wasted."

"Now you know me. I've no axe to grind against women. But that one's different. Something about her - she can scare you half to death without saying a word and without getting out of her chair. They say she's a dagger for the Guild, and all I can say is I don't want to find out."

"She's a strange one. There must be more to her than the leather trade. She's got too much about her to be happy buying and selling hides all her life. Of course there are rumours - the wagging tongues will tell you she's an assassin, a witch, and half a dozen other things. Myself, when I see her I just talk about leather."

"Don't cross that one. There's something about her. Can't put my finger on it, but it's there."

LISETTE LEERER

Guild Enforcer

**(assassin, ex targeteer, ex bounty hunter,
ex bodyguard, ex tradesman)**



"If you've come here to buy or sell, do it. If not, you're wasting your time and mine."

"I never discuss my business arrangements."

"Who told you that?"

Lisette is a tall, slim woman in her twenties, with dark hair and eyes. Her face, while attractive, almost never betrays any expression, and many people find her impassive face and steady eyes intimidating. She always favours black clothes of soft, high-quality leather, and always has a slim, silver-handled stiletto hanging from her belt.

She is softly spoken and blunt, never wasting words or movement. Everything about her says that she would be a very bad person to cross. Stories are still told about the out-of-town merchant who made unwelcome advances to her

once – no-one saw her touch him, but he was unconscious for almost an hour.

On the surface, Lisette is no more than a trader in skins and leather goods who can handle herself better than many of the self-styled 'hard men' of the docklands. Many of the merchants and leatherworkers of Marienburg respect her for her efficient, hard-dealing business practice and the quality of the goods she deals in. But in some parts of the city, rumours are whispered about another life. It is said that she is a member of 'the Guild we do not talk about', and a high-placed one at that. Such things are whispered fearfully, with many glances over both shoulders, for the Guild has an eye in every house, an ear in every wall, and a harsh way with informers.

Apart from her business dealings, Lisette keeps very much to herself. She has a nodding acquaintance with her neighbours in Potion Square, and makes a regular donation to the Orphanage of St Rutha – as much to prevent Sister Marianne from constantly badgering her as for any other reason. She will occasionally slip almost unseen into the Pelican's Perch and spend some time in a curtained booth with Lea-Jan Cobbius or Pieter de Groot, but she has no connection with the Worshipful Guild of Stevedores and Teamsters. She has also been seen in the Moonbeam Inn, and those with an eye for such things might remark that her visits always take place shortly after a back-room meeting of the Knights of Purity. Once every three or four days, Granny Hetta will visit Lisette's shop, although she clearly can't afford to buy. Likewise, the private investigator Sam Warble has been known to visit Lisette's shop, though he seems never to make any purchases.

Although finding proof would be an almost impossible task – and a highly dangerous one – Lisette is a senior member of the underworld body known as The Guild. She keeps all her dealings well-hidden, and works as a mixture of intelligence officer and enforcer, relaying information to The Guild and delivering warnings to those who displease it.

Rogue characters who disturb the everyday running of the seamier side of Suiddock – robbing premises or persons who are under the protection of The Guild, for instance, or discovering and attempting to foil Guild

operations – may get a visit from Lisette, masked and dressed in a black cloak. She will issue a warning and deliver terms for restitution, normally giving the offender two days to comply. Such individuals will be instructed to go to one of the Guild meeting places – generally the back room of the Lighthouse Inn – and say that she sent them. Depending on how such a meet is played, this could be a valuable introduction to The Guild and the start of a series of illegal misadventures, or it could be the beginning of a lifetime of harassment until the adventurers comply, leave Marienburg, or get killed.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
64	66	42	50	73	50	51	46
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	17	4	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Dagger, Knuckle-Dusters, Sword, 3 Doses of Viper’s Kiss, Amulet of Iron (see below).

Armour: Studded Leather Jack and Leggings (2 body/arms/legs).

Skills: Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment, Disguise, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Gossip +20%, Haggle, Heal, Intimidate +10%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +20%, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Search +10%, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Shadowing +10%, Silent Move +10%, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Merchant), Trade (Tanner).

Talents: Ambidextrous, Dealmaker, Disarm, Lightening Parry, Lightening Reflexes, Quick Draw, Marksman, Mighty Shot, Rapid Reload, Rover, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Street Fighting, Streetwise, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Sure Shot, Swashbuckler, Very Resilient.

AMULET OF IRON

(Academic Knowledge: Magic)

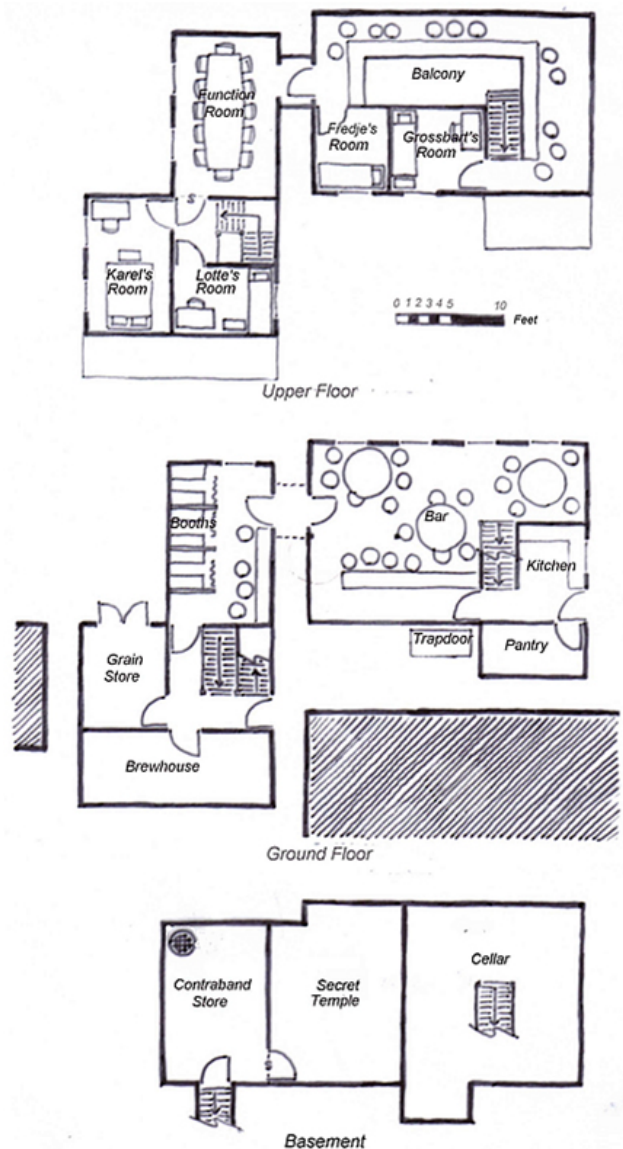
Crafted using one of the most secret rituals of the Priesthood of Sigmar and the Gold College, to protect Sigmar’s Witch Hunters in their sacred

duty, this amulet uses the natural properties of metal to resist the effects of Magic.

- The owner receives –5 to any Casting Roll made whilst the Amulet is on their person (not necessarily worn).
- Whilst worn, the bearer receives +20% to any Will Power Test to resist the effects of Magic and Magical Effects.
- The bearer is allowed a Will Power Test to negate the effects of a spell even if the spell does not normally allow it. This effect also applies to beneficial spells, even those cast by the bearer.

THE LONG DRAGON

In the south-eastern corner of Potion Square you can find the Long Dragon, a tavern known throughout the Suiddock and beyond for two things: its prime beer, as well as the need to keep a low profile while you enjoy it.



The Long Dragon was established in two adjacent buildings by the late Hendrik Broegman more than forty years ago and is now owned jointly by his eldest son Karel and the attractive Lotte Wald. The tavern offers all the pleasures that the Suiddocker craves after a long and hard day. Best known is the beer, but other more dangerous substances are also available, including the highly addictive Black Lotus. Lotte Wald is the public face of the establishment, typically residing behind the bar from where she supplies beer and other delights for her customers. She also keeps track of the girls who come every night to offer their services to the customers, luring them to the private booths near the brewery.

Karel runs the brewery himself and keeps an eye on Beate, a young local girl who cooks the warm meal of the day. His home-brewed beer comes in two varieties; the Blozenbroew of normal strength, and the notoriously strong Boekbier – for the average Suiddocker it’s probably the best beer he’ll ever have. Both Karel and Lotte have private quarters above the brewery.

Item	Size	Alcohol Points	Cost
Meal of the day	Generous	-	7p
Blozenbroew	Half Pint	1	6p
Blozenbroew	Pint	2	10p
Boekbier	Half Pint	2	1/-
Boekbier	Pint	4	1/10
Alte Geheerentode rum	Goblet	6	5/-
Alte Geheerentode rum	Bottle	24	17/-

NB: The alcohol points refer to the optional rules of the Pelican’s Perch.

There are two other permanent residents at the Long Dragon, filling up what used to be the pair of rooms for rent. One is the notorious Grossbart, an elderly, overweight and soft-spoken man to the casual observer (if one such ever were to see him) yet to all those in the know a ruthless and calculating master tradesman in just about any activity not allowed under Wasteland law. Few

coins change hand in Luydenhook without a share going to either the Excise or Grossbart – or both. The other room is occupied by Fredje Gustaaf, Grossbart’s right-hand man.

Even the few legit Suiddockers know that a number of regulars at the Long Dragon prefer that brawling and other activities that attract the official enforcers of the law are avoided. Anyone stupid or ignorant enough to break this simple rule invariably finds himself firmly escorted from the Long Dragon and thrown into the Poultrice.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

“The Long Dragon? – Sure I know where it is. Turn left on Silver Street and you’ll find it just before you enter Potion Square. In fact, once you’re on Silver Street just go for the smell of hops!”

“It’s a good thing you can’t drink and talk at the same time – ‘cause when you’re at the Long Dragon, you want to enjoy the drink and say as little as possible. There’s some people there you don’t want to rub the wrong way, if you know what I mean.”

“That Wald woman is as sweet to the eye as Karel’s brew is to the tongue. But there’s more to her than good looks and a sweet smile, mind my word!”

KAREL BROEGMAN

Brewer, Barman and Co-Owner

(tradesman, ex seaman)

“You’ll be wanting the Boekbier, I’ve a new batch, ready this mornin’. Give this a go. Now doesn’t that hit the spot?”

“Now I have told you once, if you two have a problem, take it outside. If I have to tell you again, I will dump you out there to sort it out myself. Mind, you won’t be in a mood for fightin’, not wit’ busted arms.”

“Now get out of here boy, I won’t have Marianne bustin’ me balls for lettin’ you touch the drink. Oh! Sorry sir, we don’t get many of you Halflin’ folk in here.”

Eldest son of the former owner, Hendrik Broegman, Karel is co-owner of the Long Dragon. Not much of a people person, Karel is a quiet, sour type, who would be much happier if he never got another customer. Not being one for the crowds of Marienburg, he took to the sea at an early age, and served on several merchantmen running up the coast to Kislev and Bretonnia.

Following one hair-raising encounter too many, Karel returned home to help his ageing father with the tavern. A skilled cook from his time at sea, he took to the art of brewing, and quickly gained the Long Dragon a reputation for serving some of the best beer in Luydenhoek. When his father passed on, ownership was passed jointly to Karel and his foppish brother Heink. Karel never cared much for his younger brother, and when Heink fell foul of Lotte Wald's calculations Karel was actually glad to see him gone. Lotte handles the customers as well (if not better) than Heink ever did, so Karel pays little mind to how she achieved her place.

Karel is not completely ignorant of Grossbart's dealings, but he knows well enough to keep his nose out of what doesn't concern him. Besides, the man's presence seems to keep the Long Dragon safe from harm, and that suits Karel just fine. Karel has few friends among the people of Potion Square. He keeps an eye out for Markus Puttlangs, the man keeps him in business after all, but would never risk going under his knife. He is in friendly first name terms with both Albert Waarmans and Jacob Boerenstand, and has a passing acquaintance with Anton Loewijer, which could become a firm friendship should either man discover how similar they are.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
43	36	43	32	38	36	39	26
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	4	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Stout Cudgel.

Armour: Leather Jerkin and Leggings (1 body/legs)

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol,

Dodge Blow, Drive, Gossip, Perception +10%, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Speak Language (Norscan), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Brewer), Trade (Cook).

Talents: Hardy, Resistance to Poison, Seasoned Traveller, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Sturdy.

LOTTE WALD

Barmaid and Co-Owner

(innkeeper, ex servant, ex rogue)

"Well, hello there handsome. I have not seen you in here before, I would have remembered. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, what a brute. That one won't leave me alone, how can he think I would be interested in his sort. He is not refined, handsome. Not at all like you..."

"I have a surprise... Come, let me show you."

Many patrons of the Long Dragon take her to be nothing more than a hard-working and put-upon barmaid, but in truth Lotte Wald is co-owner of the tavern. More than just a pretty face, Lotte has a sharp mind, and is capable of running the establishment with ease.

Most people do not see past her bright smile and chatty manner, but Lotte is a deeply damaged individual. Daughter to a wealthy merchant who was ruined and driven to suicide by the whim of one of the great Merchant Houses, Lotte went from comfort and good prospects, to being a penniless orphan on the streets of Marienburg. Driven by a desire to work herself back to the station she was born to, Lotte fought her way back up the ladder, performing many demeaning and degrading jobs. What brightness and optimism the young girl had was rapidly beaten out of her (often literally), leaving only a cold, calculating woman driven only by a desire to achieve a state that she would now no longer feel any appreciation for.

She learnt early that a pleasant smile and a pretty face would get her further than her natural guile and savvy, her friendly demeanour is all just a front. She knows that men find her attractive, and plays upon this. Not that she has any interest in

men herself, but the brief moments of power she feels when they are vying for her attention bring her some small measure of satisfaction. She is a dangerous woman who will deliberately play two men off against each other, and many a body found floating in the Tussenkanal are those of her potential suitors (some of them put there by Lotte herself after they believed they had won her attention).

One such unfortunate was Heink Broegman, Karel's younger brother, a boasting fool who woke up one morning with the mother of all hangovers and the blood of another of Lotte's suitors on his hands. To save his own neck, he turned over his share of the Long Dragon to Lotte, who proceeded to vouch for him in court, and he is now sailing the Sea of Claws on a trading ship.

Her co-ownership of the Long Dragon is just another step on her constant drive to reach the top, but even now, she suspects that she will not find what she is looking for when she gets there. Grossbart saw through her facade early on, realised she would make a perfect recruit, and is carefully building up to reveal to her the truths which will no doubt fill the void in her soul. Lotte is aware of most of Grossbart's criminal dealings, and actively assists in the selling of drugs, though she is so far unaware of his cult connections.

Lotte takes very little interest in the other denizens of Potion Square. She gives generously to Sister Marianne simply because this adds to her reputation, not out of any semblance of kinship for the orphans there. She also gives reasonable bribes to Dirck Nederbaar to ensure that the Watch does not take too much interest in goings on in the Long Dragon. Lotte uses Hans Kluger from time to time when she has obtained items from potential suitors who have subsequently 'had an accident'. She is a little afraid of Lisette Leerer, as she feels that Lisette can see through her facade. Despite his infatuation, Lotte barely realises that Floris Rijgpen exists.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
39	43	35	37	43	45	35	56
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Best Craftmanship Dagger, Gold Locket.

Skills: Blather +10%, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate +10%, Gamble, Gossip +20%, Haggle +10%, Lip Reading, Perception +20%, Performer (Actor), Read/Write, Search +10%, Secret Signs (Thief), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook).

Talents: Acute Hearing, Etiquette, Flee, Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Marksman, Public Speaking, Sixth Sense, Streetwise, Suave.

GROSSBART

Crime Lord and Nurgle Cultist

(racketeer, ex cult acolyte of Nurgle,

ex interrogator, ex thug)

"Come now, sit down. So you can't make the payment? Now, now, no need to fret, I am not some monster who will take a limb in payment or send you to the bottom of the Reik. Not yet. I am sure we can come to some happy arrangement that benefits us both."

"You will forgive me if I do not rise, sir. Such things are difficult for one with my afflictions."

"I am sorry it had to come to this. Though not as sorry as you will be."

"I understand your suffering, I really do. And I feel for you. The priests and politicians would have us believe that if we work hard, and pray faithfully to Sigmar, all will be well, and we will be rewarded. But it won't, for he will not, and cannot answer. There is only one who can spare us from the suffering, only one who can offer succour from the bleakness and desolation that is our existence."

To most of the people of Potion Square, and to the drinkers and regulars of the Long Dragon, Grossbart is the overweight, balding, pock-marked and crippled resident of the Long Dragon. A permanent resident of one of the Dragon's few guest rooms, he is very rarely seen to leave it, and many dread the possibility of being summoned into his presence. Soft-spoken, he exudes a

natural charisma which breaks through his less than pleasing appearance, and the unfortunate body odour which is noticeable even over the usual inclement smell of the tavern's regular clientele. An astute observer will notice that his eyes are forever sharp and attentive, and possess a certain air of spite that belies his otherwise polite and calm demeanour.

To those involved in the Suiddock underworld, he is a man of power who is not to be crossed. Grossbart sits at the head of an organisation of racketeers, smugglers, and drug dealers who work the length of the Luydenhoek Stretch. Grossbart has his fingers in most of the criminal activity on Luydenhoek, and knows many of the dark secrets of his neighbours, patiently saving the knowledge for future use. Even then, he maintains a charming and reasonable facade – although those who cross him find that he can be both violent and sadistic. Grossbart takes an active role in the activities of his organisation, though he is never seen to leave his room, dealing drugs directly from the back rooms of the Dragon, and seeing personally to those who fail to keep up payments, or who fail in their appointed duties. Grossbart is a ranking member of the Guild; he has an agreement with Adalbert Henschmann that he keeps his business to Luydenhoek and that a suitable share of his profits ends in Henschmann's pockets. Andries the Fish, a trusted aide of Henschmann and provider of illegal goods par excellence, supplies some of the drugs to Grossbart's people and serves as the link between Grossbart and Henschmann.

As dark as all this seems, the truth is even murkier. Grossbart is not just some petty criminal; he is an important member of the organisation known as the Children of Doom. The Children of Doom (see *Tome of Corruption*, pg. 71) are a Cult dedicated to the Lord of Decay, Nurgle. Founded in Marienburg in the year 1111, the Children believe that Sigmar is dead, murdered by the other Gods, and as his body decays, so does the world and its people. Grossbart is one of the inner circle of 21 who operate cells in towns and cities across the Empire. The Cult's leader, known only as the Vile Prince, is said to reside in catacombs deep below Marienburg, and this is where the Cult's following is strongest.

As a youth, working as a Guild strong-arm, Grossbart suffered horrendously in a bout of Green Pox that struck one of the Suiddock Docklands. Suffering terrible hallucinations, he was visited by a being of utter foulness who spoke of Sigmar's death, and the rotting of the world. The being offered him the chance to live, and he took it, though the illness cost him his health. He believed he had been spared by Father Nurgle for a purpose; he was sought out by followers of the Children, and inducted into their number. Grossbart rose within the ranks, showing the favour of the Fly Lord, taking control of the Children's followers within the Suiddock.

Grossbart became a resident of the Long Dragon after saving the life of Karel's father, Hendrik Broegman. A band of Estalians new to the city had been cutting into Grossbart's operations on Luydenhoek, and Grossbart's retaliation fortunately coincided with an attempt by them to remove the Innkeeper who had not been paying them protection money. Hendrik all but begged Grossbart to place him under his protection, and Grossbart saw the benefit of a permanent base on the island. Grossbart's acolytes conduct vile rituals in the basements below the Long Dragon; not even Karel is aware of the secret Temple, the walling off of that part of the basement happening long before he returned to take over the Dragon from his father. Lotte is not yet involved in the cult, but is aware that something more than a simple criminal organisation is going on in the Dragon. She is slowly being groomed by Grossbart, and it will not be long before he reveals the truth to her.

Grossbart supplies Mandrake to the volatile Doctor Puttlangs, amongst many others. He knows about Jeremias Qualk's operation, and frequently obtains materials from him. He also frequently makes use of Jochen Kaaimens at Haagen's Wharf, though he believes the man is a fool, so only trusts him with the cheaper goods that need moving in and out of the city. Grossbart also obtains supplies from Andries 'The Fish', and he is well aware of Andries' plans to usurp the position of Dmitri Hrodovsky. Grossbart is eagerly playing the men off against one another, no doubt to his own obscure gain. He is aware of Lisette Leerer's connection to The Guild, but feigns ignorance. He does not even suspect the secret of the Orphanage of St Rutha's, but if he were to discover it he would spare no expense or

inconvenience to attempt to gain control possession of it and its charges.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
51	28	42	01	01	38	58	38
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	17	4	0	1	1	3	-

Equipment: Rusty Sword, Stout Oak Walking Stick, Green Pox Scars (modifiers have already been applied to characteristics).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology), Channelling, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +10%, Consume Alcohol, Disguise, Dodge Blow +10%, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Intimidate +20%, Magical Sense, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Torture +10%.

Talents: Ambidextrous, Coolheaded, Dark Magic, Disarm, Fearless, Inured to Chaos, Menacing, Petty Magic (Chaos), Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Suave, Unsettling, Very Resilient, Wrestling.

Mutations: Atrophy – Left Leg, Grossly Fat, Plaguebearer – Creeping Buboes (modifiers have already been applied to characteristics).

Rewards of Chaos: Mark of Nurgle (modifiers have already been applied to characteristics).

FREDJE GUSTAAF

Racketeer

(racketeer, ex bodyguard)

“I assure you, when your friends find the pathetic remains that they will call your body, they will not make the same mistake you have.”

“The butcher on Fish Street lasted two minutes after I put him under, very impressive. Tell you

what, if you can last three, I will go plead your case to the Boss.”

Fredje Gustaaf, Grossbart’s right-hand man (both in the Cult and his criminal organisation), resides in the second of the Dragon’s rooms, within call of Grossbart if needed. Fredje is a big and brutish looking man in his early forties, who happily takes care of Grossbart’s dirty work. Far from a criminal master-mind, he is still sensible enough that Grossbart can use him as a go-between for his simpler tasks. A long life in the seedier parts of Marienburg has left Fredje with little care for the well being of people other than himself – an outlook that certainly keeps him quite satisfied with his current livelihood. Many people in Suddock dread the appearance of Fredje, as one of his jobs is to summon people to Grossbart and make sure they get there on time – whether they want to or not.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
53	32	51	44	32	24	31	28
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	5	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Bill Hook, Sword, Knuckledusters, 2 Throwing Knives, Short Length of Thick Rope.

Armour: Studded Leather Jacket (1 body/arms)

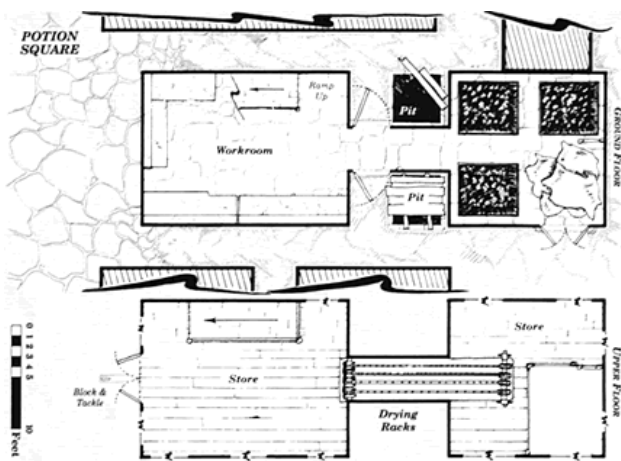
Skills: Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Dodge Blow +10%, Gossip, Heal, Intimidate +10%, Perception +10%, Shadowing, Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Ambidextrous, Disarm, Menacing, Quick Draw, Resistance to Disease, Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient, Very Strong.

LOEWIJER’S TANNERY

Loewijer's is one of the many small tanneries in the leatherworking district of Luydenhoek. It is set a little way behind Tanner's Alley, in the maze of side-streets and alleyways. One end of the building stands on Canal Street, but it is without

doors or windows - instead, it has a colourful mural of a stack of leather hides and a sign reading LOEWIJER'S TANNERY - Entrance at Side. The sign doesn't say which side the entrance is on, but it doesn't matter since there are doors on both sides of the building.



Beside each door is a pit, 5ff square and 5ft deep and covered over with planks. At least, it's covered over with planks so long as Mats remembers to put them back. Some late-night revellers making their way home from the Long Dragon through these alleys sometimes fall into a pit in the darkness. The pits are used for storing the tanning mixture, an evil-smelling concoction made from the bark of certain trees, sour wine and other, less pleasant substances. It is a 1-yard fall into the pits, and anyone falling in suffers a -20 penalty to Fel tests until they get cleaned up. If they have any unhealed wounds when they fall in, they must make a **Toughness Test** or contract Stenchfoot Fever.

The building itself consists of two large rooms connected by a narrow passage. The front room on the ground floor is used for scraping, trimming and cleaning hides, and the back room - which has a deliver door facing towards Tanners' Alley - contains three tanning pits like those outside, except that they now contain hides in various stages of tanning. A ladder leads up the upper floor from here, as does a ramp from the front room. There is no passage on the upper level - the space is occupied by a rope drying rack for hanging hides when they come out of the pits.

ANTON LOEWIJER

Tanner

(artisan, ex tradesman, ex sergeant,
ex marine)



"Go outside and take a look at the sign. Get someone to read it to you if you are not sure. You'll find it says 'Loewijer's Tannery'. Tannery, right? That means we tan hides here, see? What is doesn't say is 'Loewijer's Leather Shop'. And because it doesn't say 'Loewijer's Leather Shop', that means we don't sell leathers. We just tan them. With me so far? Good. So - if you want to buy a leather, try going to a leather shop. You'll find quite a few around here. They have signs outside saying 'Leather Shop'."

"NOT THERE! Why is it that people always stand in the way? Go in the front and I'll be with you when these are pegged up."

"Right - what've you got, how many and when for? This job'll last for another week, and it's regular so I can't hold it up for new trade, but if you can fit around that we're in business."

"MATS! Where are you, you idle... Just look at this! I don't put lids on these outside pits just because I like the look of them, you know!"

Someone goes walking down the alley, not looking where they're going, or maybe it's dark and they've had one to many in the Dragon, and down they go. And all because you're too bone idle to put a few planks back where you found them! Right, then – you can spend the morning mucking out Number Two Pit, and when I come back I want to see it so clean you could put a bed in it and charge a Guilder a week!"

Anton Loewijer is a stocky, fiery man in his late twenties. His service in the forces of the Onderzoeker merchant family has left him with two missing fingers and an impressive scar on his right arm, and a brusque manner with no time for idiots. He dresses in stout breeches and heavy boots, with a heavily stained leather apron over the top. He only wears a shirt indoors in the coldest of weather.

Anton served as a marine for several years, rising to the rank of sergeant before he retired. His father had been a tanner, so Anton took to the trade and applied the brusque efficiency he developed during his military career. Although his workload is increasing steadily as his reputation spreads, he still manages to keep the tannery running smoothly with just two apprentices.

Occasionally, Anton will receive a batch of rare or exotic hides – he's had practical experience of tanning Wyvern hide, for instance – and then he will visit Wilhelm Rotkopf for any special ingredients. Lisette sometimes buys hides from him, and while the two are not close friends they do seem to have a certain rapport based on their directness. Like Lisette, he is a member of the Leatherworkers Guild. Sister Marianne talked Anton into taking Mats as an apprentice, and he hasn't quite forgiven her. While not uncharitable, Anton believes he has no time for scroungers. Brother Marijkus has long since given up asking his surly neighbour for contributions. Anton's time is occupied with his business, and he doesn't frequent any of the local hostelrys, but he does occasionally buy exotic spirits from Ishmael at the Pelican's Perch – he is fond of Lustrian mezcal, which reminds him of his travelling days. Anton is a member of the Reserve Militia attached to the House of Onderzoeker .

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
53	41	43	52	48	41	37	45
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	17	4	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Dagger, Sword, Shield.

Armour: Leather Apron (1 body) or Leather Jerkin and Mail Shirt (3 body).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Command, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +20%, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +10%, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate +10%, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Row, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Swim +10%, Trade (Brewer), Trade (Merchant), Trade (Tanner) +10%.

Talents: Dealmaker, Disarm, Hardy, Menacing, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Strong Minded, Very Resilient.

MATS VAADSIG

Apprentice

(servant)

"Errr... dunno."

Mats is a scruffy-looking eleven year-old, with tousled straw-coloured hair. Formerly one of Sister Marianne's orphans, he is lazy, inattentive, and clumsy. He usually spends his days avoiding work and Anton's wrath, both together if possible. As a former orphan, he knows all the people at the Foundling Home.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
31	36	27	31	26	29	31	27
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	3	5	-	-	-

Equipment: None

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Blather, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Perception, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Flee, Fleet Footed, Hardy, Mimic, Very Resilient.

MAXENTIUS 'MAXIE' APPLIEDOWN

Apprentice
(tradesman)

"No Problem."

Maxie is young, slim (for a Halfling!), with curly red-brown hair. His manner is brisk, tending to be friendly but slightly reserved, lacking confidence. He is learning the trade from Anton, intending to one-day set up his own business. He tends to run errands to Rotkopf and Jan Arzneier. He has extensive family in Halfling Row, and hopes to one day marry Janna Mossfoot, Wilhelm Rotkopf's housekeeper.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
31	36	21	31	53	35	42	47
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	2	3	4	-	-	-

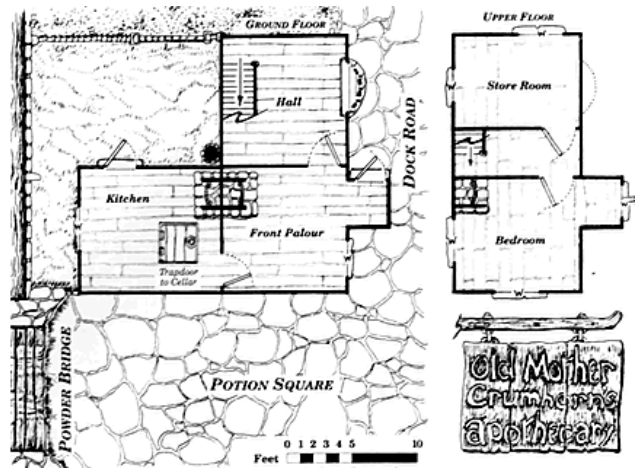
Equipment: Dagger, Notebook, Charcoal Stick.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Common Knowledge (Halflings), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Halfling), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Brewer), Trade (Cook), Trade (Herbalist).

Talents: Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Savvy, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Warrior Born.

OLD MOTHER CRUMHORN

On the edge of Potion Square, at the northern side of Powder Bridge, stands a ramshackle house with a hand-painted sign reading Old Mother Crumhorn's - Apothecary. The locals (and especially the orphanage children) tend to avoid the place, although every so often a nervous-looking visitor will knock on the door and disappear inside.



The windows are filthy, and it is almost impossible to see into Mother Crumhorn's. Behind the house stands a small, overgrown yard, backing onto the Poulitice Water.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"She's a witch, you know!"

"She's just a harmless old woman who's gone a bit soft in the head, that's all. Living alone all those years, hardly ever going out or seeing anyone, it's bound to affect a person."

"They say she was married once, but I think it ended unhappily. Maybe that's why she's - how shall I say - a little strange."

"Ah, it's just an act. She puts on this old crone bit and has everyone think she's a witch, and then all the young girls go to her for love potions or what have you, and they think they're genuine. She's just an old fraud who can mix up pretty colours in a bottle."

"I'm surprised they don't close her down - I don't believe for a minute that she's got a proper Guild license to be selling potions and stuff. That Rotkopf lives just down the road - he's important, so why doesn't he do something about her. She's going to kill someone with her brews one of these days."

"Well, I'd never go to a place like that, of course, but... well, this friend of mine went to her for - er, personal problems, if you know what I mean. Came away with this bottle of bubbling green stuff that smelt like the underdock at low tide - well, it cleared the problem up all right, but he was covered in bright green spots for a week!"

OLD MOTHER CRUMHORN

Witch

(witch, ex apothecary, ex hedge wizard)



“Hello, my pretty! What can Old Mother Crumhorn do for you, then?”

“Ah, now, let me see. A pinch of dust from a suicides grave, some dried bat’s ears, and just a touch of fennel to take the taste away. And a pinch of this – but you don’t really want to know what that is, now do you? What’s the matter, my pretty? Lost your appetite?”

“Come out, come out of there, my pretty! Think I don’t know you’re there just because I can’t see you, do you. Ha ha, you don’t fool Old Mother that easily!”

“All alone in the world, my pretty? Such a pity...”

No one knows whether Old Mother Crumhorn ever had another name. She is an ancient, almost toothless crone, with tangled and matted grey hair and skin like badly-tanned leather. She has a large wart just to the left of her nose, with a small tuft of hair erupting from it. When she laughs – which she does a great deal, often for no apparent reason – her one remaining tooth is displayed in all its yellowed glory, and she dribbles. Her short, broad body and stick-thin arms make her look a little like a spider as she goes about her work, cackling over a steaming cauldron and babbling

to herself about various questionable ingredients. Her eyes, when they can be seen through the tangle of hair, don’t match. One is a watery grey-blue, the other a blind white.

Old Mother Crumhorn is regarded with a mixture of fear and fascination by the locals. Children all over Luydenhoek are frightened into obedience by parents who threaten to sell them to the old witch, who will boil their bones to make glue or do something equally unpleasant to them. Opinion is divided over whether she actually is a witch who has somehow escaped the notice of the relevant authorities, or an eccentric but more-or-less harmless old madwoman, or a cunning charlatan who cultivates the archetypal image of a witch in order to make her strange preparations seem more authentic.

Mother Crumhorn’s house is at least a century old, and she has lived there and plied her trade for as long as anyone can remember. No-one can remember her being anything but old – even the older residents of Potion Square cannot recall her being middle-aged or young. For that matter, nobody can really remember a time when she didn’t live in Potion Square... Of course, nobody dares to ask Mother about her past.

Very few people would ever admit to consulting Old Mother Crumhorn, but many do. Whether or not her personality and appearance are just a front, they draw a number of customers, particularly from among the young and impressionable. Despite the fact that she lives alone and is so lacking in charm, no-one thinks to question the efficacy of her love potions.

The fact is, Old Mother Crumhorn’s appearance is in no way deceptive. She is a witch, and the ingredients she puts in her potions are exactly what she says they are, and what her customers expect. She also indulges in less savoury activities, and is behind the disappearance of several incautious young Marienburgers. Her cellar contains enough evidence of her activities to have her condemned to the fire by the Temple Court many times over.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
22	27	25	50	45	55	48	22
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	2	5	4	2	-	-

Equipment: Rusty Dagger, Mother's Cane, Ring of Foul Warding, Crystal Mist on silver chain, Bag of herbs and dried animal organs, Bag of teeth, 1d10 pennies.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Channelling +10%, Charm, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Gossip, Haggle +10%, Heal +10%, Magical Sense +10%, Perception, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary) +20%, Trade (Herbalist).

Talents: Dark Magic, Hedge Magic, Petty Magic (Hedge), Resistant to Poison, Savvy, Sixth Sense, Very Resilient, Witchcraft (Bewilder, Choleric, Healing of Hysh, Shadow of Death, Shimmering Cloak, Throttling).

MOTHER'S CANE

(Academic Knowledge: Magic)

The walking stick of Old Mother Crumhorn has been bound with several enchantments, turning it into a versatile and effective weapon.

- Mothers Cane counts as a Best Craftmanship Club (possesses the Pummelling Quality).
- Whilst carried, the wielder may gain the Frightening Talent at will.
- Once per round, on a successful Will Power Test, the Cane negates one spell cast upon the wielder. For every full ten points of the spells Casting Number, the Cane inflicts +1 Damage in the following round.
- Upon use of the command word, the cane floats in front of the owner. It moves to protect its owner, granting a bonus parry in addition to any possessed by the owner, at a WS of 50%. This lasts for a number of rounds equal to twice the owners Magic Characteristic. Since the Cane is no longer being held, its other abilities do not function during this time.

RING OF FOUL WARDING

(Academic Knowledge: Magic)

Fashioned to protect against those most likely to seek Mother Crumhorn harm, this tarnished silver rings ability to protect against its makers own

kind engenders a feeling of loathing in humankind.

- The wearer takes only half-normal damage from the attacks of Humans. In addition the wearer receives a +10 bonus to all tests related to spells and special abilities employed by Humans.
- Any Human wishing to take possession of the ring must first pass a Hard (-20%) Will Power Test or be unable to take it.
- Any Human who wears the ring suffers – 15% to Fellowship whilst it is worn (This modifier has already been applied to Old Mother Crumhorn's characteristics).

POWER CRYSTAL - CRYSTAL MIST

(Academic Knowledge: Magic)

Solidified essence of Ulgu, the Grey Wind of Magic, these stones allow greater focus of the Winds of Magic, permitting the casting of the most powerful spells.

- When casting a spell of the Grey wind, the caster may use two additional casting dice over her normal allowance. This destroys the Crystal.

BLACKIE

Crow

(unaligned least daemon, familiar)



"Kaaaak!"

Blackie lives in a brass cage in Old Mother Crumhorn's front parlour and consulting room, and looks like a small, seedy and somewhat malevolent crow. Most of the time he sits on his

perch, casting a baleful eye on the proceedings in the room; occasionally he will stretch his wings (as far as the cage will allow) and give vent to a loud caw.

Some people are convinced that Blackie is a familiar, others that he is just a pet kept by the woman to complete her hag-witch image; in fact, the former theory is correct.

Blackie is an unaligned Lesser Daemon, and a very weak one at that, which probably explains how he came to be in the service of Old Mother Crumhorn. His cage is magical, and a close examination will reveal a pentacle scratched into the floor; this keeps him in his cage and in his crow form. If he is let out of the cage by any means, he will adopt the form of a black-skinned imp about three feet tall, with a wide, fanged mouth and knife-like claws. His first act will probably be to try to kill the old woman who has kept him prisoner for so long.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
33	20	25	36	40	60	60	28
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	6	2	3(5)	4	-	-	-

Skills: Dodge Blow, Magical Sense +20%, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue).

Talents: Daemonic Aura, Flier, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Will of Iron.

Special Rules:

Instability: On a round in which Blackie is injured in melee combat, but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back into the Realm of Chaos.

Familiar Ability – Bonds of Blood: The Familiar and Master can communicate complex thoughts and emotions instantly, without speech, and over any distance. This grants both the Familiar and Master +10% to Intelligence and Willpower whilst both are conscious and cooperative.

SERVICES

Old Mother Crumhorn can provide a variety of magical and mundane services to an adventuring party. The list below is by no means exhaustive, she can have any additional services available as needed. If at any time you do not want a particular service available, the Old Mother Crumhorn has either forgotten how to do it (she can be very eccentric at times) or she's decided that she doesn't want to do that particular job today.

Below is a list of Old Mother Crumhorn's more common services, with suggested prices – though these should only be used as base prices for haggling, and you can add in a random factor of 75%-150% according to what sort of mood she is in today.

SERVICE	PRICE
Casting Spells	
<i>Ill Fortune</i>	25 Guilders
<i>Healing of Hysh</i>	50 Guilders
Mundane	
<i>Healing Wounds</i>	25 Guilders per treatment
<i>Diseases</i>	30 Guilders per treatment
Potions	
<i>Any (see RoS p198)</i>	30 Guilders per dose
Magical Identification	
<i>Potion</i>	20 Guilders per attempt
<i>Ring or Wand</i>	25 Guilders per attempt
<i>Other</i>	30 Guilders per attempt

Old Mother Crumhorn will not teach skills or spells ("Far better if you come back to me when you want the use of them, my pretty – hee, hee, hee!").

Terms for everything are strictly payment in advance and she offers no guarantees, and some of Mother Crumhorn's services are expensive. But, on the other hand, she asks no questions and has a 'professional' bad memory about her clientele, which can be useful at times, especially for (shifty) adventurers.

INVESTIGATION

Although most of her neighbours are convinced that Old Mother Crumhorn is just a harmless old woman – after all, a real witch wouldn't be that obvious, surely, flaunting herself in front of everybody and every witch hunter in the city – adventurers might take it into their heads to check her out, just in case.

The first thing that they will discover is that Old Mother Crumhorn never, ever leaves her house. She never seems to sleep either – there is a light burning in her front parlour all through the night, and there is no hour at which the adventurers can break in without being discovered.

The general public never sees beyond Old Mother Crumhorn's front parlour, and she will defend the rest of her territory vigorously. She will rely on her psychology-based spells to chase intruders off, having covered herself with defensive magic. If the adventurers manage to get a look at the rest of the house before the Watch arrives to investigate the disturbance, they will find plenty of evidence to convict her as a witch. Her bedroom is illuminated by a five-branched candlestick burning candles of human fat, for instance.

But the really damning evidence is the cellar of the house. This is a veritable charnel-house, holding the remains of her victims from decades of murder. Although many are decayed or mutilated beyond recognition as pieces of meat, let alone human bodies, at least a couple of the corpses can be identified as young people who have been missing for a few days from elsewhere in the Suddock. The cellar also holds a number of rendering pans, kettles, carefully assorted jars of human organs, and piles of meticulously polished bones: all items which are strong circumstantial evidence of, if not actual necromancy, certain necromantic interests. At the

very least, Old Mother Crumhorn is quite violently disordered!

The Temple Court in Marienburg offers a standing reward of 50 Guilders for any information leading to the successful trial of a necromancer, daemonologist, Chaos cultist, or evil spellcaster; the adventurers would be able to claim this reward if they obtained enough evidence against Old Mother Crumhorn, and in the process they might gain an introduction to some influential characters in Temple circles.

JUSTICE BE DONE

While wandering through Potion Square at night – perhaps on the way to or from the Long Dragon – the adventurers encounter the ghost of Marijke Schlachtoffer, a young girl of about thirteen. The ghost is wandering about the square weeping piteously, and will ignore the adventurers unless they actually ask her why she is crying.

"I only wanted a love potion," the ghost wails, "but the wicked old woman killed me, and now I can't even be dead properly!" The poor ghost is close to breaking down, and the adventurers will have to be very gentle and very patient to get any further information from her. She cannot rest until her body is recovered and given a decent burial, and she doesn't know where her body is except that it's cold and dark and there are other bodies there.

To lay the ghost to rest, the adventurers will have to get into Old Mother Crumhorn's house, find the cellar and recover Marijke's body for burial. There could well be complications – the old witch may have used part of the body as ingredients for a potion, in which case the potion will have to be found and buried along with the body. If you want to stage a big, dramatic scene, then after the witch's cellar has been cleared of its grisly contents a whole crowd of ghosts might come trooping out of the house, assemble in potion Square, and drift off through the city, gradually dissipating as they finally find rest.

PINS AND NEEDLES

At some point, the adventurers have consulted Old Mother Crumhorn. Perhaps they desperately needed a potion of some type and, surprisingly enough, all she asked for was a hank of hair from one of them. A reasonable bargain at the time, or so it seemed....

The next thing they know is that one of their number is suffering blinding headaches. It doesn't matter what he does, the pain gets worse. But every time they go past Old Mother Crumhorn's, the curtains twitch, or the lights inside dims for a moment as the old woman leaves the window.

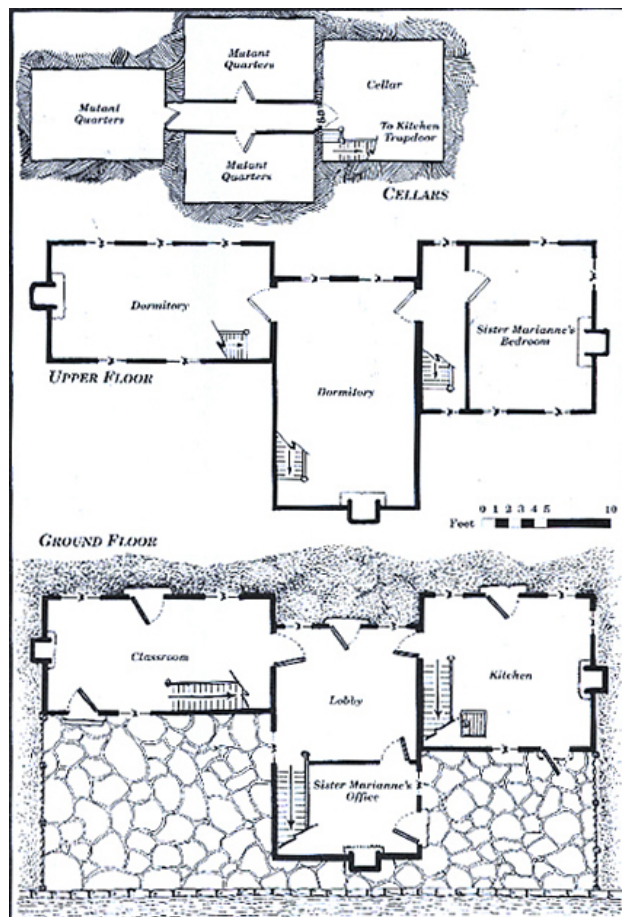
A note is pushed under their door. It's from Mother, and asks them to visit her and take tea. When they arrive, the old woman is as close to charming as she gets: "Now my pretties. I've done what you wanted. Now it's time for you to do what I want..."

Then she makes her demands. The adventurers must bring her a fresh body. She doesn't care where they get it, but it must be fresh. If they are too squeamish, one of them will do. And to make sure they will do what she says, she produces a small doll from inside her apron and holds it up. It is a likeness of the headache-sufferer. She also holds up a small pin, and drives it into the dolls hand with predictable results... However, she is willing to let the adventurers have the doll if they do what she asks.

The adventurers are faced with a simple choice: do they follow Old Mother Crumhorn's orders, or do they try to get the doll? And even if they do what the old woman asks, how do they know she will keep her bargain? And who can they go to for help, without one of their number being put through agony and possibly killed?

ORPHANAGE OF ST RUTHA

Known throughout the city as 'Sister Marianne's', this large building is made up of three houses knocked into one. It is on the small canal known as the Poultrice Water or Stink Water by Luydenhoekers.



Sister Marianne looks after children up to the age of ten, or until they can be apprenticed. She is always willing to show visitors around; her star pupils chant their thirteen times table, recite the lengths of all the major rivers in the Old World, and demonstrate other feats of learning.

Sister Marianne is well-known to be full of strange ideas, but the strangest to most Marienburgers is her notion that they should give money to help those less fortunate than themselves. The older and more trustworthy children are sent out, in distinctive blue and white uniforms which immediately set them apart from the average street urchin, accosting passers-by for donations. As far as anyone knows, this is the orphanage's only source of income, and the collectors can be remarkably persistent. Some Marienburgers have been known to take to their heels at the sound of coins rattling in a tin and the sight of a child in blue and white.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"Orphanages - never had 'em when I was a nipper. Had to make your own way in those days. Some of those brats would benefit from a spell sweeping chimneys!"

"Good thing, if you ask me. Keeps the kids off the streets, puts 'em into an apprenticeship - more than most families do for their kids, really. I just wish they wouldn't keep begging for money. I mean, what's the cult of Shallya for?"

"Sister Marianne might look like a feeble, dried-up old schoolteacher, but she's tough. Don't cross her - she's got a tongue as sharp as a dragon's teeth and she doesn't miss a trick. And then there's those two that work for her - no-one gives them any trouble."

'SISTER' MARIANNE LIEFEDER

(initiate, ex barber surgeon, ex tradesman)



"Ah, pleased to meet you. We've got a hole in the roof at the south end which looks like it'll take twenty Guilders to patch up. How much can you spare?"

"WILHELM! Stop that IMMEDIATELY!"

"If you catch a child early enough, you can instill some sense of values and give it a decent, useful life."

"We need support - and not just moral support. And it's not charity - it's an investment in the future. Every child I get into a trade means one more craftsman and one less thief. Which means more for everyone, more work to go round and less suffering for other children. Now I think that's worth paying for, don't you?"

An upright spinster in her sixties, Sister Marianne has a straightforward manner which brooks no resistance or interruption. She has work to do, which requires people to part with money, and that's all there is to it. In the past, she has obtained several sizeable donations simply because people weren't quite sure how to refuse.

Marianne spent many years as a shopkeeper on Riddra, and the squalor and suffering she saw there made a deep impression on her. Determined to help, she sold her shop and persuaded a Physician to give her a basic grounding in first aid and hygiene. She worked for a while in the slums, but came to the conclusion that she wasn't making much difference. It was then that she hit upon the idea of the orphanage - but how could it be done? She prayed at the Edelmoed Temple, promising to enter the cult of Shallya if she could find some way of founding an orphanage. Within the week, the Physician who had trained her died, leaving her three houses by the Poultice Water and a comfortable sum in cash. True to her word, Marianne became an Initiate of Shallya - that was thirty years ago, and she shows no inclination to progress further in the cult.

Sister Marianne has an extensive network of contacts and benefactors. She is on good terms with nearly all her neighbours; some, like Jan van Arznieier the Herbalist and Wilhelm Rotkopf the Alchemist, are trusted friends. Also in this category is the Physician Edvard van Geneeser. Both Hilaria om Klimt at the Temple of Holy Olovald and Granny Hetta "keep an eye out" as she puts it. As an Initiate of Shallya, Marianne is technically under the authority of Brother Marijkus at the Edelmoed Temple, but he leaves her to work in her own way, knowing it would be futile to do otherwise.

Her orphans may be found in every trade and craft, and some have achieved lofty positions in their guilds. This gives her a wide and ever-growing circle of contacts throughout Marienburg. Axel Huurder of the Rivermen's Guild was one of her orphans, as was the carpenter Bruno Snijermans and Paulus Edelsteen of the Jewellers' Guild. Sister Marianne never mentions her failures, of course; she has remarkably few, but Jeremias Qualk is one of her orphans who has ended up on the wrong side of the law. Even now, she tries to convince herself

that he will discover a true vocation in medicine one day.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
28	22	28	44	46	39	47	45
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Gilt bronze dove brooch (holy symbol of Shallya), Walking Cane (handweapon).

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Haggle +10%, Heal +10%, Perception +10%, Read/Write +10%, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary), Trade (Cook), Trade (Tailor).

Talents: Acute Hearing, Cool Headed, Dealmaker, Resistance to Disease, Surgery, Very Resilient.

GUNTHER AND ANDERS GRIMM

Servants

(servant, ex thug)



"Leave 'er an' the kids alone or we'll pull yer 'ead off. Right, Anders?"

"Right, Gunther."

"She sees us right, we see 'er right. All look after each other. Just like family."

"Yer. We wuz in dead trouble, an' Sister Marianne got us out an' gave us jobs. We used to be bad lads, robbin' people an' stuff, but she changed all that."

"Now we're reformed - an' that's what the Sister says we are - we don't do them things much."

"Anymore. "

"Err. Yer. Don't do them anymore."

Gunther and Anders are twins - only Sister Marianne and the orphans can tell them apart. They are both tall and heavily built, with slow and deliberate speech.

Sister Marianne rescued the twins from jail, and now they work tirelessly at the orphanage, doing odd jobs. Every few days, one of them drives Sister Marianne to market in the orphanage's donkey-cart, and they accompany the tin-rattlers in areas where there is a risk of meeting footpads. They are completely reformed characters, and view Sister Marianne with reverence; however, this will not prevent them from taking a suitably painful revenge on any unprincipled characters who try to prey on the old woman or the orphans. The brothers used to know many 'bad lots' along the Suiddock, although have put their past lives behind them. Still, it must be admitted that the orphanage is never troubled by burglaries or other underworld. The following profile applies to both twins.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
45	32	48	42	45	23	43	27
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	4	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Club, Dagger.

Armour: Leather Jacket (1 body/arms).

Skills: Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Drive, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook).

Talents: Cool Headed, Disarm, Lightening Reflexes, Resistance to Poison, Strike to Stun,

Very Strong, Wrestling.

THE CHILDREN

(servant)

There are about thirty children in the orphanage at any time, all between the ages of four and ten. Sister Marianne educates them as best she can, but more important in her eyes is instilling 'decent values': work hard, stay honest, and do a good turn when you can.

The children are all very well-behaved and polite, but may stick their tongues out and thumb their noses when they think no-one's looking. The children only have few personal possessions. Sister Marianne enforces a ban on weapons – even pen-knives are handed out only for writing lessons, and counted back afterwards. The following profile can be used for a typical orphan:

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
25	30	28	31	33	28	24	31
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: A few valueless treasures (shiny stones, a dead beetle, etc.).

Skills: Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Blather, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook).

Talents: Flee, Hardy, Lightning Reflexes.

A DEADLY SECRET

The orphanage has a secret: some of its inmates are mutants. They are kept in a series of secret basement rooms, and the normal children are sworn to keep the existence of their 'less fortunate brothers and sisters' secret. The odd comment like "my best friend's a daddy-long-legs" is seen as the product of a young imagination.

Sister Marianne will have to know and trust someone completely before allowing them to see the mutant quarters. She firmly believes that mutant children, if properly brought up, can be made into perfectly respectable adults. She is

even working to develop treatments for the less heavily mutated, so that they can be returned to society. She takes in mutants from across the city, and has a well-established intelligence network.

The covered donkey-cart can be seen leaving at odd hours of the day and night, returning in less than two hours with its cargo well-hidden. The following day, adventurers may hear about a mutant-raid on the slums by the Knights of Purity. Astute characters may make a connection.

Adventurers attacking the cart have a 75% chance of finding only several hundredweight of mixed vegetables, unless they know when a raid is to take place.

At any time there are between 6 and 12 mutant children in the orphanage, aged between three and fourteen. Sample mutants are presented below; if you need more for any reason, use the normal child's profile above and add 1-2 mutations. See Table 3-1 in *Tome of Corruption*.

HANNA

Hanna is a beautiful five-year-old girl with long blonde hair and wide, trusting blue eyes. Her only defect is an extra finger on each hand. Sister Marianne lets her mix with the other children when no outsiders are about, and is considering a surgical cure for her condition.

If brutal adventurers decide to wipe out this colony of mutants and storm in with swords drawn, have Hanna wrap her arms about the leading warrior's leg, gaze up with her huge blue eyes and cry "Oh please, Master Knight, Sir, don't kill us! I'll be good, I promise I'll be good!" Wring out every last drop of guilt.

THOMAS

(peasant)

Tomas is one of Sister Marianne's successes. He used to have the head of a giant spider and an extra two pairs of limbs, but thanks to a shape-changing potion he is almost normal. Apart, that is, from an extra pair of round, chitinous eyes set into his forehead. He brushes his hair forward, and wears a large floppy hat when outdoors. While he is almost normal, Tomas could never survive outside the orphanage, so he looks after the younger children. Some of them might be

heard to say "I wish I had four eyes like Uncle Tommy."

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
25	30	28	31	33	28	24	31
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Large floppy hat.

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment, Drive, Gossip, Performer (Singer), Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Set Trap, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Cook), Trade (Carpenter).

Talents: Excellent Vision, Flee, Hardy, Night Vision.

Mutation: Additional Eye (2) which allows Thomas a +10% modifier to vision based Perception Tests.

ALEXANDER KRONSTADT

Alexander is a personable young man in his late teens, with curly brown hair, freckles, and blue eyes. There is something slightly unnerving about his infrequent smile, but it's difficult to say why.

Close examination (if he is held down and his mouth forced open!) will reveal that both his upper canine teeth are unusually broad, and have been filed down. Originally, they were huge razor-sharp fangs reaching down to his chin.

Alexander is a regular visitor to the orphanage, and seems to be just another orphan made good. In fact, he is another arm of Marianne's intelligence network. He is not even an orphan - he comes from a moderately well-off family on the other side of Marienburg, and his brother has infiltrated the Knights of Purity in order to warn Sister Marianne about planned mutant-raids.

ADVENTURE PLOTS

Here are a few ideas for adventures featuring the Orphanage of St Rutha. Some arise from the secret mutant quarters, while others do not; you could use a seemingly innocent plot to have the adventurers discover the orphanage's secret, and then plunge them straight into a 'mutant' adventure!

SILENT WITNESS

Late one night, a child is brought to the orphanage by a group of people - perhaps the adventurers themselves. The child is unhurt, but completely mute - the result of shock. He (or she) was found in the ruins of a house; everyone else - his family? - had been brutally slain, and only the withdrawn, silent child knows the truth.

Can Sister Marianne break through the wall of silence and find out what happened? Who are the criminals? Racketeers, cultists, a hired assassin, or anything else you like. They may well try to silence the surviving witness to their crime - permanently.

HUMAN CARGO

Although Marienburg officially ended the slave trade two centuries ago, there is still money to be made from it. Ships leave daily for all corners of the world, and in some of these places slaves are a legitimate and profitable commodity. An orphanage full of children, protected only by an old woman and a pair of dimwits, would be a tempting target for a gang of slavers.

The slavers strike at night, relying on speed and darkness. A covered wagon draws up by one door; the lock is quickly picked or smashed; a dozen or so children are snatched from their beds; and the cart hurtles off into the night, bound for the docks and a waiting ship.

The adventurers might be in the right place to foil the raid before it happens, or they might see the speeding wagon as it heads for the docks, with piteous cries coming from within. Rescuing the would-be slaves will earn them the everlasting gratitude and friendship of Sister Marianne and the others at the orphanage.

THE CHOSEN

Chaos cults are as active in Marienburg as they are in any city of The Empire, and such a concentration of mutants would draw them like a magnet. Some children might even have been rescued from cultists, who would see their mutations as a sign from the Powers of Chaos.

Cultists might mount a raid on the orphanage, similar to the slave-raid described above. Or they might try to break into the basement from the

sewers - this part of Luydenhoek is well above the high water mark, and a proper sewer system has been dug here. The adventurers might be following the cultists for reasons of their own, or they might simply happen upon the raid. They might even disrupt a ritual and discover a mutant child who asks to be taken "home to Sister Marianne". This is one way for the adventurers to discover the orphanage's secret, if you want them to do so.

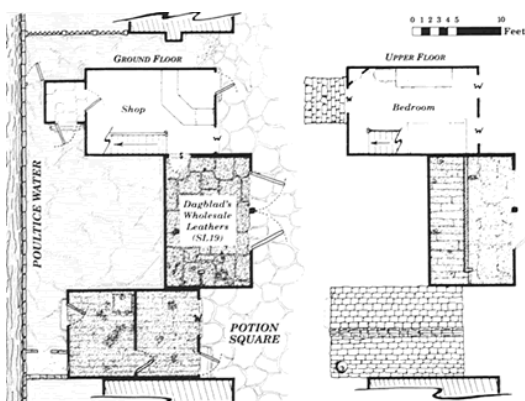
DEAD OF NIGHT

The donkey-cart sets out from the orphanage under cover of darkness, passing through the city collecting mutant children. It can be encountered almost anywhere in Marienburg at night-time.

If the adventurers are on the trail of cultists and mutants, they might run across the cart from time to time - just leaving an area as they enter it, and soon lost in the darkness. On the first couple of occasions, the adventurers will have no reason to be interested in the cart - it will just be part of city life that goes on all the time. But gradually they will notice that it has a habit of turning up before them in areas where there is cultist or mutant activity. They may decide to attack it there and then, or they might follow it back to the orphanage. This is a good way to introduce the orphanage to the adventurers, if you want them to be unsure about it. On the surface it seems like a normal home for orphans run by a charitable old woman - but there are mutants too. Is it the home of a cult? How can the adventurers find out?

SIGN OF THE QUILL

This small shop stands next door to St Rutha's Orphanage on Potion Square. A narrow alley separates it from the orphanage, and it forms a block with Dagblad's Wholesale Leathers and Droevigger's Funeral Services.



Outside the door hangs a wooden model of a quill pen, about three feet long. Anyone entering the shop will find themselves confined to one corner by a scrubbed pine counter; the rest of the shop is filled with racks and cupboards containing pens, inks, sandboxes, sheets of parchment and vellum, and other writing equipment. Against one wall, under a pair of oil-lamps, stands a large writing-desk, and it is here that the proprietor will most often be found working. As well as offering writing equipment to the literate, the Sign of the Quill also offers basic literary services to the unskilled.

DIRK OESTER

Scribe

(charlatan, ex forger, ex student,
ex initiate, ex scribe)



"The four-shilling parchment? Weellll... it's all right for doodling, I suppose - notes and the like. But for a finished piece of writing, I'd say you really need the ten-shilling. Look - see the finish on that? Now compare it with the four-shilling. See what I mean?"

"Now here's a quill for you. Take a look. What is it? Guess. You can tell at a glance it's not swan or goose. Give up? Genuine Pegasus feather, that

is. I happen to know this wizard in Elftown, you see – every so often I’ll do him a little favour and he’ll send me a few of these from his stable. Beautiful quill, Pegasus – holds a point like nothing you have ever seen. Doesn’t flake or chip like a bird’s quill. Master Rotkopf across the way there, he won’t use anything else. Knows his stuff that gentleman. Five Guilders, to you.”

“What’s that, then, Granny? Ohhh – looks official. Seal on the back and everything. What’ve you been up to, then? You been out with your little lamp leading ships onto Breukrots again? Ha ha! ‘Course I’ll read it for you – oh, don’t you worry, just give me one of your sausages and we’re even.”

Dirck Oester is a fresh-faced, slim man; his tousled ginger hair and freckles make him look younger than his age. He was apprenticed as a scribe to one of the merchant houses, but quickly became dissatisfied with the pay and lack of interest in the job. He rents this small shop from Artur Dagblad and makes a living from his knowledge of writing and writing materials. He is a quick-witted individual with a certain roguish charm, and most of his customers agree that you have to keep your wits about you when dealing with him.

Most of his customers and acquaintances don’t know that Oester is an Initiate in the Cult of Ranald, although few would be surprised to find out. He is a member of Edvard Strattner’s shrine club, like his neighbour Albert Waarmans, and in a chest in his bedroom he keeps a small folding shrine dedicated to Ranald the Deceiver. While he is capable of all kinds of sharp practice, he has a soft spot for the poor and needy, and will work for them free of charge if they genuinely can’t afford to pay.

Oester supplies writing materials to many of the physicians on nearby Leech Street, and Wilhelm Rotkopf is one of his regular customers. The two have worked together on a number of occasions to develop special inks for inscribing magical and arcane scrolls and books. He gives parchment scraps and off-cuts to Sister Marianne for use in the orphanage’s classes, and has provided letters of introduction which have helped a few of the orphans to apprenticeships as scribes. Oester has contacts right across the social scale in Suiddock, and will sometimes supplement the income from

his shop by rather less respectable means – the occasional forgery of a bill of lading or other official document, for instance. He also uses the warehouse next door to hide contraband for Matteus Pijk. This operation is so well hidden that even Grossbart knows nothing of it, although Lea-Jan Cobbius is aware of the operation. He finds out well in advance when the warehouse is to be cleared, and makes sure that the ‘goods’ are moved out beforehand – for one thing it is too good a dodge to let it be discovered, and for another he would hate Albert to get in trouble on his account.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
33	50	38	43	51	58	53	55
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	3	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Dagger, Assorted writing materials, Quill tucked behind ear.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (the Arts) +10%, Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Law), Academic Knowledge (Magick), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Blather, Charm +20%, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Evaluate +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle +10%, Heal, Perception +20%, Read/Write +20%, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Sleight of Hand +10%, Speak Language (Breton) +10%, Speak Language (Classical) +20%, Speak Language (Reikspiel) +20%, Speak Language (Tilean), Trade (Artist), Trade (Calligrapher) +10%.

Talents: Artistic, Cool Headed, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Lightning Reflexes, Linguistics, Marksman, Public Speaking, Suave, Super Numerate.

THE GOODS

At any time, there is a 20% chance that Oester has hidden some contraband in Dagblad’s warehouse. The things he stores are always small and of high value - it’s not practical to hide a ship-load of untaxed corn in a small warehouse! Oester has no part in the smuggling operation, but simply provides a hiding-place for illicit goods until they can be moved. The contraband can vary widely - Bretonnian and Imperial brandy is frequently smuggled in, as are fine wines from

almost every part of the Old World. Jewellery and precious stones are small, valuable and easy to smuggle - jade from Lustria or Cathay and worked amber from Norsca - and antiquities and objects d'art from almost anywhere can find its way into Marienburg. A cache of contraband will be worth anything from a few dozen Guilders to a few hundred - roll 1d10, note the score and roll 1d100 that many times. Add the scores together to find the value of the contraband in Guilders.

THE EDELMOED TEMPLE

This small temple to Shallya stands on the north side of Potion Square. It is a plain but well-maintained structure, and like most temples and shrines of Shallya, it includes a small hospice and shelter for the sick and homeless.



Rasmus Edelmoed is a legendary figure. Opinions differ as to whether he was a trader captain or a privateer, but all the versions of his life agree that he was an exceptionally courageous sailor. However, it is his death that is truly notable. Shipwrecked in the Sea of Claws, he spent three weeks adrift on a raft with a fellow-survivor – a wealthy Marienburg trader. When it became clear that there was only enough food for one of them, Edelmoed, inspired by a vision, gallantly threw himself overboard so that his companion might live.

Edelmoed's companion was eventually picked up by another Marienburg ship. On his return to the city, he founded the Edelmoed Temple and entered the cult of Shallya. His experiences had left him a changed man: owing his life to an act of selflessness, he tried to spend the rest of it selflessly helping others. Such was his devotion to this ideal that his name is recorded nowhere in the temple's annals.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"The Edelmoed? Oh, that's the temple to Shallya on Potion Square, you mean. Named after a character from some old story, I think."

"It's run by a Brother and Sister - at least, I think they're brother and sister, as well as just by title, if you see what I mean. Good people, or so I hear. But then again, you can probably say that about all of Shallya's folk! There's an orphanage across the way, as well - I think that's something to do with the temple."

"They've got a hostel or flophouse or something built on, but they're very discreet about it. There were some worries that they'd bring drunks and tramps and who knows what else in from all over. After all, if they'd wanted to do that sort of thing they really should have built the temple on Riddra, not Luydenhoek. But they've been very good about it."

"They're a very pleasant couple - if couple's the right word. I think they're relatives rather than being married. A bit much sometimes, but then most priests can get that way. Mind you, they abide by their own sermons - one or other of them's always out among the Channel Rats, doing whatever it is they do for them."

BROTHER MARIJKUS

Priest of Shallya

(anointed priest, ex priest, ex initiate)



"I'm privileged, in a way. I can mix with the highest and the lowest, being a priest. It's

interesting.”

“Technically, we’re supposed to cover the whole of the Suiddock. I don’t think they know just how big the area is. Still, you do what you can – and there are some very good-spirited people helping in their various ways.”

“You’ll never remove poverty, illness and need, and you’ll break your heart if you think you can. Our job is to reduce need, as much as we can with what we have available.”

Brother Marijkus is in his late forties, about 5 foot nine inches tall, and slightly pudgy, with thinning short grey hair, a short beard, and twinkling blue eyes. He is softly spoken, calm, cheerful, and unflappable and understanding. But, that said, he is not blind to the harsh realities of life; his broken nose and the unwavering steadiness of his eyes give the impression he can handle any real trouble if he has to.

Marijkus often discusses herbal medicines with Jan van Arzneier – it is the only form of treatment open to most ordinary people. Sister Marianne is technically his initiate, and he should take charge of her training and duties, but he knows this is impractical. “She has her own calling,” he says, “and it’s undoubtedly where she’s best placed.”

Marijkus is in regular contact with the Cathedral of Shallya, and knows of the work done by Hilaria om Klimt at the Temple of Holy Olovald, and is full of admiration for her, although he cannot spare anything to help her. This inability to help is a source of personal anguish, even though it’s not his fault. He regularly visits Granny Hetta on her boat, and is one of the few outsiders to be trusted by the Channel Rats.

He knows and dislikes Lea-Jan Cobbius of the Honorable Guild of Stevedores and Teamsters, but is reluctant to anger Cobbius for fear of Big Piet’s possible reprisals against his brother Bertholdt, who is a member of the Guild.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
39	32	44	51	48	45	44	48
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Quarterstaff, Dagger, Silver dove

pendant (holy symbol of Shallya), Sling bag with basic healing supplies).

Armour: Leather Jerkin (1 body).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Philosophy), Academic Knowledge (Theology) +20%, Channeling, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Norsca), Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +10%, Gossip +10%, Heal +20%, Magical Sense, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Norscan), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%, Swim, Trade (Apothecary), Trade (Herbalist).

Talents: Divine Lore (Shallya), Lightening Reflexes, Master Orator, Meditation, Petty Magic (Divine), Public Speaking, Resistance to Disease, Strike to Stun, Suave, Very Strong, Very Resilient.

SISTER WILHELMINA PLEEGESTER

Initiate of Shallya

(initiate, ex rat catcher, ex student)



Despite rumours (which they do nothing to dispel), Wilhelmina is neither sister nor wife to Brother Marijkus, and the two enjoy a friendly (but unromantic) professional relationship. Wilhelmina is a Suiddocker born and bred. Her parents and several brothers and sisters still live in a little house on one of the alleys behind Fisherman’s Steps on Riddra. She is of average height and build, with a plain but pleasant face. She became a Rat Catcher from a desire to improve the life of the Suiddockers, but soon realised that she was treating just a symptom rather than the disease as a whole.

She moved on to study medicine under Mats Geneezer. Geneezer's teaching helped her to do more, but it still wasn't enough; she felt an increasing calling towards the cult of Shallya. She is fiercely dedicated to the cult and the poor, but she suffers from a basic lack of confidence, and is generally shy and quiet.

Wilhelmina is acquainted with almost everyone Marijkus knows, but knows nothing of his brother in the Stevedore's Guild. She is inclined to be less critical of Cobbius and Big Piet, having grown up on Riddra and seen the benefits his protection gives to the poor. She is still in touch with her old mentor Geneezer, and knows and likes Captain Graveland of the Watch from the days when she was a Rat Catcher and he was a patrol Sergeant on Riddra.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
28	41	28	37	37	46	47	37
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	2	3	4	-	-	-

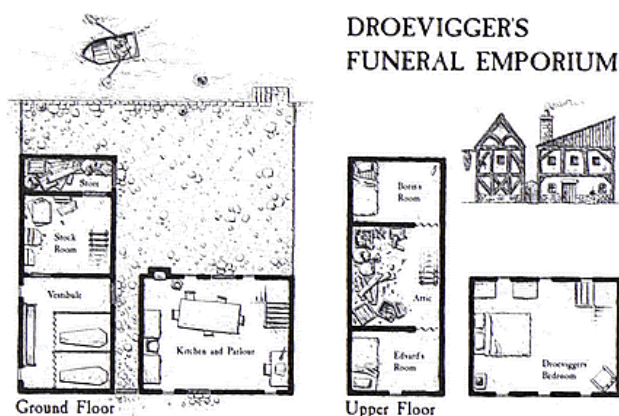
Equipment: Dagger, Silver dove pendant (holy symbol of Shallya), Sling bag with basic healing supplies), 4 Animal traps.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment, Gossip +10%, Heal +10%, Perception +10%, Read/Write +10%, Search, Set Trap, Silent Move, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Excellent Vision, Linguistics, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Savvy, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Super Numerate, Tunnel Rat.

DROEVIGGER'S FUNERAL SERVICES

A very neat, respectable-looking two-storey cottage stands next to a smaller building with the sign of a coffin standing outside. This is Droevigger's Funeral Emporium, and the cottage next door is the Droeviggers' home. While there is no direct interconnection between the two buildings, they share the yard that backs onto the Poultrice Water.



The Droevigger home is a small, tidy two-storey cottage with no noteworthy characteristics. The Droeviggers have a bedroom on the upper storey, and Edvard their young apprentice sleeps in the kitchen. The yard and the back of the shop is the domain of Boris, the huge and gloomy Kislevite coffin-maker who completes the Droevigger household.

The front is where the business is conducted. The door of the shop opens up onto a vestibule, with a door leading to the stockroom where coffins and sample gravestones are neatly displayed. Also, off the vestibule are two curtained booths, where 'occupied' coffins can be laid before a funeral. The booths are decorated in somber good taste and lit only by tallow candles.

Coffins are either taken out into Potion Square and loaded onto a horse-drawn hearse for the funeral, or taken out through the yard and moved by funeral barge. In the latter case, Droevigger is sure to have Boris clean the yard up and keep out of the way – the Kislevite's appearance and manner have a tendency to upset the bereaved.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"He's a nice man. Very discreet, very sympathetic. We went to him when old aunt Mathilde died, and he was very good. You know how some of them can be – either it's all business and never mind your feelings, or they come on with this treachy false sympathy that makes you want to scream. But Master Droevigger was very nice about it all – very sincere."

"Not a bad business, if you don't mind spending your day surrounded by stiffs. I mean, the trade's never going to go away, is it? People aren't going to stop dying. And he's good. He should be on the stage – he comes out with all the sad looks

and the mealy-mouthed condolences, and he can make you believe he means them. You'd think it was his own mother he was burying to look at him sometimes. People are so busy sharing their grief with him, I swear they hardly notice him taking their money."

JACOBUS DROEVIGGER

Initiate of Morr

(initiate, ex tradesman)

"Good day to you, please come in. Allow me to take your cloaks. Please avail yourselves of seats. You have suffered a loss? My most sincere condolences. You may rely on me to make all the arrangements without adding to your distress."

"We've always prided ourselves on our service. Add no further to the customer's distress, that's always been my watchword. After the loss of a loved one, no one really wants to haggle like a grocer – it wouldn't be fitting."

"The granite? In this case, I don't think so sir. If I might suggest, the basalt has greater dignity. The colour, the presence. More fitting altogether. No-one who sees the basalt can possibly doubt that it is laid over a man of consequence. And it does hold an inscription well. People will still be able to read your father-in-law's name centuries from now."

Jacobus Droevigger is a lean, lugubrious man in his forties. His face seems to be the wrong size for his body, and his large nose and ears combine with the worry-lines left by decades of professional sympathy to give him a strange appearance. His hair is dark and lightly oiled, and his mournful eyes dark brown. His clothing is invariably dark and neat. Apprenticed to a coffin-maker at an early age, he has spent most of his life in the trade, and death is in his blood. He is respectful and formal at all times – he and his wife even refrain from using each other's first names in the presence of customers. Droevigger is a member of the Mourners' Guild, as all in his profession are required to be. As a contact for the Mourners' Guild, he is known to most of his neighbours, as well as the local Watch. Any approach to the Guild is made through him when there is local business of which the Guild needs to be informed, and he keeps an eye on the

neighbourhood with regard to the Temple Law on death and the dead.

Jacobus buys supplies from Jeremias Qualk. Like any good follower of Morr he would be horrified to discover how Jeremias makes most of his money.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
33	31	36	33	40	43	39	41
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Silver raven pendant (holy symbol of Morr), Writing Kit, Deck of Cards.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Charm, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Carpenter), Trade (Stoneworker).

Talents: Dealmaker, Savvy, Strong Minded, Suave.

ANNE DROEVIGGER

(tradesman, ex servant)

"Right away, Master Droevigger."

Anna Droevigger is a loyal support to her husband. She does not participate in the funeral rituals, but manages the business of the Emporium – collecting fees for funerals, dealing with and paying suppliers and so forth – and runs the household. Her knowledge of the city's other traders, and her network of gossip with other artisans and their wives means that she is well informed about the goings-on in Suiddock. Anna is in her mid-thirties; the Droeviggers have no children. Before marrying Jacobus, Anna was a servant to one of Marienburg's leading merchant families; a friendship with Anna might provide a helpful source of 'below stairs' information.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
28	32	28	31	46	45	39	42
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	2	3	4	-	-	-

EDVARD STOEMM

Apprentice

(student, ex servant)

"Yes, sir."

Edvard is about eight years old, with golden hair, and huge solemn blue eyes. He is quiet, respectful, attentive, and serious. His aims are to learn the business, and please the Droeviggers.

Once one of Sister Marianne's orphans, Edvard knows most of the children and staff there. He also knows the people with whom Droevigger does business, and has won the hearts of a number of bereaved ladies by his beautifully mournful appearance at funerals.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
22	31	28	31	33	33	29	31
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Best Craftmanship Clothes, Well Polished Shoes.

Skills: Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Blather, Charm, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook).

Talents: Etiquette, Flee, Hardy, Lightening Reflexes.

A FRIEND IN THE GUILD

A contact in the Mourners' Guild can be very useful to a party of adventurers. Since the Guild sometimes works with adventurers in cases of a doubtful or delicate nature, Droevigger may be able to give a party leads to investigations of suspicious deaths, missing bodies, or suspected necromantic activity.

He also makes a good point of contact with the Guild when claiming a standing reward for dealing with undead, grave-robbers or necromancers, or if they should want to call upon the Cult of Morr for help.

From his apprenticeship to the present day, Jacobus Droevigger has about thirty years' experience in the funeral trade, and can remember

Skills: Blather, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +20%, Haggle +10%, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook) +10%.

Talents: Acute Hearing, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Hardy, Lightening Reflexes, Savvy, Super Numerate.

BORIS RODZIN

Coffinmaker

(artisan, ex tradesman, ex seaman)

"Too many boatbuilders in this town. So I build coffins. Everybody needs coffins, dah?"

"You here for measure? For coffin, I measure you for coffin, dah? Nyeh? Oh. Excuse, please, work to be done."

Jacob is in his thirties, a huge, bearded Kislevite with a limp (his left leg was broken and badly set). He has a thick accent. Boris knows some of the patrons of the local hostleries by sight, but generally keeps to himself. He buys imported Kislevite vodka from Ishmael at the Pelican's Perch.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
41	42	51	53	44	28	37	24
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	5	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Hammer, Trade Tools (Carpenter), Bottle Vodka.

Armour: Leather Jerkin (1 body)

Skills: Common Knowledge (Kislev), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Haggle +10%, Perception, Read/Write, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Kislevite), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Carpenter) +10%, Trade (Shipwright) +10%.

Talents: Artistic, Dealmaker, Hardy, Street Fighting, Seasoned Traveller, Strike Mighty Blow, Very Strong, Very Resilient.

many of the funerals he attended. Combined with his access to Guild records, he can come up with details of just about any burial in the city for the last few centuries, including circumstances of death and other details. This can be very useful in determining, for example, whether unusual events around a certain burial vault are likely to be of supernatural origin, or caused by smugglers or body-snatchers to keep prying eyes away.

THE UNQUIET SOUL

The bodies of murder victims are often placed under Morr's protection in an undertaker's shop or a chapel until investigations can be completed and a proper funeral conducted – or a Nameless Funeral, if the deceased cannot be identified. One such unfortunate was Mats van Oopfers, whose body was found in a Riddra back-alley one sunrise. It was brought to the Droeviggers by the Watch and placed in a coffin in the back of the shop, pending identification and notification of the next of kin. As is usual in such cases, the body was sprinkled with an infusion of Graveroot as a precaution, and word was sent to the Temple of Morr so that a Priest could come and make other preparations.

Unfortunately, the violence of the death separated van Oopfers' spirit from his body, and it is now wandering the streets of Riddra by night, trying to find a way back to the body. The PCs may become aware of the situation by encountering the ghost themselves, or by meeting someone who has, and they will have to find out who the ghost was, where and when he was murdered, and then follow the trail of the body through the local Watch house to the Droeviggers' shop. Since the body was sprinkled with Graveroot, the spirit cannot be re-united with it, and a Priest of Morr will have to lay the troubled spirit to rest by conducting a funeral ritual.

IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE

A primary concern of the Cult of Morr is to protect the dead from outrages at the hands of necromancers and grave-robbers. Although bodies are treated on arrival at an undertaker's shop to render them useless for necromantic operations, this does not make them less attractive to grave-robbers and some of their

patrons. Some body-snatchers far prefer stealing from undertakers to opening graves; after all, there's less hard work to do, the surroundings are more pleasant and the goods are fresher. A common (but untrue) grave-robber's superstition holds that the protective magics of a funeral can wear off over time, so that a corpse from a graveyard is more likely to bring an unwanted ghost with it than one from an undertaker's shop.

Although the Droeviggers take precautions against burglary like any other tradesfolk, it would be relatively easy for an enterprising body-snatcher to break into the vestibule and steal a fresh body, selling it on to the medical profession or even to an unsuspecting necromancer who is unaware of its magical uselessness. If the PCs can intercept and recover the body before it is dissected or subjected to a worse fate, they will save Master Droevigger from a serious professional embarrassment, and earn his gratitude.

THE FOREIGNER

A visiting Arabyan merchant has died in the city, and his body is in the charge of Jacobus Droevigger while arrangements are made. According to Temple Law a body may only be released to the next of kin, and since this individual's next of kin are far away in Araby, a tense situation is brewing.

The deceased's fellow merchants are demanding that the body be turned over to them so that it may be buried in their own tradition, but the law states that the Cult of Morr must conduct a funeral if the next of kin cannot be contacted.

The Arabyans may try to take the body by force, steal it themselves, or arrange for it to be stolen from the Droevigger's shop. Foreseeing this, Droevigger may hire on the PCs as temporary guards, or, if any of them have any experience with Araby or Arabyan culture, as intermediaries and negotiators.

As an added complication, the deceased was a member of an ancient Arabyan cult which embraces mummification as a burial rite, and his companions demand to be allowed to eviscerate, dry and wrap the body according to their own

beliefs – something which the Cult of Morr firmly regards as desecration of the dead!

NO REST FOR THE WICKED

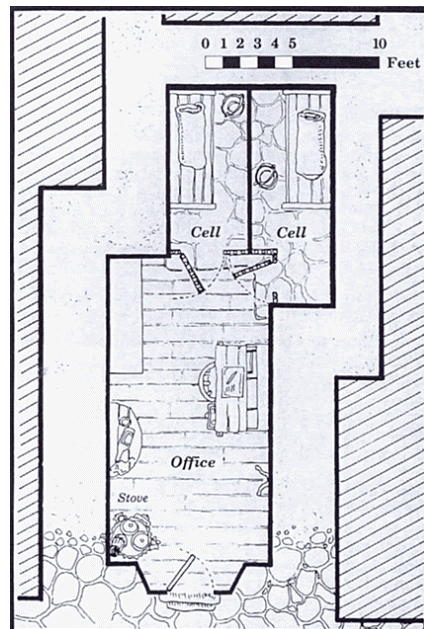
Jacobus Droevigger has recently been given charge of the body of a notorious racketeer, who died at the hands of an arch-rival – the dreaded Adalbert “Casanova” Henschmann. A gang war is brewing, and the deceased’s rival has publicly vowed to prevent the deceased from receiving funeral rites, so that he may never find peace.

Droevigger finds his shop invaded by racketeers determined to guard the body of their lamented boss, and with very definite ideas about when and how the Cult of Morr is going to conduct the funeral. The Watch is very unwilling to get involved, preferring to let the two gangs weaken each other with their continued feuding. Meanwhile, various agents of the victorious crimelord will stop at nothing to obtain the body of the deceased, or at least prevent the funeral from taking place.

PCs with underworld connections may be able to bring about some kind of negotiating settlement – although this will not be easy – or it may be possible to trick the racketeers and bury the body secretly, ensuring the safety of the departed spirit (and preventing it from taking any further hand in the situation!), while letting the two gangs get on with their feud.

THE WATCH HOUSE ON POTION SQUARE

On the eastern side of Potion Square, facing the Marienburg Home for Foundlings, stands the Watch post - Suiddock Watch Station Number Four, to give it its full name. To the casual observer, it looks much like any of the other small shops and houses that surround it, save for the strength of the single door and the absence of windows. The building is of stone and timber, and is over two centuries old, like most of the surrounding area.



The building is of stone and timber, and is over two centuries old, like most of the surrounding area. It is typical of the small watch stations that can be found in the city. Station Number Four is manned by two local Black Caps, whose beat includes the whole eastern half of Luydenhoek. These are Dirck Nederbaar and Jan Waat, who’s beat includes the whole eastern half of Luydenhoek. They report to Captain Graveland at the Suiddock Ward Barracks on Luydenhoek, and can call there for reinforcements if needed.

The Watch post consists of an office and a couple of cells, which are generally used for holding drunks overnight; occasionally, though, someone accused of a more serious crime will be held here until the necessary paperwork can be drawn up and the suspect can be transferred to the Suiddock Ward barracks.

The building stands separate from those around it and there are no windows. Most purpose built Watch Posts in the Old World have similar constructions for the obvious high security that such a design helps ensure. The single door at the front of the Station is of iron-bound oak, with a lock on the outside and bolt on the inside. To break down this door would require a successful **Very Hard (-30%) Strength Test**, or two such tests if the door is bolted. To pick the lock requires a **Very Hard (-30%) Lock Picking Test**, but obviously this has no effect if the door is bolted as well as locked.

The walls are of timber-laced stone. The two cells are separated from the rest of the building by stout iron bars, 1 inch thick and spaced 6 inches apart (a character with the **Contortionist Talent** could squeeze through on a successful **Agility Test**) . Locks on the cell doors may only be opened from the outside. To pick the locks requires a **Very Hard (-30%) Lock Picking Test** from the inside of a cell, or a **Hard (-20%) Lock Picking Test** from the outside of a cell. Each cell is equipped with a hard wooden bunk and a none-too-clean bedroll - spending the night here gives a character a 75% chance of picking up fleas.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

“Need to talk to the Watch? Easiest thing in the world. Just get yourself a hatful of stones and start throwing them through windows - ha ha ha! But then there’s a Watch-house in Potion Square, opposite the orphanage. Can’t miss it - it’s a tiny little place with no windows. ‘Course, I’m not guaranteein’ there’ll be anyone at home.”

“That Nederbaar’s a hard man. He may look fat and jolly but don’t you be taken in. I remember some poor drunk they poured out of the Long Dragon one night - well, to tell you the truth I was helping to carry him - Tilean, he was, just put in from Remas - and he said something to Nederbaar - couldn’t make out quite what - and he started laying into that Tilean like he’d just been given a wooden Guilder! We had to drag him off in the end, before he killed the feller.”

“Watch? Don’t talk to me about those lamplighters. They spend all day bothering honest folk who just want to make a living, and when you face them with a real crime they just don’t want to know. Only last week my brother’s shop got broken into, and would they do anything? In a dry winter they did. Too busy, they said, got a murder, they said. Took a bribe, I say.”

DIRCK NEDERBAAR

Watchman

(Watchman)



“Don’t you worry, we’ll soon have all this sorted out.”

Dirck Nederbaar is a tall, stout man who is generally genial and friendly, wanting little more than a peaceful life. He does hold a deep prejudice against Tileans though, as a result of his elder brother being killed after getting involved with Tilean Racketeers who were trying to gain a foothold in Marienburg.

Dirk knows all the locals of Potion Square, Canal Street, Tanner’s Alley, Silver Street, and parts of Dock Road by sight. He distrusts strangers on his beat and foreigners. He tries to ignore the presence of Grossbart in ‘his’ area (and mostly succeeds in doing so); accepts bribes from Jeremias Qualk and Lotte Wald and turns a blind eye to any ‘irregularities’ in their businesses; is wary of Lissette Leerer and knows better than to ask after her business!

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
38	32	50	38	35	33	34	37
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	5	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Sword, Club, Dagger, Lantern and Pole, Lamp Oil, Uniform.

Armour: Helmet, Mail Shirt, Leather Jack (2

head, 3 body, 1 arms).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Acute Hearing, Coolheaded, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Very Strong.

JAN WAAT

Watchman

(Watchman)

“Just waiting for a friend, were you? Tell me one I haven’t heard.”

“Do what you like anywhere else, but this is my patch and you answer to me. And don’t you forget it. And that’s MIJNHEER Waat to you.”

Shortish, medium build, slightly bulging blue eyes, sharp nose, wavy blonde hair. Jan is dynamic, incisive, and sometimes high-handed. His ethos is to get on, catch criminals, ensure that the law is respected, and work by the book – but in that order. Waat is a very junior member of the Knights of Purity, in which he sees a chance for his own advancement within the Watch.

Jan knows all the locals on his beat; is suspicious of Jerimias Qualk, everybody at the Long Dragon, and Lissette Leerer, but has done nothing because Nederbaar has told him that he is ‘handling those matters’; hates Gunther and Anders Grimm and is convinced that they are the worst sort of criminal; despises Sister Marianne for trusting the Grimm brothers.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
46	41	31	42	44	45	41	40
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	2	4	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Sword, Club, Dagger, Lantern and Pole, Lamp Oil, Uniform.

Armour: Helmet, Mail Shirt, Leather Jack (2 head, 3 body, 1 arms).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Coolheaded, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Strong Minded, Very Resilient.

BY-LAWS

A complete set of the local by-laws is kept in the front office of the Watch-house. Some refer specifically to Luydenhoek, and others to the Suiddock as a whole. As in most of the city wards, the by-laws here are a body of legislation that has built up over the centuries, and many of them are contradictory, unenforceable or downright ridiculous. Here are a few examples, which can be used to make the adventurers’ lives difficult if you wish.

Traffic

Only one cart is permitted on the Draaienbrug bridge at any time. This is at odds with the by-law on the other side of the bridge, which permits three. However, it has never been established into which jurisdiction the bridge itself falls, although the central bridge house and the swing mechanism come under Port Law.

Some streets on Luydenhoek must be kept clear of obstructions – such as parked carts and tied-up horses – at all times of the day. Dock Road and Canal Street definitely fall into this category.

Carts have precedence over all other traffic on Powder Bridge, which is a main route. Technically, this means that everyone must give way to carts on the bridge, although in practice a character’s social standing will come into play. Quite what happens when two carts meet on the bridge is not made clear.

Horses must be ridden down some streets, and led down others. This is for you to decide (and you can change your mind as many times as you want), although the broader streets will tend to fall into the former category and the narrow streets into the latter. Horses which are left unattended must be securely tied, or tethered to a vehicle such as a cart.

Loitering

This is a good law for when adventurers are trying to spy out the lay of the land for some operation. As elsewhere in the city, the Watch has the power to move on anyone who is loitering in a public place. A little-known by-law (Waat knows of it!) provides for a warning on the first offense, a spot fine of one Guilder per person on the second and third offense, and up to three hours in the stocks for a subsequent offense.

Whistling

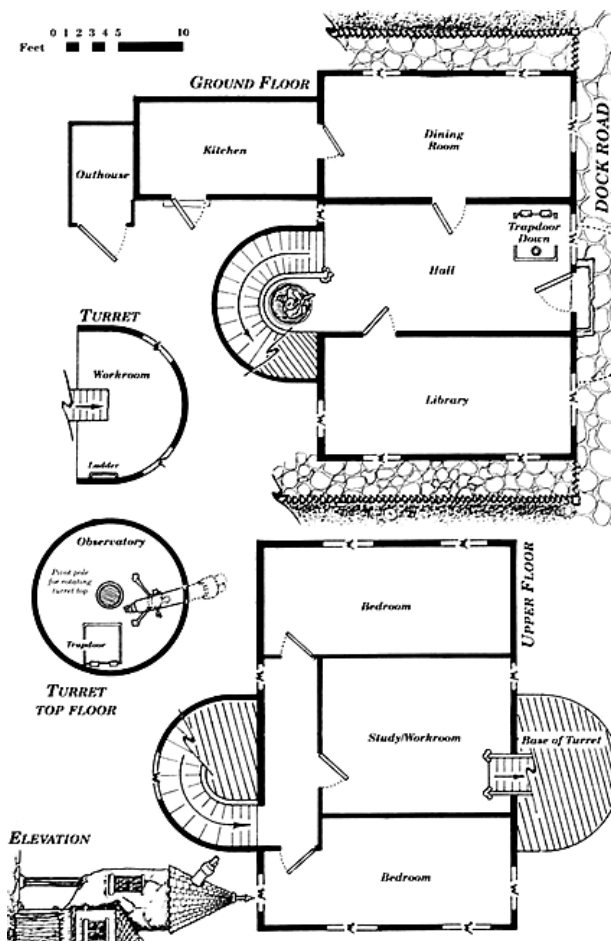
It is an offense to whistle, sing or make any other noise of a disrespectful or jolly nature outside the Edelmoed Temple between the hours of sunrise and sunset. The fine for this offense is one Guilder, and the offender can be forced to 'cease and desist his errant ways and to immediately depart the precinct and surrounds of the Temple'. In practice, this means "Get out of Potion Square."

While Brother Marijkus has the power to impose this fine on the spot, he never does so. However, the City Watch are empowered to collect fines on behalf of the Temple should they see (or in this case hear) an offense being committed. Most of the time, they don't bother either, but this is a useful spot fine for drunks leaving the Long Dragon, or for making sure that Marianne's orphans behave themselves.

WILHELM ROTKOPF, ALCHEMIST

Just off Potion Square on Dock Road is a curious house on the east side of the street. The two-storey building is not of unusual size for the area, but at the top is a small turret which leans over so much that passers-by glance uneasily at it, especially when there are high winds. The turret casts a long shadow over the road for most of the day.

This is the house of Wilhelm Rotkopf, the Master Alchemist, although there are some who claim that this is the least of his accomplishments.



The two-storey tower contains a small alchemical laboratory and an observatory. There is a secret laboratory in the cellar, used for Wilhelm's less respectable activities. The entrance is via a trapdoor which is hidden under a coat-stand in the hall requiring a **Strength Test**, to break open. To pick the lock requires a **Very Hard (-30%) Lock Picking Test**.

It's unlikely that adventurers will be able to deal directly with Wilhelm; most people have to go through his journeyman, Floris Rijgpen. In the normal course of a day's business, only important or influential customers talk directly to Rotkopf.

His other assistants can be seen coming and going at all sorts of times. They help by making sure the place is tidy, stirring mixtures on the quarter hour every quarter hour, and doing the hundred and one jobs that a Master Alchemist shouldn't have to do for himself.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"You want alchemical bits and pieces, Rotkopf's your man. A bit pricey, of course, but you get what you pay for. He's got a house just off Potion Square. Great big place, it is, with plenty of

servants and a tower that looks like it's going to come down any minute."

"Rotkopf? Professional clever-dick if you ask me. But his journeyman's soft as new butter."

"He's had a full life, that one, and it's getting fuller by the minute. I don't know how he fits it all in. There he is, one of the best alchemists in Marienburg, sitting on half a dozen boards and committees, and he's always got one of his people running back and forth to the orphanage or the temple or one of the sawbones, doing mixtures and odd jobs for them like he'd only just set up his practice. Up all night with his telescope looking at the stars. I don't know when he sleeps - or maybe he doesn't. I don't know what he's got that keeps him going, but I wouldn't mind some for myself."

"He's got hidden depths, that one, you mark my words. Them as look most respectable on the surface always have their secrets. I'm not making any accusations - not a word of it, and if any man says otherwise he's a liar. But he has some strange visitors after dark when he's looking through his telescope, and that's the truth. Not to mention some of the strange folk he employs - that there Dwarf's an odd one for a start... and then there's that kid..."

WILHELM ROTKOPF

Alchemist

(journeyman wizard, ex apothecary,

ex apprentice wizard,

ex tomb robber, ex student)



"Let's see know - calcination for three days, then fix in the tincture of mercury and sublime with three parts lead and one part bone. I wonder if the small cohobation chamber is clean. Oh! You're still here! I'm so sorry, I'd forgotten all about you. Just give me two minutes to get this over to the orphanage, then I promise you'll have my undivided attention. Floris! Floris!"

"Best if you came back in the morning. I've got a committee tomorrow afternoon, and the night-time is rather precious to me at this time of year. Do you have any interest in astronomy? It should be good and clear tonight..."

Wilhelm is in his mid-forties, but looks older. He is about 5ft 10in tall, with slightly curly, unkempt ginger ginger-brown hair. His slightly hooked nose is set between brown eyes which squint slightly. Wilhelm dresses in expensive but practical clothes, but whenever he goes out he wears the same tatty brown cloak, wrapped closely around him. He walks quickly, with his head bent to the ground, and always seems to be in a hurry. His voice is soft and his speech is rapid; he has a habit of muttering to himself - usually incomprehensible formulae and astronomical data.

Wilhelm was apprenticed at the age of 9 to an old and eccentric alchemist by the name of Helmut Schwarzbauch. Helmut died before Wilhelm's training was complete, and Wilhelm - to his parents' despair - went to seek his fortune as a prospector in the Middle Mountains gold rush of 2497. Failure as a prospector led him to join a band of adventurers in the mountains; after they stumbled upon an ancient dwarven tomb, Wilhelm turned to tomb-robbing as a profession. When he reached the wisdom of middle age, however, he decided to abandon this dangerous life and resume his training as an alchemist. He had saved enough to travel to Middenheim and study under the famous master alchemist Josef Schmidtturm.

Like many Suiddockers - even on comparatively prosperous Luydenhoek - Wilhelm has no respect for the minions of the law, although he never expresses this too openly. He is not afraid of stepping slightly outside the law if it is in the interests of his research to do so.

Wilhelm is knowledgeable in many subjects, and besides his alchemy he pursues astronomy, cryptography and heraldry as hobbies, helped at times by Thadrin Thadrinson, once an associate, now a permanent guest. Wilhelm has an extensive library on these subjects, as well as a small observatory in the tower of his house. He is also interested in mutants and the nature of mutation, and will pay highly for a mutant corpse. He and Sister Marianne are not yet aware of each others' differing interests in this regard, but two such close neighbours dabbling in this forbidden area could spin off all sorts of adventures.

Wilhelm is a prominent member of the Wizards' and Alchemists' Guild, and one of his secrets is that he is on the High Council. He also acts as a consultant to the Board of Trade Equity and the Council on matters involving alchemical and magical materials. He is a pillar of the local community, and regarded as a good neighbour by everyone on Potion Square. He and Jan van Arzneier do a thriving two-way trade in ingredients and preparations, and occasionally he will be prevailed upon to supply medicinal mixtures for the Orphanage of St Rutha and the Edelmoed Temple. Many of the better-off physicians on Leech Street also rely on him for medicinal supplies and preparations.

He does occasional (and highly secret) business with Jerimias Qualk and with Hans Kluger when he needs rare or illegal ingredients for a process.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
49	33	41	43	47	64	46	34
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	4	4	2	-	-

Equipment: Sword, Dagger, Guild Symbol on Chain.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (Magic), Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Academic Knowledge (Science) +20%, Channelling +10%, Charm, Common Knowledge (Empire) +10%, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Magical Sense, Outdoor Survival, Perception +20%, Pick Lock, Prepare Poison, Read/Write +20%, Scale Sheer Surface, Search +10%, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical)

+20%, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary).

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Lore (Metal), Etiquette, Lesser Magic (Magic Alarm), Luck, Meditation, Petty Magic (Arcane), Resistance to Poison, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Trapfinder, Very Strong, Very Resilient.

FLORIS RIJGPEN

Journeyman Alchemist

(apothecary, ex apprentice wizard)

"I'm afraid Master Wilhelm is rather busy at the moment... Can I help?"

Floris is a spotty, redheaded 24-year-old. He wears the garb of a journeyman alchemist with the Guild badge pinned to his left breast. Floris is easy going, polite, and has a natural talent for business and his studies. Unfortunately, he also likes gambling, often to excess.

Floris knows most people in the area and 'in the craft'. He is friendly with Jan van Arzneier, and thinks he is in love with Lotte Wald, the co-owner of The Long Dragon. He occasionally visits Monnik's Pit Fighter School on his days off, and currently owes 250 Guilders to Frans Makreel the moneylender.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
25	34	26	28	50	39	43	43
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	2	2	4	1	-	-

Equipment: Best Craftmanship Clothing, Dagger, Thick wad of appalling love poetry, 2d10 guilders or pennies (dependant on luck).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic), Academic Knowledge (Science), Channelling, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary).

Talents: Fast Hands, Lightning Reflexes, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy, Super Numerate.

JACOB BOERENSTAND

Glassmaker

(artisan, ex tradesman)

"Wellllll... end of the week do you?"

"Leave it with me, I've got just the thing for that somewhere..."

Jacob is a red-nosed and ruddy-cheeked middle-aged man with broad-shoulders and powerful hands. He wears an apron, worn out with long use. Jacob is practical and respectful of his 'betters'. He is slow-thinking, but generally gets to the heart of an idea or problem in the end. Very proud of his skills, he generally wants to get any job done as quickly as possible, but is torn by a desire to build elaborate bits of alchemical glassware – whether they are needed or not!

A follower of Shallya, he is deeply respectful to Brother Marijkus, Sister Wilhelmina, and Sister Marianne, and tries hard to be a 'good' follower of Shallya. He occasionally has (legitimate) dealings with Hans Kluger, is a regular at The Long Dragon, and disapproves strongly of Floris' gambling.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
25	34	38	36	50	39	43	43
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Iron-shod Walking Cane (Handweapon), Trade Tools (Glassblower), Leather Apron, Glass Amulet of engraved dove on chain, 1d10 shillings.

Skills: Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Haggle +10%, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Engraver) +10%, Trade (Glassmaker) +10%.

Talents: Artistic, Cool Headed, Dealmaker, Excellent Vision.

ANATOL

Apprentice

(student, ex thief)

"I 'ad a baff last week – an' I didn't needs it!"

"I'm tryin to 'member all them al-chemy-memikal words!"

Anatol is a small, rather smelly ten-year old with lank hair and a pronounced limp. He is always in need of at least one good scrubbing (and probably two). He is nervous around adults and water, especially when both are together. He is very conscientious in his pot-watching and fetching duties, and makes it a point to keep on Wilhelm's good side and avoid baths!

Anatol is slightly scared of Rotkopf, very scared of Gunther and Anders Grimm, and absolutely terrified of Sister Marianna and the thought that he may end up in her orphanage! When he's not working, Anatol sees a lot of what goes on in the area; anyone who treats him kindly will make a friend – and gain an extra pair of eyes!

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
27	35	26	24	40	45	39	35
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	2	2	5	-	-	-

Equipment: Hidden Dagger, Small spider in box, 2 pence, Piece of stolen cake.

Skills: Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment, Evaluate, Gossip, Perception +10%, Pick Lock, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Search, Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Alley Cat, Excellent Vision, Fleet Footed, Streetwise, Super Numerate.

THADRIN THADRINSON

Scholar

(explorer, ex scholar, ex scribe)

"Hmmp, I learnt that 75 years ago."

"And I learnt that 100 years ago!"

"Try the infusion of brimstone... a sure solution to any intractable problem and stain." (He considers it a joke to advise people to try sulphuric acid as a stain remover...)

Thadrin is a companion from Wilhelm's adventuring days. An ancient Dwarf who is impossibly neat at all times, as though he has just been laundered and pressed. Thadrin is fussy, pedantic and precise – he is thoroughly intolerant of what he considers 'fuzzy thinking'. He is very knowledgeable, but quirky and capable of great kindness. However, he does possess a slightly cruel streak, which he uses on those he considers his inferiors. Vaguely cross that his life is all but done with so much yet to see, his remaining goals are simply to know more... and finally learn the secrets of the heavens (whatever that may be).

Thadrin knows and is known by only Dwarfs beyond the walls of Rotkopf's premises. He respects Rotkopf for the man's learning, but expects to be listened to, especially in business matters. Thadrin generally ignores everybody else until they ask him a question, and then his response is determined by the relative stupidity of the speaker.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
41	45	36	48	24	59	60	29
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	17	3	4	3	-	-	-

Equipment: Maps and Star Charts, Pistol, Powder and shot for 10 shots, 4d10 guilders 'small change'.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (History) +10%, Academic Knowledge (Law), Academic Knowledge (Magic), Academic Knowledge (Runes), Common Knowledge (Dwarfs) +10%, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Drive, Evaluate, Navigation,

Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Eltharin), Speak Language (Khazalid), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%, Trade (Calligrapher), Trade (Cartographer) +10%, Trade (Smith).

Talents: Dwarfcraft, Grudge-Born Fury, Linguistics, Orientation, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Seasoned Traveller, Stout Hearted, Sturdy.

JANNA MOSSFOOT

Servant

(servant)

"This one's called 'Death by Marzipan!'"

"Yummy!"

Janna is a youngish, remarkably thin Halfling – despite the fact she seems to be always eating or talking about food! Janna's motives are simple: eating, drinking and more of the same. She is quite greedy, but sees no reason why everybody else shouldn't eat as well and as much as she does. Generally friendly, she likes the orphans of the Orphanage of St Rutha because they appreciate her cooking, and knows all the ins-and-outs of the families along Halfling Row.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
24	36	21	28	45	35	32	49
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	2	2	4	-	-	-

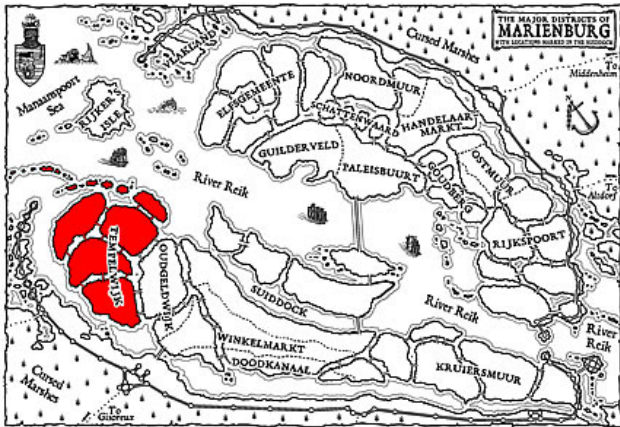
Equipment: Rolling Pin (Improvised Weapon), Snack or two, 3d10 shillings.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Common Knowledge (Halflings), Blather, Dodge Blow, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Perception, Search, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Halfling), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook) +10%.

Talents: Acute Hearing, Etiquette, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Very Resilient.

TEMPELWIJK

Tempelwijk is the intellectual and spiritual centre of Marienburg. While Suiddock makes money and the Directorate spend it, the denizens of Tempelwijk see to the city's mind and soul. Within the temple, priests and laity worship dutifully to maintain the blessings of the gods - all part of the deal, according to Marienburgers. Within the lecture halls of the University, the learned doctors of a dozen fields and their student's work to maintain the city's standing in the intellectual world - Marienburgers are almost alone in the Old World in their belief that a broad education leads to economic strength. And in the plaza's inns, tea and coffeehouses and taverns that dot the ward, priests and scholars mix with an ease that is rarely found elsewhere.



COMMON KNOWLEDGE

"You wouldn't expect a place with a bunch of temples and a college would be much for excitement, eh? But between the students' parties and the rabble-rousers always starting a ruckus, and the beggars hanging on your clothes, you'd swear Tempelwijk was a snobball pitch or something. I feel safer out on the Sea of Claws."

"It's one of the oldest districts in the city, but it's not like Suiddock - the Stadsraad and the Directorate care about how Tempelwijk looks. Benefactors fall over themselves to donate money for prayers said in their name or to get part of a temple or university building named after them. I suppose it shows the gods they're making a profit."

Tempelwijk is an impressive sight, dominated by

three great structures: the Cathedral of Manann with its great golden spires, the gaudy Temple of Haendryk, and the former palace that houses Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks, Marienburg's world-famous university. Along with the other, smaller temples, Tempelwijk is home to ale houses, inns, bookstores, antiquarian shops, print-shops and scriptoria (notoriously unfriendly towards each other), boarding houses for students, faculty and priests - any sort of establishment that one can imagine serving an educated clientele. There is also the great harbour of Manaanshaven, where the warships and templars in the service of the High Priest of Mana are based.

Tempelwijk is always active, even late at night when groups of drunken students serenade their neighbours with the latest bawdy songs. During the day, the streets and canals are crowded with traffic. Priests bustle hither and yon on errands for their superiors, professors dash to their next lecture followed by a gaggle of hem-kissing students, and squads of marines march to their posts as guards for the various temples. Amidst them all are the hundreds of support personnel who keep Tempelwijk running and the visitors who have business there. Not to mention the beggars - lots and lots of beggars, who flock to the prime patches by the Great Hospital.

Night brings out the more sinister side of Tempelwijk. Footpads and burglars of 'The Guild We've Never Heard Of' find profitable work here, while students gather in their various fraternities to work off a hard day of studies with a hard evening of drinking. Almost inevitably, The Black Caps and the University Proctors are called upon at least once a night to break up a brawl between besotted marines and students. The Ward Assizes of Tempelwijk is famous for raking in the most fines of any in Marienburg.

Night is also the time of the witch-hunters. Access to knowledge often leads the weak or the corrupt down the paths of heresy, and the witch-hunters of the Temple Court are always alert for the taint of Chaos. More than one person has vanished in the night, the only evidence of his or her fate being a brief notation in the records of the Star Chamber - "Case closed".

There are a number of reasons characters would seek out Tempelwijk: perhaps they simply want

to learn an academic skill - they'll find the best (and most expensive!) tutors here. Tempelwijk is also the likeliest place to find someone to identify an obscure artefact or translate an ancient document. Perhaps they even want spiritual comfort.

Work may also bring characters here, for the scholars of Tempelwijk often hire adventurers to undertake expeditions for them, or to travel as bodyguards. Finally, there are the dark secrets buried within Baron Henryk's College or the vaults of the temples - for witch-hunters are not the only ones interested in forbidden things.

IMPRESSIONS OF TEMPELWIJK

"He waved an expansive hand at the bustle surrounding them. The streets here seemed busier than the languid pace of the Oudgeldwijk, almost as much as the Suiddock had been, but instead of carters, stevedores and artisans, most of the passers-by seemed to be mages or priests, hurrying along with the hems of their robes lifted slightly to keep them clear of the patina of mud which coated the cobbles as thickly as it seemed to everywhere else Rudi had been. Here, despite the shortage of building land which afflicted the whole city, broad squares wider than any he'd seen since his arrival in Marienburg opened out, fronted by buildings of a size and magnificence he could scarcely have imagined."

BARON HENRYK'S COLLEGE OF NAVIGATION AND SEA MAGICKS

"There's quite a bit here to attract the man of learning. Scholars would sell their souls to have access to our libraries. In fact one did, but he was discovered and burned just in time. Need I mention the generous tuition fees? The Universities of Altdorf and Nuln are kindergartens by comparison. The Collegium Theologica in Middenheim? Don't make me laugh!"

"The finest university in the known world, although there are hidebound scholars in Altdorf and Nuln who would dispute that claim. They

also train and licence mages, in the same way as the colleges of Altdorf."

"They provide tuition and issue licenses to practice magic which are recognised throughout the known world. Just like the Imperial colleges really, only a bit less hidebound by tradition."

On the seaward end of Tempelwijk, by the entrance to Manaanshaven, Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks is one of the Old World's premier centres of learning. Since 1947 it has occupied the buildings and grounds of the former palace of Baron Henryk's mother, the Contessa Esmeralda Cioppino of Miragliano, remembered to this day as "La Donna Grossa" for her generosity and her girth. After her death, the Baron endowed the University and donated the palace to it, with the charge that it become a "centre for the study of the Sea and sea travel, for it is through Manaan's realm that Marienburg's true future lies".

The traditional three-year curriculum is much like other universities on the continent: students finish with a MPN degree ("Magister Philosophiae Naturalis"), having studied the core subjects of Rhetoric, Logic, Grammar, Music, History, Classical Old Worlder, and Astronomy.

But it is in the realm of advanced studies that Baron Henryk's leads the Old World. In co-operation with the guilds and temples of Marienburg, the University has pioneered research work. Doctors use the facilities of the Great Hospital of Shallya to teach medicine and surgery, the Inns of Court train new lawyers, and priests of Haendryk lecture on the new science of Economicks. Foremost among these, though, is the study of Navigation and Cartography, the late Baron's two great passions. Navigators licensed by the Marienburg Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots must have passed the exams at Baron Henryk's. Because of the high standards of the Brotherhood and the University, Marienburg registered navigators are in demand across the Old World. Even Sea Elves from Sith Rionnasc have lectured here.

A faculty of Herbalism and Alchemy is also on site.

Baron Henryk's also supports research into applied sorcery, under skilled wizards such as

Professor Aaldrugh. There is an emphasis on magic useful to mariners and the merchant trade. Not only does this include Celestial, Jade, and Shadow magic, but the dangers inherent in travelling about the world make battle wizards a desired commodity, too. The Directorate, through grants made via the 'Change, ensures that there is plenty of funding for training wizards loyal to Marienburg, not to mention the individual Houses of the Ten. Demonology and Necromancy are of course forbidden, and the temples keep an eye peeled for the first signs of forbidden research.

Student life at Baron Henryk's revolves around studies and status - life is a constant struggle to keep up grades and appearances. All this involves money. Not only must students pay their instructors, who share a portion with the University, but they group themselves into various clubs and fraternities based on interests, social class and - most importantly - the cash they have to spend. Money is thus a frequent problem for students, especially for those who come on a scholarship from middle or lower class families. After all, how can one be expected to show up to the Academy of Drinkers & Duellists, perhaps the most foppish of the University's societies, wearing last year's lace collar? Sadly, it's not uncommon for desperate young scholars to engage in questionable or downright illegal schemes to get a few more guilders.

Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks often sends journeys of exploration to the corners of the world. Through the Wasteland Geographical Society - a University sponsored fellowship of explorers, sea captains, scholars and anyone who has an interest in foreign places and the money for a membership fee - the College's knowledge of the wider world grows each year. Individuals needing to avoid Imperial entanglements for a while might well consider signing on for that expedition to find Prester Johann's lost Sigmarite kingdom in the Southlands.

Visitors to the College are usually welcome, but they are only allowed to bring one servant at a time in with them.

IMPRESSIONS OF BARON HENRYK'S COLLEGE

"It was almost as large as the cathedral had been, but constructed of brick and timber rather than stone. Statues and gargoyles encrusted every surface, for the most part spattered with the droppings of gulls which roosted there, their raucous squawks all but drowned out by the bustling of the humans below. Sunlight shone golden from hundreds of windows and Rudi gasped at the realisation that they were all glazed, a display of wealth more dazzling in its own way than the light they were reflecting. 'Here we are.' Kris led them to a small gate set in the wall and Rudi caught a glimpse of a courtyard beyond. Clearly the college rambled for some distance behind this monumental façade, newer, more utilitarian buildings having been added to the original palace, donated to the city by Baron Henryk when he endowed the institution in the first place."

THEODORUS FRANSEN

Night Porter

(servant, ex apprentice wizard, ex student)



"That's all right, Master Walijs, old Fransen will see you to your rooms safe indeed, and the proctors needn't know a thing. Careful! Oh, and on your nice new boots, too."

"Oh, aye. I've seen plenty of comings and goings, I have. Could tell you stories about the great and the good. But m'throat's too dry for that, so it is."

A rotund man in his late sixties, with a small head ringed by a fringe of grey hair, a pot belly and rheumy eyes behind wire-rim spectacles that sit on a bulbous, veined nose. Always friendly, with an understanding smile on his face.

"Old Fransen", as he is known around Tempelwijk, has been a fixture at Baron Henryk's for over forty years. Once he was a promising student of the wizard Nicolaas van Mil who, a

secret dabbler in Demonology, was caught by Witch Hunters as he was summoning a demon in his University chambers. Theodorus was an unwilling participant in the rites and only narrowly avoided execution. As it was, the horrors of that night shattered his mind and left him a broken, haunted man.

When he recovered, the kindly rector of the University found him a position as night porter, keeping the keys to the dormitory quad and the rooms of the students. He's served in that capacity ever since, making himself invaluable to generations of students, for whom he's come to feel protective. He arranges room assignments for incoming students, sees to their cleaning by the domestic staff, and functions as a general trouble-shooter. In the latter capacity, he is not above accepting the occasional gratuity from a student who is in no shape to see himself home and wishes to avoid the University's proctors, or even the Black Caps.

Theodorus has seen much in his years at Baron Henryk's and has heard even more - many of the student's regard him as a doting uncle and tell him things they would not reveal to anyone else. Consequently he is an excellent source of gossip for generous individuals interested in the extra-curricular activities of faculty and students.

However, Fransen isn't the feeble old rummy he pretends to be - he is a rummy, but he's also a recruiter for the Rainbow Flames, the Tzeentchian cult that seeks to corrupt the Vrijbond. The demon that killed his master spared Fransen's life on the condition that he would serve the Lord of Changes, and Fransen does so willingly. Given the propensity of young scholars to embarrass themselves, and their families' desires to keep things quiet, Fransen gladly takes their proffered tips to keep him quiet. Students with truly promising character flaws, however, are invited to the meeting of a "secret fraternity of Marienburg's best". By the time they understand what they've done, it's too late to get out.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
34	35	42	36	41	46	42	47
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	3	4	1	1	-

Equipment: Ring of keys to the Dormitories, Silver Chain of Office, Cudgel, Flask of Brandy (a bribe from a student).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (Magic) +10%, Blather, Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +20%, Magical Sense, Perception +20%, Read/Write, Search +10%, Sleight of Hand, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%.

Talents: Acute Hearing, Aethyric Attunement, Etiquette, Flee, Linguistics, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy, Sixth Sense, Super numerate, Very Strong.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MANANN

"Here we stand in the centre of the cult that made Marienburg what it is - all that we are, we owe to the lord of the Waves and Storms! And yet, we are ruled by coin counters who see the Great Sea as but one of their possessions? Blasphemy! We are in an age of decadence, headed for the Maelstrom, and even our Arch-Priest is too blind to realise that now is the time for mutiny. "

The "Crown Jewel" of Marienburg, the magnificent Cathedral of Manann is the undisputed centre of the Sea God's cult in the Old World - even the Grand Chapel in Miragliano defers to its supremacy. Over two thousand years old, its cornerstone is said to have been laid by Marius himself in a pious act after his great victory over the creatures which dwelt in the swamplands. It rises at the south end of Heiligeiland ("Holy Isle") where Doodkanaal flows out into the main channel and thence into the bay. The modern structure was built of granite after the original temple was burned to the ground by mercenaries during the Bretonnian evacuation in 1602. Faced in bright white limestone, three tall bell towers sheathed in gold stretch heavenward from the comb of the roof in imitation of Manann's great trident, Zeeoogster ("Sea Reaper"). The great doors are open day and night, and are closed only in the worst weather. They are guarded by two templar-marines, members of the Knight's Mariner, part of a squad that patrols the temple grounds, each squad doing an eight-hour watch. A set of deep stairs lead up

to these doors from a courtyard which is set below the level of the surrounding streets, allowing for water to flood the space at high tide – many rites are performed outside the Cathedral in this sacred space, full of sea water.

The interior of the cathedral comprises two vast chambers. First is the nave wherein the faithful gather on holy days and individual worshippers may pray at any time. On either side of it are shrines to saints and divine servants, private chapels in which petitioners can pray alone or hold a special ceremony with a priest. Given the importance and prestige associated with the Great Cathedral, only the very wealthy or those honoured by the cult are granted such a privilege.

Beyond the nave, nine steps climb to the apse, where sits the great altar, carved from a single stone that, according to legend, Marius stood atop of when he proclaimed the foundation of the city and its loyalty to Manann. On either side of it stand gold and silver reliquaries, ornate masterpieces that hold important relics like the finger-bones or teeth of saints, which become focuses for worship on particular saints-days.

But behind the altar is what the Cathedral is most famed for. Rather than a statue of Manann (the original was destroyed in the fire of 1602), the curving wall of the apse holds a large, crystal-clear plate of glass that gives a view into a vast aquarium, a tank behind the temple that holds hundreds of thousands of gallons of saltwater and a dazzling variety of sea animals, a living symbol of Manann's kingdom. The aquarium was a gift from the Phoenix King of Ulthuan, in gratitude for the cult's support of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce - and Old World wizards to this day wonder at the great magics that made and preserve the glass, the tank and the purity of the water itself. Clearly an example of Elven High Magic, its beyond anything even the heads of the great Colleges of Magic in Altdorf are capable of creating.

The Matriarch of Manann, Camille Dauphina, is the acknowledged spokesman for the interests of the cults in Marienburg. Though the cults of Haendryk, Verena and Shallya have seats on the Directorate, when the temples must speak with one voice, they know better than to disagree publicly with Dauphina. The other directors are wary of crossing Manann's chosen, too: not only

is her religious authority immense, but she has at her command a force of a dozen warships and several companies of fanatically loyal templar-marines. Even Jaan van de Kuypers is careful to stay on the cult's good side.

BROTHER EGBERT HUIBERS

Master of Novices

**(warrior priest, ex priest, ex initiate,
ex sergeant, ex marine, ex seaman)**



"I love the marines. I thank Manann for every day I spend in the marines! And when I'm done with you, you will too."

"Oh, is the young master tired?" Maybe some exercise would perk you up. ONE HUNDRD PRESS-UPS, INITIATE, NOW! DROP!"

Of average height but a powerful build; there isn't an ounce of excess fat on Brother Egbert's body. His thickly muscled arms and chest sport many tattoos of ships, sea serpents and religious symbols. In his late 40s, his intense grey eyes stare out from under salt-and-pepper eyebrows and a shaved head. A single gold loop hangs from his left ear. His weathered skin testifies to years spent at sea under a hot sun.

Brother Egbert is devoted to Manann and the sea. He brags that he knew how to swim before he could walk and, before his appointment as Master of Novices, he came home to Marienburg for only as long as it would take to refit and head to sea again. He's dedicated to defending Manann's kingdom and Marienburg (in that order) from the Chaos Reavers that plague the Sea of Claws. To make his templar-marines as tough as possible, he's developed a unique regimen of fortifying exercises. His favourite is the pre-dawn swim in the canals.

Brother Egbert knows most of the officers of the private troops in the households of the Ten - indeed, he trained many of them. While the two are fast friends, he has turned down repeated offers to lead the personal marines of Director van den Nijmenks. He knows Sister Hilli of Suiddock but dismisses her as a "dry-lander". Characters seeking to become Templars of Manann will come under Brother Egbert's authority, since the Master of Novices trains the Templars in the Marienburg temple, while the Master of Acolytes trains the aspiring priests.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
57	52	43	53	54	37	47	46
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	5	4	1	-	-

Equipment: Shortsword, Trident of Leadership, Shield, Sea blue robes and cowl, Prayer Book, String of worry beads carved from coral, Ball of Twine, Small Knife.

Armour: Helmet, Mail shirt and coif, Leather Jacket Cap and Leggings (5 head, 3 body, 2 arms/legs).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic knowledge (Strategy/Tactics) +10%, Academic Knowledge (Theology), Channelling +10%, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Norsca), Common Knowledge (Wasteland) +10%, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +20%, Gamble, Gossip, Heal, Intimidate +10%, Magical Sense, Perception +20%, Read/Write, Row +20%, Sail +10, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Norscan), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Swim +20%.

Talents: Armoured Caster, Disarm, Divine Lore (Manann), Excellent Vision, Lightning Reflexes, Master Orator, Menacing, Petty Magic (Divine), Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Two Handed), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Swashbuckler, Very Resilient, Warrior Born, Wrestling.

Trident of Leadership (Academic Knowledge:

Theology)

This silver trident is a relic of the Great Cathedral of Marienburg, handed down amongst those holding the rank of Master of Novices. This symbol of office reinforces their authority, and bolsters the resolve of those under the wielders command.

- Counts as a Halberd.
- The wielder receives +10% to their Command Skill.

- All individuals friendly to the wielder within 16 yards of the Trident, and capable of seeing it, may re-take any failed Fear and Terror Tests. The result of the re-take is final.

THE CATHEDRAL OF SHALLYA

"Filthy wretches! This is a church where good folk come to worship! How can they let these cripples just mill about, begging for money and defiling Shallya's Temple with their dirty ways? It's disgusting."

"Why, just last year I saw a crippled beggar - on crutches with a gammy leg and running sores all over him - walk out of here as healthy as a newborn babe! It were a miracle, it were. Don't believe me? Well, them are his crutches hanging right over there."

The Cathedral of Shallya and its attached hospital sit apart from the other churches in Tempelwijk, between the Groeneketter ('Green Heretic') and Doolweg ('Wrong Way') bridges across from Oudgeldwijk. Unlike Shallyan churches in more hospitable climes, the temple and hospital buildings are closed to the elements.

The temple itself, also known as the 'White Chapel' is a simple structure of whitewashed brick, the symbol of a red heart engraved and painted over the main doors. It is connected to the hospital by an enclosed courtyard where the sick can get out for a bit of sun and fresh air when the weather allows.

The hospital is also whitewashed, its interior having rooms for a surgery, apothecary and dormitory for the ill. The second floor contains the simple quarters of the priests and priestesses.

The doors of both are unlocked at all hours of the day and night, giving welcome relief for those in need of aid or sanctuary, which makes the area a haven for down-and-outs and beggars, much to the consternation and complaints of the residents and other temples of Tempelwijk.

The White Chapel is famous in the Old World as a place of healing, but not just for the skills of its priests. At the foot of the Lady's statue is a large pool of pure water, constantly replenished from some unknown source, which is said to have been called forth by the first High Priestess many centuries ago.

The crippled and the infirm come from all over the Old World to bathe in the pool's waters, desperately seeking a miracle to relieve their misery. The crutches that hang from the rafters attest to the healings that have occurred here. In fact very few miracle cures happen - perhaps one or two a month - compared to the number of pilgrims the pool receives - but it's enough to keep the shrine's reputation intact.

The White Chapel is the seat of Sister Anneloes van de Maarel, High Priestess of Shallya for the Wasteland and a member of the Directorate, well known for defending the rights of the poor. It also houses the offices of the Board of Public Health, set up by Sister van de Maarel and headed by Dr Anders Vesalion.

Currently the centre of controversy, the Board is petitioning the Stadsraad to grant it oversight over the practice of medicine in Marienburg, effectively replacing the Physiker's and Barber's College - which, of course, is angrily defending its ancient rights.

The temple is no stranger to rancour: it was here that the heretic priestess Astrid Von Nimlsheim publicly preached a doctrine of healing and mercy for all, including mutants. The outrage was so great that even the rights of sanctuary couldn't protect her, and she only just escaped ahead of the Witch Hunters of the Star Chamber. The temple still hasn't recovered from the damage done to its political influence, and recently graffiti praising the Knights of Purity has been found scrawled on its walls.

BROTHER DOMINIC

Herbalist and Imperial Spy

(spy, ex charlatan, ex rogue,
ex apothecary, ex initiate)



"You'd better let me lance those boils - you've been so close to the Chaos Wastes, they might start talking."

"We have to know what the Bretties are up to. Blackmail is fine, but no violence, you understand?"

A bit under 5'6", in his mid-50's, his body is finally turning to fat. Grey, tonsured hair rests above sympathetic blue eyes. His beardless face shows keen intelligence and is well furrowed by lines of concern. He affects a slight stutter.

Brother Dominic came to the cathedral six years ago with papers showing he had been sent there by a minor temple in Sudenland. It was a lie. He was actually an experienced Imperial spy who had been placed there to rebuild the network of Empire agents that had been broken by the Fog Walkers. He had been a Shallyan initiate, long ago, but had fallen from the faith. Working in the infirmary has seen his faith reborn and now he serves two masters: Shallya and the Emperor.

He reconciles the apparent conflict through the nature of his mission: not to subvert Marienburg, but to thwart Bretonnian actions and prevent their gaining influence over the Directorate. Although a pacifist (he will defend himself if attacked, however), he and his organisation have been instrumental in thwarting the plots of the Chambre Noire, employing increasingly creative means to avoid violence. At the same time, he is serious about his work in the infirmary, and is well liked both by the staff and the resident patients, none of whom know his secret.

Brother Dominic has extensive contacts among the poor of Marienburg, especially in the south of the city - many have come to him seeking treatment. He also knows many influential students from Baron Henryk's, who visit in the morning for his secret hangover cure. His immediate ring of lieutenants, including respected members of the Marienburg establishment, know of his covert identity. He has no direct dealings with lower-ranking members of the organisation to protect his secret. His true role is known to Trancas Quendalmanliyë, with whom he occasionally trades information.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
49	58	41	50	57	55	51	64
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	4	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Homespun robe and hood, Sling bag of herbs, bandages and medicines, Amber Shallyan Prayer Beads worth 15 Guilders, Imperial Codebook (wrapped in cloth and hidden under floorboards).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Science), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Blather +10%, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment, Disguise, Evaluate +10%, Gamble +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle +20%, Heal +10%, Lip Reading, Perception +20%, Performer (Actor), Pick Lock, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Secret Language (Thieves Tongue), Shadowing, Silent Move, Sleight of Hand +10%, Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%, Trade (Apothecary).

Talents: Acute Hearing, Etiquette, Flee, Lightning Reflexes, Linguistics, Luck, Marksman, Mimic, Public Speaking, Resistance to Poison, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Streetwise, Suave, Very Resilient.

BROTHER ALBERTUS COBBIUS

(initiate, ex bounty hunter, ex pit fighter)

A tall, powerful man in his late fifties, black hair thoroughly salted with grey. He has sad, compassionate brown eyes and a ready smile.

Brother Bert is a straightforward, no-nonsense man who gains many of his donations through sheer persistence. Like his estranged elder brother, Lea-Jan Cobbius, he loves the Suddock and its people, but is appalled at the corruption that eats at its soul. While he grew up a fighter to survive the streets, a change of heart late in life led him first to medicine, and then to the priesthood. He is dedicated to protecting the working man of Marienburg from the evil's that infest the docklands.

In his former life as a pit-fighter and bounty hunter, Albertus became mixed up in underworld dealings and fueds, and made some enemies outside of Marienburg. While it's likely that after all this time, his involvement has been forgotten, it's possible that one day his past might come back to maim him.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
50	45	50	53	42	35	40	40
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	5	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Silver dove brooch (holy symbol of Shallya), Staff, Pledge Book, Pencil.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gossip, Heal +10%, Intimidate +10%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Search, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel).

Talents: Disarm, Quick Draw, Rover, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon (Entangling), Specialist Weapon (Flail), Specialist Weapon (Parrying), Specialist Weapon (Two Handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient, Very Strong, Wrestling.

THE CATHEDRAL OF VERENA

"You can find the answer to any question in there – any! Just be wary of the questions you ask. "

"Of course we supervise the lawyers! You don't honestly think we'd let them operate unmonitored do you! Lady Verena is the Goddess of Justice, after all."

At the east end of Tempelwijk, along the shore of Sackbut Bay, sits one of Marienburg's jewels, the Cathedral and Great Library of Verena, one of the intellectual treasures of the Old World. Built in the Classical style with a colonnaded facade surmounted by a frieze of owls and the scales of justice above the entrance, the whole building resembles one of the law courts of the city-states of Tilea. The interior is a model of simple dignity, unlike the heavy power of the Cathedral of Manaan or the gaudy display of the Temple of Haendryk. A nondescript doorway off the nave leads to the Great Library, while other passages lead to the quarters and offices of the dozen clerics resident here, and to meeting rooms that are available to the public for a small fee.

At the head of the temple is the altar and statue of Verena, seated on her throne with a spear in one hand and an owl resting on her shoulder. Carved from imported Estalian marble and painted in stunningly lifelike tones by the finest artisans in Marienburg, it is a magnificent piece of art. Visitors have often commented that they felt that the goddess was watching them through the statue's eyes, reading their thoughts and intentions.

The temple and its staff play an important role in education and the administration of justice in Marienburg. The eldest priest traditionally sits as Chief Judge of the High Court and makes assignments of judges to cases. Currently, the post is held by Brother Kenrol Stonius, 87, who has served in the post for the last 25 years. Widely regarded as a scholar and respected for his pursuit of Justice over the letter of the law, he also is known for falling asleep in court sessions.

The Temple also supervises the Inns of Court, the associations of lawyers licensed to practise in Marienburg. The cult maintains a Board of Examiners to ensure the professional competence

and ethical probity of lawyers. Other than administering the qualifying examination for new lawyers, however, the board only gets involved when complaints have piled up about a particular attorney, or if one commits an especially egregious act in public.

Members of The Black Caps, particularly newly indentured ones, often come to the Temple to be blessed.

The Cathedral is closely involved with the University. Verenan priests or devoted laymen are members of the faculty of each department where, in addition to their teaching duties, they keep an eye out for signs of heresy among the faculty and students. It is suspected but has never been proven that the Verenans' keep extensive records on the activities and attitudes of everyone at Baron Henryk's - even each other. It is true that damning statements that could be learned no other way have been introduced in Star Chamber proceedings.

The Cathedral is also famous for the Great Library, a wing of the cathedral almost as large as the church itself, the great library is said to be the greatest repository of wisdom in the Old World. This is not like the libraries of Baron Henryk's; the temple library is a far older institution of which only a small section, mostly innocuous public records and legal texts, is open to the public. The main portion is only accessible to resident priests of the Temple, and to outsiders, who complete a long application explaining in detail the reasons for their research, followed by an extensive oral interview with the Chief Librarian.

This practice was recently the centre of controversy, when a member of the Bretonnian court was denied entrance for "lack of scholarly purpose". It took several months of often-heated exchanges between the Directorate and the Oisillon Palace before ruffled feathers were smoothed.

Why the secrecy? Officially the cult defends this unusual behaviour by stating that they have a small staff, and that they must restrict access to ensure that true scholars receive adequate help and to preserve the delicate materials in the collection. Rumour has it, though, that the Great

Library also houses works that contain terrible secrets, things that would drive most men insane

There are even rumours of a special library, dubbed "van Eyck's Files", that supposedly only the members of a clandestine inner cult are permitted to see. This library is rumoured to sit on an island in the Rijksweg, which many take as proof of the implausibility of its existence, but the rumours about it persist.

The Cathedral pays well for rare and obscure tomes and artefacts brought into the city, and it has been known to hire trusty laymen to travel to distant places to locate and bring back items it wants. They have also hired people to track down scholars suspected of stealing books and papers - in one case as far as Ind.

SISTER RUTHA VAN BAD ERGINZBERG

Judge

(anointed priest, ex priest, ex initiate, ex litigant, ex student)



"Eh?"

"Shouting accomplishes nothing, gentlemen. I'm sure if we think reasonably we can reach an agreement."

Tall and statuesque, with black hair turning to grey with middle age. A calm, interested and sincere look perpetually emanates from her face. Her brown eyes maintain a steady, direct gaze. Truly interested in the pursuit of Justice, Sister Rutha became disgusted with the advantage the wealthy have in the courts. Following her principles, she abandoned her career as a judge in the Suiddock ward assizes and entered the cult of Verena, intent on helping people sort out their differences and avoiding trial.

While partially deaf, her skill as a lip-reader helps her stay on top of all developments in a negotiation. Her goal is to succeed Brother Stonius on the High Court, where she can actively pursue legal reform.

Sister Rutha is well known in the Marienburg legal community and at the University, where she lectures on legal ethics. She is not popular with many of the Directors, especially Jaan van de Kuypers, whom she defeated when she acted as unpaid counsel for impoverished Suiddockers whom he wanted to evict to build a warehouse. Perhaps as a consequence, she has become a close friend of Director den Euwe.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
43	39	38	48	52	58	67	59
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	4	4	2	-	-

Equipment: Book 'Legal Proverbs of R van Bork', White robes and cowl embroidered with an owl symbol, Walking Staff, Ear Trumpet, Silver Pendant of the Scales of Justice.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (History) +20%, Academic Knowledge (Law) +20%, Academic Knowledge (Theology) +20%, Blather, Charm +20%, Channeling +10%, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Gossip +10%, Haggle, Heal +10%, Magical Sense, Perception +20%, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Classical), Secret Language (Guild Tongue) +10%, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak language (Norscan), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%, Swim.

Talents: Coolheaded, Etiquette, Divine Lore (Verena), Dealmaker, Lesser Magic (Vow, Exorcise), Lightening Reflexes, Linguistics, Petty Magic (Divine), Public Speaking, Master Orator, Meditation, Savvy, Strike to Stun, Strong Minded, Suave, Super Numerate.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF VERENA

"It was the largest building Rudi had seen since arriving in Marienburg, reducing the endless stream of people hurrying in and out of the titanic doors to the scale of mice. A frieze of owls and the kind of balancing scales Rudi had seen

merchants use to weigh out their wares was carved into the marble portico, and the same images seemed to be repeated everywhere he looked."

THE TEMPLE OF HAENDRYK

"This is efficiency! Where else can you pray and take out a loan at the same time."

The Temple of Haendryk is far grander than one would expect for such a small cult, until one realises its importance here - along with the cult of Mana'an, the cult of Haendryk represents one of the two reasons for the city's prosperity: the sea and commerce. Worshipped elsewhere only by merchants and peddlers, the people of Marienburg have taken the cult's message to heart: "Make money fast". The temple has been adorned by generations of people grateful for striking it rich or hoping to gain Haendryk's favour, till it rivals the Cathedral of Mana'an in splendour.

The temple is the centre of the cult of Haendryk in the Old World - indeed, it is by far the largest temple to Haendryk in the Old World, and is one of the few holy sites to the god permanently staffed by priests. Cult shrines in most towns and cities are tended by lay brothers, though priests are sent out on a regular circuit to tend to the faithful and collect tithes.

The interior of the temple is unusual: it's a bank as well as a shrine. Amidst the decorations of gold and silver, and beneath the golden light from the expensive stained glass, priests sit at tables at which petitioners can seek financial advice or take out a loan. It's considered especially propitious to do this while services are in progress. For a fee, wealthy seekers can be counselled by higher-ranking priests of the cult, including Arch-Priest Simon Goudenkruijn himself. The cult has a deserved reputation for discretion, so many come for advice on delicate matters of business.

The temple has often led the way in advancing business: not only do its priests lecture on the new science of Economicks at Baron Henryk's, but it has recently pioneered the use of letters of credit by private citizens in their dairy lives. Within the last year it has introduced the "Marienburg Carte d'Or", a small gold tablet

which certifies that the bearer has a line of credit up to a certain pre-arranged amount. The tablet is a thin plaque intricately engraved with the necessary information - name, credit limit and so forth - which is pressed into hot sealing wax when a deal is made. The cult then pays the merchant, while the bearer is obligated to repay the cult. As a convenience, the bearer need not pay this debt all at once. The cartes are becoming quite popular, and the Merchant Houses are considering introducing their own cards.

Of course, the Gentlemen Entrepreneurs have seen the vast potential for profit in this and have set their forgers to work at reproducing the delicate designs and code numbers found on each carte. In spite of their limited success so far, the Stadsraad recently passed at the temple's request a law that makes forging a carte or possession of a forged carte punishable by life imprisonment on Rijker's Isle.

NORBERT VAN STRIJEN

Bitter Financial Counsellor

(initiate, ex tradesman)



"We all have need of additional resources now and then. How may I help you?"

"Inept, am I? I'll show them!"

Youthful, short and pudgy, with soft hands that have never known a day's hard work. Brown tonsured hair, green eyes and a ready smile that can charm the purse from a Dwarf, framed by a thin beard.

Wanting to strike it big like any good Marienburger, Brother Norbert bought his entrance to the clergy with the proceeds from the sale of his late father's chandlery in Noordmuur. Unfortunately, since then he hasn't brought in as

much income as the cult would like, so he has been passed over for promotion to the full priesthood twice. Convinced that he has been cheated by his superiors, he has put his talents to ill use. Brother Norbert believes he has broken the secret of the codes for the Cartes d'Or. He is making weekly forays into Suiddock, looking for contacts with the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs, and is slowly screwing up his courage to betray the cult.

Brother Norbert might be found at the Pelican's Perch as he clumsily seeks contacts with the Guild We've Never Heard Of. He also knows Haam Markvalt, and is considering joining his group of radicals.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
31	28	37	33	45	44	40	43
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Yellow linen robes and Skullcap, Abacus, Sword, Purse with 2d10 Guilders.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Calligraphy), Trade (Merchant).

Talents: Dealmaker, Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Public Speaking, Suave, Super Numerate.

THE TEMPLE OF MYRMIDIA DI MARI

"One of their priests taught a class here on the History of the Great Incursion and used little lead statues to illustrate the battles - moved em about on a sand-table with tiny trees and buildings and what-not, and the students would take sides. There were statues of Imperial and Kislevite cavalry, and Beastman, and even one of Magnus himself! All beautifully worked and painted. It's

caught on, too. There's even a crafthouse on the Priesterlijk canal that specialises in making the little statues - they're making money hand over fist! Oddest way to win converts I've ever seen."

The temple of Myrmydia is a recent addition to the religious life of Marienburg. Built in the 24th century by the Tilean mercenaries who guard Rijker's Isle, the temple is a rectangular basilica surmounted at the far end by a pentangular bell lower. Each corner of the tower bears a gilded eagle, while a statue of Myrmydia in Tilean armour stands upon the pinnacle. Unlike the other temples of the ward, Myrmydia's temple is guarded by two members of the Rijker's garrison who are replaced weekly.

At the side are barracks with quarters for the priests on the upper floor, while the lower holds kitchens and a classroom for the teaching of strategy and tactics. The interior of the temple is decorated with friezes of weapons, eagles and warships. Like the cult of Sigmar, there are no benches for the worshippers: they either stand at attention or kneel, facing the altar where the priest officiates. Above the altar is a beautiful triptych depicting Myrmydia in her three aspects as the Goddess of War: the Ideal Captain, the Mistress of the Battlefield and the Resolute Warrior.

Though well endowed and generously supported by worshippers and gifts from the Directorate, the cult of Myrmydia is not large in Marienburg. Besides mercenary Tileans and Estalians, most of the cult's members are soldiers, marines and watchmen, particularly their officers. This gives the cult and its leaders potentially substantial influence among those who guard the city's rulers - a potentially powerful fact that has not been lost on the Captain General of the Great Temple in Magritta.

Individuals come to the temple looking for the goddess's blessing, training in various martial skills, or to seek contacts among Marienburg's military elite. The cult also maintains extensive records of the military history of the northern Old World - where clues may be found here to hidden history, lost battlefields, and legendary weapons.

SISTER MARIA VON KONCZYK

(initiate, ex sergeant,
ex mercenary, ex noble)



"We must resign ourselves to be forever outnumbered by the hordes of Chaos. Only through discipline, leadership and intelligence do we stand a chance."

Small and thin at 5'4", Sister Maria is nonetheless a powerful woman who carries herself with the bearing of her class. Her brown hair is drawn tightly into a bun under her cowl, and her brown eyes have a steady gaze. She bears several small scars from her military life, and on her right forearm is a tattoo of a boot crushing a snake, the legend reading "Mistfall". She refuses to explain its significance. The third daughter of a minor noble family of Ostland, Maria refused to accept an arranged marriage or relegation to the dull life of a Shallyan nun. Craving action, she ran away to join a band of mercenaries. By the time her unit found itself in Marienburg, she had discovered a natural talent for command and a dedication to the tenets of Myrmidia. She is serving her novitiate as officer of the temple guard, and will soon be posted as chaplain to the Red Talons on Rijker's Isle to complete her training for the priesthood. She is a dynamic leader, able to inspire her troops to great effort and admired for her calm under fire. She longs to be posted to Kislev, where she hopes to take the war to the Enemy.

However, her devotion to the temple and her flair for military matters has thrown her weakness into sharp relief: she is not a diplomat. She seems to have a talent for making her views too stridently known, or simply saying the wrong thing in front

of the wrong people. This has led to several clashes with her superiors, and seems destined to hold back her career within the temple. On the other hand, it makes her a potentially useful source of news, gossip, information and honest opinions.

Maria is well liked by the Tileans she commands and the staff of the temple. She has made several visits to Rijker's and is on good terms with Governor de Beq and the Red Talons Captain Jacopo d'Arezzo. She has only contempt for Arhennius Vogt, High Warden of Van Zandt's Wall, and the feeling is mutual.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
31	28	37	33	45	44	40	43
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	-	-	-

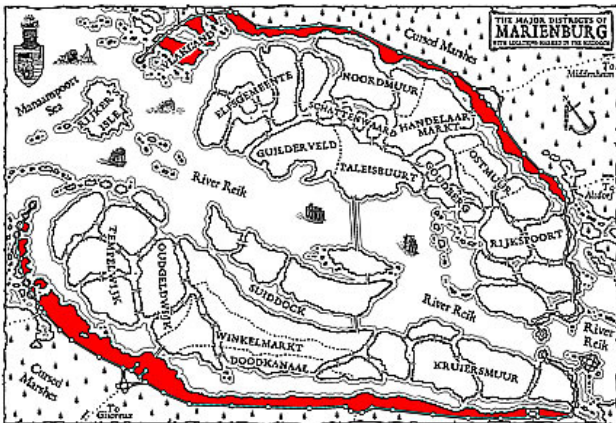
Equipment: Blue cowl over white robes with red trim, Rapier, Knuckle-dusters, Antique Mymidian Prayer Book '*Aphorisms on Tactics by St Gonzalo of Magritta*'.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm +10%, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Empire) +10%, Common Knowledge (Kislev), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +10%, Gamble +10%, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception +10%, Performer (Musician), Read/Write, Ride +10%, Search, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (Tilean), Swim.

Talents: Ambidextrous, Disarm, Etiquette, Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Menacing, Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Very Strong, Wrestling.

VLAKLAND

The salt marshes surrounding Marienburg are often flooded out, but poor fishermen still try to eke out an existence on the flats.



Marienburg, built on the foundations of the walls of the old Elven fortress, but the Directors have lavished the most money and attention at either end of the Reik and at the important Oostenpoort and Westenpoort gates.



IMPRESSIONS OF VLAKLAND

“Desolate salt marsh spread out on either side of the cobbled road, thin tidal pools and patches of slick mud interspersed with tenacious grasses and other plants which clung grimly to life on the margins of the sea. Great masses of seabirds wheeled and screeched overhead, like malevolent clouds, and flocks of them darted about on the mud flats, scrabbling Taal knew what from the treacherous surface with eager stabs of their beaks. And they weren’t the only ones; to his astonishment he could make out the unmistakable shapes of crude hovels dotted about the desolate landscape and a few flat-bottomed boats grounded on the mud from which the smoking of cooking fires rose lazily against the sky.”

Here, ramparts of stone and great round towers face the entrance of the Reik, known as the Strompoort Gate. In times of emergency, officers in charge of the Strompoort towers can order the raising of huge chains that have been laid across the bottom of the channel. Within a half-hour, a metal fence can block entrance to all ships coming down the Reik; and cannon on all the towers ensure the vessels trapped by the chains will be in for a very rough time.

THE VLOEDMUUR

CITY WALLS

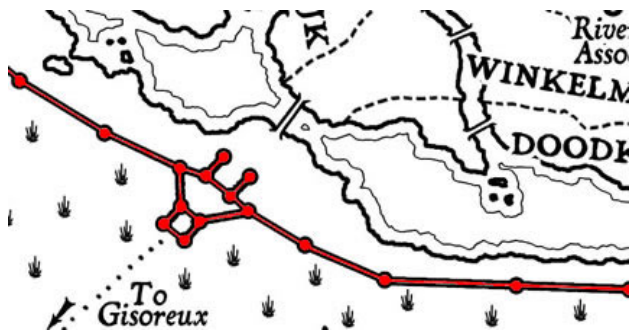
“A miracle of engineering, sufficient to keep even the mighty ocean at bay in times of need. Great pumping engines, the finest ever created by dwarven artisans, are kept ready to begin their work at a moment’s notice.”

Surrounding Marienburg like a mother sheltering her children in her arms is the great wall of the Vloedmuur. This is the city’s main protection against the dangers of flooding from the sea, and against the possibility of attack from any side. It runs for miles around the perimeter of

At the opposite end, where the Manaanspoort Zee begins, the entrance to Marienburg’s harbour is primarily guarded by the fortress-prison of Rijker’s Isle and its cannon and fire-hurling catapults. Here the towers of the Vloedmuur are smaller and the walls are meant more to shelter the harbours of Manaanshaven and Elftown, whose ships and marines are vital to the city’s defence.

In between Strompoort and Rijker’s Isle, broken only by the imposing gate-houses of Oostenpoort and Westenpoort, the Vloedmuur is more of a large dike, built of packed earth, stone and wood pilings, constantly reinforced and rebuilt. Brick-lined tunnels pierce it at several points, each built within the base of a stone watch-tower. During times of dangerously high tides, residents near the walls can hear the rhythmic thrumming of the Dwarf-built pumps forcing water out into the swamp. Each end is guarded by twin metal portcullises to prevent entrance from the swamp, while the city’s lamplighters keep a regular patrol on the wooden palisade that tops the Vloedmuur.

THE WESTERNSPOORT GATE

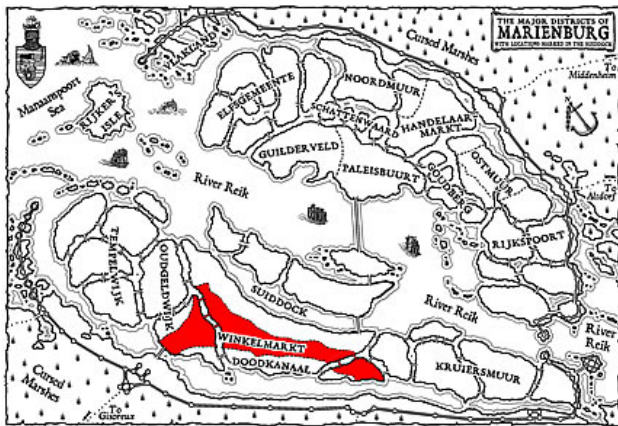


“They entered the city by the Westernpoort gate, the walls rising above them to a height Rudi had never before conceived that stone could reach. The long grey bulk, like a towering thunderhead, had loomed steadily larger as they approached it along a causeway constructed across a dreary expanse of marsh, which seemed to recede to the horizon on both sides of the raised road, as if the boundary between land and sea was blurring into a viscid soup of almost liquid mud.”

“A gateway higher and more impressive than Rudi had ever seen, fully five times the height of a man and wide enough for four wagons to pass one another without hindrance. Even so it was choked with traffic and armed men were bustling about trying to keep order. Their weapons and clothing varied, but all wore distinctive hats, black and volumous.”

The road from the gate leads to Gisoreux and Bretonnia along one route, and south-west towards Altdorf on the other.

WINKELMARKT



The Winkelmkt is one of the larger wards in Marienburg and is home to the city's lower

middle class. Much of its commerce involves the boat-building trade, but there's also a thriving foodstuff trade - Winkelmkt is known for its delicious sausages. Caught between the appalling wretchedness of the Doodkanaal to the south, and the declining ports of the Suiddock, Winkelmkt slides inexorably towards poverty as the ward decays and the more successful types flee to the northern reaches of the city. Locals do their best to maintain their homes, but the signs of decay are everywhere, from the rotting wood, missing shingles, and the growing mounds of rubbish filling the alleys.

As a ward, Winkelmkt is more crowded than anywhere else. Outside of the main thoroughfares, the streets are so cramped that not even wagons can navigate these corridors. Buildings often share sidewalls, and many are built on top of older buildings, such that most structures have an almost ramshackle appearance, sagging into one another and leaning at uncomfortable angles.

IMPRESSIONS OF WINKELMARKT

“A jumble of buildings higher and narrower than any Rudi'd ever seen, jostling for space like the people swarming around them, without a single patch of open land to be seen. Some seemed to be tottering on the brink of the waterway and a few were even built out over it on pilings, as though their owners had roofed over a wharf.”

“We're entering Winkelmkt, it's one of the more salubrious wards on the southern side, though not what it was.”

“He paused in the middle of the bridge, in a narrow space between two tiny houses which had been built partly on the roadway and partly over the edge. There were several similar structures choking the thoroughfare, a mixture of shops, homes and some makeshift wooden stalls between them.”

“The Winkelmkt sausages are widely renowned as the finest in Marienburg, which makes them the finest in the world, and there's nothing like eating one in a bun with a smear of Bretonnian mustard.”

KLEINMOOT

Marienburg's Halfling district contains the headquarters of the Bakers' Guild and is located on the island at the easternmost end of Winkelmarkt.



IMPRESSIONS OF THE KLEINMOOT

"The Halfling quarter. Most of them live down that way, on the eastern fringe of the ward. Next to the Doodkanaal, but it doesn't seem to bother them too much. I suppose compared to the neighbours they've got at home, even that's an improvement."

"The first time he'd been there he'd been vaguely surprised to find that most of the buildings were normal sized ones, left over from earlier occupants, although the newer structures which crowded every vacant or semi-vacant space in true Marienburg fashion had waist-high doorways perfectly sized for the Halfling physique. Having less need for space than their human neighbours many of the local residents had erected homes or businesses in the middle of the wider thoroughfares, narrowing them to choke points barely wide enough for the party of watchmen to slip through in single file. By the time they neared their objective Rudi was getting heartily sick of small, curly-haired heads barging past at a pace and height which made him even more grateful than usual for the armoured codpiece which had accounted for most of his first week's wages."

Halflings in Marienburg:

Janna Mossfoot - Servant to Wilhelm Rotkopf the Alchemist
Maxie Appledown - Tanner's Apprentice
Sam Warble - Private Investigator

THE BLIND EYE

"Safest place in the ward to discuss business, half the customers are Black Caps and most of the others are small time crooks. That way they can keep an eye on each other without getting their feet wet."

A Winkelmarkt tavern located opposite the Watch Barracks, popular with off-duty Black Caps. Customers here can purchase a highly recommended eel pie served by Millie, the Blind Eye's popular barmaid. Sam Warble is a regular here and often visits in order to engage in conversation with his contacts in the Winkelmarkt Watch.

WINKELMARKT WATCH HOUSE

"The money is lousy and the hours are worse, but at least you get a new hat."

"The watch house turned out to be surprisingly comfortable, though solidly built with an obvious eye to defence, backing directly onto one of the larger canals. The front faced the street and narrow alleyways ran down either side to meet the small landing stage built out over the waterway to the rear. The main door led directly into a large common room, where several watchmen sat around a fireplace, drinking ale and playing cards, their weapons lying easily to hand."

"He realised early on that most of his colleagues would take a shilling here or there to look the other way when some act of petty theft forced itself on their attention, or levied more fines than they declared back at the watch house. He had decided from the outset that such a course was not for him. That was something else he had in common with Gerrit, and he suspected it was one of the reasons Rijgen paired them off so often, although whether that was to keep them both from picking up bad habits from older, more cynical watchmen or to prevent them from rocking the boat he still hadn't made up his mind."

The Black Caps from the Winkelmarkt Watch House report to Captain Gil Markus Roland at the Winkelmarkt Barracks. He is a middle-aged man with a well-trimmed beard in which traces of grey

begin to show. He has the beginnings of a stomach but looks well able to defend himself nevertheless. Captain Roland drinks at the Blind Eye and is an acquaintance of Sam Warble. Sergeant Jaak Rijgen is Roland's second in command.

Watchmen can board at the barracks for a shilling a week and many of the newer recruits prefer to do this rather than pay for accommodation at one of the nearby inns or boarding houses.

The Winkelmarkt Black Caps have the unenviable task of patrolling the neighbouring Doodkanaal and Kleinmoot districts.

THE DANCING PIRATE

"See those skiffs? They're for hire. If anyone gets lost, head for the water and hail one. Tell the boatman you want to get to the Dancing Pirate tavern in Winkelmarkt and they'll take you to the nearest wharf. Up the steps, turn left, third alley on the right, about halfway down."

"The alleyway Artemus had indicated was dark, even at this hour, hemmed in with the tall, narrow buildings Rudi was beginning to realise were characteristic of the local architecture. Torches flared at intervals and enough light leaked from the windows lining the passageway for him to make out their surroundings in rather more detail than he felt entirely comfortable with. A steady stream of people were passing up and down it, chatting and laughing."

"The smudges on a slab of timber fastened insecurely to a wall above the door resolved themselves into a crude image of a sailor with an eye patch twisting at the end of hangman's rope."

"To Rudi's surprise the taproom beyond was warm, comfortable and relatively clean. It was larger than he'd expected too, the narrow frontage of the building stretching some way back, with a scattering of tables and chairs between the door and the bar. A couple of the customers were eating and the appetising smells emanating from a door at the back of the room, presumably leading to the kitchen, made him regret the sausage he'd already eaten."

The Dancing Pirate is a long but narrow inn half-hidden in the alleyways of Winkelmarkt. Whilst the exterior of the building is rather unprepossessing, once inside customers can enjoy a very decent level of service in a cosy atmosphere. Good beer is served in tankards from a polished wooden counter and meals of eel stew, fish pie and Bretonnian garlic bread are available. Travellers can lodge at the dancing Pirate - small but comfortably appointed rooms are available for 2 guilders a week and people staying at the inn can enjoy a breakfast of newly baked bread, boiled eggs and hot smoked meats or steaming bowls of porridge.

The Inn is a family business; and whilst Nikolaas the Innkeeper, a short, stout man with a shining pate surrounded by thinning brown hair, is ostensibly in charge the real manager of the Dancing Pirate is his wife Marta. She is a formidable woman possessed of a strong sense of righteousness and a culinary skill that has earned the inn a good reputation for fine cooking. Their young son Koos is employed as a potboy, though he wishes he were somewhere else most of the time and is lax in his duties. Nikolaas can recommend people to the gambling den at Tilman's, though not in front of a disapproving Marta.

A number of halfling customers from the nearby Kleinmoot come to the Dancing Pirate, drawn by Nikolaas' friendly manner and the good reputation of Marta's cooking. Sam Warble is even known to drop in on occasion; he finds the relative seclusion of the inn makes it a good place to meet contacts.

TILMAN'S

"A sign caught his eye over the heads of the endless crowd, a boot large enough for an ogre hanging from the front of a building."

"The shop was small and cramped, but laid out with a good eye to maximise the use of space. A counter at one end projected almost the width of the room, blocking off a door leading to the rear of the building, and a workbench with a cobbler's last was ranged along one side. A man was working there, hammering nails into the sole of a half-completed boot."

Tilman's Cobblers is situated on the corner of one of Winkelmarkt's winding alleyways, a little way up the street from The Dancing Pirate. Inside the small shop hang rows and rows of shoes, suspended in pairs from the rafters above. Tilman the cobbler, a slight and unassuming figure, is almost always in residence, making and fixing shoes and boots and quietly managing his own affairs. Many of Tilman's customers are not here for shoes, however, and those who are able to give him the name of someone he trusts will be allowed to enter the back room of his shop.

"It's in the back room of the cobbler's shop on the corner. Tell them I sent you and you shouldn't have any trouble. And if you ever mention this conversation to my wife you can find yourself somewhere else to sleep, all right?"

"The back room was far larger than the shop, and for a moment Rudi thought they'd stumbled through the rear entrance of a tavern by mistake. There were the same tables and chairs scattered about the place and the same reek of bodies and sour ale, but the atmosphere was subtly different. Instead of the babble of raised voices, punctuated by loud laughter that he'd grown used to in places like that, the hum of conversation was subdued. Men and a few women were clustered around tables, cards in their hands or rolling dice and exchanging coins with a rapidity and intensity that bordered on grimness. Even the ones who appeared to be winning didn't look too happy about it, continuing to concentrate on their games with a single-mindedness which seemed to be squeezing any vestige of joy from what ought to have been a pleasant recreation."

"There must be a wizard or two in here, not that surprising I suppose. They enjoy a game of chance as much as the next man, although they inevitably get accused of cheating by thaumaturgical means if they hit a winning streak."

The games played here are exclusively card and dice games. Tilman spares no expense on the gambling den, he has a bar in the corner and pays dealers and enforcers to make sure that trouble is kept to a minimum and that the games played are fair. Tilman's accepts cash only, no proxies or markers. The gambling den has a very good reputation for honesty, and it's secretive location is due to Tilman's desire for an air of exclusivity

rather than a fear of the law. Floris Rijgpen sometimes visits Tilman's when he has the money; and Sam Warble can sometimes be found at the bar, but never gambles.

Having said that, Tilman makes sure he remains on good terms with 'the Guild we do not talk about', and should anyone cheat at the gambling den they may find themselves approached by a guild enforcer who will issue them with a warning and deliver terms for restitution.

"You see, that's the problem, all my games are honest. My reputation's my fortune, you might say, and you and your friends have damaged it. Nothing personal, but I need to be seen to do something about an accusation like that, or people might start believing it."

SAM WARBLE

(bounty hunter, ex rogue, ex thief)



"All right. Who's first? The monkey or the organ grinder?"

Sam Warble is an unusual Halfling: while most of his race are viewed by society as cooks and servants, Sam has calved himself a niche in the low-life of Marienburg as a respected private detective. While others of his kind find it difficult to rise above the level of menial work, Sam manages to make a reasonable living from his skills as an investigator.

In appearance, Sam is almost a typical Halfling; he stands just over 3'6" in height and has a stocky

build, but, unusually for a Halfling, Sam sports sideburns. He dresses in earth tones, and his clothes are utilitarian and simple in cut. Like all Halflings, he goes barefoot. His voice is surprisingly deep for his size, and he speaks with a slight drawl.

Sam has a remarkably thorough knowledge of the peoples and places of Marienburg, with particular emphasis on the slums and docklands where he spends most of his time. In fact, he is more at home here than he was with his Halfling relatives of his youth, a period of his life that he didn't particularly enjoy and which he has made great attempts to forget. Indeed, when he left the family home he left behind his original name, Buttermere. While the main reason he did this was because he hated the name, it also served to show everyone that a new chapter in his life was about to begin; to Sam it was simply the first step in gaining acceptance in Human society. To make this transition into the wider world easier, he chose to make his home in the city of Marienburg – a cosmopolitan city known for its atypical acceptance of other races.

Sam is a cool customer, and has a manner which is slightly unnerving when you first meet him. He doesn't beat around the bush, and says what he means in as few words as possible – he could even be described as brusque, although this would be slightly unfair, as there is no malice intended, and his tendency to snap at people is not intentional.

While Sam can never hide the fact that he is a Halfling, he doesn't let that stop him demanding respect from anyone he meets. He will not tolerate any jokes at his expense, and will expect people to treat him as he treats them. In all but personal size, Sam considers himself to be the equal of any Human.

Indeed, it is not uncommon for his closest friends to forget that he is a Halfling – they simply treat him as they would anyone else. The only time that Sam's race is brought home to them is when he meets with them in his local, Esmeralda's Apron, a small Halfling establishment on the edge of the Elven quarter. It's simply that the tables and the roof are lower, and hence uncomfortable for Humans.

Sam has a slightly distrusting nature – which comes largely from his job – and has a knack for knowing when there is something he isn't being told. In his line of work this ability is obviously a huge help, and the primary reason for his success. Of course, Sam also knows his own limitations and very rarely draws instant conclusions; his natural caution means he will play along until he is sure that he knows all the facts.

Having lived in Marienburg for a few years, Sam has now built up quite a large web of contacts. He has links with both the Watch and the Thieves' Guild (he uses Lisette Leerer as his primary contact), and has a large number of informants and friends that he can call upon for help. If you need a guide to the city, or at least the less prosperous quarters, then Sam is your man.

Sam is best used as an acquaintance, who can be called upon when his particular skills are required. His charges are reasonable – considering the quality of his work – around thirty crowns a day plus expenses.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
30	45	30	31	50	30	35	50
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	0

Equipment: Dagger.

Armour: Leather Jerkin (1 body).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Halfling), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment, Disguise, Evaluate +10%, Follow Trail, Gamble +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Perception +20%, Performer (Storyteller), Pick Lock, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Search +10%, Secret Signs (Thief), Shadowing, Silent Move +10%, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Halfling), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook).

Talents: Alley Cat, Flee, Luck, Night Vision, Public Speaking, Resistance to Chaos, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Trapfinder, Very Resilient.

THE HONOURABLE COMPANY OF LAMPLIGHTERS AND WATCHMEN THE BLACK CAPS

Officially known as the Honourable Company of Lamplighters and Watchmen, Marienburg's City Watch is best known for the distinctive floppy, black hats they wear. The Black Caps are organised into Watch Barracks, one for each of the wards and boroughs of Marienburg (except for the foreign ghettos, which are under the jurisdiction of a barracks in a neighbouring area, and the lawless Doodkanaal, which has no permanent Watch presence). The size of each barracks varies from ward to ward, depending on the area covered and its local character. Small, relatively peaceful areas like Shattinham have a correspondingly small presence, while Suiddock rates the largest Watch presence in the city and a barracks that looks like a fort.

Headquarters is in a large building in the Palace District near the High Court. Typically, though, each barracks is left to handle its own affairs. Ward Captains only request help from Headquarters when a case requires specialised investigators or resources. An elite troop of the Black Caps under the personal command of General Escottus van Haaring guards The New Palace itself.

Watch posts are placed at strategic points in each of the city's districts. Each post is manned by anywhere between two and twelve Watchmen, depending on the Ward Captain's judgement.

The staff of each post are responsible for patrolling their area and enforcing any laws and bylaws, referring serious crimes to higher authorities. In some areas, these patrols are supplemented by citizen volunteers who help by lending numbers to the Watch patrol and acting as impartial witnesses. In poor quarters like Suiddock or the foreign quarters, anyone doing

this is seen as little better than a traitor and a spy, and had better not be caught alone near a convenient canal.

The Black Caps also form the core of Marienburg's militia. The law requires that each Ward provides a certain number of volunteer crossbowmen to fill out the ranks of the Watch in times of emergency. However, since the secession of the Wasteland from the Empire, the city has come to rely more on mercenaries and the Watch's militia roles have atrophied.



The Watch Post on Potion Square is noted as being typical of the small watch stations that can be found throughout the city.

THE BROTHERHOOD AND THE KNIGHTS OF PURITY

"The Brotherhood of Purity? A grand organisation. Nothing like it in the Old World. They work with the poor unfortunates of Marienburg to better their lot. Even run soup kitchens and flop houses for those wretches. Name me an organisation of wealthy patrons in the Empire who would give much of themselves."

"Bloody dogs, those gets! Youse think that we wouldn't know how to relieve ourselves without their bleedin' help! If it wasn't fer their soup kitchens, me 'n me friends would think nothin' of shakin' down those snot-nose fools."

"You need to be careful. There's more to the Brotherhood of Purity than meets the eye. On the

outside, they're a charitable. But there are rumours. Seems that they have a secret group who root out and expose those who disagree with their view of right. So, watch what you say."

The Brotherhood of Purity is one of the influential social clubs of Marienburg. It ranks are composed of like-minded well-to-do people who wish to devote time or donate money to help those less fortunate than themselves, mostly widows and orphans. To this end, the Brotherhood operates a number of soup kitchens and flophouses for the poor, chiefly in the southern wards such as Suiddock and Kruiersmuur. The organisation has a good reputation in the city, amongst the rich and poor alike. Indeed, fundraising social events are often held in its name. PCs are likely to come across them when they visit the poorer areas of the city. However, there are rumours that all is not as it seems with the Brotherhood.

Though secret, the membership of the Brotherhood includes some of the more important and respected individuals in Marienburg. Albert Loodemans, Guildmaster of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots, is one such member as is Nadia van Onderzoeker, younger sister of Director Thijs "the Lesser".

The headquarters of the Brotherhood of Purity is located near the Prince's Rest and Marquandt's Escorts in the Goudberg district. Aside from the coat of arms hanging above the main entrance, the slate grey, two-story building lacks decoration of any sort. Inside the large oaken double doors, a guard sits in the foyer ensuring only members and their guests are admitted. A double door on the opposite wall leads to the large meeting room where members gather once a month to drink Bretonnian cognac and discuss the organisation's business.

Two other doors, one on each wall adjacent to the double doors exit the foyer. The one on the right leads to the reception room, dining room, kitchen, and guest quarters for visiting dignitaries. Only the upper echelon of the Brotherhood is permitted through the left door. The stout door is usually locked and only those permitted past this door carry keys to do so. The foyer guard does not have keys to that private door. To break it down would require either a **Hard (-20%) Strength Test**, or **Very Hard (-30%) Pick Locks Test**.

The restricted door opens to a small room with another door and stairs. Behind the door is a shrine dedicated to Solkan, the god of retribution, vengeance, law, and discipline. The stairs lead to the upper floors where the seven leaders of the Brotherhood have their private quarters and meeting room. The latter is where the real business of the organisation is discussed and plans formalised.

The Brotherhood is, in reality, a front for the semi-secret vigilante group known as the Knights of Purity. The Knights' self-proclaimed mandate and long term objective is the eradication of all mutants and anyone with the slightest taint of Chaos. Unfortunately, the Knights of Purity tend to see such taint in anybody who look different.

As a means to this end, the Knights conduct night-time raids upon locations believed to be harbouring mutants or other servants of Chaos (e.g., cultists). These raids generally take place in the poorer sections of Marienburg. Some of their victims may not have obvious mutations, but that doesn't matter to the Knights as they are more than certain that these victims were tainted.

The Knights of Purity have a secret base in the Doodkanaal district from where they conduct their raids into the southern slums of Marienburg (the Doodkanaal, Kruiersmuur, and Suiddock districts). The League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs takes a particular interest in any Knights of Purity activity in the Suiddock, especially since rumours abound linking the Knights to the Marienburg Watch.

In conjunction with mutant raids, the Knights of Purity have taken steps to infiltrate both the Marienburg Watch and Judiciary. While the membership of this body rarely exceeds 20-30 people, the influence of Knights is disproportionately higher than its numbers would indicate. All members are united in their desire for law and order, not necessarily the justice embraced by the weak of heart. They also use their influence to protect those members who run afoul of the less vigilant Watch.

Though few have heard of them, the Knights of Purity do have their enemies. These include judges, magistrates, and the few uncorrupted Watchmen in the city who oppose the Knights' vigilante activities. There is also opposition from

the Merchants' Guild as vigilante acts are bad for business. In addition, the hierarchies of the cults of Verena and Shallya oppose the Knights' efforts.

Although not truly xenophobic (but very close), the Knights of Purity are very distrustful of outsiders who keep to themselves. In particular, Arabians, Cathayans, Indics, Kislevites, Nipponese, and Sea Elves are viewed as potentially disruptive to the order the Knights of Purity hope to achieve. Some critics even claim that the Knights seek to achieve racial purity in the cosmopolitan city. Further, the Elves are resented for the clearly preferential treatment they have received in the Treaty of 2150 I.C., which allowed them a settlement outside the jurisdiction of Marienburg.

JOHANNES RECHTBINDER

Lord Protector of the Knights of Purity

(politician, ex priest, ex litigant,

ex initiate, ex student)

"In the final analysis, it is the letter of the law that must prevail. The intent of the individual is of little consequence."

"The only way to defeat Chaos is to root out the cancerous group of its followers, even if that means removing the innocent dupes who protect them."

"Harbouring miscreants such as mutants is an offence to all Divine Laws. We, therefore, petition the Courts to fulfil their obligation to the good people of Marienburg. Execute the mutant and sentence the defendant here to life of hard labour on Rijker's Isle."

Johannes has been the Lord Protector of the Knights of Purity for over 20 years. The 55 year old priest stands 6 ft., weighs 175 lbs. with short grey hair, clean shaven face, and piercing ice blue eyes. Once a formidable prosecutor in the High Courts, Johannes has sat on the bench as judge during the last 10 years. Many are the prisoners on Rijker's Isle who can thank this humourless, hard-hearted judge for their current lodgings and other accommodations.

Johann has come a long way since his lowly beginnings. His father was a Suiddock stevedore, his mother dead before his second year. Early on he learnt his father would spend some evenings attacking immigrants in the area, "those scum who take our work." He followed his father in the job at the age of twelve, but by then he had taught himself to read. His intelligence and leadership qualities brought to the notice of one of the Guild Leaders and he was brought into work as a dock clerk, acting as a go between the guild and the men.

Moving slowly up the hierarchy, he married the daughter of one of the Guild leaders, and they had a son. This young talent with forthright views brought him to the attraction of a Cleric of Solkan, a High Court Lawyer. He made him an initiate of Solkan, and soon a clerk in his Law firm. A year later his wife and son were dead, killed in a street robbery. A pair of Tileans were caught and executed but Johann's resolve was now set.

Convinced that society's morals were in decline and the surly criminal element increasing (some of whom, no doubt, were followers of Chaos), Johannes became more active in the cult of Solkan, and moving his way up the cult hierarchy. Now as the highest ranked priest of Solkan in the city, Johannes can rely upon the followers of Solkan to wholeheartedly support the Knights of Purity in their holy causes.

As set forth in the charter, Johannes maintains that outward good works and charity must be coupled with a more active role in eliminating the influence of Chaos from Marienburg society. Naturally, he is extremely active in planning the Knights' activities with an eye to both detail and overall strategy. Johannes is also extremely concerned about security within the organisation as several recent raids did not achieve the capture of mutants and arrest of their sympathisers he expected. Clearly, Johannes suspects that there may be a spy in the organisation and is formalising plans to flush out the unfaithful. Once uncovered, the fate of the individual will be determined by the will of Solkan.

Johannes is well-known among the pillars of power in Marienburg. None – including his peers on the bench of the High Court - suspect that the

solemn judge is anything more than a strict, unyielding, and incorruptible jurist.

The Lord Protector gets along well with Arhennius Vogt, High Warden of Rijker's Isle, whom he sees as a disciplinarian much as himself. In fact, Johannes believes that Mijnheer Vogt is better qualified to run the fortress-prison than the foppish Governor, Ludwig de Beq. However, he is undecided about recruiting the High Warden into the Knights.

Waldemar Duisterjager is Johannes' second in command and one of the more fanatical followers of Solkan and his principles. Johannes has no doubts about the Witch Hunter's loyalty and entrusts him to carry forth the most discreet and dirtiest assignments for the Knights of Purity. In return, the Lord Protector uses his considerable influence to ensure Waldemar's ability to operate freely. This allows Waldemar to conduct the Knights' business with little interference from misguided legal constraints. Other Knights find it safer and saner to avoid Waldemar, if possible. The Witch Hunter suspects everyone other than Johannes as possible Chaos dupes. The scantiest of evidence may be enough for Waldemar to take action.

Johannes also recently elevated Maria van Reeveltdt to the inner order of the Knights after she demonstrated her commitment to their cause and principles. Since then, Maria has become one of Johannes' most trusted aides.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
28	42	48	43	50	56	57	53
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	4	4	1	-	-

Equipment: Sword, Judge's Wig and Gown, Lawyer's Wig and Gown, and Purse (4d10 Gu, 5d10 shillings).

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry) +10%, Academic Knowledge (History) +20%, Academic Knowledge (Law) +20%, Academic Knowledge (Theology) +10%, Blather, Charm +10%, Channeling, Command, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception +20%, Read/Write +20%, Ride, Search, Secret Language (Classical) +10%,

Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak language (Breton), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%, Swim.
Talents: Armoured Casting, Coolheaded, Etiquette, Dealmaker, Lightning Reflexes, Linguistics, Petty Magic (Divine), Public Speaking, Master Orator, Savvy, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Strong Minded, Suave, Super Numerate.

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN ENTREPRENEURS

"The only two real crimes in Marienburg are being poor and getting caught."

"Thieves' Guild? Never heard of it, pal. And take my advice, you never heard of it neither."

"The League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs. It's got other names, but to all intents and purposes it's a guild like any other in the city. The difference is that the business it regulates is generally illegal."

"If you join the Watch you can be sure the league will back off. If they mess with one watchman they mess with us all, and however hacked off they are with you it's not worth that amount of trouble to them."

Contrary to public opinion in the Empire, Marienburg is not some grand den of thieves, all wanting to steal everything you have the minute you arrive in the city. Far from it. But, with all the wealth flowing through, both in money and goods, the criminals here have become organised, and made a business of it.

The League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs, more commonly known as The League, or "The Guild We Have Never Heard Of", is not a single monolithic gang. Rather, it's an alliance and clearing-house for various regional and ethnic gangs and independent operators that act more like a trade guild. Its so-called Masters form a board that oversees League affairs, moderates disputes between gangs, and ensures all the 'gilded' criminals in Marienburg get their piece of the action.

The occasional skirmish over turf is inevitable, but the Masters of the League want it kept at a low level. None of them want a repeat of the last feeding frenzy nearly fifteen years ago, when gangs fought gangs – there were so many bodies in the canals that it was attracting sharks. Even though tensions among the gangs these days are running high, the League likes things nice and orderly, and intends to keep it that way. It has its finger on the pulse of almost all criminal activity in Marienburg, and Shallya help the poor fool who gets in the way.

The League does not have its headquarters in one location. Over the years, it has moved from place to place for security reasons, and the building is never obvious – there's no brass plaque outside with 'THIEVES' GUILD' on it. In recent years though, it has been an open secret that the leaders meet most often in the private lounge of the Marienburg Gentlemen's Club on Three Penny Bridge, Suiddock. In the midst of what many call 'murder alley', under Henschmann's leadership, the League has felt secure enough to stay in one place. Certainly, when the Watch enters the area around Three Penny Bridge, they go in large numbers, if they go at all.

Significant Members

'Gentlemen' don't advertise their League membership, adhering to long-standing League policy that discretion is good for business. Still, nearly every crook in Marienburg has some affiliation with the League.

Adalbert Henschmann is the rumoured president of the league. He is certainly the boss of the biggest and meanest crime syndicate, personally controlling nearly all illegal activities in Suiddock with a ruthless and brutal hand. He is also a fat, greasy pig who fancies himself a ladies man. In truth, he repulses even his dog. But don't let him hear you say that.

Lea-Jan Cobbius, head of the Stevedores' and Teamsters' Guild, is known to have dealings with the League. According to some, he even sits on the Board.

Grossbart, an overweight cripple runs a racketeering, smuggling, and drug trade out of the Long Dragon on Potion Square, and he directly controls all criminal activity on Luydenhoek.

Rumour is that he provided vital help to Henschmann when he took control of the League, and enjoys a friendly relationship with the President.

Wilhelmina Thistledown, proprietress of the Gull and Trident Inn, in the Palace District, is whispered to be the best fence in the city.

Guan Lo Fat, supposedly a simple herbalist in Little Cathay, is often seen playing dominoes in the Gentlemen's Club, and is rumoured to control most of the ethnic gangs in the north of the city, specialising in drugs and the body trade. He's recently felt the pressure of rebellious lieutenants.

Trancas Quendalmanliyë, owner of the Three of a Kind casino near Elftown, may or may not belong to the League. He's one of the biggest information brokers in Marienburg and sometimes visits the Gentlemen's Club, but his behaviour doesn't mesh with that expected of a League member. How this Wood Elf has avoided coming under the League's thumb – if he has – is a mystery to many.

Dmitri Hrodovsky, a pharmacist and herbalist in Kruiersmuur, is the League's expert on drugs and controls the trade in the south-east of the city. The story goes that he got the job by agreeing to supply seduction potions to Henschmann for free.

Miguelito Nuñez, also known as "Little Round Head". A balding midget with a bad temper, he controls the smuggling and strong-arm rackets in Messteeg, Noordmuur, and part of Handelaarmarkt. He's very ambitious, and has been putting pressure on Guan Lo Fat's operations in recent months. Rumour around the Guild puts a gang war no more than six months away.

Contacting and Joining the League

Wise adventurers will try to contact the League before doing anything illegal – after all, that's stealing work from its members. Hapless characters who irritate the League will receive a quiet warning, usually a knife pinning a note to the individual's bed, found when they wake up the next morning. The Board merely wants newcomers to know that others have prior rights in the area, and that they shouldn't interfere with the operations of the League bosses.

Those who persist in going their own way will eventually find themselves stuffed in a gunny sack while several large men beat them almost, but not quite, to a pulp. On top of that, stubborn outsiders will be expected to make good any losses their activities have caused the league. Push it any further and they'll likely find themselves swimming the canals with chains around their ankles.

Presuming that they are smart enough to contact the Guild first, the initial meetings will be with low-ranking members who know little of the League's operations. After all, the character may be a Watch spy. Worse yet, outsiders are notoriously stupid and unreliable. Anyone wanting to join the League or establish friendly relations with it will have to come with a strong recommendation from an established member.

If the character passes the League's scrutiny, he'll be invited to a second meeting. This usually involves being kidnapped, blindfolded and led on a circuitous route to a basement or abandoned warehouse somewhere untraceable. His eyes uncovered, the individual finds himself nearly blinded by bright lights – he can just make out a figure beyond the lights, their face hidden in shadow. This person does all the talking, and tells the individual 'the rules'. The only words required by the individual is the answer to "Do you understand, punk?"

If a character manages to come to an understanding with the League or even to join it, they still face an uphill struggle. New members are watched constantly: the League checks on every person they contact, observing everywhere they go and just how much money they make. Almost anyone could be an informant, and the League is very suspicious. New members are also allotted a 'patch' and told to work there and nowhere else. Encroaching on someone else's turf is one of the worst offences in the League's eyes.

In return for a licence, the League demands one sixth of a member's earnings, no matter how the money was made. It also has first claim on anything particularly valuable or magical, compensating the individual with 10% of the item's worth. Greedy members usually only hold out on the League once.

See also Lisette Leerer.

Training and Services

Persistent individuals who manage to join the League can obtain training in just about any criminal skill or career. They can all be found in Marienburg – and for the right price – a tutor can always be found.

The League can also provide skilled services to clients with the right contacts and enough money. While anyone can rent a thug to beat someone up in just about any tavern in the city, the sophisticated talents of a cat burglar, a forger, or even an assassin are best obtained through the League. In fact, few of these specialists will take any job offers from outsiders without first having the client vetted by the League.

The League has made much of its money by providing these services for centuries, as the Great Families wage their secret wars and hatch nefarious plots against each other. Once the League is certain about the client's credentials (and they're very good at spotting traps and set-ups), they will provide anything the client can afford. As long as the service doesn't run counter to League interests, of course. Anyone trying to hire an assassin to rub out Lea-Jan Cobbius is asking for a second mouth.

ADALBERT 'CASANOVA' HENSCHMANN

Master Criminal

**(crime lord, ex fence, ex racketeer,
ex cat burglar, ex thief, ex smuggler)**



"If you have business, get on with it. I don't like my time wasted, especially by little people."

"Take this man, break three bones of your choice, and throw him out"

"I can tell, my dear, you are attracted to a man of power. No, don't say anything. Let me kiss your hand. "

Adalbert is fifty, medium height and heavy build, but somehow he looks more powerful than he is. He exudes an almost tangible air of menace, and a definitely tangible odour. His clothes are of fine quality but show a complete lack of taste, and he slicks his hair down with too much Bretonnian mousse. His voice is phlegmy and rough - he tries to sound sophisticated but cannot get rid of an edge of menace.

Someone once asked Casanova what he wanted from life. "I want more," was the reply, as he forced the questioner to sign over his business. He is interested only in money and sex, and anyone who gets in his way had better know how to swim with chains on. He took control of the League fifteen years ago in a vicious war that broke the power of the then Master, the elder Delftgruber. Now he uses all his influence - and thugs - to prevent a similar war. His rule is harsh, and so long as everyone acknowledges that he is the boss then no one gets hurt. When people do get hurt, on the other hand, it's generally in a spectacular fashion. Henschmann has the well deserved reputation as a psychopathic murderer, and has been known to kill at the least provocation when in a temper, his philosophy for dealing with an idle or unwelcome report can be described in three words - garrotte the messenger.

The nickname "Casanova" is ironic, and not uttered where Adalbert can hear it. He truly thinks he is the gods' gift to women, and will make a pass (expecting to succeed) at every good looking woman who enters the Club. Most women would rather be seduced by a snotling. Henschmann prides himself on his fashion sense, replacing all his clothes twice a year to keep up with the latest trends, though he unfortunately has the taste of a colour-blind lunatic.

Adalbert deals with Lea-Jan Cobbius as an equal, and the two have healthy respect for each other's power. Between them, they keep the peace in Suiddock in a way the Watch can never match. Adalbert has frequent dealings with Guan Lo Fat, Donat Tuersveld, and officials from the Houses of the Ten. He has regular contact with Trancas Quendalmanliyë and even Captain Graveland,

though their meetings are always private. He has strong connections to the Norscan community, often using them for labour or strong-arm work. It's rumoured that he can call in favours from Cobbius and the Norscans for a lot of extra muscle, if needed.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FeL
56	48	46	51	54	37	43	35
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	18	4	5	4	-	-	-

Equipment: Sword, Watchful Guard, Amulet of Iron, Belt of Resilience, Assassin's Bane.

Armour: Leather Jacket (1 body/arms)

Skills: Charm, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment +10%, Disguise, Dodge Blow +10%, Drive, Evaluate +20%, Gamble +10%, Gossip +20%, Haggle +20%, Intimidate +20%, Perception +20%, Pick Lock, Read/Write, Row, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Search +10%, Secret Language (Thieves Tongue) +10%, Secret Signs (Thief), Shadowing, Silent Move +20%, Sleight of Hand +10%, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim, Torture.

Talents: Alley Cat, Dealmaker, Menacing, Public Speaking, Resistance to Poison, Schemer, Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Street Fighting, Streetwise, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Super Numerate, Trapfinder.

Amulet of Iron

(Academic Knowledge: Magic)

Crafted by dwarven smiths immediately prior to the war of the beard, and bound in Elven magicks, these items were turned against those who helped craft them, and proved vital in the defeat of the Elves..

- The wearer may not cast any magic whilst wearing the amulet.
- The amulet grants +30% to Willpower Tests to resist the effects of Magic cast upon the wearer.

The amulet permits a Willpower Test to ignore the spells effect even if the spell would not normally permit it.

Belt of Resilience

(Academic Knowledge: Magic)

A simple and unobtrusive belt, designed to provide the wearer with a measure of protection where the wearing of armour would not be permitted.

- Grants +10% to the wearers Toughness Characteristic when worn.

Assassin's Bane

Academic Knowledge: Magic)

A fat gold ring, set with a large green stone, this ring has saved its wearers from many simple but otherwise effective assassination attempts.

- The ring glows faintly when within 6 inches of a source of poison. The wearer can detect this on a successful Perception Test, which is automatically successful if the wearer is deliberately observing the ring for this purpose.
- The wearer receives +20% to Tests to resist the effects of poison.

Watchful Guard

(Academic Knowledge: Magic)

Taken from the body of an Estalian duellist who had not considered its lack of use against multiple firearms, this silver Main-Gauche is an effective secondary weapon, rendering its wielder virtually invulnerable to attack.

- Grants a +20% to parrying attempts made with this weapon (cumulative with the usual qualities of this type of weapon).
- Grants an additional free parry for the wielder in addition to the normal free parry.

GERARDUS HONDSCHOEN

**(anointed priest, ex priest, ex initiate,
ex cat burglar, ex thief)**



"You'd be amazed what you can find out poking around people's studies."

"I have my own way of taking up a collection."

Brother Gerardus Hondschoen has always enjoyed a challenge - ever since he was a lad in Suiddock, stealing to support his mother, he's relished going into places he shouldn't, taking things that weren't his and doing his best to embarrass the rich and powerful. A locked safe is like tossing down the glove to him, a duel between him and the locksmith. A greedy landlord is someone just begging to have a chamber pot emptied on his head.

With a balding pate surrounded by a ring of greying brown hair and sporting a goatee, he looks more like a scholar or an artist than a master thief. He is also extremely superstitious, taking all sorts of omens seriously. He is fascinated with palmistry, and is very good at it. Many locals come to him for readings, and anyone seeking his trust will have to submit to his analysis.

A priest of Ranald noticed him early on and initiated him into the faith. Since then he has become a devotee of the god's 'Night Prowler' aspect, an arch-connoisseur of stealthy theft. Violence sickens him - a thief who prefers force is little more than a thug. A daring theft only discovered hours after a clean getaway is the Raven's way. Because of his aversion to violence, Brother Gerardus has always had mixed feelings about his membership in the League. On the one hand, it is an article of faith for him that thieves should stick together. On the other, he can't help but fear that the Guild's trade in violence will be

its downfall - someday someone will accept the wrong contract and that will be the end of the game. He has always preached the way of the 'Night Prowler', showing how to get a piece of the pie without cutting yourself on the knife. He's popular among the Gentlemen and has converted a few, but many more prefer the easier way of a brick through a window and the blackjack to the head. He's clashed with Henschmann more than once over the years, and some in the League wonder when Adalbert will finally rid himself of this troublesome priest.

Brother Gerardus is an excellent contact for stealthy types in Marienburg: he can teach most skills, and if he can't then he can easily find someone who can. He takes a special interest in priests and initiates of Ranald, and less experienced PCs may gain him as a mentor, if they're devout. He is an excellent source of leads and clues to all sorts of information. He is on good terms with Trancas Quendalmanliyë and Hieronymous Deecksburg, the artist.

He will help friends who've run afoul of the League or the Watch, especially if they have refused to commit some murderous act for one of the Guild bosses. He has several bolt-holes and safe houses in Marienburg, and will share these with deserving characters who need a place to hide till the heat is off or they can flee Marienburg. He will, however, never, ever, get involved with any plan that involves co-operating with the authorities. That is the worst sin in Ranald's eyes.

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	FcL
47	35	41	53	54	42	57	60
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	5	4	2	-	-

Equipment: Nondescript set of clothing with secret 'X' pattern worked in, Black Clothes, Mask, Cloak, Dagger, Sacred Dice, Portable Altar and Cloth, Sling Bag, Lock Picks, Book – *'Madame Poerveld's Path of the Palm'*, 4d10 Guilders.

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Law) +10%, Academic Knowledge (Theology) +10%, Channelling +10%, Charm +20%, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (Wasteland), Concealment +10%, Evaluate +10%, Gamble,

Gossip +10%, Haggle, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception +20%, Pick Lock +10%, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surfaces +10%, Search +10%, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move +10%, Sleight of Hand, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim.

Talents: Alley Cat, Divine Lore (Ranald), Lightning Reflexes, Master orator, Meditation, Petty Magic (Divine), Public Speaking, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Street Fighting, Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Suave, Trapfinder, Very Resilient.

INNS AND TAVERNS OF MARIENBURG

Here is an index of inns and taverns in Marienburg, though there are a great many more watering holes in the city and this is by no means a complete list.

THE BLIND EYE

A Winkelmarkt tavern located opposite the Watch Barracks, popular with off-duty Black Caps.

THE DANCING PIRATE

A long but narrow inn half-hidden in the alleyways of Winkelmarkt. Whilst the exterior of the building is rather unprepossessing, once inside customers can enjoy a very decent level of service in a cosy atmosphere.

ESMERELDA'S APRON

A small Halfling establishment situated on a waterway near the elven quarter. The tables and the roof are low here, and hence uncomfortable for Humans. The inn is a favourite haunt of Sam Warble.

THE GULL AND TRIDENT

A double-wing, two-storey structure built along the bank of the Rijksweg in Paleisbuurt, it boasts very comfy rooms, excellent food, and a magnificent view from its terrace. The inn is also a front for the biggest fencing operation between Erengard, L'Anguille and Altdorf.

THE JOLLY BOATMAN

A dingy two-story building in the Doodkanaal district of Marienburg. It has one window, but it has been boarded up. A sign hangs above the door, showing a disreputable fellow making water.

THE LONG DRAGON

In the south-eastern corner of Potion Square you can find the Long Dragon, a tavern known

throughout the Suiddock and beyond for two things: its prime beer, as well as the need to keep a low profile while you enjoy it.

THE MARIENBURG GENTLEMAN'S CLUB

A tavern on the island Riddra in the Suiddock District. The Marienburg Gentlemen's Club is the nerve centre of the criminal organisations in the city.

THE PELICAN'S PERCH

At the end of a narrow alley in the Suiddock is a large but unobtrusive hostelry called The Pelican's Perch, a favourite watering-hole for the stevedores and rivermen.

THE PRINCE'S REST

An ancient three-storey inn in the Goudberg district. The Prince's Rest is among the smartest establishments in Marienburg, and cultivates an elite, exclusive atmosphere that is reflected in its clientele.

THE QUILL AND INK

A student-friendly tavern on Scholar's Row in the Tempelwijk.

THE RED COCK

For over thirty years the Red Cock has been known for good food, good beer and a respectable atmosphere. And, for the same time, it has been the preferred safe house for smugglers in the north of the city looking for a place to store contraband.

THE SEAGULL AND SPITTOON

A tavern in Goudberg's east end. Jacques Pottage, an impish Bretonnian, is the innkeeper. He has an overbearing fondness for garlic, garlic and more garlic, but this hasn't stopped him building a lucrative trade. The previous owners are doing time in Rijker's Isle for murder, it is rumoured they used meat from their victims for dishes served at the tavern.

INHABITANTS OF MARIENBURG

Here is an index of the people (including halflings, dwarfs and pelicans) found in Marienburg.

ADALBERT 'CASANOVA' HENSCHMANN – Master Criminal

ALBERT LOODEMANS - Guildmaster of The Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots

ALBERT WAARMANS - Caretaker of Dagblad's Wholesale Leathers

ANDREAS PAKUISTER - Stevedore at Haagen's Wharf

ANDRIES 'THE FISH' – Smuggler

ANNE DROEVIGGER - Assistant at the Funeral Emporium

ANTON LOEWIJER - Taciturn tanner

ARKAT FOOGER - Director and Master Banker

AXEL HUURDER - Guildmaster of the Riverman's Association

BEAKY THE PELICAN - Mascot of the Pelican's Perch

BLACKIE - Old Mother Crumhorn's Familiar

BEATRIJS KOESTER - Proprietress of boarding house

BONIFATIUS GROENEWOUD – Cannibal Butcher

BORIS RODZIN – Coffinmaker

BROTHER ALBERTUS COBBIUS - Initiate at the cathedral of Shallya

BROTHER DOMINIC - Herbalist and Imperial Spy

BROTHER EGBERT HUIBERS - Master of Novices at the Cathedral of Manann

BROTHER MARIJKUS - Priest of Shallya

THE CAPTAINS - Light-fingered children

CLAUDIA KILSCH – Street Thief

DMITRI HRODOVSKY – Pharmacist and drug Dealer

DIRK OESTER - Scribe and Smuggler

DIRCK NEDERBAAR - Watchman, Suiddock District

DONAT TUERSVELD – Innkeeper

EDVARD STOEMM - Apprentice at the Funeral Emporium

EDWIN KAARDSCHERP - Assistant to the Lord Harbourmaster

ERIC ROERGANG - Caretaker at The Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots

FREDJE GUSTAAF – Racketeer

GARIK SVITZHER - Watch Sergeant

GIJSBERT DELFTGRUBER - Smuggler

GRANNY HETTA - Boatwoman and information broker

GROSSBART - Crime Lord and Nurgle Cultist

GRUNNI 'HOT IRONS' SNAGGLEBEARD – Dwarf Torturer

GUNTHER AND ANDERS GRIMM - Servants at the Orphanage of St Rutha

HANS KLUGER – Fence

HASCHA - Hans Kluger's Cat

HASSAN BIN NAROUN AL-ASRED - Spice Merchant

HIERONYMOUS DEECKSBURG – Cursed Master Artist

HILARIA OM KLIMT - Priestess of Manann

HONG FU CHU - Chaos Recruiter

HUGO DELFTGRUBER – Trader

INGRID BOTENVERHUURDER - Barmaid at the Pelican's Perch

ISHMAEL BOORSEVELT - Innkeeper of the Pelican's Perch

JACOBUS DROEVIGGER - Initiate of Morr at the Funeral Emporium

JAN VAN ARZNEIER - Herbalist

JAN WAAT - Watchman, Suiddock district

JERIMIAS QUALK - Grave Robber

JOCHEN 'BREUKROTS' KAAIMANS – foreman at Haagen's Wharf

JOHANNES RECHTBINDER - Lord Protector of the Knights of Purity

JOHANNES ZEEWANDEN - Assistant to the Lord Harbourmaster

KAREL BROEGMAN - Brewer, Barman and Co-Owner of the Long Dragon

KARL AVERMANS – Ghoul

LEA-JAN COBBIUS - Guildmaster of the Stevedores and Teamsters Guild

LEO HANN – Vivisectionist

LISETTE LEERER - Saleswoman and Enforcer for 'The Guild With No Name'

LORETTA WAKKER - Hostess of the Marienburg Gentleman's Club

LOTTE WALD - Barmaid and Co-Owner of the Long Dragon

MARIA VAN REEVELDT – Master boat builder

MARIANNE LIEFEDER - Initiate of Shallya at the Orphanage of St Rutha

MARGARETTA - Girl of the streets

MARKUS PUTTLANGS - Surgeon and Mandrake Addict

MASTER LUKAS - Dwarf Scholar and proprietor of the Vermillion Pawn

MATS VAADSIG - Tanner's Apprentice

MAXENTIUS 'MAXIE' APPELDOWN – Halfling Tanner's Apprentice

NIEUT GYNGRIJK - Speaker of the Burgerhof

NORBERT VAN STRIJEN - Bitter Financial Counsellor

OLD MOTHER CRUMHORN – Witch

PAL KOSTER – Gravedigger and alcoholic

PIETER DE GROOT - Bodyguard to Lea-Jan Cobbius

PEPIJN BARENDREGT – Asylum Inmate

REINER KUYPER - Watch Sergeant, Suiddock District

SAM WARBLE - Halfling Private Investigator

SISTER MARIA VON KONCZYK - Initiate of Myrmidia

SISTER RUTHA VAN BAD ERGINZBERG – Judge

SISTER WILHELMINA PLEEGESTER – Initiate of Shallya

SJEF GERRITSE - Chamberlain of the Ballroom

SKWIKNIBBLE MOULDEYE – Snotling Extraordinaire

SYBO HAAN – Consulting Wizard

THEODORUS FRANSEN - Night Porter at Baron Henryk's

THEOPHILUS GRAVELAND - Watch Commander, Suiddock district

THOMAS - Mutant Orphan

THIJS MODEGEKKER – Smuggler and idealist

TOBIAS MARQUANDT – Protection specialist

VENK KATASWARAN - Owner of the Golden Lotus Dreaming House

WILBERT REE – Master artisan and drug Smuggler

WILHELM ROTKOPF – Alchemist

WILHELMINA THISTLEDOWN - Innkeeper and Fence

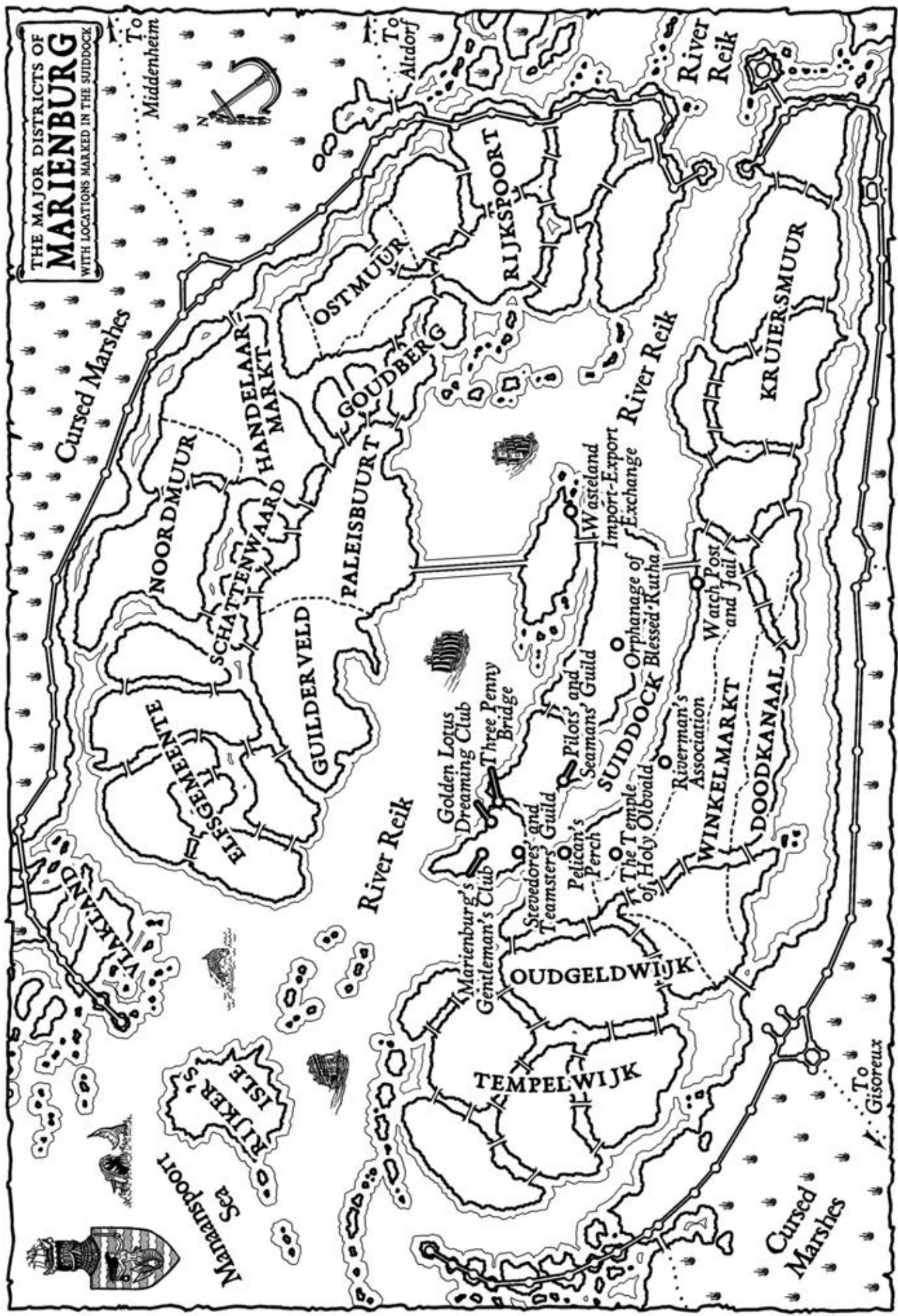
WILLEM VREKMANS - Wight and miser

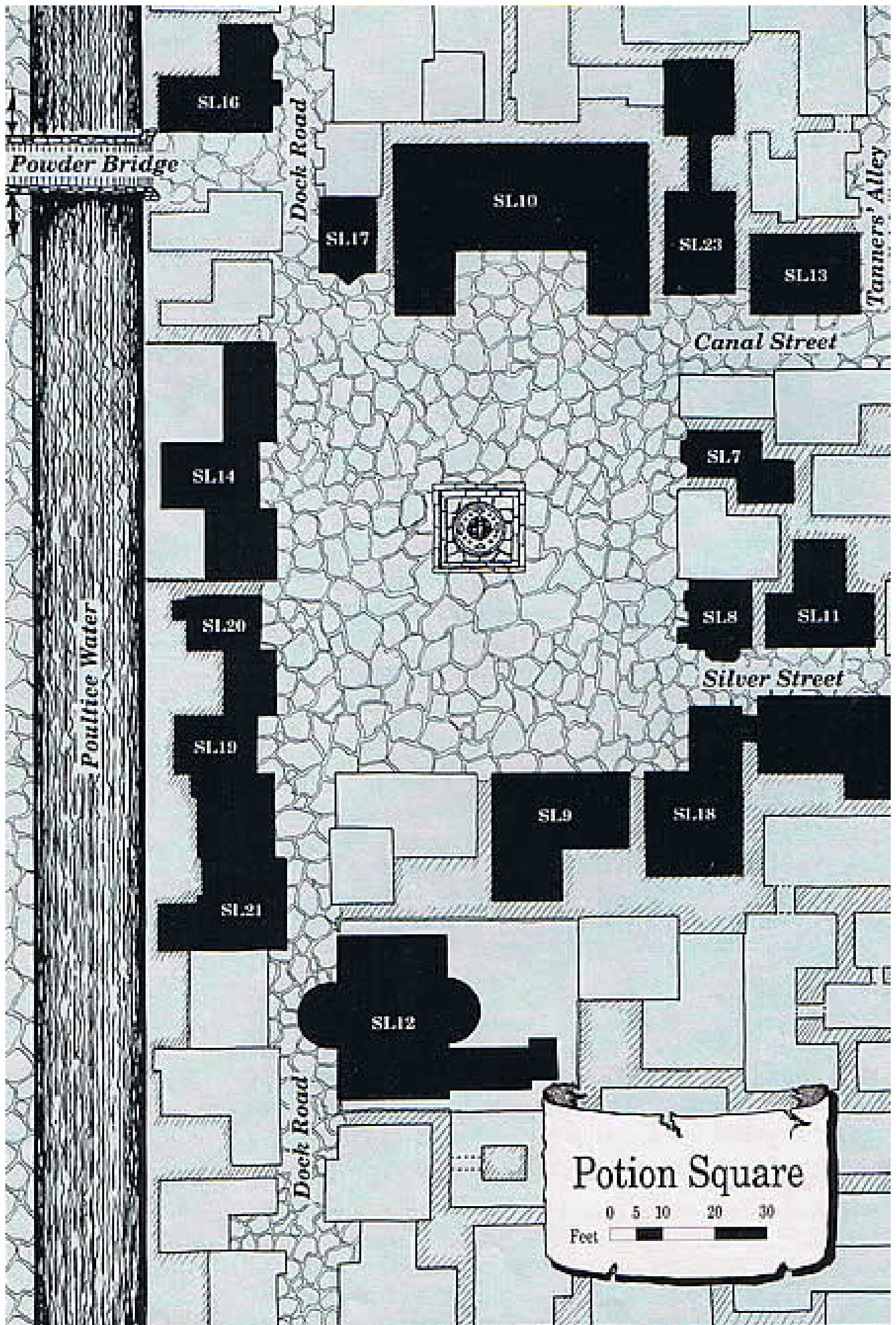
WIM MASARYK - Ghost

THE MAPS

The maps have been group together to make them easier to print and cut out. Where possible they have been made bigger.

**THE MAJOR DISTRICTS OF
MARIENBURG**
WITH LOCATIONS MARKED IN THE SUDDOCK





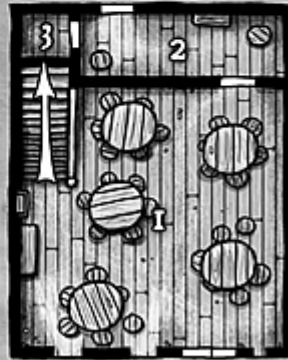
HOUND'S DEN

KEY

- 1 - Gaming Area
- 2 - Back Room
- 3 - Cupboard
- 4 - Hall
- 5 - Common Room
- 6 - Store Room



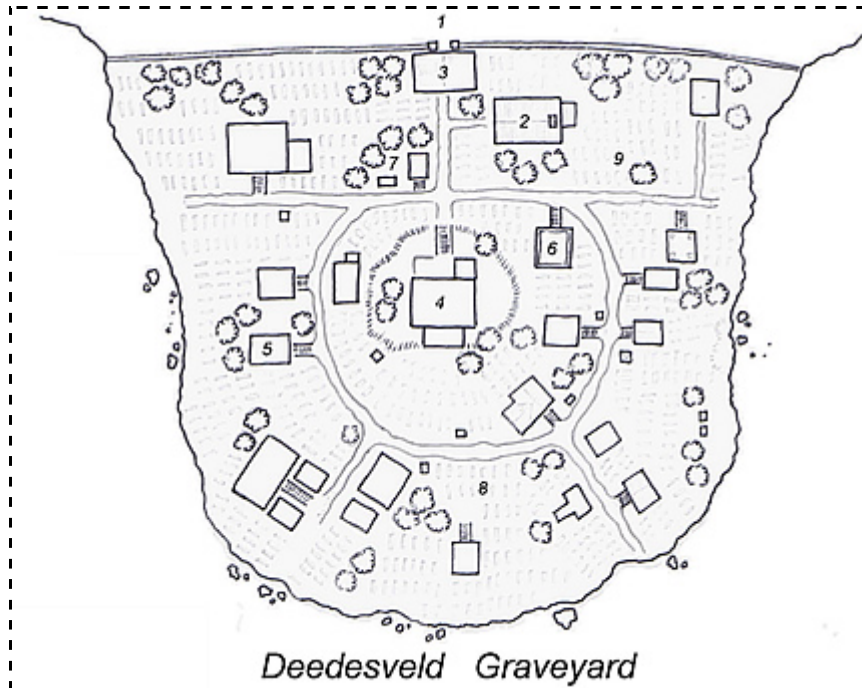
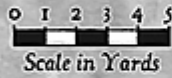
FIRST FLOOR



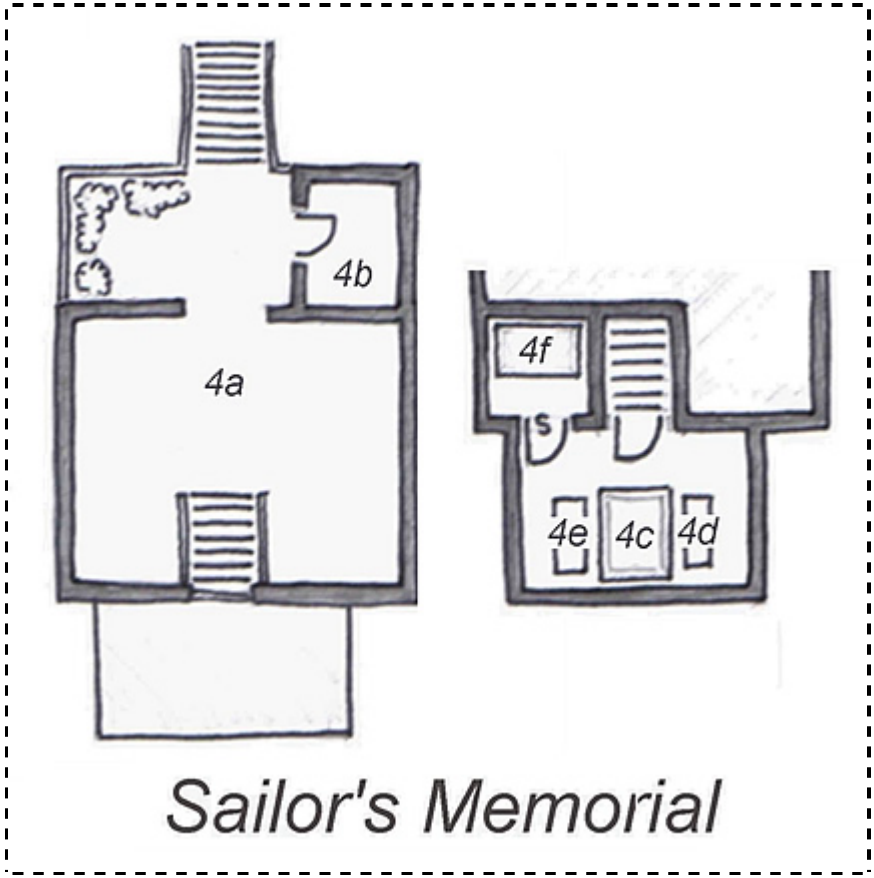
GROUND FLOOR



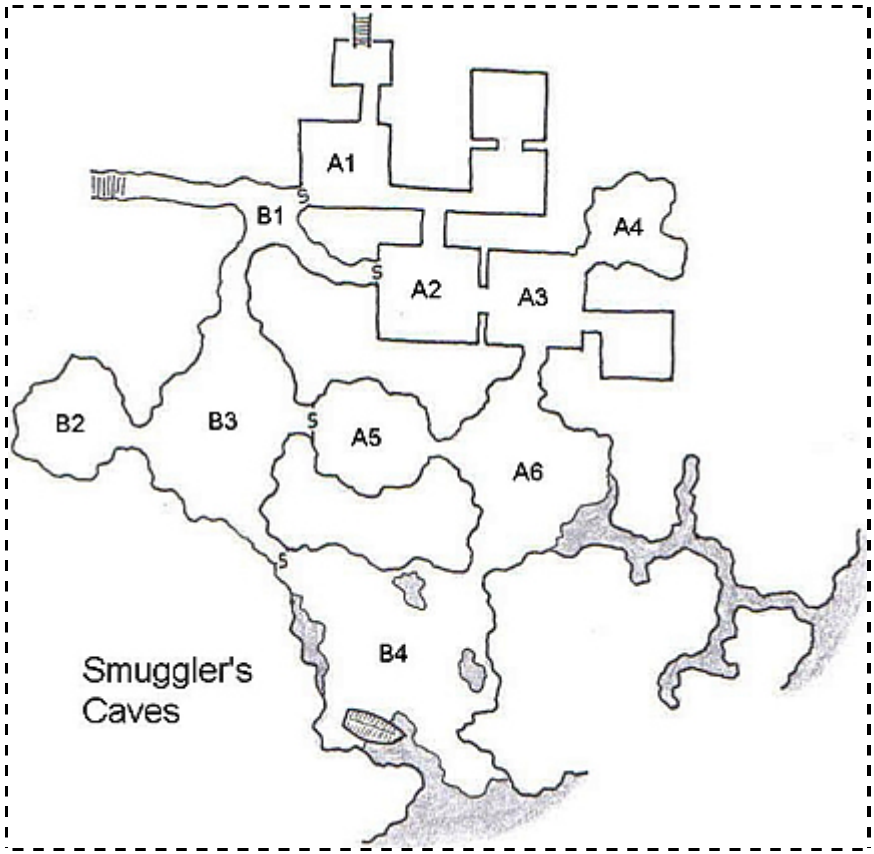
FRONT ELEVATION



Deedesveld Graveyard

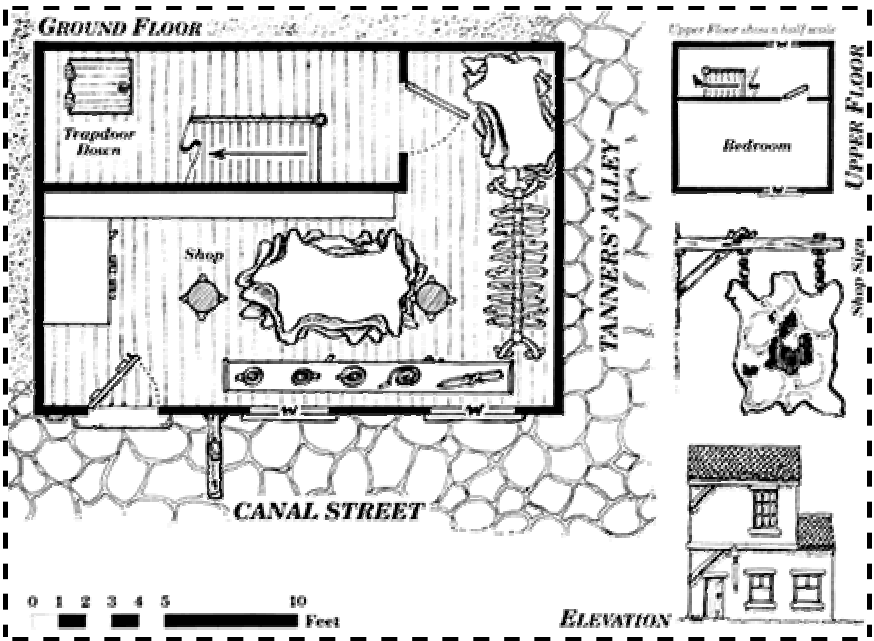
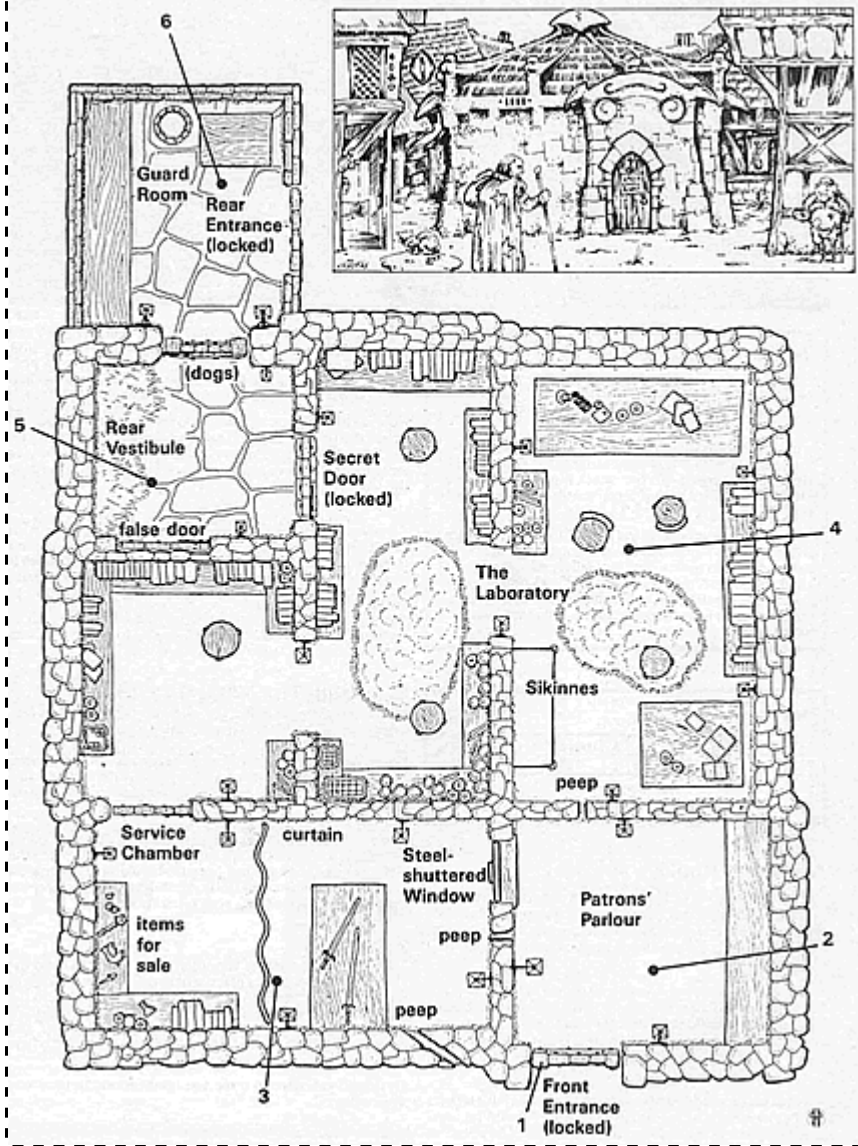


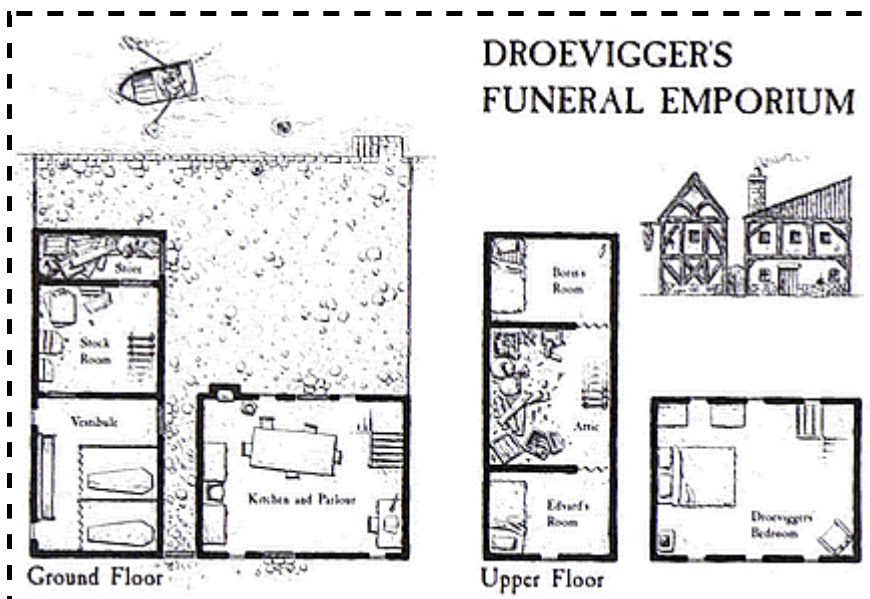
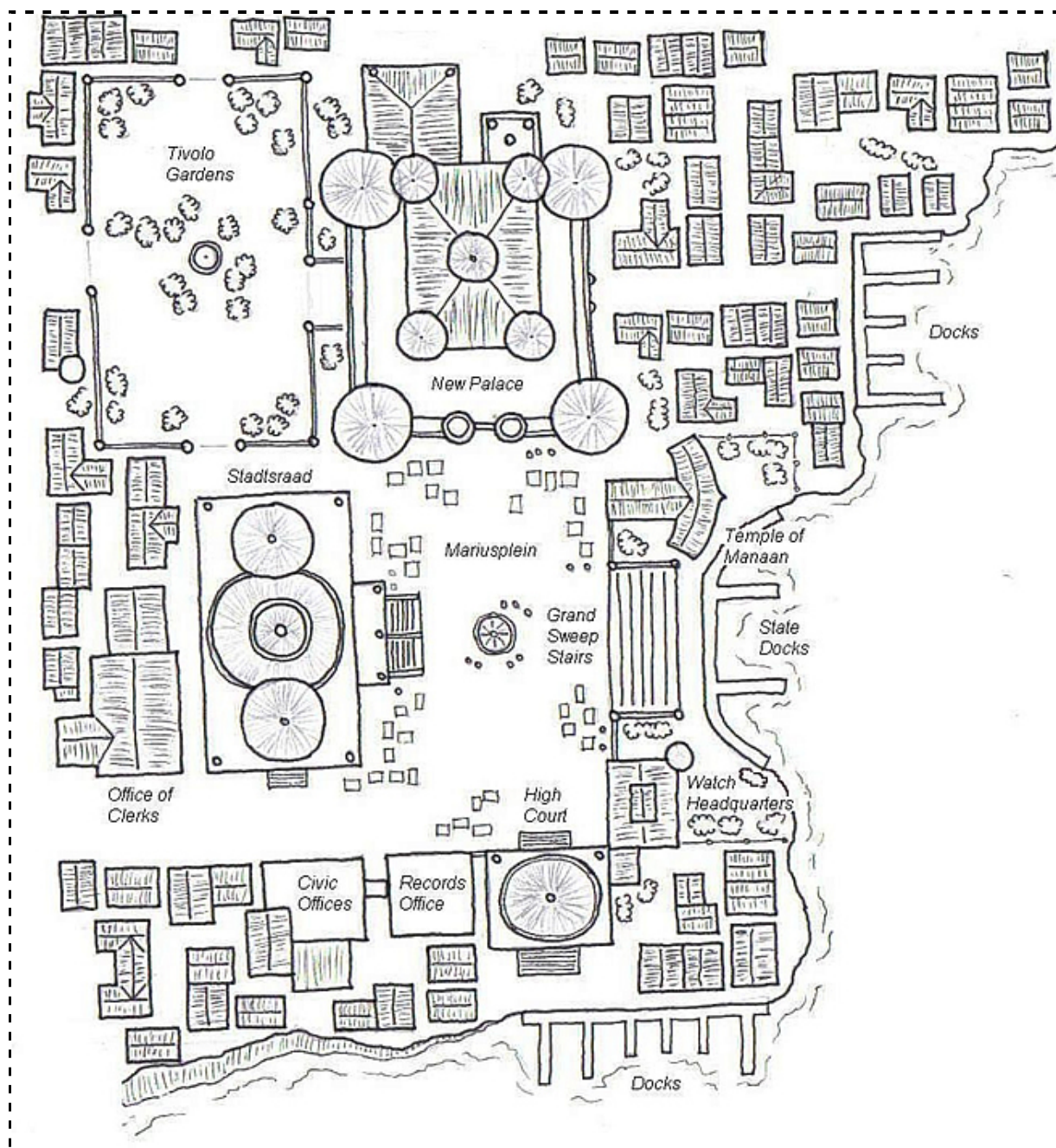
Sailor's Memorial

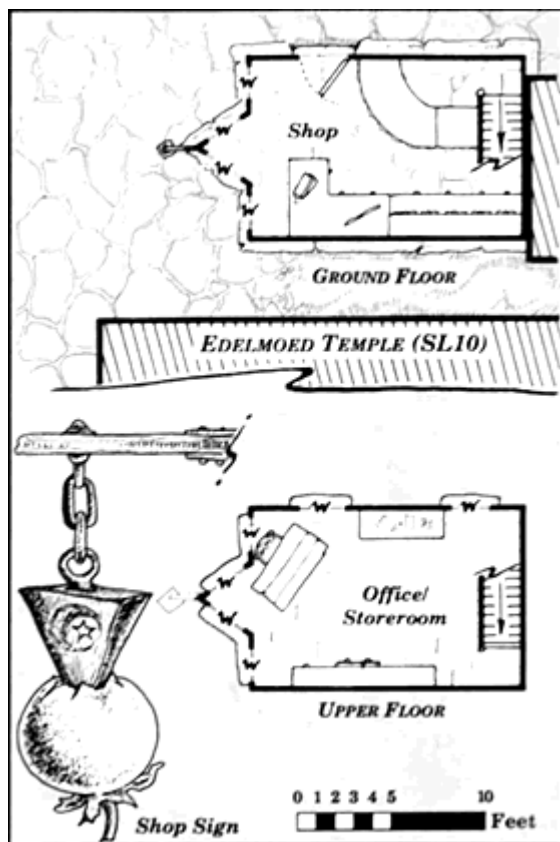
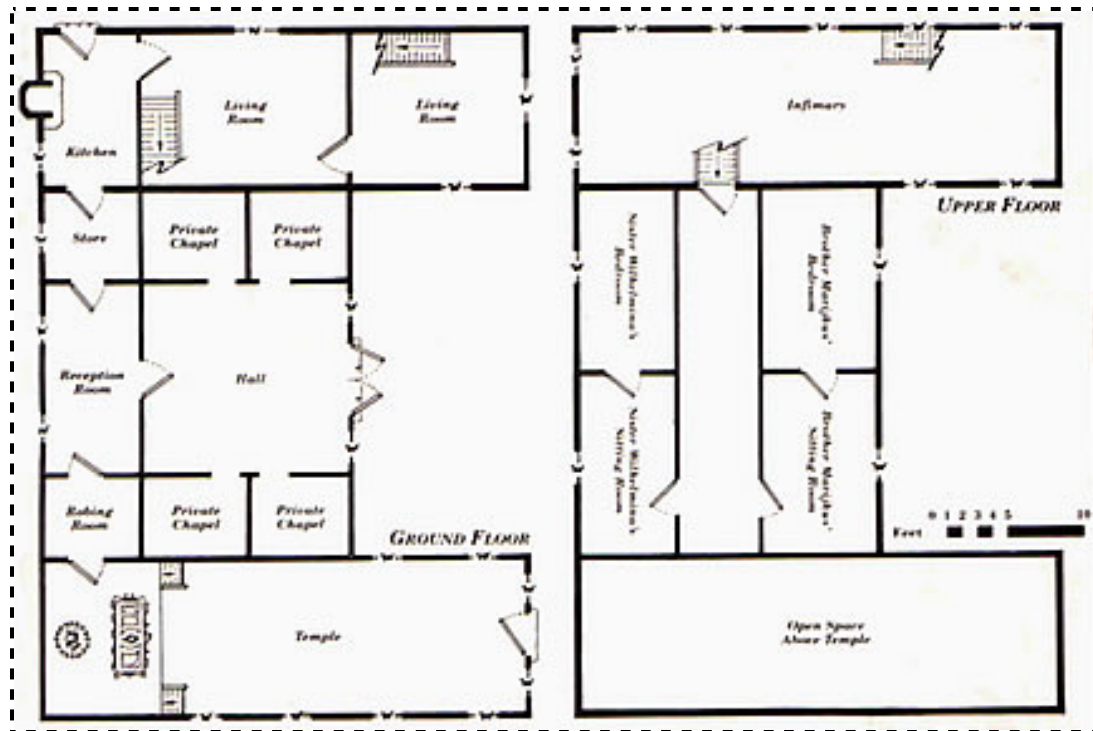


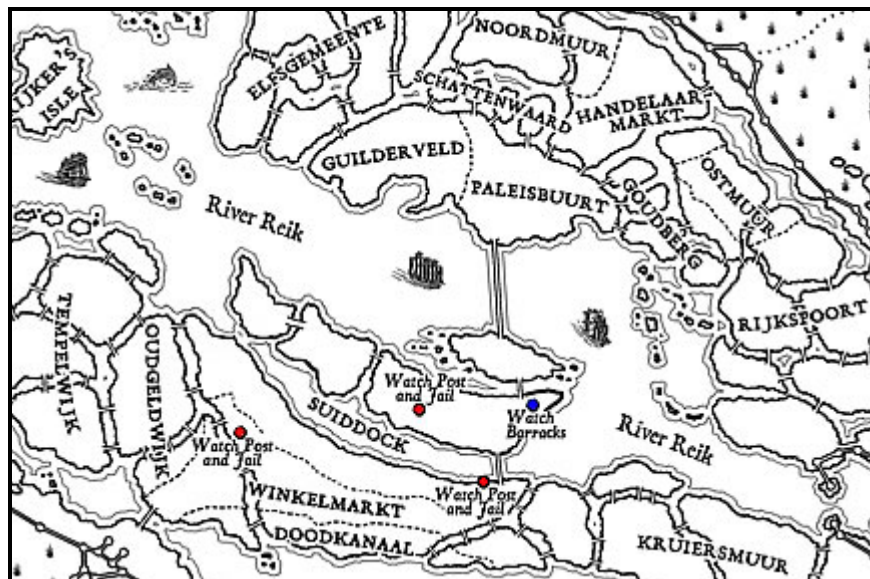
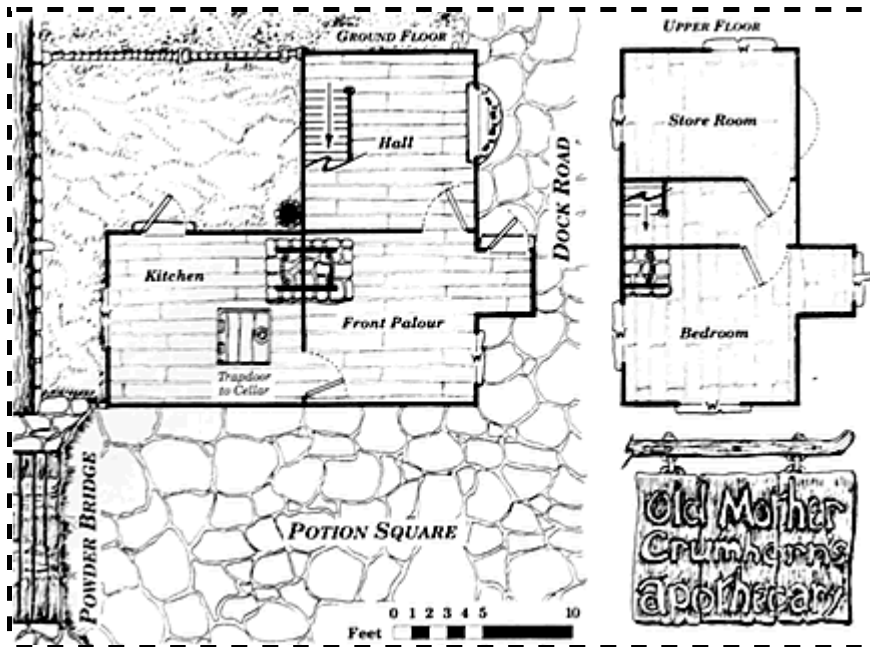
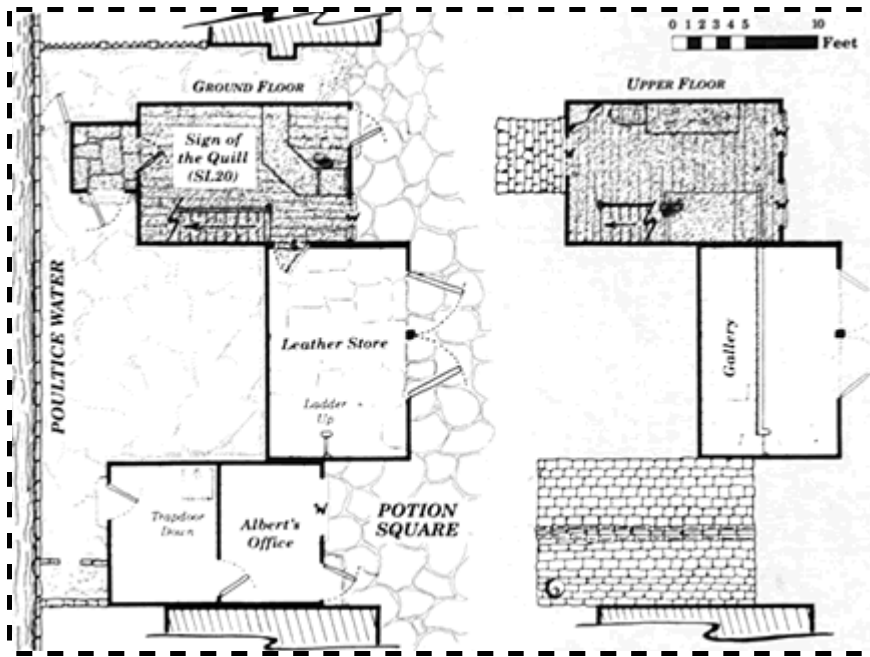
Smuggler's Caves

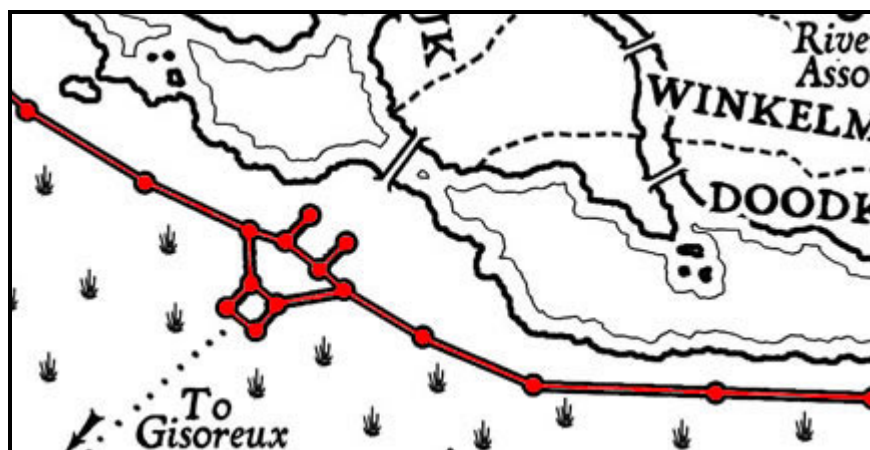
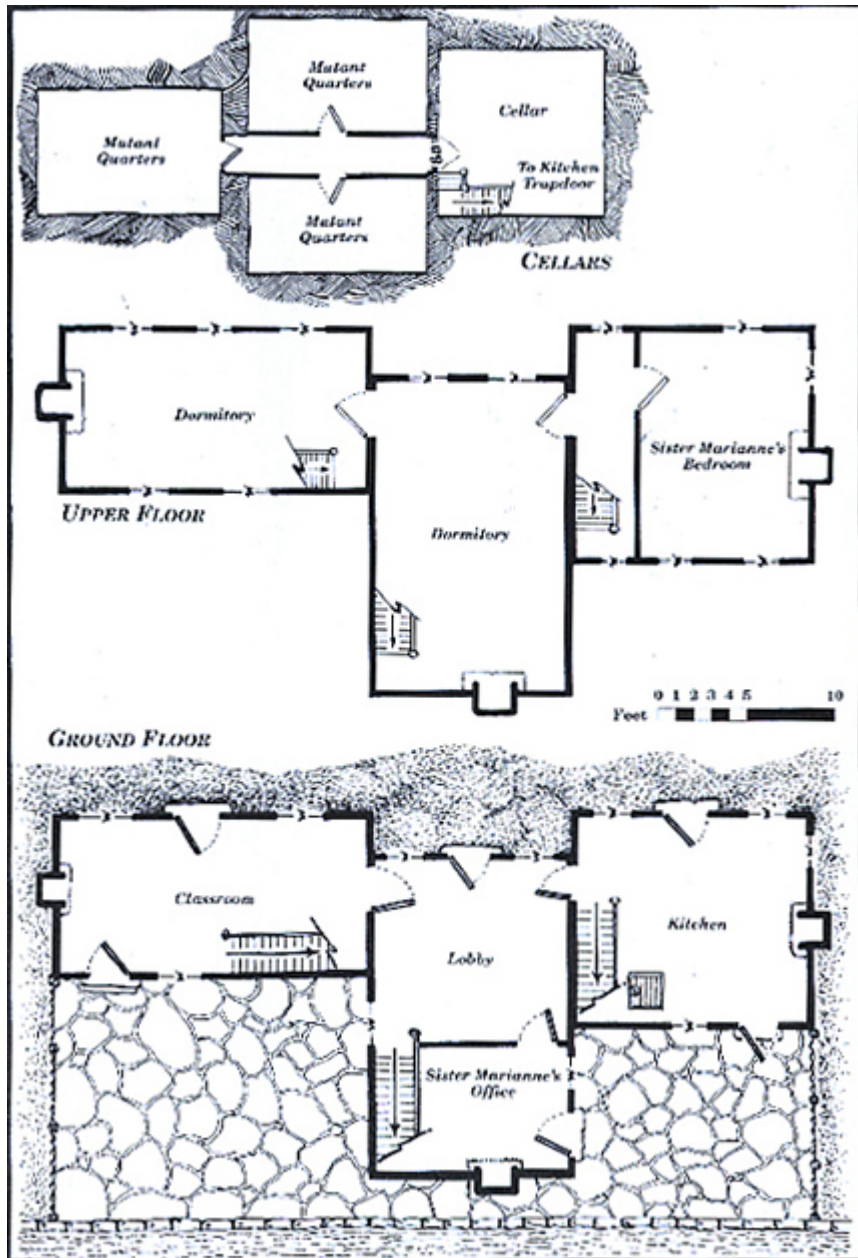
THE VERMILION PAWN

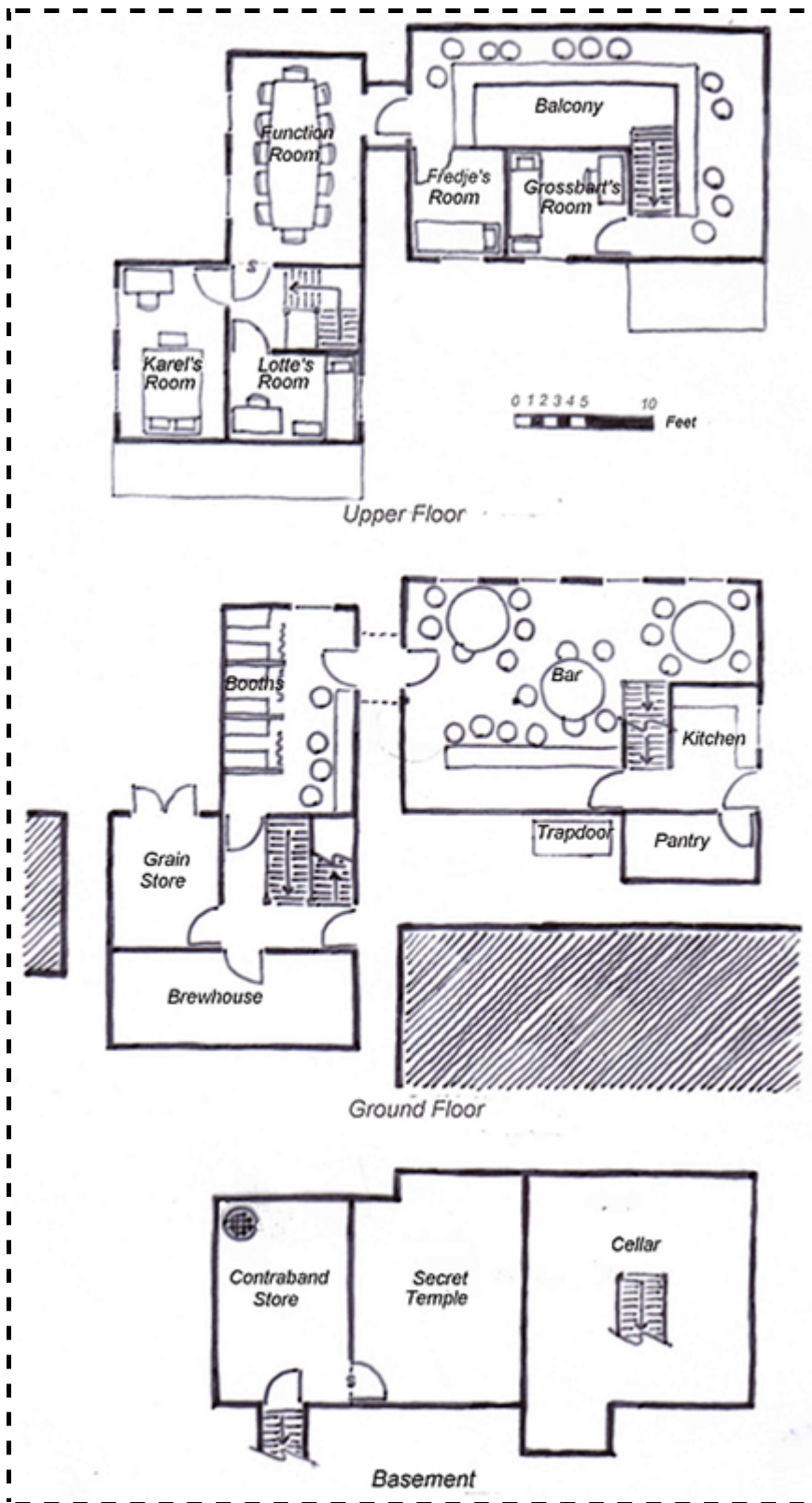


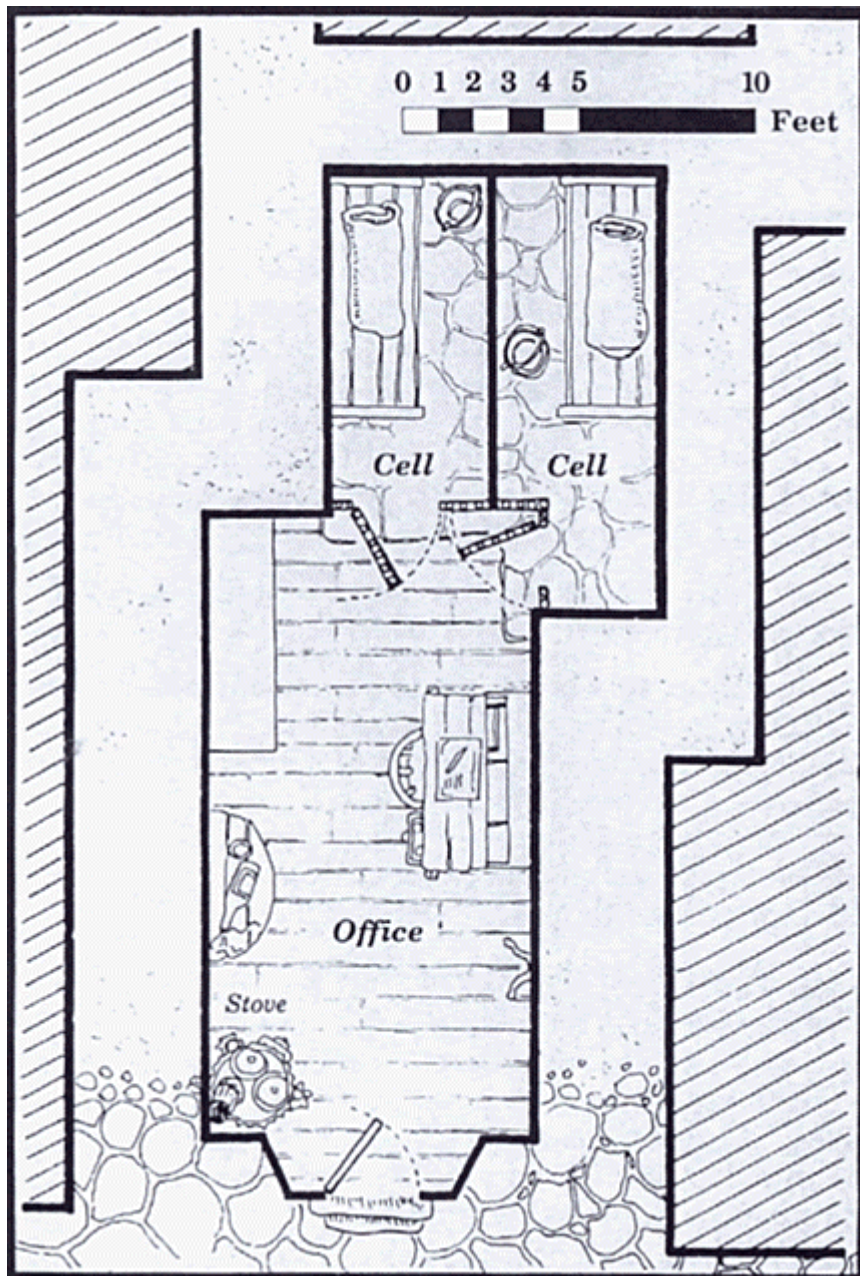
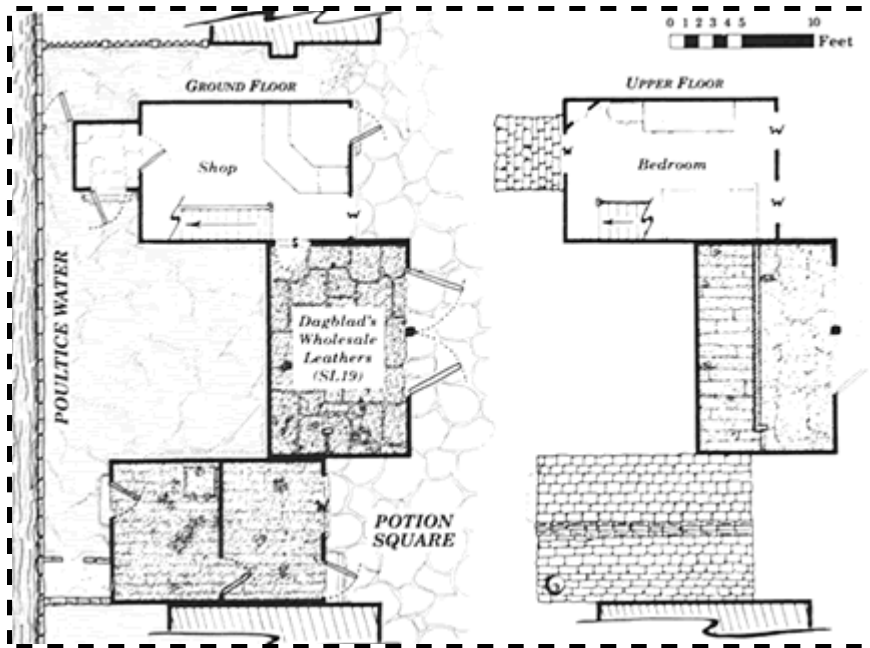


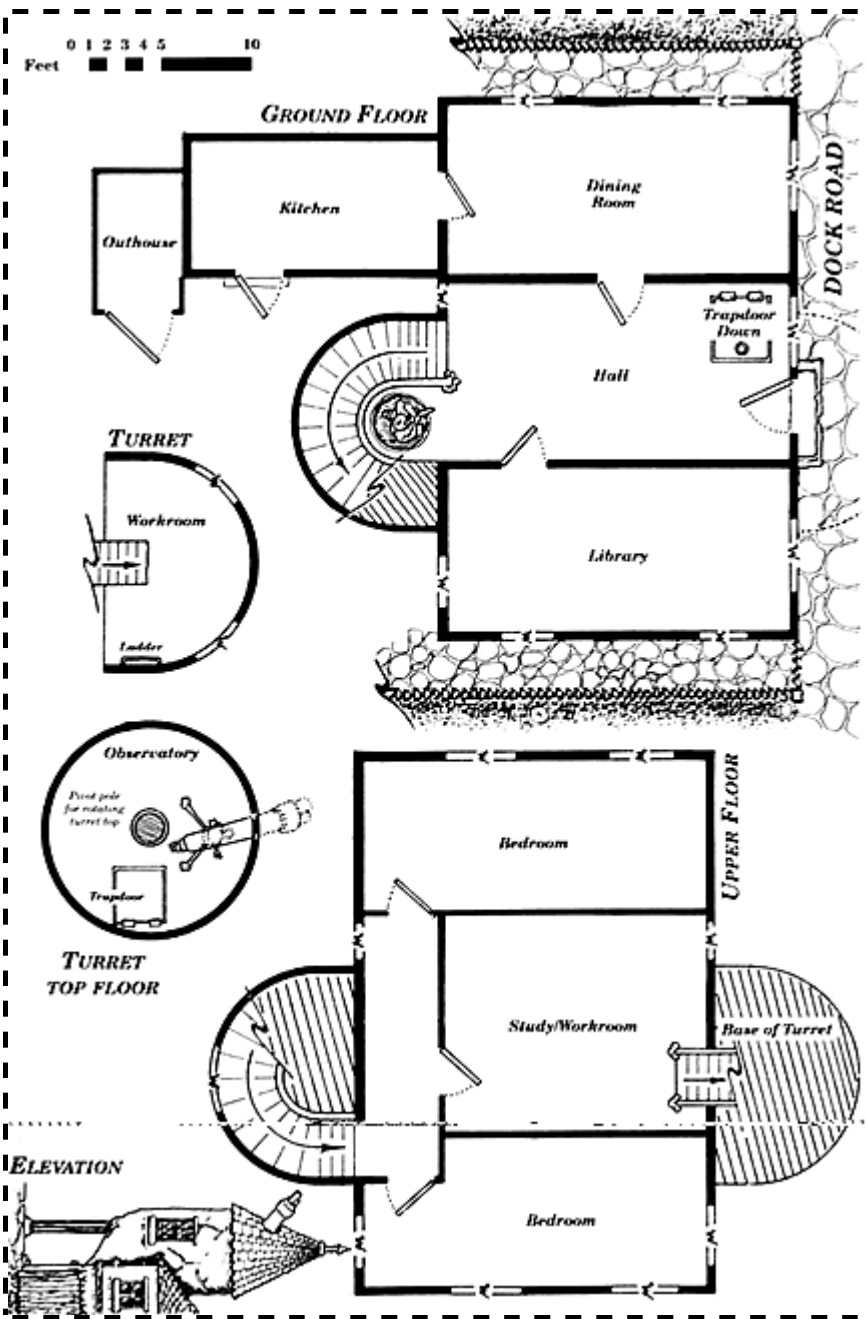
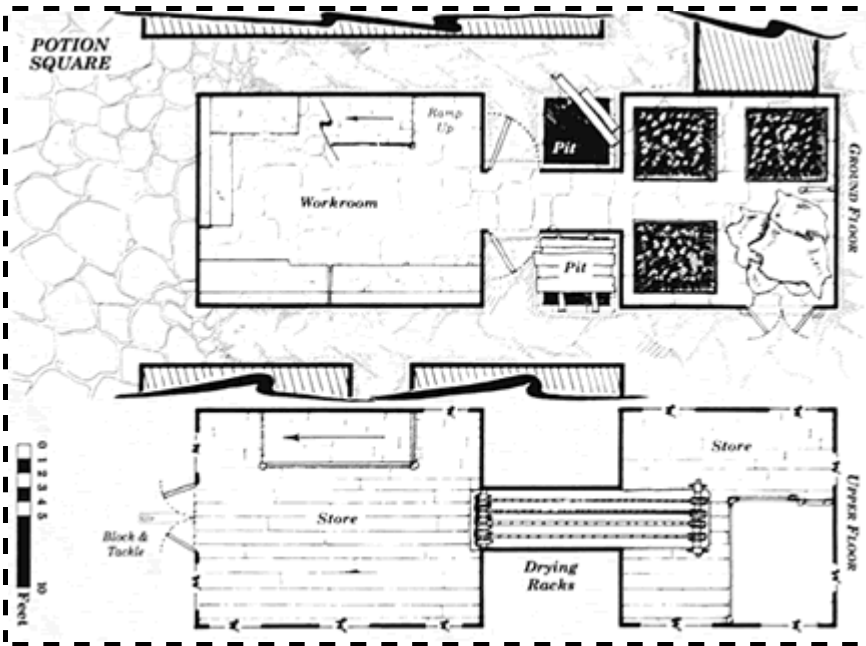


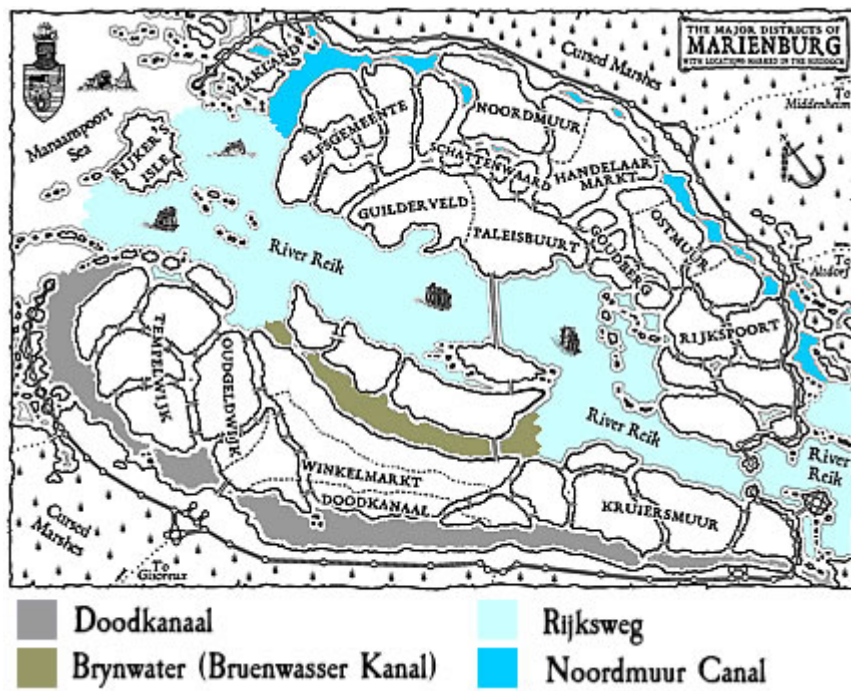
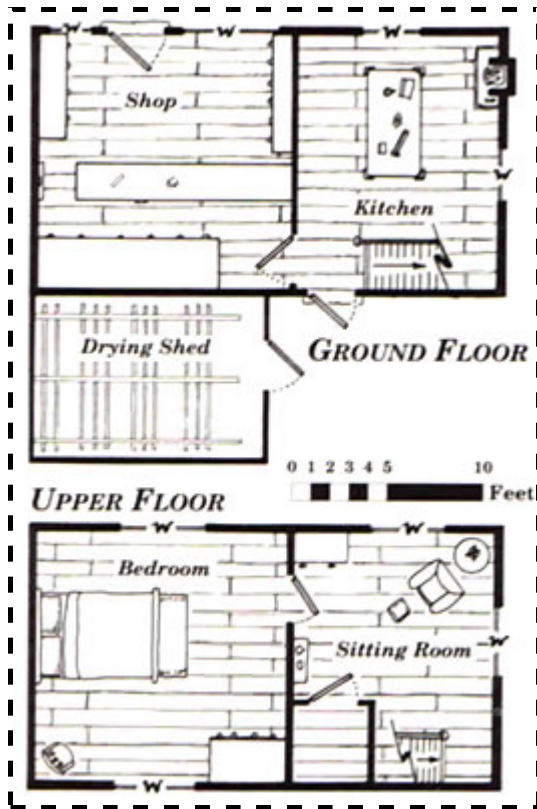


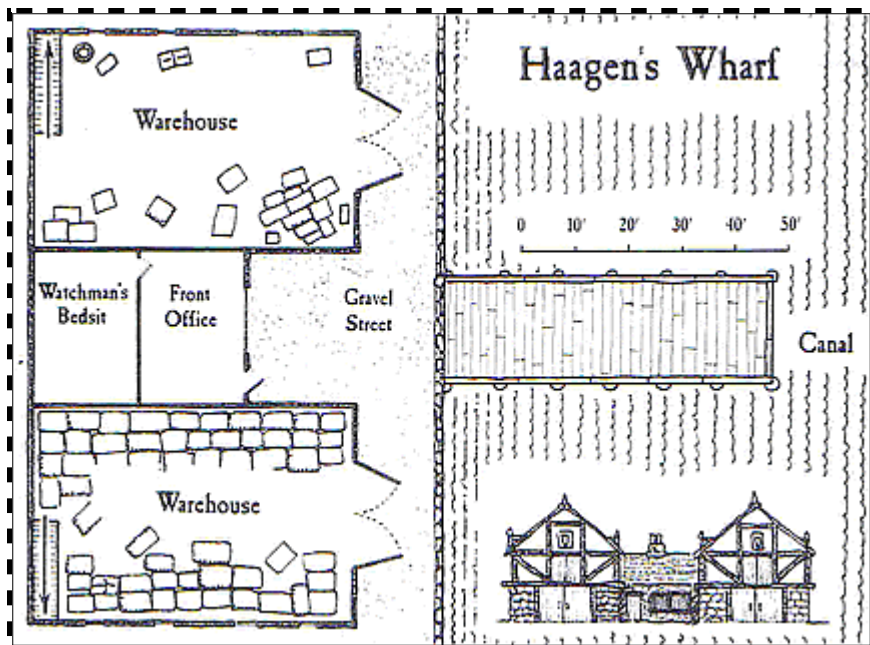
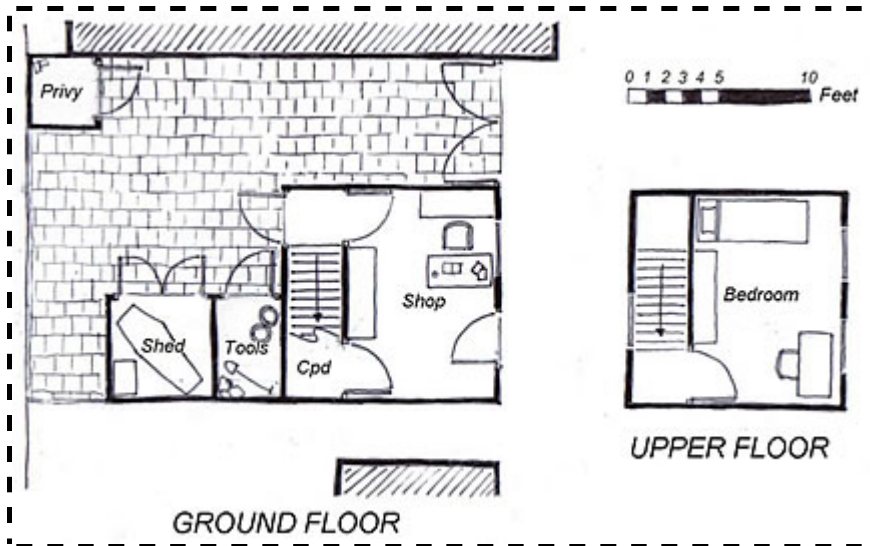


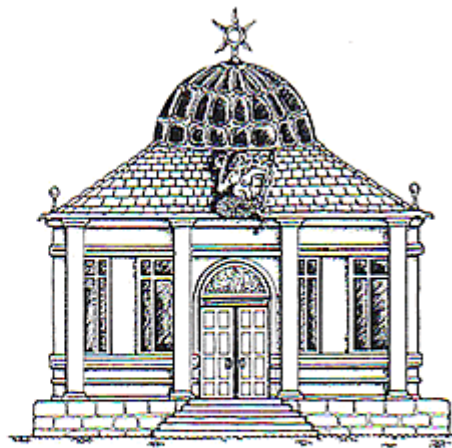
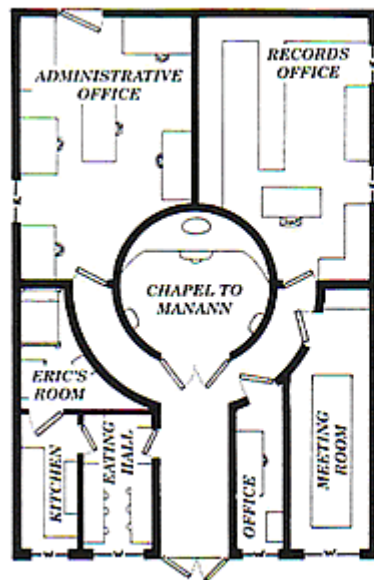




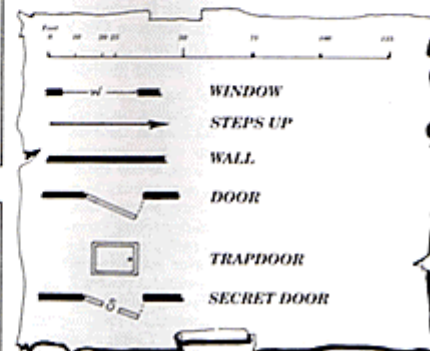
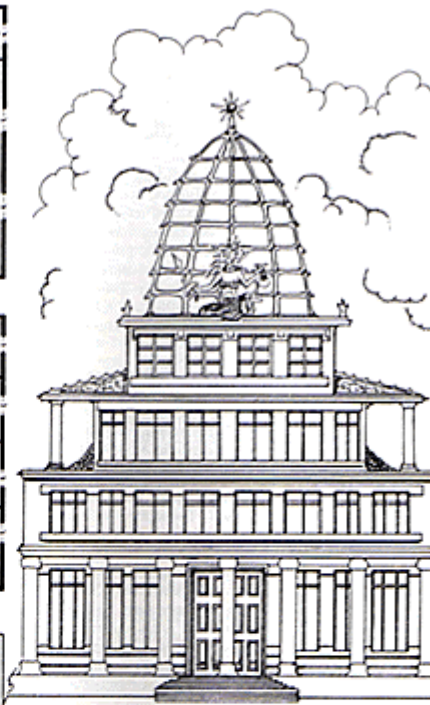
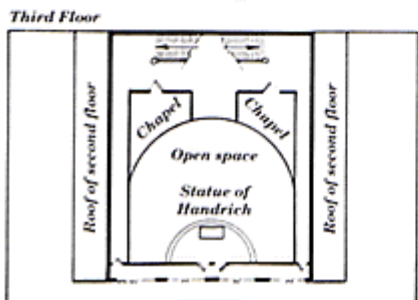
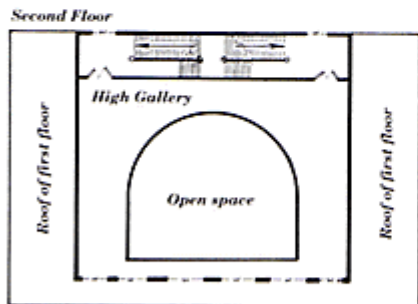
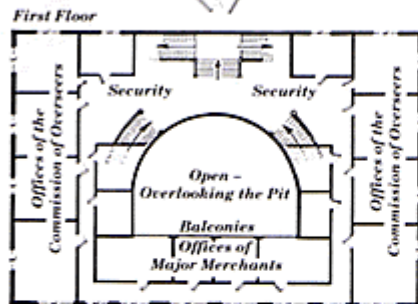
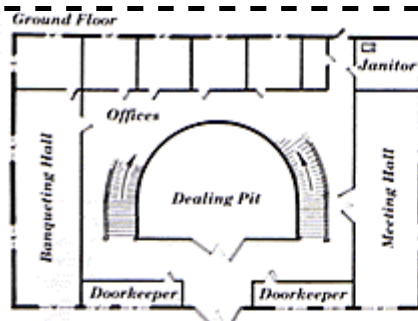








Feet
THE BROTHERHOOD



**THE WASTELAND
IMPORT-EXPORT
EXCHANGE**

