

## **CURSE OF THE CLAN HEIRLOOM**

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### **Introduction**

The players begin this adventure on the road to Nuln, several hours of travel north of the Imperial City-State. Their task is rather straightforward, or so they think. The characters intend to offer their services to the merchant, Hals Schwindler, in return for the magical warhammer he purchased from their clan elder.

"Curse of the Clan Heirloom" is designed for Dwarf characters who are in their first career. At least one character with some healing skills should be included. "Curse of the Clan Heirloom" is intended to be a one-off adventure, and is set just before the events (within days, in fact) in "Death on the Reik."

### **Background**

Upon hearing rumour of gold in the Black Peaks region south of the Imperial town of Grissenwald, your clan, the Grundstok Clan, followed your leader Gorim Greathammer from the Dwarfhold of Karak Norn in the Grey Mountains. For 27 years the Clan toiled in the mines at Black Peak looking for gold. Unfortunately, the Clan only found coal, which was traded to the townsfolk of Grissenwald.

Two and a half years ago, the mines began to tap out as did the the Clan's pocketbooks. Just then, a Manling woman by the name of Etelka Herzen offered to buy the Clan's claim. Gorim Greathammer agreed to her offer and, as part of the agreement, the Clan built a home for Etelka. The Clan then settled outside the southern wall of Grissenwald (the town council claimed there was no room within the walls for such a large clan of Dwarfs) and named the settlement "Khazid Slumbol."

In time, the Clan's fortune reached a low point. The Clan soon came to the belief that there really was gold in the Black Peaks mine and the Manling used her sorcery to cheat the Clan out of their claim. Before the Clan could act, a more pressing matter arose. In order to stave off the clan's indebtedness, Gorim was forced to sell his runic warhammer "Grobidoreng" ("Goblinsmasher") to a Manling merchant named Hals Schwindler. Gorim then distributed the money to each clan member. Some elected to leave Grissenwald and return to the Grey Mountains while others decided to strike out on their own. Only a score or so of you decided to stay behind with Gorim.

Known only to the clan elders (like Gorim), the Master Runesmith Duronk the Crafty forged Grobidoreng for the Grundstok Clan during the Imperial Age of the Three Emperors. First, Duronk added runes of Striking (**WS+20**) and Might (one S10 hit per day) to the hammer. Then,

in accordance to his own traditions, Duronk added a special rune: one that curses anyone who possesses the hammer -- other than members of the clan for which it was forged -- with ill fortune. The nature of the curse differs with the circumstances of the possessor. Gorim did not realise that the special rune would manifest itself if the hammer were freely given to another. Thus, he failed to mention it to the Human merchant (mostly out of fear that it would drive the warhammer's value downward).

In addition to its value as an heirloom, Grobidoreng has a proud history with the Grundstok clan. Its first possessor, Malek the Bold, used the runic warhammer to great effect against a raiding band of Elven archers along the lower slopes of the western Grey Mountains in 1642 I.C. Bardin Ironband wielded Grobidoreng against the Elves in another skirmish in 1722. Human bandits along the Montdidier Pass were the recipients of Grobidoreng's business end in the 1880s. Finally, Gorim's father Thungrim took the runic warhammer with him when the Grundstok clan joined Magnus the Pious' army in 2303.

### Prologue

A few of you decided to put an expedition together with another goal in mind: the honourable return of Grobidoreng to Gorim. The plan was simply to offer collective services of the expedition for five years in exchange for the warhammer. With your skills and strong backs you felt that the trade was more than a fair bargain.

As you knew the name of the travelling merchant, you and your companions easily learned his destination from the Grissenwald harbourmaster (after some consideration). The fare to Nuln, however, was another matter. At 4 GCs a head, the fare was akin to highway robbery. Thus, the expedition decided that the two day (or so) walk to Nuln would be worthy of such an honourable goal.

### On the Road

You have just left the village of Mattersheim after washing down a late lunch with some weak mannish brew. This is your second day of travel since you left the town of Grissenwald. The road south to Nuln is rutted from wagons, but you've noticed that it's rarely travelled upon. Travel on the Empire's rivers, including the mighty Reik on your right, is safer than its roads. The Great Forest, the western fringes through which you are journeying, is said to be infested with bandits, goblins, and worse. While concerned, you are not overly worried. You number six strong and, as you were told, the city of Nuln is only three hours away on foot.

If the adventurers have their wits about them, they should be alert as they trek through the woods. If not, they should be completely surprised by and nearly walk into a group of pilgrims heading northward. Alert adventurers should be allowed a **Listen** test (+10 for *Acute Hearing*) before they round the bend.

A group of five pilgrims are heading in the direction from whence you came. They are hooded and dressed in long robes. Each is wearing a large medallion in the shape of a hammer around their necks marking them as followers of Sigmar, the patron god of the Empire. You are not surprised to see each pilgrim carrying a sword with them. These are hard times, after all.

The pilgrim in the front is holding a leather bound book in his hands. He clears his throat and softly says, “Your pardons, elder brothers. A moment of your time, if you will. Perchance did you happen upon a roadside shrine in your travels? We are poor pilgrims from Averheim and we journey to Altdorf to pray at the Great Cathedral of Our Lord Sigmar. We have vowed to stop and pray at every shrine along the way, as well as attend them as required by our priests. Could you spare a coin or two as well?”

The “Pilgrims” are hardly what they claim. In actuality, they are bandits bent on robbing the unsuspecting or those easily intimidated. If the PCs already have weapon at the ready, Wolmar Grünwald and his men play their roles to perfection and move on (although they may pause long enough to see if the PCs give them a coin or two. If the adventurers are unprepared and unaware (like everyone searching their purses to give a donation), the bandits draw their weapons and attempt to rob the PCs of coin and other valuables. Should the PCs resist, the bandits fight until the battle turns against them, at which point they flee into the forest.

It is possible that the PCs capture a bandit or two. If they do, they can either wait for a Road Warden patrol to appear or march the captives to Nuln. In either event, a patrol of six mounted Road Wardens appear from the direction of Nuln. They are searching for this very band of outlaws since they robbed a young Nulner nobleman just hours before. With the description given them, the captured bandits have no chance of convincing the Road Wardens that they are pilgrims, not bandits. To illustrate Imperial justice, the bandits are hung on the spot.

**Wolmar Grünwald (Outlaw Leader)**

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	44	42	4	3	9	44	2	32	33	32	44	34	32

Skills: Concealment Rural, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language- Battle, Set Trap, Silent Move Rural, Spot Trap, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Possessions: Sword, Brown Robes with Leather Jerkin (0/1AP body) beneath, Medallion in the shape of a Warhammer, and Purse (2d6+5 GCs, 2d6 shillings, 4d6 pennies)

Alignment: Neutral (Sigmar)

### Bandits (Outlaws)

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	41	38	3	3	8	42	1	30	28	27	41	29	29

Skills: Concealment Rural, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language- Battle, Set Trap, Silent Move Rural, Spot Trap, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Possessions: Sword, Brown Robes with Leather Jerkin (0/1AP body) beneath, Medallion in the shape of a Warhammer, and Purse (2d6+2 GCs, 2d6 shillings, 4d6 pennies)

Alignment: Neutral (Sigmar)

### Typical Road Wardens

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	42	43	4	3	8	42	1	31	43	31	32	33	31

Skills: Ride-Horse

Possessions: Sword, Mail Shirt (1AP body), Shield (1AP all over), Crossbow (R32/64/300, ES 4, 1 rd to load, 1 rd to fire) and 20 bolts, Horse with Saddle and Harness, Rope- 10 yards, and Purse (3d6+4 shillings, 2d6 pennies)

Alignment: Neutral (Sigmar)

### Arrival in Nuln

As you approach the city, you are awed at the sheer size of Nuln. It is by far the largest city you have ever seen, even larger than your former home of Karak Norn. By late afternoon you arrive at the massive gates of Nuln. The gates stand fifteen feet high and fifteen feet wide. The stonework of the gatehouse is clearly of Dwarf craftsmanship. A queue of other travellers, men-at-arms, and carts lead through the gates. You notice that each group spend a few moments at the gatehouse before moving on, whilst a number of the carts pull up outside and are unloaded by a group of waiting men.

Whilst you wait in line there appears to be an altercation at the front between a cart driver and two men who belong to the group unloading the other carts. The driver appears to be a Dwarf.

If the characters ignore the fracas, then the matter is resolved as the party pass through the gates, and enter the city. Proceed with the matter of the toll.

If the characters move to either involve themselves or watch the event, then the GM should note

that they lose their place in the queue. The situation is as follows. By an old town agreement, all carts above a certain size are unloaded outside the city by members of the Teamsters Guild, and placed in bonded warehousing abutting the outer wall of the city. The carts and animals are also parked up within a caravanserai. The aim was to allow the gate and streets to be built to a restricted width for defensive purposes, whilst mitigating the inconvenience for merchants. Over the years, however, it has become a monopoly work opportunity for the teamsters. The Dwarf merchant (Harek Fartrader) is complaining that his cart is small enough to fit into the gate, and should be allowed into the city. The Teamster Guild representative has refused to allow this, stating that this is not the case. The Dwarf merchant then demands to see whoever is in charge. After a wait of a few minutes, the appropriate person appears, who happens to be a Dwarf himself (Wolfram Poundslag). The merchant appeals to the Dwarfen guildmaster on the basis of his clan and family; the guildmaster gives him the short shrift. The merchant then threatens to recall this as a grudge. The PCs should be informed of the seriousness of this matter, but the guildmaster appears unimpressed, and the merchant with a curse allows his goods to be unloaded. Allow the PCs **Listen** tests to pick up the name of each dwarf.

There is little the PCs can do in this event, but they should realise that they will not be able to twist Dwarfs within the city simply as a basis of their race. Expatriate Dwarfs living in the Empire are too human to understand their own notions of honour. Should the PCs fall out with the Guild as a result of this encounter, then they might rue this later in the adventure.

Whilst Nuln is not the largest city in the Empire, it is inspiring enough to dumbfound and confuse rural characters. Since the gatehouse is the entry point to the city, it is also where certain citizens seek to take advantage of such feelings.

Like all Old World cities, Nuln charges an entry toll to defray the overhead costs of maintaining and securing the city. All individuals will be expected to pay one silver penny (a full GC if mounted) at the tollbooth located just inside the main gate. A City Official mans the booth, together with three gate guards, and may call the appropriate guard from the adjoining tower (10 men) if necessary. Since the charge is not excessive, there is little necessity for bribery and all officials are relatively honest.

Ernst Zollwärter, Tollman (Exciseman)

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	41	30	3	3	8	41	1	32	31	42	41	30	28

Skills: Blather, Law, Numismatics, Read/Write (Reikspiel), Supernumerate

Possessions: Sword, Leather Jack (0/1 AP body/arms), Writing Kit, Abacus, and Strongbox (d3 GCs, 4d6 shillings, 6d6+4 pennies)

Alignment: Neutral (Sigmar)

Morten, Thomas, and Leif, Gate Guards

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	40	30	4	3	9	39	1	32	27	29	39	32	39

Skills: Specialist Weapon-Two-Handed, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun.

Possessions: Mail Shirt (1 AP body), Sword, and Halberd (D+2, I-10).

Alignment: Neutral (Sigmar)

The GM should note what coinage the PCs propose to pay the entry tariff in. Should they use non-native coinage, the toll keeper will eye the coin and the PCs and ask them if they are trying to be funny. If the PCs use their own coins, they are minted in Wissenburg, not Nuln. If the adventurers somehow have coins from the pilgrims, there's a 75% chance that a particular coin has been minted in Nuln (some of the coins are minted in Averheim, Pfeildorf, or Wissenburg).

This is a good time to fleece the players (for the good of the city coffers, which need their money more), and introduce them to the local rules on money. Like all of the major provinces and cities within the Empire, Nuln only officially accepts the coinage minted locally. Coinage from elsewhere is subject to a local tax of 10% by local merchants (in theory) or can be exchanged at a licensed minter or moneylender for a 5% charge. You should note that this is also partially an act by the toll keeper, since the city has sold a monopoly on gate income to a local moneychanger, who will appear to help smooth things over, and change money at the official rates. He will also point the PCs in the direction of the official guides.

On entering the city, PCs are far from safe, and will be beset by a number of hawkers and urchins. In particular, most taverns and inns pay hawkers to drum up customers, and they will vie with an assortment of street peddlers and beggars for the newcomers' attention. In addition, there will also be a spotter for the local thieves' guild keeping an eye on who is entering the city. It is unlikely they will make any move here, but the presence of the PCs will have been noted. The GM should attempt to describe the mass of people milling around here in a colourful and dynamic manner. A few implicit suggestions concerning peculiar or shady characters should serve to set the right note, and commence the party on the road to paranoia nicely.

Set against the wall is another small booth, advertising official guides. This is a further monopoly sold by the city, and for 1GC per day, the PCs can hire a local urchin to show them around. Whilst expensive, the service is a good one and is operated by the Cult of Shallya. They use the income for good works, and ensure that the guides are fed, clothed and educated. It is owned by the moneylender who owns the gate monopoly, at the behest of his wife who spends much of her time arranging charity work for the cult. An initiate of the Cult of Shallya runs it. This is obviously an aide to GMs in facilitating PC access to areas of the city, and a further tax on their purses. It is purely a cheat in order to help run the adventure within the timeframe, and

will prove useful for characters wishing to solve the puzzle contained in the scenario. However, tight-pursed characters are welcome to continue without such aid.

Reiner Klein, typical city guide and urchin

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	27	29	3	3	5	32	1	33	28	29	27	26	32

Skills: Begging, Concealment Urban, Secret Language-Thieves', Secret Signs-Thieves', Silent Move Urban

Possessions: Tattered clothes (with patches), and Purse (d6+2 pennies)

Alignment: Neutral (Shallya)

### Looking for Herr Schwindler

Herr Schwindler is a man known hereabouts as an eccentric who deals with unusual and arcane merchandise. Should the PCs inquire about Schwindler from a procured guide then they will be taken directly to his residence. Asking anyone milling around the gate will elicit responses geared to encourage visiting the location which that individual is being paid to support. They may find greater success with the exciseman at the gate. As tax collectors, the Nuln excisemen are aware of the merchants of the city, and provided the PCs have been polite will elicit a favourable response on a **Fel**+10 test (with any appropriate modifier).

A final possibility is to continue into the city, and inquire of a merchant or tradesman within. Such a person will ask the PCs about their business with him. Anything that may be misconstrued as a threat to Herr Schwindler will prompt a response on the order of "haven't seen him for a while" or "haven't a clue where he is." Inquiring PCs need to successfully pass a **Fel** test (with whatever modifiers are appropriate) to obtain Schwindler's address from a merchant.

Hermann Vertreter, typical tradesman

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
3	41	30	3	3	7	33	1	32	31	44	33	32	44

Skills: Evaluate, Haggle, Numismatics

Possessions: Sword, Leather Jerkin (0/1 Body), and Purse (2d6 GCs, 3d6 shillings, 2d6 pennies)

Alignment: Neutral (Handrich)

### **To Protect and Serve (Those who can Afford It)**

On your way to Herr Schwindler, you notice that you are entering a better district of the city. The architecture is high quality, and well maintained, and you spot signs of Dwarf workmanship.

However, Dwarfs are not a common sight in the Turmhügel district at any time of the day. The residents in this district prefer what they perceive as the lower classes to be kept at a distance from themselves, and that they remain in their own districts. To this end they expect, and pay for, appropriate protection. Before they arrive, the PCs will be intercepted by a local Watch patrol. The local Watch patrol will politely (and this in itself should concern the PCs) question any Dwarf about their business for being in the neighbourhood. Any response will be viewed with suspicion, but the Watch is a generally tolerant lot happy in their safe district, and will restrain itself from doing anything more until a crime is committed. Should any PC respond in a surly manner to the Watch, they can count on a spot fine of 1 GC. There is also an outside chance that the Watch patrol may decide that a beating is in order. GMs should carefully weigh the level of punishment to mete out to any rude PC. If the PCs have hired a guide, feel free to use him to warn the PCs of their danger, and the need for tact.

#### **Turmhügel Watch Sergeant**

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	45	35	4	3	9	44	2	32	35	29	39	32	39

Skills: Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun.

Possessions: Mail Shirt (1 AP body), Sword, and Club.

Alignment: Neutral (Sigmar)

#### **Turmhügel Watchmen**

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	40	30	4	3	9	39	1	32	27	29	39	32	39

Skills: Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun.

Possessions: Leather Jack (0/1 AP body/arms), 25% chance of Mail Shirt (1 AP body), Club, Lantern and Pole.

Alignment: Neutral (Sigmar)

### Anyone Home?

You continue to the task at hand once you conclude your business with the Watch. You eventually find Herr Schwindler's two-storied, light blue townhouse. The front door is closed with a note tied to the doorknob. The windows on the ground floor are closed with the curtains drawn. An ivy-covered trellis is left of the door and leads to a slightly opened window on the upper floor.

PCs approaching the closed door find a notice that reads (to any with the Read/Write skill):

"Keep away. Patient very sick."  
Herr Doktor Holzapfel

The PCs have two options. If they hired a guide, then they can be taken to Doktor Holzapfel's premises, and on a successful **Fel** test, he can be persuaded to allow them entry with a spare key he has for treating the merchant.

Their other option is to force an entry in some manner. Should the adventurers decide on this course of action, they may wish to thank the guide for their service and dismiss them. No need for witnesses to see what the PCs do next. The adventurers find the door locked (CR 10). Scouting around the townhouse, the PCs find only one other possible entryway: the opened window to the floor above. The nearby trellis offers a way to get to that window, but its construction is not as sturdy as a Dwarf would hope. A -10 modifier to **Dex** applies to any scaling the trellis (those with the Scale Sheer Surface skill climb without difficulty).

No matter how they gain entrance, the PCs find the ailing Hals Schwindler in an upstairs bedroom. Burning with fever over the past several days, the bedridden Hals is weak from the Galloping Cough Fever (diagnosed by any with the Cure Disease skill on a successful **Int** test). No longer contagious, Hals welcomes the Dwarfs and introduces himself. If the Doktor is with them, he will mumble some medical mumbo-jumbo, give the merchant some medicine and depart after leaving his bill.

When the PCs present their offer or inquire about Grobidoreng, Hals informs them that he sold the warhammer to a buyer for a tidy sum (which Hals refuses to divulge under any circumstance). Initially, Hals will not name the buyer as "it's bad for business." Some persuasion (either bribes or threats of bodily harm) will help Hals see the PCs' earnestness in recovering the warhammer. A minimum of a 5 Crown offer allows the PC to make a **Bribery** test (+10 for every additional Crown offered above the minimum, as well as any other appropriate modifier). Failure means that the bribe was too small while success provides the name of Sirillan Marrasendil and an address of 12 Moorland Strasse in the Schlossfels district. An **Int** may be required for the PCs to recognise the name as Elven. PCs threatening Hals must successfully pass a **Ld**+10 test to intimidate Hals sufficiently to get the above information. A failed test results in Hals screaming for help (which has a 40% chance of alerting a Watch patrol within d6+6 rounds unless he is stopped).

Hals Schwindler, Merchant, ex-Trader  
Height: 5 ft 10 in  
Weight: 180 lbs.  
Hair: Blond  
Eyes: Blue  
Age: 32  
Alignment: Neutral (Handrich)

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	41	42	4	4	9	52	1	42	60	65	56	52	55

Skills: Blather, Evaluate, Haggle, Magical Sense, Numismatics, Read/Write (Reikspiel and Tilean), Ride, Secret Language-Classical, Secret Language-Guilder, Speak Additional Language (Tilean), Super Numerate

Possessions: Fancy Clothes, Townhouse, and Pouch (4d6+6 GC, 4d6 shillings)

Personal Details: A wheeler-dealer with an eye to the unusual, Hals has a talent for assessing a rare item's value. He is also adept at paying the bare minimum to obtain an item and sell it to "collectors" for a handsome profit. Hals is a rather unscrupulous middleman and has no qualms about taking advantage of the less fortunate.

Doktor Fritz Holzapfel, Physician, ex-Student, ex-Physician's Apprentice  
Height: 5 ft 8 in  
Weight: 190 lbs.  
Hair: Light Brown, receding  
Eyes: Blue  
Age: 42  
Alignment: Neutral (Verena)

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
3	30	31	4	4	9	41	1	63	55	67	56	53	44

Skills: Arcane Language-Magick, Cure Disease, Heal Wounds, History, Manufacture Drugs, Prepare Poison, Read/Write (Reikspiel), Scroll Lore, Secret Language-Classical, Surgery

Possessions: Sword, Black Bag with Medical Instruments, and Purse (4d6 GCs, 3d6 shillings)

Personal Details: Doktor Holzapfel is a typical Imperial physician who caters to those with money: he charges more than his services are worth. Still, he cares for his patients and will not allow them to be unduly agitated.

### What Have We Here?

On leaving the merchant's house, you notice a group of five manlings approaching you. The five are dressed in simple clothing and have a prominent band about their left arm. You can make out a sort of symbol on the armband.

The PCs are accosted by another Watch patrol, or so they may believe. In fact, they have been accosted by the local Merchant Guild Militia, a quasi-watch set up by the merchants to protect their properties from riff-raff (like the PCs). The militiamen are dressed in typical lower class clothing, but each wears a prominent armband embroidered with the symbol of the local guild.

These people are basically bullies, and will act in two ways. If they are responding to cries for help from Herr Schwindler or to reports of Dwarfs climbing ivy into windows, then there is little the PCs can do but run and fight their way clear. The militia will not chase them far. If the PCs are simply leaving the house, then they can avoid this by either: a successful **Bluff** test (+10) by insisting they are merchants here on business with Herr Schwindler; or a **Leadership** test (+10) to browbeat these rather slow individuals into allowing them to carry on their legitimate business in the area. Resourceful PCs might easily create alternative solutions.

As GM, you should adapt the attitude of the militia to that of the PCs. Good role-playing should evade any problems; the point is to introduce another aspect of city life to the PCs. If the Dwarfs have to fight the militia, the Watch will tend not to search particularly thoroughly for the perpetrators, as they dislike the militias for what they perceive as a hindrance to their job. However, a death will be investigated.

#### Merchant Guild Militia, Bodyguard

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	35	30	4	3	7	27	1	32	27	21	29	24	28

Skills: Disarm, Specialist Weapon - Fist Weapon, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Possessions: Club, Knife (I +10, D -2, Parry -20), Knuckle-dusters (WS -10, D -1), Leather Jack (0/1AP body/arms)

Alignment: Neutral (Sigmar)

### The Elf Collector

In this area of Nuln (the Schlossfels district), no one has heard of Sirillan Marrasendil. The address is another matter and any exciseman or trader will be able to provide directions for a

small consideration (say, 5 shillings or so).

Following directions, you find yourselves in an upper class neighbourhood on the western side of Nuln. 12 Moorland Strasse is an immaculate three-storied, cream-coloured townhouse. A wall surrounds the courtyard to the right and back of the townhouse. As you near the front door, you notice that it is slightly ajar.

Knocking brings forward no response nor does calling out. In fact, the home is eerily quiet compared to the hum of life outside.

Exploring the premises, the adventurers find a sitting room, kitchen, and dining room on the ground floor. Everything on this floor is clean and tidy as the floor above where the adventurers find two bedrooms. The smaller of the two contains a low bed, closet, dresser, and a couple of tables. Should the adventurers rifle through the room, they find nothing more than the clothing for a short, plump female (small Dwarf, maybe?). The larger room is far more eloquent with stylish furnishings and four-poster bed. Everything here has the feel (and smell) of Elf about it. Especially the brightly coloured clothing and the various coloured jars containing fragrant oils, cremes, and powders.

The top floor is different. It consists of one room which is clearly a study and library. It is also a mess as books are strewn everywhere. Across the room is a desk with an opened book on top of it. The high backed chair is turned towards the window behind the desk. Approaching the desk, the PCs notice that someone is sitting there. Calling out does not elicit a response nor does issuing threats. Sirillan Marrasendil is beyond such now as he has been strangled to death. Checking the body, the adventurers find that it is still fairly warm. A successful **Int** test concludes that the Elf was killed within the past fifteen minutes or thereabouts. Additionally, the Elf's rather long fingernails have some blood and bits of flesh under their ripped ends. Obviously, Sirillan gouging his assailant's flesh was not enough to prevent his death.

Should the adventurers peer out the window, they will notice a woman dressed in a medium grey hooded cloak with tall, black boots watching the window from the adjacent alleyway (opposite the side with the yard). The blond-haired Human looks up, smiles, and quickly departs around the corner of a nearby building. On a successful **Observe**+10 test (an additional +10 for Excellent Vision) the PC notices a large bundle in the woman's arms. A second successful **Observe**+10 test allows the PC to notice deep scratches on the woman's right cheek.

PCs searching for the warhammer find nothing. They will find two other things interesting "things" in the room. On a successful **Search** test on the book shelf opposite the window, the adventurers will notice a glass case (roughly one foot high, two feet wide and six inches deep) behind a row of books. The case contains a collection of fingers of varying shapes and size with some sort of label written in Elven script.

A successful **Search** test in one of the desk drawers finds a note which states:

“Your payment is long overdue. Further excuses are no longer acceptable. Our collector will be by in the next few days to bring your account current.

“WP”

The opened book on the desk has a loose paper with the following passage written in a very stylish hand:

"Dearest Jeanette Marie,

"The warhammer purchased from the Altdorf merchant Hals Schwindler proved to be a steal. Power radiates from the Dwarfish runes inscribed upon the hammer during the forging process. Typical for that stubborn race, two of the runes are unchanged from those detailed in our archives for the past millennia. The first of these is called in their uncouth tongue "Stokkard" which allows the wielder to strike once per day with incredible strength. The other known as "Zhurstok" increases the wielder's skill.

"It is the third rune which provides the mystery. None of the runes I've studied in Har Ganeth comes close to revealing the nature of this one. As you well know, I love a mystery. I shan't think it will be more than a fortnight before I unravel it. Then, we can be together again in Marienburg at"

The adventurers note that the letter ends abruptly. A PC successfully passing an **Int** test concludes that the Elf must have heard something that caused some concern, but not enough as he had the time to fold the paper. Most likely, he heard a noise made by his killer who was still able to overwhelm the now dead Elf.

Before the PCs can do anything further, they hear the following shouted from below:

"'Ello! Herr Marrasendil! It's me, Gabi. I'm back from the market. Give me a couple o' minutes and I'll whip you up a meal. So, start gettin' your nose out o' the books and come on down."

Gabi's warning should alert the adventurers that they need to quickly leave the premises. If they don't within d6+2 minutes, Gabi will go upstairs and find them in the room with the dead Elf. Her only conclusion is not to the PCs' advantage. Of course, Dwarfs aren't known as stealthy folk so their chances of escaping undetected aren't very good. The timing of when the adventurers are tied to the dead Elf largely depends upon their subsequent actions leaving the house and any resulting interaction with the Halfling housekeeper.

Even if the adventurers escape Gabi's notice or find a way to silence her, there are no guarantees that they entered the house (much less leave it) unseen. Dwarfs in a group are not a common sight in the upper class neighbourhoods of the most cities in the Empire. Thus, many a snooping

neighbour may have noted their presence and watched them. However, like most houses within Old World cities, at the rear of the house is a garden for growing additional foodstuffs - particularly herbs. However, since the collector was a relatively affluent individual, he had turned some of his garden over to shrubbery and small trees. This should allow the PCs some chance of concealment, and a relatively soft landing for anyone falling out of windows.

It is suggested that the group takes a normal **Risk** test to discover if they were seen, with suitable modifiers as the GM sees fit. Using the garden as an escape route deserves a +10 bonus, and characters who really get into the swing of it by crawling around deserve a +20 bonus.

Gabrielle "Gabi" Brandysnap, Herbalist

Height: 3 ft 5 in

Weight: 95 lbs.

Hair: Sienna

Eyes: Hazel

Age: 34

Alignment: Neutral (Esmeralda)

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	26	29	3	2	6	59	1	51	20	45	27	45	44

Skills: Arcane Language-Druidic, Cook, Cure Disease, Heal Wounds, Herb Lore, Identify Plant, Read/Write (Reikspiel), Secret Language-Classical, Secret Language-Guildler

Possessions: Pestle & Mortar, Sling Bag with Dried Herbs, and Purse (d6 GCs, 3d6 shillings)

Personal Details: Gabi has been employed by Sirillan Marrasendil for five years. She is used to his studious ways and many absences due to his travels throughout the Old World. For all her master's worldliness and years, Sirillan is like a wayward child to Gabi. She is very protective of the Elf and will not take kindly to any who harm him. She also has no idea about his collection of fingers nor of his association with people who deal with threats and such.

### **A Friendly Face?**

As its getting late and they are no doubt thirsty, the Dwarf adventurers need to find a safe haven where they can discuss the situation and review what they know. A successful **Int** test suggests the PCs would be safest at the waterfront where various people of all races mingle. That location also provides (for those with money) immediate transportation up or down the Reik. An alternative may be the Dwarf quarter in the Schwarzrauch district, on the south bank of the River Aver near the fork where its waters flow into the Reik. Should the adventurers choose that destination, they must still pass through Nuln's harbour.

As the PCs are discussing their problems or walking towards their destination, they spot a Dwarf

ahead of them with a bloody bandage wrapped around his head. They recognise him from the incident at the gateway as the Dwarf who was in charge of the unloading (Wolfram Poundslag).

The crowd seems to throng around you as you make your way down the road. Generally people will step out of your path with a quizzical stare, but their relative height makes your view a peculiar one. You are also starting to get edgy, since you seem to be drawing attention for some reason. Ahead, you notice that another Dwarf is heading towards you. It is the Dwarf from the entry gate, who was the leader of the Teamster Guild porters.

The party has nothing to worry about. It is simply that they are Dwarfs, and that an assembly of such outside their quarter is unusual. A point that they need to remember.

The following assumes the party left on favourable terms with him.

The Dwarf Teamster sees you ahead of him. "Greetings Brothers," he says to you.

If he had not done so in the earlier encounter, the Dwarf introduces himself as Wolfram Poundslag. The Teamster then explains that he was set upon by two thugs, who thought him involved with the murder of some Elf. Wolfram knows that they were employed by the Merchants' Guild, and is off to his own Guild to lodge a formal protest. He warns the party, lest they also be mistaken. His own assault resulted from certain anti-Elf remarks Wolfram admits making in a public house, the Rat and the Parrot, by the docks. He can tell the party that the two had finished searching the dock area, and were moving on to another district.

Should their previous encounter with the Dwarf Teamster be other than favourable, then the following description is more appropriate:

The Dwarf Teamster sees you ahead of him. "By Grungni's bloody pick, my day has really hit a low point," he says to you. "I hope you're here for some reason other than to plague me."

The above situation could be remedied if the PCs apologise for their ignorance of the circumstances surrounding the encounter at the city gate. This will give the Teamster a reason to introduce himself and explain what happened to him (see above).

Should they have the note from Sirillan's desk, there's a possibility that the PCs will ask the Teamster if he is the W.P. who sent the letter to the doomed Elf. Wolfram looks at them squarely and flatly denies knowing any Elf. If politely asked, Wolfram says that the only "W.P." he knows is Wilhelm Pforten, a minor member of the Merchants' Guild who has rumoured ties to the Valantina crime family.

If asked, Wolfram provides the PCs with directions to the Merchants' Guildhall location on the Feierplatz, just south of the docks area. He will point out that the Merchants Guild isn't likely to simply grant them audience with one of their members, and that it will likely be closing very

shortly. They do not have the same helpful opening hours as the Teamsters Guild ...

### **Paying a Visit to the Guild**

Following Wolfram's directions to the Merchants' Guildhall was rather easy. The people in the Feierplatz were heading home or to the tavern at this late hour in the day. You hurried up the stairs to the main doors of the Guildhall. A bespectacled old manling, carrying a number of books, stepped out of the building and turned towards the doors with a key in his hand. You realise that he was about to lock up for the evening.

Heironymus Andernach is the Archivist of the Merchants' Guild. He is responsible for overseeing the work of ten scribes, ensuring that the Guild's records are meticulously maintained and frequently updated. The Archivist has just completed another twelve hour shift and is looking forward to a relaxing drink or three at a nearby tavern, the "Donkey's Tail."

Any attempt by the PCs to coerce Heironymus to open the doors to get information about one of the Guild's members is doomed to failure. Physical threats are useless since the Archivist cannot conceive of anyone following through on a threat just to get information of that nature. However, as noted below, PCs have other options available.

There are two ways for PCs to get information on Wilhelm Pforten: they could either bribe Heironymus or loosen his tongue by buying him drinks. The Archivist will not accept any bribe less than five GCs for his troubles. A +10 modifier can be added to a PC's **Bribe** test for every one GC over five to determine success in convincing Heironymus to answer their questions about Wilhelm. In actuality, buying drinks for the Archivist is far cheaper. Heironymus will get chatty after his fourth pint of ale.

In addition, those with the Read/Write skill may make an **Observe** test to read the titles of the books he is carrying. They are apparently mundane texts on farming. However, when queried, it will become very obvious that Hieronymus knows absolutely nothing about farming, and if not reminded that he has the texts, will disdainfully explain he has no interest upon the subject. In fact the books are heretical texts concerning the Magnæran sect of the Cult of Sigmar in which he has an academic interest. To the Dwarfs, these are simply manling religious texts, but Hieronymus will become much more pliable if he believes that he might be caught. GMs should note that the teachings are in no way chaotic, simply at odds to orthodox Sigmarite teaching. However, to the authorities there is little difference, and so Hieronymus will try and get rid of the PCs as quickly as possible.

The only thing that will keep his tongue still is if the PCs have made any comments of doing harm to Wilhelm. It's not that Heironymus has any fondness for the merchant (he doesn't), but he doesn't want to be tied to any acts of violence, especially murder.

Heironymus knows that Wilhelm has inadequate talent with respect to his profession and limited patience in gaining wealth and influence. Though he doesn't know it as fact, Heironymus would

not be surprised to learn of Wilhelm's rumoured connection to a criminal family like the Valantinas. Wilhelm has always acted as if he knew what he was about and believed himself to be in full control. Heironymus is fairly certain that no deal is too shady or immoral to attract Wilhelm's attention.

If asked for Wilhelm Pforten's address, Heironymus looks away as if debating whether to provide the information. This is a ploy to get another free drink or GC for his troubles. Once he receives his remuneration, the Archivist provides directions to the 13 Vogelhaus Weg in the Niederfluss district.

GM's Note: If the PCs somehow manage to completely fail in this encounter, it should be possible for their Shallyan guide [should they have one] to eventually discover the address. However, it is not the sort of information that comes easily, and the Dwarfs should be penalised an addition 3D6 GCs in bribes to appropriate shady contacts that their guide must use.

Heironymus Andernach, Scribe, ex-Student

Height: 5 ft 8 in

Weight: 137 lbs.

Hair: Wispy Grey

Eyes: Blue

Age: 62

Alignment: Neutral (Verena)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	26	25	3	3	7	39	1	33	42	39	31	44	46

Skills: Arcane Language-Magick, Consume Alcohol (lapsed), History, Read/Write (Reikspiel), Secret Language-Classical, Secret Language- Guilder (Merchant)

Possessions: Thick Glasses, Writing Kit, and Purse (d6 GCs, 2d6 shillings, 2d6 pennies)

Personal Details: Heironymus has been the Archivist of the Nuln Merchants' Guild for twenty years. The work has taken its toll on his eyes and he wears thick glasses to compensate. In contrast, Heironymus' mind remains sharp and he is a wealth of gossip and trivia. He's a regular at the nearby "Donkey's Tail" tavern where he generally has a couple of drinks (sometimes dinner) after his twelve hour shift ends.

### The Hunters

You depart from the "Donkey's Tail" tavern, hopeful that your quest is nearing its end. You navigate through the streets of Nuln to the Niederfluss district. Progress is slow as you need to occasionally stop to ensure you haven't deviated from Herr Andernach's directions.

Any PC who successfully passes a Listen test (+10 for Acute Hearing, +10 for Sixth Sense) for soft noise senses that the PCs are being followed. The PC passing the test will spot two manlings lurking in the shadows on a successful Observe-10 test (the Excellent Vision skill nullifies the penalty). Any other PC will have a -20 modifier to their Observe test.

Unless the adventurers provoke the two Bounty Hunters, the manlings remain content to follow them for a time. In this case, provocation would be some sort of open challenge or threat directed towards the Bounty Hunters. The two manlings have not yet determined if the PCs are the suspects wanted for the Elf's murder. Without any other leads, the adventurers seem to be the most likely candidates.

Karl Ostwald and Thom Horn have teamed up on occasion to bring in gangs of bandits, but their association was always dictated by circumstance. Both men generally detest one another and would do their utmost to better the other person. However, times have not been good for either recently, and when each was approached (separately) with a view to earning a retainer to act as a supra-judicial enforcer, they each accepted. The money covers their dislike for each other (just). They are aware of the existence of the PCs from their earlier run-in with the Merchant Guild Militia, and see them as one obvious lead. With regard to other facts, they will know as much as the Watch. This will include sighting by neighbours and Gabi.

Karl Ostwald, Bounty Hunter, ex-Protagonist

Height: 6 ft 2 in

Weight: 189 lbs.

Hair: Light Brown

Eyes: Dark Brown

Age: 34

Alignment: Neutral (Sigmar)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	45	41	5	3	8	41	2	34	31	30	55	31	34

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Ride-Horse, Shadowing, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban, Specialist Weapon-Lasso, Specialist Weapon-Net, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun

Possessions: Mail Shirt (1AP body), Sword, Crossbow (R 32/64/300, ES 4, Rld 1 to load, 1 to fire) with 20 bolts, Rope, Net, d4 Pair of Manacles), and Purse (d6 GC, 2d6 shillings)

Personal Details: A hard man for a hard life, Karl enjoys bullying people he sees as weak and easily intimidated. Unfortunately, Karl's social graces are non-existent. His abrasive personality rubs both friends (the few he has) and foes the wrong way. In fact, many who know Karl would not be sorry to see him disappear.

Thom Horn, Bounty Hunter, ex-Pit Fighter  
Height: 5 ft 11 in  
Weight: 180 lbs.  
Hair: Black  
Eyes: Blue  
Age: 28  
Alignment: Neutral (Ulric)

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
3	55	41	4	4	8	41	1	40	29	31	46	32	29

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Shadowing, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban, Specialist Weapon-Fist, Specialist Weapon-Flail, Specialist Weapon-Lasso, Specialist Weapon-Net, Specialist Weapon-Parrying, Specialist Weapon-Two-Handed, Strike Mighty Blow

Possessions: Mail Shirt (1AP body), Sword, Crossbow (R 32/64/300, ES 4, Rld 1 to load, 1 to fire) with 20 bolts, Rope, Net, d4 Pair of Manacles), and Purse (d6 GC, 2d6 shillings)

Personal Details: Thom is very determined to get his man, even if he has to first beat the unfortunate to a bloody pulp. At least, Thom brings the back alive. When not “on the job,” Thom’s intense personality gives way to one that is personable and jolly.

### **The Streets of Nuln**

The evening is drawing in as you proceed along the streets towards your destination. Still, it does not bother you; Dwarf eyes are keen in the dark. However, it is clear that manlings do not like it as the streets are increasingly deserted. With your night vision, you can make out a lone figure walking down the street towards you. It is a blond female, well armed and moving with poise. Manlings all look pretty grotty to you, but you can respect someone whom is obviously functionally very efficient. And, there is something else . . . . You are quite close before she is aware of you in the dark, and she suddenly pulls up. She appears to suddenly change her mind about her direction of travel, and moves to the left. The sudden movement on the uncertain cobbles [pathetic manling work] causes her to appear to twist her ankle, however, and emit a low moan of pain.

Assuming the bounty hunters are still following the party, read the following. Otherwise, the GM should immediately run an encounter between the Dwarfs and Christina.

Before you can act, however, the two manlings who have been trailing you, step forward. "So, Christina Koch," says one. "This is going to be worth a lot of money. You should choose better compatriots. The bungling idiots led us straight to you." The woman looks scornfully at the speaker. "Ostwald," she says, "don't try and confuse me. It will take more than you and the hired help to catch me." With that she hurls a concealed knife at the manling Oswald, as the two men raise their crossbows.

The GM needs to tailor the fight to the state of the PCs, and with the later fight in mind. It should be clear to the Dwarfs that both sides think them allied with the other, and must decide on a course of action.

Christina is simply interested in escape, but is limited by her twisted ankle. She will barter anything for that, and will keep her end of the bargain. She has her own sense of honour. The PCs will find her a useful source of information, if they can bargain for this, since she took the heirloom and is exhibiting continued bad luck. This has not been a profitable job, and she wishes simply to cut her losses.

Christina also has the following bits of information that she may be willing to depart for the right price:

- Admits she killed Sirillan and took the hammer
- Returned it to Pforten whose property she thought it was
- Knows that Pforten was meeting a Dwarf, who was arriving as she left.

The bounty hunters are interested in the payment for solving the murder, but also for the bounty they know is on Christina's head. It is also personal for Oswald. The Dwarfs are largely irrelevant, though they might fetch additional bounty. The bounty hunters can be relied upon to stick to a bargain where it is in their interests, and causes them little aggravation. They know the following information:

- Koch is a hired assassin
- Pforten is linked to the Valantinas

Of course, whilst the PCs negotiate and discuss, they are in the middle of a fight. At least one of the crossbows will be shot at the PCs, as the bounty hunters regard them as Christina's allies - at least initially. Do not be too severe on timing the PCs in making a decision. In Convention play, they will be unfamiliar with each other, and, with a little leniency on time, this battle can be quite rewarding as an encounter, and as an aid to solving the adventure.

One last point. Their guide will decide that he is not being paid enough for this, and rush off never to re-appear. Whilst they will not be aware of this, there is also plenty of time before a patrol appears. Pforten lives in a relatively poor area of Nuln, and getting there takes the PCs through even worse areas, and the Watch will only appear when they know the coast is clear.

Christina Koch, Assassin, ex-Bounty Hunter

Height: 5 ft 7 in

Weight: 137 lbs.

Hair: Blond

Eyes: Blue

Age: 32

Alignment: Neutral (Handrich)

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	53	52	4	5	10	54	3	49	41	53	52	44	40

Skills: Concealment-Rural, Concealment Urban, Disguise, Follow Trail, Marksmanship, Prepare Poisons, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadowing, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban, Specialist Weapon-Fist, Specialist Weapon-Flail, Specialist Weapon-Lasso, Specialist Weapon-Net, Specialist Weapon-Throwing Knife, Specialist Weapon-Two-Handed, Strike Mighty Blow

Possessions: Mail Shirt (1 AP body), Sword, Garrote, Dagger (I +10, D -2, Parry -20), 4 Throwing Knives (R 4/8/20, ES C), and Purse (2d6 Gu, 4d6 GC, 4d6 shillings).

Personal Details: Christina Koch is a devout servant of Handrich, whose business happens to be killing people. She is extremely honest and will abide exactly to the terms of a contract - and expect her client to do so as well. To most her morality is nil, but she sees herself as extremely moral as she is forthright and dependable. She is not particularly attractive of herself, but her traditional Unberogen physiology and level of fitness make her pleasing to most male Imperialist observers - until they look into her eyes. No one could hold the stare of this cold, steel-eyed killer. In addition, she usually wears clothing that hides her build to make her less noticeable. Christina is also aware that her age is against her. She has made a career out of her physique, and she knows only too well that climbing down drains is the business of the young. Whilst she does not realise her misfortunes are due to the heirloom's misfortune rune, this job had shown her that she needs to start planning for her age.

Note: Ignore the sprained ankle for the combat; it is accounted for in her inability to simply flee.

### Almost There

You've survived the confused confrontation between the manlings. Clearly, the whole race must be touched by Chaos! At least, Herr Andernach proved reliable. His directions brought you to what you hoped would be the place where you'll find the Clan's heirloom. You certainly hope its current possessor was a reasonable man... for his sake. The sun has long set when you round the corner and see your destination. The two-storied house has an walled garden to its left. The construction of the house was shoddier than the typical manling domicile, no doubt reflective of its resident's less than sterling reputation.

As you approach Pforten's home, you notice two guards by the front door. Their attire, including prominent armbands, are similar to the militia you encountered in the district where the merchant, Hals Schwindler, lived.

The guards hardly fill that function. From afar, the PCs can see that the two manlings are bored and not terribly alert. If the PCs do nothing more than watch from a fair distance, it'll take the slow-witted guards d6+4 turns to realise the PCs are observing them. Caught unaware, the guards are unhappy about the intrusion and threaten the PCs "to shove off or else."

If the PCs decide to go to the front door, the following text applies:

As you approach the front door, the two manlings look at you menacingly. One of them says, "Sigmar's teeth, more Stunties. You must be here to back your boss, eh? Don't try anything funny. We'd hate to slap your backside with your own beard."

If the PCs arrive in poor shape from the previous encounter between Bounty Hunters and assassin, the guards will be confident in their ability to handle the adventurers. The two guards on the other side of the door are additional insurance in case the outside pair miscalculate their abilities to oppose the PCs. Should the adventurers arrive in good fighting shape, the guards are more nervous than their bravado lets on.

The PCs should be able to **Bluff** (+20 modifier if the adventurers only took minor damage or less from the encounter they just endured) their way pass the guards. Should they try to intimidate the guards, the PCs must successfully pass a **Ld** test (+20 if in good shape for a fight). As a last resort, the adventurers could fight their way through the front door.

The PCs may decide to bypass the situation at the front door altogether. The awareness of the guards is such that quick-witted PCs should be able to quietly make it to the wall unseen on a successful **Sneak**+20 test. The walls are pitted enough to provide handholds for anyone trying to scale it. PCs must successfully pass a **Dex**+20 test to reach the gardens on the other side. PCs with the Scale Sheer Surface skill can easily make the climb. These PCs can even help their brethren scale the wall which adds an additional +10 modifier to the climber's test.

Should the PCs succeed in reaching the garden undetected, read the following:

You entered a walled garden choked with weeds. A long tree dominates the poorly maintained garden and provides cover from the windows of the townhouse. A broken down fountain lies beneath a side window on the upper floor. A lone door at the back of the house separates you from the inside.

If the adventurers have been spotted, add the following to the above description:

As the last of you make it over the wall, an alarm is raised. You must quickly decide whether to wait for the Watch to arrive, flee, or continue straight on for the warhammer.

An **Int** test should be allowed for the adventurers should they decide to flee without thinking through the ramifications. Success means that the PCs realise that they may never get so close to the warhammer if they flee now given the circumstances of the Elf collector's death (where there are two Bounty Hunters, there may be more). If they still choose to flee, then the cowards deserve what they get.

The adventurers should conclude that they have nothing to gain by waiting as (1) they may have to tangle with the Watch in addition to the guards and (2) the merchant with the warhammer may flee. This is only one choice: push on.

In the event the PCs try the back door, they find the door unlocked. Should they enter, read the following:

You enter a rather untidy kitchen with adjacent dining area. If the manling merchant has any help, they're either incompetent or they come by infrequently. A door exits the room at the far end.

If the adventurers pause to listen (which is not a good thing if the alarm is sounded), allow a **Listen** test (+10 for Acute Hearing) for normal noise to listen to the guards complain. Should the alarm be raised, then the guards are frantically getting ready to face the adventurers. In the event the adventurers enter the house undetected, the guards will be grumbling about their boredom and poor pay.

The PCs gain entry to the main entry hall of the ground floor through either the front door or kitchen area. Read the following after the PCs have bluffed, bullied, or battled their way past the guards:

You have entered the main part of ground floor. Before the front door are stairs ascending to the upper floor. To the left of the stairs from the front door is a hallway leading to the back rooms. There are two single doors located opposite the stairway. You hear sounds coming from the upper floor.

If the adventurers fought their way into the house, the sounds are of a scraping nature as the Dwarf and Manling hide upstairs. If the adventurers bluffed or intimidated their way through, they'll hear conversation (negotiation) going back and forth.

The PCs may decide to explore the ground floor before going upstairs. This might seem strange, but players are a strange lot. If need be, the first of the two doors is a drawing room and the second a bedroom.

#### Merchant Guild Militia, Bodyguard

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	35	30	4	3	7	27	1	32	27	21	29	24	28

Skills: Disarm, Specialist Weapon - Fist Weapon, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Possessions: Club, Knife (I +10, D -2, Parry -20), Knuckle-dusters (WS -10, D -1), Leather Jack (0/1AP body/arms)

Alignment: Neutral (Sigmar)

#### **Unforgiven**

If the adventurers climb the stairs, read the following:

You topped the stairs and entered the top floor. A corridor wraps around the stairway to the left. A door is directly head of you and two more are located along the hallway. The first of these two doors are slightly ajar.

Once again, the PCs may decide to explore the closed two doors first. This activity should be discouraged if possible as the adventurers should be focused on their task. If there's no way to avoid indulging the players' whims, then the door opposite the top of the stairs is a master bedroom and the far door is a closet.

The centre door leads to a study. If they succeed in entering the house without a fight, it is from this room that they hear two voices negotiating a deal. If they had to fight their way in, there is no noise from this room.

Pushing open the door you find yourselves in a study with a large desk occupying its centre. Several bookcases line the near wall with a couple of poorly crafted tapestries on the adjacent walls. The one on the left shows a hunting scene while the one on the right depicts a village market. The large window behind the desk is slightly opened with its heavy drapes pulled to the sides.

If the PCs have reached this stage without scaring the two within, they will startle Wilhelm Pforten and Harek Fartrader (the Dwarf merchant from the earlier incident at the city gates). The warhammer is wrapped in a cloth while Wilhelm and Harek are negotiating a price. If the PCs fought their way in, both merchants will be hiding behind the curtains. Both will come out from their hiding places once they realise that the PCs are not assassins.

After the initial surprise, Wilhelm recovers his wits long enough to order the adventurers out of his house. The fact that the PCs may be armed will matter little as Wilhelm threatens to call the Watch to arrest the intruders. In addition, Harek bristles at the interruption of business created by the PCs' entrance.

Two obvious choices for the adventurers are to either negotiate the return of the warhammer or take it by force. If the former, the PCs must deal with the situation on two fronts. First, they need to persuade Harek from bidding for the clan heirloom. Asking the Dwarf merchant to step aside for the sake of their clan's claim on their heirloom is not enough to stop Harek's attempt to purchase the runic warhammer. The PCs must resort to threatening (promising) to recall Harek's dishonourable actions as a grudge. The PC who calls for the grudge must successfully pass a **Ld** test with the following modifiers to persuade the Dwarf merchant to cease in his endeavour:

+5 for each compatriot who backs the grudge threat minus the difference if the Merchant has the greater Ld

If the **Ld** test fails, Harek ridicules the PCs for being stuck in "the old ways" and increases his bid for the warhammer. The adventurers may well have to battle the Dwarf merchant to force him to relinquish his attempt to obtain the clan heirloom. A successful **Ld** test results in Harek backing away from the sale and departing to let the PCs and Wilhelm negotiate (Harek realises the PCs' determination and concludes that his best interests lie elsewhere).

Threats of grudges rarely works on Manlings since the concept of honour is lost on the Young Race. Still, the PCs have come to offer their services to whomever possesses the warhammer in exchange for its return. Unfortunately, the thought of having Dwarfs in his company, much less in his employ, is repellent to the Human merchant. The PC making the offer must successfully pass a **Fel-30** test (+10 for Haggle) to convince the reluctant Wilhelm Pforten to agree to their terms. Success in this endeavour is very improbable, to say the least.

The adventurers will most likely have to resort to force to get their warhammer back. They don't have enough money between them to even think about countering Harek's last offer. Promises of obtaining more money is lost on Wilhelm. Given his own propensity to cheat others, Herr Pforten trusts no one to deal honestly. The PCs need to produce the money to buy the warhammer now or they can forget about it.

The adventurers may opt to kill Wilhelm Pforten outright. Or, they may try to wrest the runic warhammer from the Manling merchant. If they do so, the struggle for the clan heirloom takes

the combatants to the window. Here, Duronk's Master Rune of Misfortune kicks in, resulting in Wilhelm Pforten losing his grip on the warhammer as he slips and falls out the window. Wilhelm's scream is quickly silenced as his body impales itself on the broken fountain below.

If the guards remain on the ground floor, the adventurers may have to fight their way out of the house before the Watch arrives. Another option is to quickly escape through the back door and garden before anyone arrives in answer to Wilhelm's scream. The late hour and rough neighbourhood should give the PCs a good headstart to flee Nuln before Imperial justice can string them up for murder.

Harek Fartrader, Merchant, ex-Pedlar, ex-Trader  
Height: 4 ft 11 in  
Weight: 135 lbs.  
Hair: Light Brown  
Eyes: Blue  
Age: 94  
Alignment: Neutral (Grungni)

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
3	52	31	4	5	9	43	1	34	85	64	71	73	44

Skills: Animal Care, Blather, Drive Cart, Evaluate, Haggle, Herb Lore, Magical Sense, Mining, Numismatics, Read/Write Reikspiel, Ride, Secret Language-Guilder, Secret Signs-Pedlar, Smithing, Specialist Weapon-Fist, Super Numerate

Possessions: Sword, Dagger (I +10, D -2, Parry -20), Knuckle-dusters (WS -10, D -1), Wagon and Horse, Lantern, Large Bag (110 GCs), and Purse (10 GCs, 15 shillings)

Personal Details: Harek ranges far and wide plying his trade. He fancies himself as a collector and will search for and obtain Dwarf-crafted items that his brethren carelessly allow to fall in Manling hands. Like any Dwarf, Harek has a keen eye for quality craftsmanship. He will stoop to greatly undervalue the quality, however, in order to secure a lower price. It certainly isn't Harek's fault that Manlings are generally unable (or too greedy to bother) to appraise an item's true value.

Wilhelm Pforten, Merchant, ex-Scribe, ex-Trader  
Height: 5 ft 8 in  
Weight: 140 lbs.  
Hair: Sandy  
Eyes: Blue  
Age: 34  
Alignment: Neutral (Handrich, if any)

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	38	31	3	4	7	41	1	43	40	41	30	40	38

Skills: Arcane Language-Magick, Evaluate, Haggle, Numismatics, Read/Write Reikspiel, Secret Language-Classical, Secret Language-Guilder, Speak Additional Language-Bretonnian

Possessions: Sword, Dagger (I +10, D -2, Parry -20), Fancy Clothes (a bit worn), Purse (20 GCs, 20 shillings)

Personal Details: Wilhelm is a small man with an insufferable ego and a great dislike for people to whom he feels he's superior. These include, but are not limited to, the poor, working class, craftsmen, Dwarf, and foreigners. In addition, Wilhelm has an overreaching appetite for the fine things in life. Unfortunately, he's rather lazy and must rely upon his scheming nature. To this end, Wilhelm has perpetrated the myth that he has connections to the Valantina crime family (which is odd given his distaste for foreigners). In fact, the Valantinas have little use for a no-talent, poorly connected member of the Merchants' Guild. Even they suspect he'd one day run afoul of someone who will end Wilhelm's miserable little life.

### **Epilogue**

If they make good their escape, the adventurers should return to Khazid Slumbol just days after the events in DotR. They may have had to take a circuitous route to throw off any pursuit. With warhammer back in possession of the clan and the certainty of Bounty Hunters, the Dwarf residents decide that it's time to leave Grissenwald and return to the Grey Mountains.

Name: Craneg Earthtoiler, Dwarf male  
Career: Farmer  
Height: 4 ft 9 in  
Weight: 170 lbs.  
Hair: Dark Brown  
Eyes: Dark Brown  
Age: 33  
Distinguished Traits: None  
Alignment: Neutral (Grungni)  
Psychology: Animosity to Elves  
Birthplace: Karak Norn  
Fate Points: 1

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	40	28	3	5	8	18	1	35	53	44	50	55	21

Skills: Agriculture, Animal Care, Carpentry, Drive Cart, Herb Lore, Identify Plant, Mining

Languages: Khazalid, Old Worlder (Dwarfen dialect)

Possessions: Axe, Leather Jack (0/1AP body/arms), Pot Helm (1AP head), and Purse (1 GCs, 18 shillings, 4 pennies)

Personal Detail: Although you are a farmer, you have had little chance to follow your craft in Khazid Slumbol outside a small vegetable garden. Manlings do not regard Dwarfs as good farmers, and so will not employ you - nor would you wish to. You are a Dwarf, descendant of the greatest culture in the world and you won't work for mere Manlings. You felt it imperative that the heirloom is retrieved, so that your Clan will regain their glory and you will be able to feed your kin as it should be.

Your Companions are:

Durak Grudge-Bearer: An extremely forthright Dwarf, very proud of the clan's traditions and the noble heritage of your kin. You are all aware of this, of course, since you pretty much agree with his views. Durak regards himself as the leader of the group, a position you are happy to expect. Still, you plan to back him up should any of those with bizarre views on Elves break rank.

Morek Taletwister: A learned Dwarf for one of his tender years, Morek has been sent upon this quest as some sort of punishment. You don't know why, but you will need to keep your eye on him. After all, if the Clan elders are unhappy with him, you do not wish to be seen in the same manner. Also, you heard that he has some peculiar views on the nature of the world, including an apparent love of elves. You sincerely hope that Morek's alleged shortcomings do not get in the way of retrieving the warhammer.

Tomak Ironhand: A good, trustworthy Dwarf except for his over-familiarity and friendliness with Manlings which concerns you greatly. Others have suggested that his skinny build reflects his desire to match Manling physique, rather than the more appropriate Dwarfish stoutness. He is also rather proud of his membership of the Manling Teamster Guild, for reasons that escape you. Still, his family is a good line of muleskinners and served the mines well. Whilst in Dwarfen society, muleskinners are not an elite profession, they are necessary and Tomak is your particular friend (despite his oddities) as you share a similar social class.

Brondi Stonemortar: A healer and a bit of a soft touch. Rather overweight, Brondi is rather shy but a likeable fellow. Still, his time with Manlings may have unduly influenced him into being a little, well, “un-Dwarfen.”

Sunni Woodcarver: The strangest member of the group. Firstly, Sunni is a female who is unafraid of anything. The thing about Sunni is that not only is she quite attractive, but she is also extremely well built and thoroughly business-like. In fact, she is the perfect dwarfess. Perhaps you might be able to impress her upon this quest. Not that she is perfect, for she appears to be too willing to find success in the world of the Manlings.

#### General Role-Play Notes on Dwarfs within Warhammer FRP:

Dwarfs can present a challenge for players. Members of this noble race are far more than short, stocky Humans with long beards, a foul temper, and a nasty habit of guzzling beer and hoarding gold. Dwarfs are actually a complex people who have successfully balanced their hardy individualism with their reverence for their clan and ancestors. Players of Dwarf characters should ever be mindful that the actions (or inactions) of their character will reflect (in their minds at least) on their own and their clan's reputation. Within this general guideline, there is room for individuality among Dwarf characters.

There are a number of universal truths about Dwarfs:

- **The well-known Dwarf loyalty and grudge.** Both aspects of Dwarf psychology are virtually two faces of the same coin. Dwarfs are fiercely loyal to those who have performed a great service on their behalf. These Dwarf-friends can count on a Dwarf's allegiance for almost anything short of betrayal. Any who betray a Dwarf, or otherwise cause him harm, earns his (and his clan's) undying enmity and will forever be labelled a Dwarf-enemy.
- **The strength of the obligation that comes when a Dwarf gives their word.** This, coupled with the fact that they find oath-breakers particularly loathsome, means that a Dwarf will give considerable thought before committing themselves to anything by way of a promise or oath. Thus a player of a Dwarf character should avoid “giving their word” to see a deed done unless it involves very important matters of personal or clan honour.
- **Reputation is another strong Dwarf characteristic.** Ask a Dwarf what they have accomplished in life and they will (if they deign to do so) recite all their deeds chapter and

verse. This is done in a matter-of-fact way without any obvious boasting. In fact, boasting is seen to be the last resort of those whose accomplishments are of no consequence.

- **Dwarfs love to accumulate wealth: it's a mark of prestige and a measure of success.** This is not to suggest that a Dwarf is stingy, just frugal. When there is a choice between a luxury (such as a large private room at an inn) and a necessity (a bench in the common room to sleep on), the Dwarf character will always opt for the latter. It is less expensive for the same function.
- **Dwarfs are notoriously critical shoppers.** Human merchants find them particularly irritating because Dwarfs generally have an excellent eye for craftsmanship and will ceaselessly haggle the price down for any perceived flaws, no matter how minor.
- **Clans are very important to a Dwarf.** When confronted with adverse circumstances, all members of a clan close ranks with one another. This can either help or hinder a Dwarf character (and their companions). On one hand, Dwarf characters can count on aid from their kinsmen in time of need. On the other hand, commitments to the clan can obligate a Dwarf character to undertake a task they would otherwise avoid (like helping an adventuring kinsman who has run afoul of a powerful magistrate).

Name: Durak Grudge-Bearer, Dwarf male  
Career: Militiaman  
Height: 4 ft 9 in  
Weight: 165 lbs.  
Hair: Dark Brown  
Eyes: Dark Brown  
Age: 40  
Distinguished Traits: None  
Alignment: Neutral (Grungni)  
Psychology: Hatred of Elves  
Birthplace: Karak Norn  
Fate Points: 1

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	54	30	4	4	8	24	2	13	55	24	48	47	19

Skills: Dodge Blow, Mining, Strike Mighty Blow

Languages: Khazalid, Old Worlder (Dwarfen dialect)

Possessions: Sword, Spear (I+10 first round only), Crossbow and ammunition (R 32/64/300, ES4, 1 round to load, 1 round to fire), Mail Shirt (1AP body), Shield (1AP all over), and Purse (2 GCs, 12 shillings)

Personal Detail: You are a true Dwarf, proud of your heritage and ashamed of the fate that has befallen your clan. What is needed is some heroic deed. Instead your clan sell both their mines and their famed heirloom for a handful of gold. You joined this expedition to regain the symbol of your kin's proud past, and use it to launch some strategy that will regain the pride of your fellows. Yet they seem to ignore their heritage, brown-nosing to Manlings and worse - Elf scum. Your goal is to retrieve the heirloom without loss of honour and escort your comrades home when your duty is done. As the only soldier in the group, you see yourself as leader, though you will need to rely on traditional Dwarf co-operation and mutual solidarity within this den of Manlings.

Your Companions are:

Craneg Earthtoiler: A young Dwarf (at least younger than yourself), who is rather non-descript. He is by profession a farmer, which had little use in the Black Peaks and none since your Clan's move to Khazid Slumbol. He and Tomak are quite close friends despite the fact that Craneg's view on Manlings and Dwarf heritage is closer to yours.

Morek Taletwister: How could someone so learned be so embracing of Elves? The clan elders must have included Morek in this expedition for some purpose. Perhaps as a chance to do

something honourable in his life? Or, it may well be their way to test your leadership abilities. In any event, you'll keep this Runescribe on a short leash.

Tomak Ironhand: You really wonder about Tomak. He seems trustworthy enough on one hand, but too much like a Manling on the other. His skinny build reflects some strange desire to match a Manling's build, rather than one more appropriate to his heritage. Tomak is also extremely proud of his membership of the Manling Teamster Guild. Still, his family is a good line of muleskinners and served the mines well.

Brondi Stonemortar: Another Dwarf who has spent far too much time with Manlings. Despite this, you're pleased to have a healer with you, if only because the others would more likely hurt one another than any foe in a fight. You may have to ensure that the overweight Brondi's safety given that he may be the one (outside yourself) that you can't afford to lose.

Sunni Woodcarver: Sunni is a female who is very confident in her abilities. You like that. She is also pleasing to the eye, extremely well built and thoroughly business-like. In addition, Sunni may be the most capable person, other than you, on this expedition. The only thing you find objectionable is her apparent willingness to become part of Manling society. You'll keep your eye on her to ensure that she doesn't disregard her responsibility to the clan.

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- **The strength of the obligation that comes when a Dwarf gives their word.** This, coupled with the fact that they find oath-breakers particularly loathsome, means that a Dwarf will give considerable thought before committing themselves to anything by way of a promise or oath. Thus a player of a Dwarf character should avoid "giving their word" to see a deed done unless it involves very important matters of personal or clan honour.

- **Reputation is another strong Dwarf characteristic.** Ask a Dwarf what they have accomplished in life and they will (if they deign to do so) recite all their deeds chapter and verse. This is done in a matter-of-fact way without any obvious boasting. In fact, boasting is seen to be the last resort of those whose accomplishments are of no consequence.
- **Dwarfs love to accumulate wealth: it's a mark of prestige and a measure of success.** This is not to suggest that a Dwarf is stingy, just frugal. When there is a choice between a luxury (such as a large private room at an inn) and a necessity (a bench in the common room to sleep on), the Dwarf character will always opt for the latter. It is less expensive for the same function.
- **Dwarfs are notoriously critical shoppers.** Human merchants find them particularly irritating because Dwarfs generally have an excellent eye for craftsmanship and will ceaselessly haggle the price down for any perceived flaws, no matter how minor.
- **Clans are very important to a Dwarf.** When confronted with adverse circumstances, all members of a clan close ranks with one another. This can either help or hinder a Dwarf character (and their companions). On one hand, Dwarf characters can count on aid from their kinsmen in time of need. On the other hand, commitments to the clan can obligate a Dwarf character to undertake a task they would otherwise avoid (like helping an adventuring kinsman who has run afoul of a powerful magistrate).

Name: Morek Taletwister, Dwarf male  
Career: Runescribe  
Height: 4 ft 8 in  
Weight: 155 lbs.  
Hair: Dark Brown  
Eyes: Dark Brown  
Age: 38  
Distinguished Traits: None  
Alignment: Neutral (Grungni)  
Psychology: None  
Birthplace: Karak Norn  
Fate Points: 2

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
3	40	18	3	3	6	38	1	25	48	45	50	65	18

Skills: Arcane Language - Ancient Dwarf, Arcane Language - Magick, Etiquette, Read/Write Khazalid, Metallurgy, Mining, Read/Write Old Worlder, Rune Lore, Smithing

Languages: Khazalid, Old Worlder (Dwarfen dialect)

Possessions: Sword, Writing Equipment, Sheets of Thin Metal Foil, and Purse (4 GCs, 8 shillings, 8 pennies)

Personal Detail: As a runescribe, you were sent on this journey to record the events for posterity. You are also able to read Khazalid runes, which will be necessary to ensure you obtain the correct artifact. In addition, you are being sent as punishment for certain opinions you hold. You have not been received well by the Loremaster of your Clan by your interpretation of history. To put it bluntly, you see most of the Dwarf books of lore as biased propaganda, and not factual histories. They are too full of boasts and grudges for serious academic study. Particularly, the attitude of the books towards elves seems little short of racist. Sure, your two peoples fought for millennia but that was a long time ago and the result of misunderstandings and arrogance - on both sides. It seems to you that there are more important enemies in the world, particularly the forces of Chaos. In fact, you'll be on the lookout wherever you go for the tendrils of corruption and evil.

Your Companions are:

Cranneg Earthtoiler: A young Dwarf whose skill at farming was of little use in the Black Peaks and none since your Clan's move to Khazid Slumbol. He's quite the Dwarf in his view of the world and the place of Dwarfs within it. You're somewhat surprised at his close friendship with Tomak as Cranneg's perceptions are closer to, but not as severe as, Durak's.

Durak Grudge-Bearer: An extremely forthright Dwarf, very proud of his traditions and the noble heritage of your kin. He also shares the rigidity of your race in his outlook of the larger world. Durak regards himself as the leader of the group, which doesn't surprise you in the least. Still, some situations require diplomacy, a skill you definitely have over this Dwarf warrior.

Tomak Ironhand: A good, trustworthy Dwarf who is exceedingly proud of his membership in the Manling Teamster Guild. Tomak comes from a good family line of muleskinners and served the mines well. In Dwarf society, muleskinners are not an elite profession, much like farmers which is probably the basis for Tomak's and Cranneg's friendship.

Brondi Stonemortar: Another good Dwarf who extended himself beyond the inflexibility of Dwarf society and found a necessary calling beyond the mines. The healer is thoughtful, though a bit of a plodder. Perhaps the apparent tendency to think through a situation before acting is a by-product of his profession.

Sunni Woodcarver: Like Tomak, Sunni has apparently adapted herself well to the world of Manlings. She is less talkative about her success than the Teamster, which suggests to you that the Dwarf woman is more confident in her accomplishments than Tomak. In fact, if not for the overbearing Durak, you could certainly see Sunni as the leader of the expedition.

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Name: Tomak Ironhand, Dwarf male  
Career: Muleskinner  
Height: 4 ft 6 in  
Weight: 99 lbs.  
Hair: Light Brown  
Eyes: Medium Brown  
Age: 36  
Distinguished Traits: Skinny. By Dwarf standards, you are slightly underweight.  
Alignment: Neutral (Grungni)  
Psychology: Animosity to Elves  
Birthplace: Karak Norn  
Fate Points: 1

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
3	50	22	3	3	9	22	1	15	55	44	60	54	27

Skills: Animal Care; Animal Training; Drive Cart; Mining, Specialist Weapon - Flail Weapon.

Languages: Khazalid, Old Worlder (Dwarfen dialect)

Possessions: Flail (WS-10, S+1, Parry-10), Whip (WS-10, S-2, Parry-20), Weatherproof Coat, Broad-brimmed hat, Teamster Guild medallion, and Purse (1 GC, 12 shillings, 10 pennies).

Personal Detail: You are from a line of muleskinners, a most necessary profession. When the mines were working, your family provided essential work in managing the provision of beasts of burden to move around supplies and produce. But, your family was never well regarded. After all, you weren't an engineer or a miner - though why mining should be so well respected is anyone's guess. However, since the closure of the mine, you are one of the few to have done well. The Human merchants respected people who knew pack animals - and paid them well. You have done well for yourself. Unlike some of your kin, you find that you like Humans (you don't refer to them as "Manlings" like your kin since it sounds so degrading). They are not stuck in their ways, and respect a person for his skill, not his family or his clan. You are even a respected member of the Grissenwald Teamsters Guild.

You agreed to come on this expedition for the sake of your father. It is now a great source of pride to him that you should be one of this select band to go down in the history books as one of those who returned the great clan artifact. Moreso, that you are there as an authority on Humans. [Note: Remember to remind your GM that you get +30 reaction adjustments to all members of your Guild.] You constantly remind your companions of how well connected you are within the guild. After all, your clan has been sticking it to your family for generations.

Your Companions are:

Craneg Earthtoiler: A young Dwarf from a long line of farmers. Unfortunately, he and his family got as little respect from your clan as you and your family received. He and you are quite close friends, with a similar outlook upon the past glory of Dwarfdom, though you differ on your respective views on Humans.

Durak Grudge-Bearer: Somehow this warrior thinks you'd rather be Human. Preposterous! Just because you envy some of their attributes doesn't mean that you want to be one of them. Though the cocky Durak considers himself the leader of this expedition, you know that the time will come when they need your skills and connections. You eagerly await your opportunity to show him.

Morek Taletwister: There is something very wrong with a learned Dwarf who finds Elves to be grand creatures, if rumours are to be believed. Perhaps the wise clan elders believe that Morak will come to his senses once he meets one of that cowardly race in the flesh, so to say. In any case, you hope that the Runescribe keeps his strange ideas to himself.

Brondi Stonemortar: A healer who benefited from his time with Humans. Maybe a little too much. The robust Brondi seems to be a little deliberate (you think slow) in taking action. On the other hand, his skills will be of use should Durak lead your band into trouble.

Sunni Woodcarver: A Dwarf woman after your heart, so to say. She, like you, seems to enjoy the company of Humans. Sunni has worked with the Grissenwald Stevedores and recently joined their Guild, which is loosely associated with the Grissenwald Teamsters' Guild (you've heard rumour that these two Guilds are actually one in other, larger Reiklander river towns such as Kemperbad). Sunni comes across as self-assured, which could lead to some conflict with Durak. You'll have to see how it plays out.

#### General Role-Play Notes on Dwarfs within Warhammer FRP:

Dwarfs can present a challenge for players. Members of this noble race are far more than short, stocky Humans with long beards, a foul temper, and a nasty habit of guzzling beer and hoarding gold. Dwarfs are actually a complex people who have successfully balanced their hardy individualism with their reverence for their clan and ancestors. Players of Dwarf characters should ever be mindful that the actions (or inactions) of their character will reflect (in their minds at least) on their own and their clan's reputation. Within this general guideline, there is room for individuality among Dwarf characters.

There are a number of universal truths about Dwarfs:

- **The well-known Dwarf loyalty and grudge.** Both aspects of Dwarf psychology are virtually two faces of the same coin. Dwarfs are fiercely loyal to those who have performed a great service on their behalf. These Dwarffriends can count on a Dwarf's allegiance for almost anything short of betrayal. Any who betray a Dwarf, or otherwise cause him harm,

earns his (and his clan's) undying enmity and will forever be labelled a Dwarfenemy.

- **The strength of the obligation that comes when a Dwarf gives their word.** This, coupled with the fact that they find oath-breakers particularly loathsome, means that a Dwarf will give considerable thought before committing themselves to anything by way of a promise or oath. Thus a player of a Dwarf character should avoid “giving their word” to see a deed done unless it involves very important matters of personal or clan honour.
- **Reputation is another strong Dwarf characteristic.** Ask a Dwarf what they have accomplished in life and they will (if they deign to do so) recite all their deeds chapter and verse. This is done in a matter-of-fact way without any obvious boasting. In fact, boasting is seen to be the last resort of those whose accomplishments are of no consequence.
- **Dwarfs love to accumulate wealth: it’s a mark of prestige and a measure of success.** This is not to suggest that a Dwarf is stingy, just frugal. When there is a choice between a luxury (such as a large private room at an inn) and a necessity (a bench in the common room to sleep on), the Dwarf character will always opt for the latter. It is less expensive for the same function.
- **Dwarfs are notoriously critical shoppers.** Human merchants find them particularly irritating because Dwarfs generally have an excellent eye for craftsmanship and will ceaselessly haggle the price down for any perceived flaws, no matter how minor.
- **Clans are very important to a Dwarf.** When confronted with adverse circumstances, all members of a clan close ranks with one another. This can either help or hinder a Dwarf character (and their companions). On one hand, Dwarf characters can count on aid from their kinsmen in time of need. On the other hand, commitments to the clan can obligate a Dwarf character to undertake a task they would otherwise avoid (like helping an adventuring kinsman who has run afoul of a powerful magistrate).

Brondi Stonemortar, Dwarf male  
Physician Student  
Height: 4 ft 10 in  
Weight: 175 lbs.  
Hair: Medium Brown  
Eyes: Blue  
Age: 47  
Distinguished Traits: Overweight\*  
Alignment: Neutral (Grungni)  
Psychology: None  
Birthplace: Karak Norn  
Fate Points: 2

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
3*	41	22	3	5*	7	31	1	26	51	48	52	55	24

Skills: Acute Hearing, Cure Disease, Heal Wounds, Manufacture Drugs, Metallurgy, Mining, Read/Write Reikspiel, Scroll Lore, Secret Language-Classical, Smithing

Languages: Khazalid, Old Worlder (Dwarfen dialect)

Possessions: Sword, Medical Instruments in Battered Case, and Purse (4 GCs, 6 shillings)

Personal Detail: Although you spent time in the mines, as do all members of your clan, you knew that such was not for you. You were far more interested in the healing arts than gaining the ability to tell igneous rock from metamorphic. You even flirted with the idea of joining the priesthood, but decided that there were enough of them to populate a large mining settlement.

You were apprenticed to Doktor Karl Haspel, a Manling physician who actually cared for the downtrodden of Grissenwald (most physicians tend to care for the well to do, leaving the poor to the clerics of Shallya). You learned many things from the good Doktor, especially the methodological approach of considering all pertinent facts to a situation before judging the prudent course of action.

When you learned of the formation of this expedition to recover the clan's warhammer, you volunteered to accompany your brethren. Someone had to be on hand to patch them up should Dwarfen pride get them into a bit of trouble. The group also needed a voice of reason and deliberation within its ranks. You'll just be wary when admitting that you either don't dislike elves or are quite fond of Manlings - neither are traditional Dwarf viewpoints.

Your Companions are:

Craneg Earthtoiler: A young farmer who seems too prideful to find meaningful employment in

Grissenwald. You thought that he might have taken the time to work on one of the Manling farms to broaden his scope. He's so much like your other stodgy kin. His friendship with Tomak is all the more surprising given their differing views on Manlings.

Durak Grudge-Bearer: Your typical conservative Dwarf warrior. By the way he carries himself, Durak seems himself as a natural leader and has assumed that role in this expedition. You sincerely hope that his solution to every problem is not the tip of his spear. And woe to any Elf who crosses his path! It's a good thing you brought extra bandages in your black bag.

Morek Taletwister: A learned Dwarf whose views on history is different than what one hears from the elders, if rumours are to be believed. Perhaps the stuffiness of Khazid Slumbol was getting to Morek and he needed an expedition to "clear his head." This affair should prove enlightening to the Runescribe and, perhaps, reveal his true mettle.

Tomak Ironhand: Although he is a particular friend of Craneg, Tomak is much different. The obvious reason is Tomak's pride in belonging to a Manling Guild. Grungni knows he tells his kin often enough. Perhaps that's due to the little respect his family of muleskinners receives from the Clan. Tomak is also generally fond of Manlings (since he keeps calling them "Humans") and may well be an asset on this quest.

Sunni Woodcarver: If anyone would have the wherewithal to stand up to Durak, it's Sunni. She has done well in her time in Grissenwald and doesn't seem to lack in confidence. Kind of puts the others of your clan to shame, especially the prideful ones like Craneg. In fact, you're surprised she stayed with the clan instead of leaving, as did some of the others. Then again, you stayed...

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Sunni Woodcarver, Dwarf female  
Labourer  
Height: 4 ft 8 in  
Weight: 130 lbs.  
Hair: Black  
Eyes: Medium Brown  
Age: 46  
Distinguished Traits: Attractive face\*  
Alignment: Neutral (Grungni)  
Psychology: None  
Birthplace: Karak Norn  
Fate Points: 1

<b>M</b>	<b>WS</b>	<b>BS</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>Dex</b>	<b>Ld</b>	<b>Int</b>	<b>Cl</b>	<b>WP</b>	<b>Fel</b>
4	44	21	3	6	9	24	1	24	47	36	57	50	31*

Skills: Carpentry, Consume Alcohol, Drive Cart, Engineering, Metallurgy, Mining, Scale Sheer Surface, Smithing

Languages: Khazalid, Old Worlder (Dwarfen dialect)

Possessions: Axe, Leather Jack (0/1AP Body/Arms), Stevedore Guild Medallion, and Purse (3 GCs, 16 shillings. 4 pennies)

Personal Detail: After the Black Peaks mines were sold, you found work along Grissenwald's riverfront in a variety of odd jobs. You did some work as a Stevedore and joined a Human guild. You also worked as a part-time carpenter at the Guild, repairing the run-down building and doing odd jobs at the Guildmaster's residence. Some of your clan thought the work demeaning, but it at least paid better than what you would have received sulking about Khazid Slumbol.

You leapt at the chance to join a group formed to retrieve Elder Gorim's warhammer. Not only was it an honourable deed to attempt, but also the quest gave you a chance to leave the increasingly depressive mood in Grissenwald and see the wider world. In addition, the mission gave you a chance to get away from those in your clan who'd rather remember past glories rather than seek new opportunities to enhance their reputations. You plan to check in with the Manling guilds in Nuln, whilst you are there.

Your Companions are:

Cranneg Earthtoiler: Talk about stuck in the mud. Cranneg is one of those living in the past, though you're not sure whose. He's a farmer by trade, but has taken little chance to pursue opportunities. In fact, his craft is hardly the epitome of Dwarfen achievement. Perhaps this

expedition will enlighten him to a world beyond, though you somehow doubt it.

Durak Grudge-Bearer: A throwback to a more brutal time in Dwarf history. Okay, maybe a little too severe a view. Durak is a typical Dwarf warrior who sees the world in black and white contrast. If you can't understand it, beat it until it bleeds. Oh well. You'll let him have the lead he so desperately desires. This expedition needs to succeed and to do so, you all need to work together and support one another. You just hope that Durak doesn't land you all in the stocks.

Morek Taletwister: The Ancestor Gods must have a sense of humour. The elders sent along this Runescribe for some purpose. Could it be to chronicle the quest for Gorim's warhammer? Do they see this as a grand expedition to parts unknown? Or, is Morek seen as an eloquent counterbalance to Durak's direct approach? You'll have to see how this episode unfolds on this journey.

Tomak Ironhand: Tomak's a good Dwarf, but a little thick at times. Granted, he takes enormous pride in his membership to a Manling Guild. He doesn't need to continually brag about that "accomplishment." It's not like he slew a Troll or some such. Then again, being a muleskinner isn't much on its own merits. In fact, the relatively low social status of their respective livelihoods is the main factor in Tomak's and Craneg's close friendship.

Brondi Stonemortar: The inclusion of this healer says all there needs to about the elders' trust in Durak's leadership. You certainly hope that Brondi has brought a lot of salves and bandages. The rotund healer is a good enough person who seems to get along well with Manlings. In fact, there are enough people in this group who have dealt with Manlings, that the expedition might well succeed.

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