

# SOULBOUND BRIGHTSPEAR CITY GUIDE

A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO THE CITY OF BRIGHTSPEAR



# CONTENTS & CREDITS

## 1. WELCOME TO THE BRIGHTSPEAR..2

|                             |   |
|-----------------------------|---|
| History .....               | 2 |
| The Agloraxian Empire ..... | 3 |
| The Shifting War .....      | 3 |
| Sigmar's Spear .....        | 3 |
| Brightspear Today .....     | 3 |
| City Rulers .....           | 4 |
| Influential Factions .....  | 5 |
| Defence .....               | 7 |
| Economy and Trade .....     | 8 |

## 2. GUIDE TO THE BRIGHTSPEAR .... 12

|                                      |    |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| The Upper Tier .....                 | 14 |
| The Spear of Heaven .....            | 14 |
| The Portentarium .....               | 15 |
| Brightthall .....                    | 15 |
| Char Estate .....                    | 15 |
| The Exchange .....                   | 16 |
| The Fallen Spire .....               | 16 |
| Goods by Gustav .....                | 16 |
| Gyroports .....                      | 16 |
| The Hanging Gardens .....            | 17 |
| Hall of Memory .....                 | 18 |
| High Temple of Sigmar .....          | 18 |
| The House of the Kindled Flame ..... | 18 |
| The Luminant Stage .....             | 19 |
| Ottram's Court .....                 | 19 |
| The Nine Globes .....                | 20 |
| The Phoenix .....                    | 20 |
| Residence of Valius Maliti .....     | 20 |
| Speaker's Avenue .....               | 20 |
| The Twelve Taps .....                | 21 |
| The Lower Tier .....                 | 22 |
| The Bright Market .....              | 22 |
| Black Spots .....                    | 23 |
| The Bleak Stockade .....             | 23 |
| Bridge of the Pantheon .....         | 24 |
| The Brightspear Bugle .....          | 24 |

|                                             |    |
|---------------------------------------------|----|
| Bright Warden Barracks .....                | 24 |
| Flavian's Infirmary .....                   | 25 |
| Fellowship of the Open Eye .....            | 25 |
| The Foundling Academy .....                 | 26 |
| Handa's Livery .....                        | 26 |
| The Highport .....                          | 26 |
| Karfi's Place .....                         | 27 |
| Long Lane Steam Baths .....                 | 27 |
| The Maltzana Crucible .....                 | 28 |
| Penumbra's .....                            | 28 |
| The Shadow Market .....                     | 28 |
| Smoke Without Fire .....                    | 29 |
| Valor .....                                 | 29 |
| Wanderers' Grove .....                      | 29 |
| Zifler's Cabinet of Curiosities .....       | 29 |
| The New City .....                          | 30 |
| Arbiter's Fortress .....                    | 30 |
| Cacodorous Passage .....                    | 31 |
| Cogwork Megadepot One, Two, and Three ..... | 31 |
| Crinna's Cones .....                        | 31 |
| The Cauldron .....                          | 32 |
| Convent of Blood .....                      | 32 |
| Cross-Swords .....                          | 33 |
| Fyreslayer Barrack-Lodge .....              | 33 |
| The Gatewatch Inn .....                     | 33 |
| The Grand Pyre .....                        | 34 |
| Great Parch Brewing Co. .....               | 34 |
| Logan's Emporium .....                      | 34 |
| The Maroon Tower .....                      | 34 |
| Nor'west Ward .....                         | 35 |
| The Pickled Efrete .....                    | 35 |
| The Shimmering Tower .....                  | 35 |
| Shrine of the Fallen Resplendent .....      | 36 |
| Shrine of Holy Sigmar the Protector..       | 36 |
| Sigmar's Hope .....                         | 36 |
| Sinkhole (Cold Steel Smithy) .....          | 37 |
| The White Lion .....                        | 37 |

|                                      |    |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| The Winds .....                      | 37 |
| Wyrnfoot's .....                     | 37 |
| The Undercity .....                  | 38 |
| Alternate Entrance:                  |    |
| The Darkling Path .....              | 38 |
| Redcap Hideout .....                 | 38 |
| Legendary Vault:                     |    |
| The Prismatik Armoury .....          | 39 |
| Realmcrust Laborator .....           | 39 |
| Enemy Lair: Moulder's Spawnpit ..... | 39 |
| Beyond the Walls .....               | 40 |
| The Island of Green .....            | 40 |
| The Pilgrim's Path .....             | 40 |
| Veins of Fulminax .....              | 40 |
| Wreck of The Barazharr .....         | 41 |
| Defiance Cove .....                  | 41 |

## 3. ASPIRIA ..... 42

|                                 |    |
|---------------------------------|----|
| The Disintegrating Shores ..... | 43 |
| The Bright Mountains .....      | 43 |
| The Floating City .....         | 44 |
| Lumnos .....                    | 45 |
| Steel Spike .....               | 45 |
| Kindling Forests .....          | 46 |
| The Isle of Exiles .....        | 46 |
| The Timestolen Empire .....     | 46 |

## 4. THREATS ..... 47

|                             |    |
|-----------------------------|----|
| A City Divided .....        | 48 |
| Disciples of Tzeentch ..... | 50 |
| Gloomspite Gitz .....       | 52 |
| Maw-Krusha .....            | 54 |
| Legions of Nagash .....     | 56 |
| Skaven .....                | 58 |
| Scions of the Flame .....   | 60 |
| Slaves to Darkness .....    | 62 |

**Writing:** Laura Bennett, Emmet Byrne, Michael Duxbury, Cat Evans, Michael J. Hollows, Martin Lloyd, TS Luikart, Sarah Madsen, Jess Marcum, Brian Richmond, Jacob Rodgers

**Additional Writing:** Richard August, Rachael Cruz, Elaine Lithgow, Katrina Ostrander

**Editing:** Christopher Walz

**Producer:** Emmet Byrne

**Cover Art:** Johan Grenier

**Cartography:** Jared Blando

**Illustration:** Runesael Flynn, Dániel Kovács, JG O'Donohue, Max Fitzgerald, Johan Grenier, Clara-Marie Morin, Rafael Teruel, Kim Van Deun, Sam White

**Graphic Design and Layout:** Rachael Macken, Rory McCormack

**Proofreading:** Jacob Rodgers

**Cubicle 7 Business Support:** Anthony Burke, Elaine Connolly, Donna King and Kieran Murphy

**Cubicle 7 Creative Team:** Emmet Byrne, Zak Dale-Clutterbuck, Dániel Kovács, TS Luikart, Rachael Macken, Rory McCormack, Dominic McDowall, Sam Manley, Pádraig Murphy, Ceire O'Donoghue, JG O'Donoghue, Sine Quinn, Jacob Rodgers, and Christopher Walz

**Publisher:** Dominic McDowall

**Warhammer Age of Sigmar: Soulbound Designed by** Emmet Byrne and Dominic McDowall

**Special thanks to** Games Workshop

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise without the prior permission of the publishers.



OFFICIAL  
LICENSED  
PRODUCT

Warhammer Age of Sigmar Roleplay: Soulbound © Copyright Games Workshop Limited 2020. Warhammer Age of Sigmar Roleplay: Soulbound, the Warhammer Age of Sigmar Roleplay: Soulbound logo, GW, Games Workshop, Warhammer, Stormcast Eternals, and all associated logos, illustrations, images, names, creatures, races, vehicles, locations, weapons, characters, and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are either ® or TM, and/or © Games Workshop Limited, variably registered around the world, and used under licence.

# WELCOME TO BRIGHTSPEAR

1

Brightspear is the newest of the Cities of Sigmar — bastions of light and civilisation in a world filled with violence and horror. The fledgling city provides those who would make the perilous journey there with opportunities unlike anywhere else in the Mortal Realms. This potential for wealth and new beginnings has brought people from all across the realms, from the airborne Duardin of the Kharadron Overlords, to the tribespeople who have wandered the Aqshian wastes for centuries and now seek protection behind the city's high walls.

But Brightspear is not the haven of safety that people hoped. The influx of traders and fortune seekers has brought with it gangs and cutthroats; the ancient magical vaults beneath the city have drawn power-hungry mages and scientists keen to discover the dark secrets buried below; and the corrupting influence of Tzeentch has not left the city, with whispers of disappearances, cults, and strange monstrosities lurking in the alleys giving rise to tension and mistrust between the people of Brightspear.

The fate of Brightspear will be determined by its people. If they band together, the city may yet survive. If they give themselves over to mistrust, fear, and hatred, the city will surely fall to the Dark Gods of Chaos.

## HISTORY

Brightspear is the new name for a city that has stood for centuries. Founded by the ancient Agloraxian Empire in the region now called Aspiria, the city is built atop a sprawling underground complex — an Agloraxian Citadel City created to shelter the ancient peoples and withstand cataclysmic events. Or so that is what the Agloraxians claimed. The citadels were created as shelters, true, but they were also a sanctuary where the mages of the Agloraxian Empire could conduct their strange experiments in secret. There are rumours of dozens more of these citadels in Aspiria, and that each is connected, but as yet no one has been able to find them.

When the Age of Chaos struck and the Ruinous Powers unleashed their hordes of daemons and abominations on the Mortal Realms, neither the Agloraxians nor their citadel were prepared for the assault. A rift in reality tore open off the coast, one that led to the Realm of Chaos and the domain of Tzeentch, the Changer of Ways. Hordes of screaming daemons and abominations flooded through and assaulted the city. The city fell and its people were slaughtered or turned to serve the Changer of Ways.



## THE AGLORAXIAN EMPIRE

The Agloraxian Empire was a magocracy consisting of a proud and terrible people that condemned those without magical skill to slavery. The Arch-Domini, the ruling class of the Agloraxians, were obsessed with arcane power. The Agloraxian Empire constructed many wonders across The Great Parch, including the imposing Titanworks where they built their Colossi, the devastating weapon known as the Prismatikon, and the magnificent flying city of Ahramentia. Where Brightspear now stands, they built the Great Orrery, whose movements tracked the rotation and orbit of the Mortal Realms.

The Agloraxians had spent years in seclusion beneath the city now known as Brightspear, hidden in their underground citadel, exploring the limits of arcane power. They reshaped flesh into unholy abominations, studied and harnessed the power of a living soul, and constructed unfathomable magical devices to change the world — all of which were a siren song to Tzeentch. When the Age of Chaos erupted, Tzeentch claimed the city and the wonders beneath. Some say the Agloraxian mages happily joined the service of the Changer of Ways, and that they still lurk somewhere in the city, their lives prolonged by the strange and twisting magic of Tzeentch. Most put this off to fanciful stories and rumours, but those who have encountered the servants of Tzeentch can see some truth to the tales.

## THE SHIFTING WAR

For centuries mortal and daemonic servants of Tzeentch inhabited the city, twisting and reshaping the city's spires while plumbing the depths of the citadel below. Arcanites, the servants of Tzeentch, continued the Agloraxian experiments below the city, pushing boundaries further than even the Agloraxians dared. Beyond the walls, the swirling vortex of purple and pink off the coast began to grow. The very shores of Aspiria began to disintegrate and fall into the Realm of Chaos. Ships sailing the seas would be helplessly dragged into the domain of Tzeentch as their crew screamed and cried out in vain.

The occupation ended when Sigmar directed the Celestial Warbringers — a host of Stormcast Eternals, Sigmar's most elite warriors, who can foresee their own death — to retake the city. The Warbringers struck like a thunderbolt at the heart of the city, shattering Tzeentchian forces. The prescience of the Celestial Warbringers confounded Tzeentch's followers and they were eventually driven from the city or fled below into the hidden parts of the citadel. The Warbringers were victorious and the city was reclaimed. It was renamed Brightspear, so-called for the

towering beacon at its heart and for the Stormhost that freed it, who are sometimes known as Sigmar's Spear. With that, a new City of Sigmar was born.

## SIGMAR'S SPEAR

With the city reclaimed, settlers followed. Unlike most of the Cities of Sigmar which are constructed anew around a captured realmgate, Brightspear seemingly had no realmgate and the city was already built — though it was twisted and ruined from centuries of Tzeentch inhabitation. Without a realmgate, travel to the city was difficult and relied heavily on enterprising Kharadron captains to ferry folks to the fledgling settlement. It was a slow process, but in time the city began to grow. The taint of Tzeentch was slowly burned away, new structures were built, and ruined buildings were repurposed, or demolished.

Just as the city began to take shape, the Necroquake struck. Hordes of spectres and ghosts surged forth from surrounding lands and the citadel below. The restless spirits of the Agloraxians' victims swelled with the souls of those slaughtered during the Age of Chaos as thousands of undead erupted throughout the city, devastating the fledgling populace. When the night was over, a fraction of the city's population remained. But Aqshians are stubborn folk, and once again began to rebuild.

## BRIGHTSPEAR TODAY

Brightspear is split into three different districts: the Upper City, the Lower City, and the New City. The Upper City sits on a large plate built around the central 'spear' of the city, and slowly rotates to match the movement of Hysh and Ulgu across the sky. The Lower City is directly beneath the plate that holds the Upper City. It is almost constantly in shadow and you can always hear the faint clicking and grinding of the rotating plate above. The New City is the ever-expanding edges of Brightspear. Here the ancient ruined buildings are demolished and the city expands as all Cities of Sigmar do — growing outward in ever-increasing concentric rings.

The last unofficial district of Brightspear is the Undercity. The ancient Agloraxian citadel holds many mysteries, and scholars and mages hungry for knowledge are desperate to explore its secrets. For now, Lord-Arcanum Salonia Gravewing, who temporarily governs Brightspear, strictly controls access to the Undercity. But with growing rumours of strange lights and unexplained arcane phenomena, it may not be long before someone is sent to investigate — or something escapes from the depths.



## CITY RULERS

Under the aegis of the God-King, the Cities of Sigmar are to put in place a Conclave that governs the city, formed from a council representing the various peoples that live in the city. However, Brightspear had only just elected its Conclave when the Necroquake struck. During the undead assault, many members of the Conclave were killed. As a result, the city is currently governed by a representative of the God-King, Lord-Arcanum Salonia Gravewing. Gravewing, as commander of the Celestial Warbringers, rules the city in all but name, until such a time that the threat to the city has lessened.

## CELESTIAL WARBRINGERS

The Celestial Warbringers have made the city of Brightspear their home, reclaiming it from The Great Conspirator after the Age of Chaos. In the name of Sigmar, the Stormcast Eternals hold Brightspear against the forces of Tzeentch, but Sigmar's reasoning for sending the Stormhost is much deeper, for the God-King does not make decisions lightly. Each of the Celestial Warbringers possesses a terrible gift: the ability to foresee the manner of their death. This makes them both the perfect foil and delightful toys for the Lord of Change, who seeks to play with the skeins of their fates. At every turn they seek to change their fate and frustrate the Great Conspirator, but the Celestial Warbringers gift is not common knowledge.

Those blessed, or some might say cursed, with this knowledge would expect the Celestial Warbringers to cut themselves off from the city, to seek to avoid their fate. But the Celestial Warbringers do not falter but fight with speed and foresight, using prophecy and cunning to undo their enemy's schemes. Lead by Lord-Arcanum Salonia Gravewing, the Celestial Warbringers use every

part of their will to defend the people of Brightspear. Unfortunately, Gravewing only has a small selection of the Stormhost available to her, as the Celestial Warbringers were weakened during their fight to retake the city after the effects of the Necroquake. Since then a number of her warriors have been called elsewhere to fight in Sigmar's wars, and fight back the forces of Chaos.

## THE CONCLAVE

The Cities of Sigmar are each governed by a Conclave, based on the Grand Conclave created by Sigmar to govern his own city of Azyrheim. The Conclave is formed from the mortal inhabitants of the city (who call themselves Spearians), chosen for their merit and strength rather than by their political prowess or Species.

When Brightspear was founded, the Spearians brought forth the city's finest leaders, representing as many of the peoples of Brightspear as possible. While not as large as the Grand Conclave, which holds 244 seats, Brightspear's Conclave is no small group, with 36 seats. Many are elected to the position by their peers, but other roles are fixed within the organisation of the Conclave. The High Arbiter's role, currently occupied by Vordryan, is responsible for overseeing the city's lawmaking and justice system. Magister Cadice Amard represents the Collegiate Arcane, alongside Torquil the Druidmaster. The Dean of Domini University, Malthus Irayn, and Siderean Hallitt of the House of the Kindled Flame also have senior roles on the Conclave, and there are a number of High Artisans who are responsible for maintaining the city's fortifications and defences. Valius Maliti had served as High Architect but no one has seen him for quite a while. Other roles in the Conclave are filled by community leaders such as Gustav Olyde, Porra Tabet, and Logan Ironbeard.



The Chancellor sits at the head of the Conclave. However, since the Necroquake, Salonia Gravewing has yet to elect a Chancellor, even though there are a number of candidates. This has led to speculation and rumours, with some whispering that Gravewing wants the city for herself.

## INFLUENTIAL FACTIONS

The Cities of Sigmar are a complex society and Brightspear is no different. The people of Brightspear call themselves 'Spearians', and they are made up of many different Species, cultures, and organisations, each with their own motivations and needs. While they are allies against a common enemy, there is still no shortage of animosity between them, whether that is the antagonism between settlers from Aqshy and Aspirian natives, or perpetual mistrust of the murderous Daughters of Khaine. There are many factions in Brightspear, but there are notable groups that have risen to positions of influence.

## COLLEGIATE ARCANES

Brightspear was built upon the magic of the Agloraxian Empire, and today it has become home to another group of powerful magic users — the Collegiate Arcane. The Collegiate Arcane is an organisation of Human wizards, sorcerers, mages, and seers, formed into colleges based on each of the eight 'true' Lores of Magic. The Great Orrery and the towers of Brightspear give them ample space in

which to conduct their studies, but Tzeentch's influence on the city is never quite forgotten. Some argue that members of the Collegiate meddle in things they do not understand, but Magister Cadice Amard reassures the Conclave that their studies are controlled and measured. Each school of magic has its home in one of the **Nine Globes** (page 20).

Originally the College's purpose was to study the magics and artefacts hidden in the Undercity, but recently their attention has turned to training Battlemages to protect Brightspear. As such, the Spearians value the presence of the mages as a defence against the forces of Tzeentch. There is seldom a time when one cannot witness a solitary Battlemage peering out from the walls of Brightspear to the wastes beyond.

## DEVOTED OF SIGMAR

The Devoted of Sigmar follow the God-King in equal measures of faith and fanaticism. Sigmar's warrior priests and crazed flagellants both find a place in every City of Sigmar, where his people seek safe shelter. Understandably, with the threat of Chaos never far away, the God-King Sigmar has one of the largest followings in Brightspear. Openly, those devoted to Sigmar seek to encourage others to follow in the Sigmarite creed, either by peaceful teaching, or at the end of a sword. Meanwhile, unseen by most, the Order of Azyr seeks out corruption and threats to Sigmar's faithful wherever they are to be found, destroying them by whatever means necessary.

## WHAT LIES BENEATH

After centuries of unchallenged control under Tzeentch, many questioned why Sigmar chose now to reclaim Brightspear — especially when other seemingly more vital locations remain under the sway of Chaos. Most of the Cities of Sigmar are built around a central realmgate, which allows for vital supplies and grand armies to be moved between the realms. Brightspear, however, is isolated. It has no realmgate, and is countless miles from the nearest City of Sigmar. Or so it would seem.

At the heart of the citadel beneath the city lies the greatest accomplishment of the Agloraxian Empire: a mortal-made realmgate that allows travel to any realm. Built from realmstone from each realm — including the Realm of Chaos — the realmgate below Brightspear is linked directly to the Great Orrery above. It is surrounded by its own orrery,

which can be adjusted and manipulated to redirect the realmgate to any realm. When the realmgate is activated, the Nine Globes of the Great Orrery above rotate to match those below — as does the entire Upper Tier.

When the God-King Sigmar learned of this strange and unnatural realmgate, he wasted little time in ordering one of his mighty Stormhosts to secure it. In the hands of the Ruinous Powers, such a device could mean the end of the Mortal Realms. But controlled by Sigmar and his allies, it could be the key to true victory and an end to the ceaseless war that plagues the realms.

Fear of the realmgate slipping into the wrong hands is why Lord-Arcanum Gravewing has not given control of the city over to the Conclave.

As Brightspear expands, gangs of flagellants are tasked with purifying the land with their own holy blood, burning away the taint of Chaos. While viewed as barbaric by some, it has nonetheless proven quite effective. The Devoted of Sigmar also guard the grounds around the crematorium in the High Temple of Sigmar, ever-watchful for the undead. Sigmar's faithful sometimes venture beyond the city to preach to the tribes there, but most do not return.

## FREEGUILD

Brightspear, as with other Cities of Sigmar, are policed and guarded by the Freeguild soldiers. These soldiers are often recruited from the city's populace to bolster existing regiments and serve as the de-facto police force for the city. Committing a crime in Brightspear could see one at the end of a Freeguild cudgel, eventually being placed in the prisons or the **Bleak Stockade** (see page 23).

The Freeguild soldiers patrol the streets and help to guard the walls, performing day-to-day duties too minor for the attention of the Stormcast Eternals. The city watch theoretically falls under the remit of the Conclave, but few if any Freeguild soldiers would ignore the orders of Lord-Arcanum Salonia Gravewing. Far from just being a city watch, the Freeguild are called upon to defend the city from external threats when needed. There are constantly sentries on the walls of Brightspear, ready to raise the alarm when coming under attack.

There are a number of Freeguild regiments in the city, including The Bright Wardens that guard the Brighthall, The Turnkeys that operate the prisons, and the Crimson Shields under the command of Lionel Torchbearer.

## FYRESLAYERS

The Fyreslayers are Duardin who follow in the path of the warrior-god Grimnir, known as the Shattered God. Grimnir fell during the Age of Myth, and the Fyreslayers believe his essence lives on in the ur-gold runes they hammer into their flesh. They sell their axes as mercenaries to the highest bidder and accept payment only in gold — hoping to find fragments of blessed ur-gold.

Originally Fyreslayers of the Vostarg lodge found their way to Brightspear, but more recently they have been joined by new arrivals from the Greyfyrd lodge. Both lodges view the city as the perfect setting to find work as mercenaries, whether that is through joining dangerous expeditions into the Bright Mountains, or exploring the ancient Agloraxian citadels for the Collegiate Arcane, there is plenty of gold to be had. Some Fyreslayers have even been seen defending the walls from the regular incursions of Tzeentch daemons, but whether they have asked to be paid by the city for their services or not is not common knowledge. For many, simply seeking battle is enough to honour Grimnir. For others, all that matters is gold, regardless of who is paying.

## IRONWELD ARSENAL

Made up of both Humans and Duardin, the Ironweld Arsenal are masters of engineering, whether it is making strange cogwork warmachines or devastating blackpowder weapons. Such is their skill that, without the Ironweld Arsenal, Brightspear would be in a far poorer state. They regularly assist the Stormcast Eternals and Freeguild regiments in defence of the city using powerful artillery.

The Ironweld Arsenal is not only capable of producing weaponry; in Brightspear they have turned their hand to rebuilding the city following the Necroquake. The Arsenal is also responsible for fixing and maintaining the ancient devices in Brightspear, not least of which is the irrigation system for the Hanging Gardens. Without these pumps Brightspear's vital agricultural industry would falter and leave the inhabitants of the city starving. Many members have devoted themselves to understanding the Great Orrery, but so far its inner workings remain a mystery.

The Ironweld also runs the Gyroports that ferry goods and people to and from the Highport and throughout the city — and charge a substantial price for the service.





## THE SHATTERED GOD

Ur-gold runes are forged by the Zharrgrim, the Fyreslayer priesthood, and hammered into the flesh in the ceremony of grundtogg. The Fyreslayers believe that the violence and exhilaration of battle releases Grimmir's spirit from the ur-gold runes; by gathering all the ur-gold from across the realms and harnessing its power in this way, their Shattered God will return.

## KHARADRON OVERLORDS

The Duardin of the Kharadron Overlords are engineers and scientists who rule the skies in their aether-ships. These vessels are built with the help of Endrineer's Guild and rely on aether-gold to stay aloft — a precious gas mined from mineral veins in the Realm of Metal's clouds. They are predominantly explorers and merchants, travelling between cities with a variety of goods, putting their faith in The Code rather than any divine being. Breaking The Code is considered a serious crime in Kharadron society — though many Kharadron take pride in the extent to which they can bend it for their needs.

The Kharadron arriving in Brightspear was a significant event for the Spearians, offering another way in and out of the city as well as providing vital new trade routes. Aether-ships dock at the Highport where their goods are unpacked and stored ready for trading. Often, Kharadron ships set forth from Brightspear to explore The Great Parch, venturing over the Bright Mountains or beyond the Disintegrating Shores, in search of opportunity. Some expeditions return a hefty profit, but many more are lost. Such is the importance of Brightspear that, along with a group of Bataari merchants, some Kharadron have made their home in the city, establishing **The Exchange** (see page 16).

## OTHER GROUPS

A number of other influential groups have found their way to Brightspear, each with their own motivations and goals.

The most infamous and feared are the Daughters of Khaine. These warrior women are Aelves raised in the worship of Khaine, the Aelven God of Murder, and have erected a temple to their god in the city (see page 32). Every Daughter of Khaine is imbued with a fanatical hatred of Chaos, and while they may employ disturbing methods, their common enemy finds them a place within Sigmarite society.

The sorceresses of the Darkling Covens have taken root alongside the Khainites in the Red Way, while a host of Aelves from Azyr have made their homes in the **Wanderers' Grove** (see page 29) or around the **Shrine to the Fallen Resplendent** (see page 36). Some Spearians have reported seeing the pale skin of the Idoneth Deepkin hidden beneath loose robes, while the swaggering corsairs of the Scourge Privateers sometimes visit the city from their refuge in **Defiance Cove** (see page 41).

While the Collegiate Arcane focuses on Teclian teachings of magic, Domini University focuses on the magical foundations of the city originating in the Agloraxian Empire. This results in no shortage of animosity between the two organisations, both vying for power in the Conclave and seeking to assert their influence on the running of the city. **Domini University** has a large campus in the Lower Tier (see page 24).

The creation of the **House of the Kindled Flame** (see page 18) has given Brightspear a new school, inspired by the scholar-mage school of Lumnos, the House of Rising Embers. Working alongside the Collegiate Arcane and the Ironweld Arsenal, they hope to strengthen Brightspear's relationship with Lumnos.

The Far Traders of Bataar recently brought their Floating City from the eastern edge of The Great Parch to Brightspear to sell their wares. A number of them have settled in the city, running some of the markets and trading districts. They have a long-standing rivalry with their Aspirian neighbours, but their welcoming nature and good humour makes them expert traders and the animosity is often forgotten.

There are not many of the tree-like Sylvaneth in Brightspear, but to the south of the city is the **Island of Green** (see page 40). Here the Gnarlroot Glade have begun tentative relations with the Aspirians. They are interested in the magic the Aspirians use to fight back against Tzeentch, hoping it can help them to face their own threats in their home realm of Ghyran.

Not every Spearian pursues honourable ends, as evidenced by the presence of Vitrolian Redcaps, a group of gangsters and criminals, intent on making Brightspear their own.

## DEFENCE

Brightspear is surrounded by vast walls that ring the city, serving as a barrier against the wild beasts and enemies of The Great Parch. The Ironweld Arsenal have mounted great cannons and other esoteric weapons along the walls, ready to rain down on any forces that dare assault the city.



There are no shortage of warriors willing to defend the city, from the Stormcast Eternals to the Daughters of Khaine. The Collegiate Arcane has turned its hand to training Battleimages, and when called upon the magical warriors head to the walls to aid in Brightspear's defence. Not every City of Sigmar can boast of having its own Fyreslayer lodge, but Brightspear is home to the Vostarg lodge. As a result, Fyreslayer Berzerkers, both Vostarg and the newer Greyfryd, defend the city's already formidable walls. Should any assault come from the air, the aether-ships of the Kharadron can bring their variety of weapons to bear, or drop their grudgesettler bombs and fragmentation charges on enemies below.

## ECONOMY AND TRADE

Naturally, food is a necessity for all Spearians, and as such agriculture and trade is vitally important to the city. Farming and crop growth is difficult in Aqshy as the searing sun permits only the hardiest of crops, making it difficult to grow any of the necessary crops in the city. The solution came in building the Hanging Gardens that fall over the edge of the Upper Tier. However, even the Hanging Gardens cannot provide for all and they require near constant tending by the Jade Wizards, and the irrigation systems must be maintained by the Ironweld Arsenal. Because of this, other trade is needed.

Valuable trade items include Aqua Ghyranis, Bataari firesilk, Shyish black-salt (an extremely effective magical agent used in preserving food), and delicacies like salamander meat, and delicious dark ale shipped from the Kharadron sky-port of Barak-Thyrng. The Spearians have also imported stone from Azyr to build the **Portentarium** at the heart of the city (see page 15), but some Spearians see this as yet another way for the Azyrites to exert their control over the city.

Food and other vital goods, such as clothing and building materials, are traded throughout Aqshy, but trade over land is fraught with peril. Not just for the searing climate, but because the wilds of Aqshy are filled with all manner of dangers, from bands of rampaging Orruks and Tzeentchian horrors, to the undead servants of Nagash. As such, most trade is by air. Kharadron ships, such as *The Grund* and *Grungni's Face*, bring food, supplies, and other rarer goods to the city — but everything comes at a price. At times the city is wracked by savage storms that wash in from the Disintegrating Shore, keeping the aether-ships away. Between this and the sometimes extortionate prices the Kharadron charge, some brave traders have persevered

with travel across land. The Ironweld Arsenal have built massive, heavily armed cogforts — walking castles bristling with explosive armaments — that can carry goods back and forth, while providing some protection for the traders and goods within. This has allowed some small trade with the city of Lumnos to the south-east — a significant development between the two cities — but the warbands that roam the frontier have begun to notice these regular convoys.

Duardin are not the only ones to trade with Brightspear. The Floating City of Bataar has come across The Great Parch to buy and sell its wares to the Spearians; tribes from the wilds of Aqshy have also at times found their way into the city to trade; and the corsairs from Defiance Cove sometimes come to sell their grisly catch to the wizards and alchemists of the city.

## CURRENCY

Much commerce in the Mortal Realms is done through bartering and trade. However, as the Cities of Sigmar have risen, currency has begun to be used more and more. Initially coin was trialed as a form of currency, but with the Kharadron Overlords having almost total control over the Spiral Crux of Chamon — where precious metals are commonplace — the idea was soon abandoned (much to the Duardins' annoyance). Today, a steady form of currency exists in Aqua Ghyranis, the life-giving water from Ghyran. The magically infused water is kept in glass phials, spheres, flasks, or special reinforced kegs.

The most common units of currency are:

- ✧ **A Drop (1D):** A single drop of Aqua Ghyranis, usually measured with a pipette.
- ✧ **A Phial (1P):** A small glass phial of Aqua Ghyranis, usually about an inch tall. These come in various shapes and sizes, with more elaborate designs used by the rich to flaunt their wealth. Each phial contains about 10 drops of Aqua Ghyranis.
- ✧ **A Sphere (1S):** A palm-sized orb of Aqua Ghyranis. These are usually corked or stoppered, but some twist open or require a small hole to be drilled to release the water inside. Each sphere is equal to 10 phials or 100 drops of Aqua Ghyranis.

The cost of the items on page 11 is the average cost in Brightspear. Depending on where you are and who you are dealing with, these prices may fluctuate.

## Aqua Ghyranis

Aqua Ghyranis is taken from the sacred waters of Verdia in Ghyran, much to the anger and disapproval of many hard-line Sylvaneth. The water is suffused with the pure life energy from Ghyran and fosters growth and healing in all living things.

Aqua Ghyranis is highly prized across the Mortal Realms, but nowhere more so than Aqshy. The Realm of Fire, more than any other, was devastated by the Age of Chaos. Blood soaked into the earth, lakes and rivers dried up, and the land was utterly tainted by Chaos. By using Aqua Ghyranis, the lands of Aqshy have seen a rebirth. Plantlife has returned, animals are healthier and more plentiful, and crops can be grown in the once barren land.

Aqua Ghyranis can be used in the following ways:

- ✧ A sphere of Aqua Ghyranis can purify the land in a Zone, removing any taint of Chaos or other unnatural force.
- ✧ A sphere of Aqua Ghyranis can be used to accelerate growth in a Zone, per the *Lifebloom* spell (**Soulbound**, page 278).
- ✧ You can consume Aqua Ghyranis to heal your body. Each drop of Aqua Ghyranis restores 1 Toughness; a phial restores 10 Toughness and removes one Condition; and a sphere of Aqua Ghyranis restores all Toughness, removes all Conditions, and reduces the severity of a Wound.

## TRADE

Despite the rise in popularity of Aqua Ghyranis as currency, barter and trade is still used throughout much of the Mortal Realms, including many of the Cities of Sigmar. All manner of items are traded, with values changing depending on who is buying and selling. Most of the time you can resolve bartering through roleplaying, with parties trading items of roughly equivalent value. If one of the items is in particular demand, the value can be considered double or even triple its usual worth. Likewise, if an item is unwanted or in abundance, the perceived value is halved.

## PLACES OF INTEREST

There are a number of places of interest in Brightspear, from shops, to taverns, to places of worship.

## LANDMARKS

- ✧ **Arbiter's Fortress:** The offices of the High Arbiter (page 30).
- ✧ **Brighthall:** The hall of the Conclave (page 15).
- ✧ **Domini University:** An academy studying the history of the ancient Agloraxian Empire (page 24).
- ✧ **Flavian's Infirmary:** A large hospital founded by a legendary Aqshian healer (page 25).
- ✧ **The Hanging Gardens:** Brightspear's agricultural gardens (Page 17).
- ✧ **The Highport:** The aether-port used by Kharadron shipping and traders (page 26).
- ✧ **The Nine Globes:** Spheres of the Great Orrery and home to the Collegiate Arcane (page 20).
- ✧ **The Portentarium:** Stormkeep of the Celestial Warbringers (page 15).
- ✧ **The Spear of Heaven:** The great spire at the heart of Brightspear (page 14).





## MARKETS

- ✧ **The Bright Market:** Brightspear's main market district (page 22).
- ✧ **The Exchange:** Horwindle's Banking House and Reasonable Currency Exchanges (page 16).
- ✧ **Firehawk Expeditions:** A small trader selling travelling gear and weaponry (page 22).
- ✧ **Goods by Gustav:** Expansive warehouses located in the Upper Tier (page 16).
- ✧ **Logan's Emporium:** A warren of Duardin traders and offices (page 34).
- ✧ **The Shadow Market:** A travelling market of cold-goods and perishables (page 28).
- ✧ **The Phoenix:** An Aelf-owned store (page 20).

## PLACES OF WORSHIP

- ✧ **Convent of Blood:** A temple to Khaine (page 32).
- ✧ **The Fallen Spire:** A memorial to those who died during the Necroquake (page 16).
- ✧ **High Temple of Sigmar:** The grand temple dedicated to worship of the God-King (page 18).
- ✧ **Shrine of the Fallen Resplendent:** A small temple dedicated to the Ur-Phoenix (page 36).
- ✧ **Shrine of Holy Sigmar the Protector:** A smaller shrine to the God-King (page 36).
- ✧ **Temple of Grimmir:** A shrine to the Fyreslayers' god housed in their lodge-barracks (page 33).

## TAVERNS AND INNS

- ✧ **Char Estate:** A respected restaurant located in the Hanging Gardens (page 15).
- ✧ **The Gatewatch Inn:** The first tavern after Brightspear's main gate (page 33).
- ✧ **Lowstone's:** A tavern and hostel located near the Highport (page 23).
- ✧ **The Pickled Efrete:** The favoured haunt of mercenaries and smugglers (page 35).
- ✧ **The Twelve Taps:** A tavern with a selection of exotic drinks and fine tales (page 25).
- ✧ **Wyrnfoot's:** Possibly the roughest tavern in Brightspear (page 37).

## OTHER SIGHTS

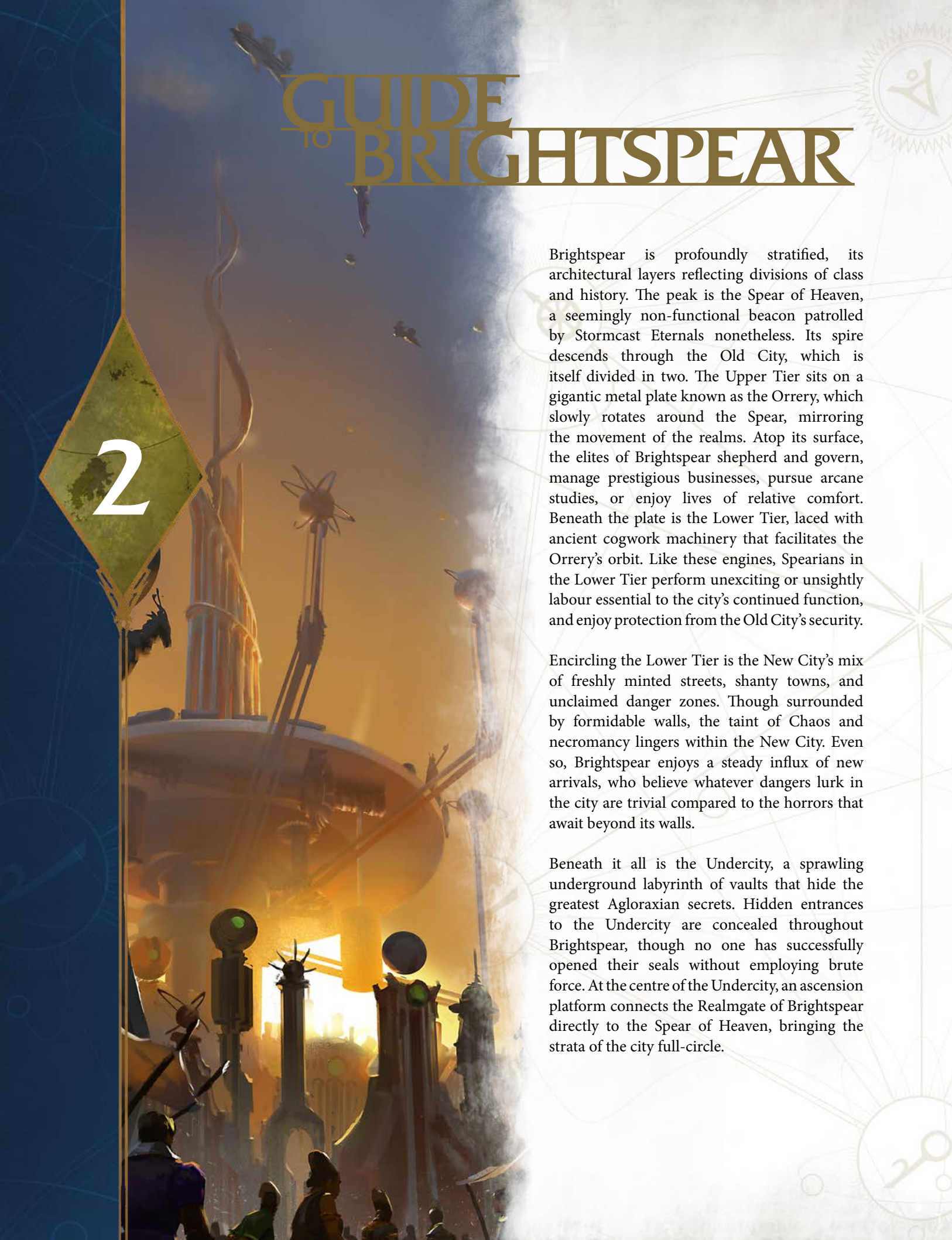
- ✧ **Gyroports:** The Ironweld-operated link between the Upper Tier and the Highport (page 16).
- ✧ **The Hall of Memory:** An ancient building the Celestial Warbringers guard constantly (page 18).
- ✧ **The House of the Kindled Flame:** A place of nonmagical scholarship (page 18).
- ✧ **The Luminant Stage:** One of the foremost theatres in Brightspear (page 19).
- ✧ **Ottram's Court:** A gathering point for refugees and newcomers to the city (page 19).
- ✧ **Residence of Valius Maliti:** The opulent home of one of Brightspear's architects (page 20).



## GOODS &amp; SERVICES

| Name                           | Cost | Availability | Damage | Traits/Notes                                               |
|--------------------------------|------|--------------|--------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Weapons</i>                 |      |              |        |                                                            |
| Dagger                         | 20D  | Common       | + S    | Piercing, Subtle, Thrown (Short)                           |
| Greataxe                       | 250D | Common       | 2 + S  | Slashing, Two-handed                                       |
| Handaxe                        | 25D  | Common       | + S    | Subtle, Slashing, Thrown (Short)                           |
| Sword                          | 150D | Common       | 1 + S  | Slashing                                                   |
| Pike                           | 190D | Common       | 2 + S  | Piercing, Two-handed                                       |
| Quarterstaff                   | 18D  | Common       | 1 + S  | Crushing, Two-handed                                       |
| Spear                          | 80D  | Common       | 1 + S  | Piercing, Thrown (Short)                                   |
| Warhammer                      | 140D | Common       | 1 + S  | Crushing                                                   |
| Blunderbuss                    | 180D | Common       | 2 + S  | Loud, Range (Medium), Piercing, Spread, Two-handed         |
| Bow                            | 50D  | Common       | 1 + S  | Range (Long), Subtle, Piercing, Two-handed                 |
| Pistol                         | 65D  | Common       | 1 + S  | Close, Loud, Piercing, Range (Medium)                      |
| Rifle                          | 210D | Common       | 2 + S  | Loud, Piercing, Range (Long), Two-handed                   |
| <i>Assorted</i>                |      |              |        |                                                            |
| Aqshian Coal                   | 160D | Exotic       | –      | Magical glowing stone. Illuminates one Zone.               |
| Climbing Gear                  | 185D | Rare         | –      | +2d6 on climb Tests.                                       |
| Crowbar                        | 4D   | Common       | –      | +16 on Tests where leverage can be applied.                |
| Lantern                        | 25D  | Common       | –      | Illuminates one Zone. Eight hours of oil.                  |
| Lockpicks                      | 25D  | Common       | –      | Used to unlock doors and locks.                            |
| Rope (50-foot)                 | 10D  | Common       | –      | For tying up or climbing!                                  |
| Waterskin (full)               | 25D  | Common       | –      | To keep hydrated.                                          |
| <i>Food and Drink</i>          |      |              |        |                                                            |
| Twin-tailed Ale, pint          | 3D   | Common       | –      | Local beer, favoured among the Freeguild.                  |
| Bread, loaf                    | 2D   | Common       | –      | Made from local grain. Dense and hearty.                   |
| Meal, inn                      | 15D  | Common       | –      | Usually made up of fresh meat and local vegetables.        |
| Soup                           | 3D   | Common       | –      | spicy broth typically made from leftovers.                 |
| Spirits, glass                 | 6D   | Common       | –      | Your spirit of choice.                                     |
| Spirits, bottle                | 55D  | Common       | –      | Your spirit of choice – but more of it!                    |
| Wine, glass                    | 5D   | Rare         | –      | Made from Aqshian grapes, usually bright orange in colour. |
| Wine, bottle                   | 18D  | Rare         | –      | Plenty to share.                                           |
| <i>Lodging (per night)</i>     |      |              |        |                                                            |
| Cot in a bunkhouse             | 10D  | Common       | –      | Better than sleeping on the street.                        |
| Inn, common room               | 20D  | Common       | –      | Simple, but comfortable.                                   |
| Inn, private room (sleeps two) | 80D  | Common       | –      | Guaranteed for a good night's sleep and relaxation.        |





# GUIDE TO BRIGHTSPEAR

2

Brightspear is profoundly stratified, its architectural layers reflecting divisions of class and history. The peak is the Spear of Heaven, a seemingly non-functional beacon patrolled by Stormcast Eternals nonetheless. Its spire descends through the Old City, which is itself divided in two. The Upper Tier sits on a gigantic metal plate known as the Orrery, which slowly rotates around the Spear, mirroring the movement of the realms. Atop its surface, the elites of Brightspear shepherd and govern, manage prestigious businesses, pursue arcane studies, or enjoy lives of relative comfort. Beneath the plate is the Lower Tier, laced with ancient cogwork machinery that facilitates the Orrery's orbit. Like these engines, Spearians in the Lower Tier perform unexciting or unsightly labour essential to the city's continued function, and enjoy protection from the Old City's security.

Encircling the Lower Tier is the New City's mix of freshly minted streets, shanty towns, and unclaimed danger zones. Though surrounded by formidable walls, the taint of Chaos and necromancy lingers within the New City. Even so, Brightspear enjoys a steady influx of new arrivals, who believe whatever dangers lurk in the city are trivial compared to the horrors that await beyond its walls.

Beneath it all is the Undercity, a sprawling underground labyrinth of vaults that hide the greatest Agloraxian secrets. Hidden entrances to the Undercity are concealed throughout Brightspear, though no one has successfully opened their seals without employing brute force. At the centre of the Undercity, an ascension platform connects the Realmgate of Brightspear directly to the Spear of Heaven, bringing the strata of the city full-circle.

## DISTRICTS OF BRIGHTSPEAR

As well as being divided into the Upper Tier, Lower Tier, and New City, Brightspear has a number of smaller districts. While the Upper Tier does not have districts or boroughs, the Lower Tier and New City have been divided into almost a dozen different neighbourhoods.

**Emberwalk:** A district in the Lower Tier where many of the less wealthy (but still comfortable) Azyrites make their home. Emberwalk is named for the traces of emberstone, the magical realmstone of the Realm of Fire, that are visible in the cracks in the street, making the ground warm to the touch even in the shade of the Lower Tier. Anyone seen trying to pry the emberstone from the cobbled streets is sneered at or run out of the district.

**Ashfoot:** Ashfoot is where most of the Reclaimed Aqshians – those natives who were freed from the Age of Chaos's taint – make their home, alongside smaller groups of Duardin Dispossessed. The people here are more down to earth and welcoming, and generally pleasant to deal with, although they can be prone to swings in emotion like many Aqshians. 'Ashfoot' is a derogatory term the Azyrites use for the Reclaimed, but the people of the district have embraced it and taken it as their own.

**The Bright Market:** The sprawling market of shops, stalls, and homes has become a district all of its own. See page 22 for more information.

**The Red Way:** A small borough in Brightspear that has been claimed by the Daughters of Khaine and members of the deadly Darkling Covens. Blood running through the streets is common.

**The Foundry:** The site of the first Cogwork Megadepot (see page 31), and where much of Brightspear's industry began. The Foundry has grown in stature in recent years, and real estate here has become much sought after as a place for wealthy merchants and crafters to make their homes. Many

of the upper echelons of the Ironweld work and live in the Foundry, and numerous merchants and traders have also recently moved in.

**Ironroads:** The heart of industry in Brightspear, this large section of the city contains countless workers and families of the Ironweld Engineers and Freeguild regiments. The roads are wide to allow for transport of materials and large weapons of war.

**The Gateway:** The entrance to the city where all eyes are on those who pass through the gates (though truthfully most arrive by air). The Arbiter's Fortress (see page 30) sets the tone for this district, with law and order prevailing. The district also contains the Cauldron (see page 32), where many go to watch or participate in sports and other feats of glory.

**Coldfyre:** Coldfyre is the name of two large blocks that sit side by side – one containing an Aelven shrine to the Ur-Phoenix (see page 36), the other containing the Vostarg and Greyfyrd Fyreslayer lodges and the ancient Magmadroth that lairs beneath (see page 33).

**The Bastion:** A purported 'bastion of knowledge and enlightenment', this district of the city isn't as safe as it claims. The sprawling campus of the Domini University makes up much of the district (see page 24). Though many are uncomfortable with the idea of an Agloraxian school at the centre of an Aspirian city, the rumours of the district being rife with servants of Tzeentch is far more worrying.

**Crookhaven:** Tucked under the spinning plate of the Upper Tier, this section of the city rarely sees sunlight – which means it is of course a hive of criminal activity. Crookhaven borders six different districts, making it easy to slip in and out of various neighbourhoods, and making it exceptionally hard for the Freeguild guards to police.





## THE UPPER TIER

The foundations for many Cities of Sigmar were laid after the Age of Chaos, but Brightspear is much older. The long, dark history of the Agloraxians is most visible in the Upper Tier, where their architecture is preserved. Before ascending to the floating city of Ahramentia, the Arch-Domini built vertically, with round minarets, hypostyle halls, and overlooking balconies. They flaunted wealth with bath-houses and watered parks, neglecting their thirsty slaves. Such waste is not tolerated by Lord-Arcanum Gravewing, who re-dedicated these buildings as public forums and administration centres.

Upper Tier townhouses accommodate Azyrite aristocrats, Bataari merchant princes, and many wizards. The magical disruption caused by the Necroquake rekindled much of the city's arcane devices, and even those untrained in magic have become jaded by self-lighting street lamps and servant-familiars. Some fear the widening gulf between wealthy and poor will recreate the downfall of the arrogant Agloraxians, a doom hastened by forbidden sorcery behind closed doors.

During the Necroquake, slaughter in the New City drove the city's poorest to shelter in the Upper Tier. They were later evicted by uncaring merchants, leaving unoccupied buildings awaiting refurbishment. Desperate souls eke out meager lives in the empty houses, fighting small, heroic battles against lingering wraiths. They can never trust the authorities to help, for fear of losing what little home they have. For all its glittering spires and outward civility, mistrust, selfishness, and apathy fester in the Upper Tier.

## THE SPEAR OF HEAVEN

The Spear of Heaven can be spied from leagues away, towering far above the city named in its honour. As magnificent as its silver spire might be, without the Beacon of Brightspear lit, the Spear is a shadow of its former self — as vacant, lifeless and persistently confounding as any other Agloraxian Citadel along the Disintegrating Shores.

Inside the great lighthouse, an ancient elevation platform traverses a hollow cylindrical shaft. At the peak, a white crystal of impossible scale and beauty slumbers. At the base is the city's great secret: a sealed realmgate. Activating one of these prizes would require tremendous energy, but the function of the Beacon and the realmgate is inexorably linked. One cannot be charged without charging the other, and no power has yet been found to energise both relics simultaneously.

For centuries the Spear and realmgate have lain dormant. Despite earnest effort, the disciples of Tzeentch could not corrupt these artefacts for their own ends. Nor have the great minds of Azyr or Aspiria had any success in restoring the Spear's original purpose. The answer must surely lie in the Undercity, where the esoteric mysteries of the Agloraxians are preserved, but so far expeditions launched into its depths have returned empty-handed, or not at all.

If the Beacon were re-lit, it would channel power unseen since the Age of Myth. Daemons would recoil from searing light, airships would have a reference point through stormy skies, and reality itself could cling on and defy the ruinous expansion of the Disintegrating Shores. No longer would Brightspear be cast into shadow... at least until the all-consuming power of the crystal was exhausted, and a new charge of energy would be required again.

## THE PORTENTARIUM

When a Stormhost seizes a realmgate, they erect a Stormkeep to defend the site, breaking ground on what will become a new City of Sigmar. The Portentarium is the foremost Stormkeep of the Celestial Warbringers, raised to defend the Spear of Heaven, and the realmgate secretly buried beneath it.

The fortress began life as the Hall of the Presenters, a palace of the Arch-Domini, but it has since disappeared behind new fortifications, observatories, and monuments to Sigmar. Every day, quartz-tinted rock quarried from the Bright Mountains is hewn to craft new, ever-taller walls and towers. Inside, the story of Brightspear's conquest is already mythologised across frescoes punctuated with statuary. Mightiest is a gargantuan likeness of the Golden Patriarch, Lord-Commander of the Celestial Warbringers, who is alleged to have led the conquest of Brightspear. Here he descends on a column of light, his sword directing a shower of blazing comets.

The Warbringers descend from a single tribe, who can predict the manner of their final demise. This shared culture invokes boisterous camaraderie when the Stormhost musters at the Portentarium, especially at the lavish funeral-parties honouring those expected to die at tomorrow's battle. The Warbringers are proud to be the first Stormhost of the Second Striking, forged after the first wave of the Stormcast Eternals were unleashed on the realms, and some of their limitations had become apparent. They boast, only half in jest, that as the First Striking of the Stormcast Eternals would save the realms, the 'new and improved' Second Striking would save the Stormcast, and 'show other Stormhosts how it's done'. This gloat assumes a solemn aspect away from the feast hall, as the Stormhost's renowned Sacrosanct Chambers — the wizards of the Stormcast Eternals — study Agloraxian relics for clues to overcome the Flaw of Reforging.

Grand banquets are a fading memory now, as the majority of the Stormhost has been called elsewhere. The remaining garrison, resenting their inglorious posting, answer to Lord-Arcanum Salonia Gravewing, the current ruler of Brightspear. She is thoroughly briefed on the greatest concerns of the city, and an audience with her is a golden opportunity for anyone able to impress her.

## BRIGHTHALL

No structure in Brightspear has been so thoroughly cleansed of Chaos taint as the hall where the Conclave meets. Sunlight streams through stained-glass windows depicting the Pantheon of Order. At a huge hammer-shaped table,

nobles weather the rhetorical assaults of their mercantile colleagues, overlooked by a statue of Sigmar that stands as a stern reminder of the God-King, silently exhorting all members of the Conclave to be faithful and just.

The Conclave's 36 seats are split between Azyrites and Aspirians, with a scattering of Bataari, Duardin, and Aelves. Fierce debate rages between a group that passionately supports the Lord-Arcanum, and others who mutter that her policies keep Brightspear in stasis, making life hard for its citizens and curtailing the city's growth with her martial law. While the latter group prides itself on speaking for the people, their critics assert that they're only interested in how much profit they can make from the citizens.

Lord-Arcanum Gravewing has failed to appoint a Chancellor to lead the Conclave. Magister Amard, High Artisan Khatri, and High Arbiter Vordryan are all candidates, as are several aristocrats currently residing in Azyrheim. The Lord-Arcanum's hesitation to appoint a civilian ruler unsettles the Conclave, who question why Brightspear remains under martial law.

While martial law remains in force, Brighthall is not accessible to the general public. A Freeguild regiment called the Bright Wardens guard the premises at all hours, whether the Conclave is in session or not. They're proud of this privilege and the status it grants them. It's commonly said that they cannot be bribed, but in truth there's always some young recruit who needs money more than they need their honour.

## CHAR ESTATE

This fancy dining establishment is nestled among the Hanging Gardens. Visitors can reserve a table underneath the trellis for outdoor meals that are just as much about being seen there as what you eat, or engage a private room for discrete dining and deals. More often than not these backroom deals involve illegal goods entering or leaving the city or discreet liaisons between those who must publically remain enemies even as they plot together. It is rumoured that the purveyor, Nalton Ferdal, is a cultist of Tzeentch but others say that he is instead a spy for the Lord-Arcanum and that she tolerates a certain amount of black market dealings as necessary for any large city.

The restaurant also has a location in the Bright Market, though it is little more than a podium and a spiral staircase leading to an empty platform. Here those who can afford it can make reservations and, once per day as the Upper City rotates, diners can board or disembark.



## THE EXCHANGE

Horwindle's Banking House and Reasonable Currency Exchanges, better known as the Exchange, is a formidable boxed structure in the ornate Upper Tier. Established by a cartel of Bataari and Kharadron merchants who didn't want to risk their fortunes, the Exchange protects the wealth of its clients behind heavily-sealed vaults, guarded by a team of extremely well-paid mercenaries, and secured with automated defences.

For a fee, the merchants also exchange currencies to those more favoured in Aqshy. The most common currencies are Aqua Ghyranis, Bataari firesilk, aether-gold ingots, and regular gold bullion (some of which may or may not be ur-gold). With new customers arriving from beyond Aqshy, the cartel is eager to diversify its portfolio. A trader from Hammerhal Ghyra might place little value on Aqua Ghyranis but Shyish black-salt, an extremely effective preservation agent, would be far more precious.

The Exchange is famed for the gratuitous Aqua Ghyranis waterfall that decorates its entranceway, spilling through a grate in the floor. In truth, a series of pipes, grates, and fans ensure that the water is recirculated to the top of the waterfall and not a single drop is wasted. It is still somewhat obscene, but it is not nearly as wasteful as the owners would have you believe.

The Exchange has recently begun experimenting with a new form of commerce. Traders can invest in the fortunes of other people's enterprises, such as farms, wells, and mines, speculating that the success of those ventures will return a share of the profits. Human merchants, blending Aelven abstract-thinking with Duardin materialism, have proven especially gifted investors, much to the chagrin of their longer-lived competitors.

## THE FALLEN SPIRE

The Necroquake brought down an ancient Agloraxian spire in a courtyard near the Portentarium. The rubble is overgrown with hardy and self-sufficient vibrant orange flowers. Every colossal segment of stone is carved with the initials of those who died in the Necroquake, or Brightspear's many other travails. New names are added regularly, and memorials are left in the form of candles, flowers, or the ashes of the dead.

The Fallen Spire is a monument to the strength of Brightspear: whatever turmoil shakes its foundations, the city and its people survive and endure.

City authorities have begun to fear the consequences of the common practise of scattering ashes over the Fallen Spire. The traces of so many dead, in one place, must surely have long-term consequences... and those little orange flowers are feeding on something.

## GOODS BY GUSTAV

These expansive premises are a multi-storey maze jammed full of treasures. Gustav Olyde, a warm and welcoming man with weak eyes and a weary air, sells almost everything. Ornate trinkets, exotic foods, and even arcane paraphernalia cram his shelves and cabinets. His wares are expensive but always worth the price, and he usually has a few treasures from the Undercity, courtesy of Prezarium Shandos (see *Faltering Light*, page 14). Shoppers who enter without a sense of purpose lose hours in the store.

Gustav is a member of Brightspear's Conclave, but since his daughter Lavinia perished in the Necroquake he carries out his duties half-heartedly. His only link to Lavinia is the elderly black rabbit that hops around the store, too skittish to approach customers. He keeps her ashes in his small office at the back of the store, and while he acknowledges that there is no way to get her back, he nurses a small, desperate hope that one of the artefacts he buys from Prezarium might work that miracle. The pain of Lavinia's death isn't easing over time, and Gustav is looking for alternatives: new artefact hunters, or other forces that might be able to bring his daughter back to life.

## GYROPORTS

The Upper Tier's Gyroports allow wealthy citizens to avoid the arduous climb between city levels for a fee. The round, copper platforms stand level with the tier's buildings, with enough clear space around them for Gyrocopters to land without risking the lives of nearby pedestrians.

The Ironweld Arsenal manages the Gyroports, and their day-to-day running is governed by complex contracts negotiated over years with the Kharadron Overlords, who own and operate the Highport. Negotiating changes in the ports' hours of operation, fees for carrying animals or cargo have been known to provoke strikes, spirited negotiations, and even threats of open rebellion.

It typically costs 100 drops to travel to any location on the Upper Tier, 30 drops to the Lower Tier, 80 drops to the first ring of the New City, and 120 drops to the second ring. The Gyrocopter pilots refuse to take anyone beyond the walls.



## THE HANGING GARDENS

No city can survive without food, and imports into Brightspear are irregular at best. They arrive by airship and are usually only affordable for elites. While not all of Aqshy is a baking desert, naturally-grown crops are hard to come by. Luckily the city enjoys a few unnatural advantages that keep its citizens fed.

The first agricultural fields were laid down by the Agloraxians in the form of terraces that descend onto the roofs of the Lower Tier below. The Upper Tier's rotation offers a balance of light and shade, so the crops do not shrivel in the intense Aqshian heat. The Agloraxians selectively bred high-yield crops to grow sideways and downwards to better maximise space inside the citadel. These crops have been nurtured by the Jade College, with Druidmaster Torquil overseeing their growth on a daily basis. Since the House of the Kindled Flame opened its doors, a polite but fierce war has waged between Torquil and Specialist Auditia Khver. Auditia insists that her scientific practises could increase yield and take pressure off the farms, and Torquil swears he will turn her into compost if her experiments spoil a single square foot of his crops.

Even now, the Agloraxian machines used to pump water from the Undercity are barely understood, but the small waterfalls scattered around the gardens speak to their effectiveness. Locals have claimed a Branchwych hides amongst the tallest sections — if the fountains ever cease to work, Brightspear will depend on her ability to find water. The injuries sustained by workers harvesting crops certainly suggests the presence of Bittergrubs — large centipede-like creatures with sharp mandibles — that commonly accompany the Branchwyches.

Infrastructure this critical has always been a target for enemy infiltrators. The Agloraxians had legions of enchanted automata to stand watch over their crops, and fragments of metal bars are still visible beneath the undergrowth, the skeletal remains of their dismantled cogwork enforcers. These days, the city's defenders deter any attempts at mischief.

As some of the few New City residents who regularly visit the Upper Tier, farmhands can be an excellent source of rumour and gossip. They're also a bellwether of how well the city is doing: if the farmhands are nervous, it's going to be a tough, hungry year.





## HALL OF MEMORY

The Stormcast Eternals are only just beginning to realise the toll their immortality takes on them. Each time they are resurrected, they lose a little of themselves. They don't share this secret with anyone but they've started to guard themselves against their fear of becoming pitiless, inhuman killing machines.

In the upper storey of a building that otherwise houses defunct, ancient machinery, members of the Stormhost make secret visits to record every detail of their humanity: names and faces of the people they once cared for, and the memories that make them who they are. Their memories are preserved on fine strips of parchment hung from wires that criss-cross the chamber.

The process of recording memories is personal and confessional. One member of the host visits, and another stands watch outside. The pilgrimage is undertaken under cover of darkness to avoid the risk of others seeing and questioning the activity. Only the winged Warbringers can access the Hall of Memory unaided. As a testament to the strength of the bond between Stormcast Eternals, they carry their siblings to the Hall when it's time for them to add to their record.

The Stormcast Eternals would kill and die to keep their secret. They're not ready to show what could be seen as weakness, concerned that the Conclave and priesthood would stop their visits to the Hall of Memory or even grow to fear them.

## HIGH TEMPLE OF SIGMAR

This grand edifice in the Upper Tier is not based on Agloraxian foundations, but built from scratch with imported white Azyrite stone. As the basis for so many Sigmarite institutions, the streets around the temple are always crowded with humble worshippers, inconsolate mourners, jubilant newlyweds, or penitent flagellants. Occasionally the flagellants spill into nearby squares, shedding their sanctified blood in rituals of purification, to the frustration of local business owners.

Adjoining the temple, a large crematorium disposes of the city's dead. Scattering ashes has always been the dominant Aqshian funerary tradition, but since the Necroquake it has become mandatory for Azyrites too. Even these new decrees cannot quell the unquiet dead, and the Devoted of Sigmar fight a constant battle to exorcise the crematorium of malevolent spirits.

Inside the temple, Visionary Porra Tabet leads the faithful in worship. Tabet calls herself a Nepholite, claiming she belongs to the same Azyrite tribe as the Celestial Warbringers. As a young adherent, she foresaw she would die engulfed in flame, an omen she joyfully interpreted to mean her destiny lay in Aqshy. Stained-glass windows depict the Nepholites fighting mythical battles to seal the Gates of Azyr, whilst roofless courtyards permit Tabet divine omens from the clouds — though with warped incursions circling the skies above Brightspear, these predictions are dire indeed. Tabet fervently desires to become a Stormcast, but would settle for becoming Soulbound. She subjects any Soulbound who visit her temple to a barrage of inappropriate questions.

## THE HOUSE OF THE KINDLED FLAME

Aspirians value mundane scholarship as highly as magic. The House of the Kindled Flame, founded by the Lumnite scholar-mage Siderean Hallitt, is a sibling institution to the famous House of Rising Embers in Lumnos. Rumour has it Siderean was banished from the House of Rising Embers due to some academic schism but Siderean himself claims they were motivated only by the desire to bring the light of learning to Brightspear.

The Conclave was so enthusiastic about this new institution that they demolished a block of ancient city buildings to raise a campus. The House of the Kindled Flame is crafted from the buildings that stood there before, rebuilt to better suit its purpose. With accommodations for its Aspirian students and staff, teaching rooms, and laboratories, and a library larger than the Arbiter's Fortress, it's a city-within-a-city.

The library is far from full, however. Siderean's top priority is adding ancient texts scavenged from the Undercity, copies of the arcane works in the Nine Globes, precious volumes from other cities, Duardin and Aelven libraries, or new research. Obtaining new texts has forged strong links with the Collegiate Arcane and the Ironweld. The faculty have tenuous links with Domini University, but mutual mistrust keeps them distant.

There are whispers that Brightspear gained more from the Kindled Flame than prestige. Some say that the scholars who accompanied Siderean know how to turn their knowledge to seeking out, and hunting down, undead. In a city so ravaged by the Necroquake, warriors with such skills are extremely useful.

## THE LUMINANT STAGE

Life in Brightspear is tough, and respite from hardship is precious. The theatre known as the Luminant Stage once had another name but it's long forgotten, like most of the plays performed and music played there. These days most of the performances are sermons by the Sigmarite priesthood and short, educational plays honouring Sigmar and the Stormcast Eternals who defend the city and exhorting the populace to remain devoted to the cause of Order. They're joyful, celebratory, and communal affairs but they're also safe and conservative.

The theatre is tremendously complex. Machinery moves its seats and circular stages around and over one another, and provides effects from artificial day and night to the sounds of war and the ability to fly actors over the stage.

A group of young nobles led by Sashelin Vikari and her brother Ondare occasionally stage a nighttime takeover. They're known for satire, shattering taboos, and risque staging. Every show leads to renewed suspicion that these young aristocrats are a cult dedicated to some ruinous power. The powers that be disapprove of these scandalous takeovers, but if they were to stop, their fans — mostly common folk — would riot, and it's not worth the cost. Eventually, the Vikaris will insult or offend someone enough that their operation is shut down.

## OTTRAM'S COURT

Ottram's Court is a blight on the Upper Tier. The district is a tight cluster of streets around a central square housing a statue to the legendary Agloraxian Magister Ottram. The streets are darker and narrower than the broad, sunlit ways common to this level of the city and the families who reside here are aristocrats fallen on hard times: disgraces, despair, and financial ruin bring people here, and they never leave. The buildings of Ottram's Court were in poor repair even before the Necroquake.

This was a popular stopping point for refugees from the New City after the Necroquake. The destitute nobles who own the buildings will collect rent off anyone, and the Freeguilds would rather not come here — they've lost too many people to collapsing buildings. Most of those refugees have been moved on now, making Ottram's Court eerily quiet, but also an excellent choice for a private hideaway. The Blackbirds, a gang of smugglers and black marketeers with connections to the powerful Vitrolian Redcaps, have taken advantage of a dilapidated manor on the central square for just this purpose.

## FESTIVALS AND HOLY DAYS

The whole Pantheon of Order is worshipped within Brightspear, and Aqshians enjoy any excuse for a party. Holy days celebrated within Brightspear include:

**Gods-Mourning:** The first day of Highspright commemorates the explosive demise of Grimmir and Vulcatrux. It is celebrated by detonating coloured sky-rockets and indulging in drunken violence. Every year the city nearly burns down. Freeguild fire marshals repeatedly petition the Conclave to ban the most incendiary sky-rockets, but the Ironweld Arsenal — who profit both from sales of rockets and reconstruction afterwards — lobby against them.

**Sigmarsday:** In most cities of Order, the last Moonday of each month celebrates the coming of Sigmar's Tempest to the realms. Spearians mark the occasion with athletics and theatre, whilst Azyrites, who usually adopt Aqshian fashion to better endure the heat, spend the day sweating through their most flamboyant clothing.

**Writmark:** The twelfth day of Hope's Renewal is reportedly the date Sigmar bestowed the Celestine Writ upon the Golden Patriarch, establishing Brightspear as Sigmar's dominion so long as the Celestial Warbringers never permitted it to fall. The Warbringers celebrate the occasion not with private feasts, but by offering services to the Spearians — aiding building works, settling minor disputes, and attending public events. Mingling outside their close-knit brotherhood does not come naturally to the Warbringers, but goes a long way to dispelling tensions between Stormcast and subjects that have doomed other Cities of Sigmar.

**Graftsday:** This extremely unpopular holy day in Evenswinter commemorates the toil of the smith god Grungni, with a mandatory extra work-shift at half-pay.

**Blessings of the Goddess:** Clean rain falls so rarely on Brightspear that precipitation is a sign of Alarielle's favour. The Jade College forecasts rainy days weeks in advance, with the city stockpiling pots and pans to collect as much precious water as possible. After a long drought, the next rainy day cannot be far away, but with pink clouds hanging overhead, the next downfall could portend disaster...



## THE NINE GLOBES

The perimeter of the Upper Tier is marked by vast spherical structures, raised up by walkway-armatures that connect back to the citadel. One of these globes, representing the Realm of Chaos, was smashed asunder by the Celestial Warbringers, reducing it to shattered ruins. The eight representations of the Mortal Realms still stand intact, formerly used by the Agloraxians as sanctuaries of occult lore, but now renovated by the Collegiate Arcane to form eight Colleges of Magic.

The colleges vary greatly in their state of repair. Magister Amard's Gold College, the first to organise in Brightspear, have fully restored their globe to its former glory, whilst Lord-Arcanum Gravewing personally intervened to help the Celestial College transform their top hemisphere into a gigantic planetarium. Meanwhile, the White College's globe has endured centuries of ill-fortune since the fading of the Beacon of Brightspear, and the Amethyst College still battles to repel the undead horrors that devastated it during the Necroquake. Every college is wary of lingering daemonic influence, which invariably coalesces around any font of mystic power.

Though the Teclian curriculum of the Collegiate Arcane often clashes with Aspirian magical traditions, many Aspirian mages choose to study at the colleges, eager to catch up on centuries of progress made in Azyr whilst Aqshy was embattled in the Age of Chaos. Other younger students, recently empowered by the Arcanum Optimar, seek only the fastest path to their Spell Hunter license, the better to get rich chasing Endless Spells born in the Time of Tribulations.

## THE PHOENIX

Named after the legendary Flamespyre Phoenixes of the north, the owner of this store, Tibus Tolusen, likes to make bold claims about his products' ability to produce a 'rebirth of style, fashion and confidence'. His collections of shimmering kaftans, embroidered tunics and pearl-beaded headscarves defy the cliché that Aqshians are uncultured or unfashionable. He sells clothing of the highest quality, providing travelling clothes for merchants, richer wear with which they can impress clients or potential partners, and even specially tailored options for Duardin, Aelf, and Human alike. He'll even claim to have made a dinner jacket for a Kurnoth Hunter once!

Customers can acquire fancy dress here if they're looking for a different appearance. Tibus can even be encouraged to provide them with cloaks and robes that would allow them to better blend in with the less fortunate among the New City.

## RESIDENCE OF VALIUS MALITI

Valius Maliti was an architect who helped restore and improve Brightspear, and built many other Cities of Sigmar. He incorporated realmstone into many parts of Brightstone. But Valius Maliti is missing and authorities fear he has fallen into the hands of the city's enemies.

Maliti's opulent home, a trio of tall spires connected by arching metal bridges, stands empty. If someone forced entry, they might not learn the secrets disguised in the towers' architecture. The spires are riddled with secret doors, and shafts that run down to the Lower Tier. The deeper one descends, the more abnormal the building's design becomes: corridors spiral, rooms are too large for the space they occupy, and floors give way to a series of perches suitable for avian creatures. Spending too long in the deeper parts of the tower twists perceptions and opens the mind to the influence of Chaos.

The residence connects via an arcane portal to the **Shimmering Tower** (see page 35), where Valius Maliti retreated to take on his true form: the Changeling, a shapeshifting daemon of Tzeentch. Maliti's disappearance has deprived Brightspear of vital knowledge of the city's architecture, security, and operations and created golden opportunities for Chaos to take root.

## SPEAKER'S AVENUE

This quiet, well-patrolled street of red brick structures houses emissaries from the Cities of Sigmar. All the great Aqshian cities are represented here, a reliable



source of news about the world beyond Brightspear for those sufficiently connected. The Bataari embassy is most impressive of all, a reflection of the special relationship between Aspiria and the Floating City, to the chagrin of Hammerhal's ambassadors, who are used to being treated as the first among equals.

So far, only Azyrheim sends representation from beyond Aqshy. Early diplomatic relations with the Living City in Ghyran have been promising, but the city is struggling to devise suitable accommodation for the presumptive Sylvaneth ambassador. Several Kharadron sky-ports in Chamon keep a close watch on Brightspear, waiting for the tipping point when it becomes profitable to secure diplomatic representation in the city. Attempts to woo the Fuethán Idoneth near the Mordacious Sound have been less successful. Akhelian Emissary Kadola makes little secret of her contempt for Brightspear, aggravating the city's Conclave. Return invites to the Fuethán capital of Mordgaile have not been forthcoming.

## THE TWELVE TAPS

Twelve is the holy number of Sigmar, and the number of taps in this fine establishment. Each tap connects to barrels and vats of the finest and most unusual ales from across the Mortal Realms, gathered by the Far Trader Pinaar Douarde. When handsome, silver-tongued Pinaar is away acquiring more exotic beverages to add to the menu, his longtime friend Vermund Gragg-Or, a Dispossessed Duardin with as many war stories as scars, runs the pub. Between them the two men have enough tall tales for several lifetimes and they gladly, and quite insistently, regale their customers with them.

*The Twelve Taps* is open and airy, and Pinaar spends a lot of his profits on making it somewhere people want to gather and spend their money. The premises sprawl from a majestic old building onto a sun-drenched courtyard. It's always peaceful: Celestial Warbringers even visit in their rare moments of rest, and Pinaar cultivates them as customers. No one starts a fight when there's a group of Warbringers at the table behind them. The drinks on offer change regularly but the table below lists what is on tap at the moment.

### TWELVE TAPS MENU

| Drink                        | Cost | Description                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|------------------------------|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ngwymon, pint                | 5D   | Thick, greenish ale brewed from seaweed in the Deepkin's offshore farms. Salty and almost savoury. An acquired taste.                                                                                                                                                                                |
| Cauldron of Blood, half-pint | 6D   | Darkling stout with a dark, reddish brown colour. It does contain a few drops of blood in every pint... but they're not from intelligent creatures. Probably.                                                                                                                                        |
| The Refresher, pint          | 9D   | Sparkling, golden coloured beer with just a drop of Aqua Ghyranis. Prevents hangovers, but does cause serious wind.                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Magmalt, pint                | 8D   | Something about the fermentation process makes this Fyreslayer brew so hot it bubbles. It's stored in barrels fitted with ceramic plates to draw out some of that heat and prevent explosions. It is as thick as syrup and if you tell a Fyreslayer how bad it tastes, you're likely to lose an eye. |
| Drops of Heaven, pint        | 12D  | Brewed in Azyrheim by a religious order who jealously guard their secrets, this beer is purified with crystal and prayer. Has a light, malty sweetness.                                                                                                                                              |
| Wargrove March Cider, pint   | 5D   | A sharp, refreshing cider rumoured to be brewed by Sylvaneth in Ghyran. More than likely it is just an enterprising Human or Duardin profiting from the mystique the story provides.                                                                                                                 |
| Imaginarium, pint            | 7D   | Supposedly, this smooth, strong beer is brewed from water taken from the Polychromatic Sea and filtered a dozen times or more. Guarantees vivid dreams.                                                                                                                                              |
| Dead Rat Walking (DRW), pint | 6D   | With burned toffee and red berry notes and a hint of spice, DRW is delicious but deceptively strong. One pint is more than enough.                                                                                                                                                                   |
| The Great Parch, pint        | 3D   | Brewed from fungus that flourishes in Brightspear's Undercity (see page 34), this is the only local brew on offer. It's cloudy and leaves the mouth dry, but it's weak enough to drink in great quantities.                                                                                          |
| Barak-Thyrng Dark Ale, pint  | 10D  | This thick dark ale is brewed by the Duardin of Barak-Thyrng and is usually not seen outside the Kharadron sky-ports. This rich beer is brewed according to ancient recipes that are guarded as closely as any military secret.                                                                      |
| Bugman's XXXXXX, pint        | 14D  | Bugman's Brew has become a staple in the Cities of Sigmar, but the ale is usually watered down and unfit for Duardin consumption. Pinaar has somehow managed to get his hands on a keg of the real deal.                                                                                             |
| Wight as a Ghost, half-pint  | 15D  | A ghostly pale ale brewed using water from Lake Lethis in Shyish. Too much of this beer can erode one's mind and steal away treasured memories, but when taken in moderation it can banish traumatic memories. Understandably, Pinaar is very careful about to whom and how much of this he serves.  |





## THE LOWER TIER

The Lower Tier of Brightspear is the name given to the lowest several levels of the Old City, a maze of ancient buildings stitched together with bridges and staircases as well as streets and alleys. This part of the city is cool and dark, always in the shade of the Upper Tier. While it lacks the grand, palatial structures and open spaces of the Upper Tier, the Lower Tier has history. This is where most of Brightspear's everyday commerce takes place, from boutiques, to general goods stores, to trade in the Bright and Shadow markets — named for how much daylight they get, rather than the deals that take place there.

There are entertainments galore, from taverns to theatres, and even sculpture gardens where busy Old City dwellers can steal a moment of peace away from the noise and bustle of city life. The Lower Tier is also home to many important but unsightly city institutions such as hospitals, jails, and Brightspear's central crematorium. If it's too important to risk placing in the New City, but not stately and grand enough for the Upper Tier, it's here in the Lower Tier.

The streets of the Lower Tier are safe for the most part. Respectable folk with property and possessions to protect live here, and because they drive Brightspear's economy, they are well protected by Freeguild soldiers not currently needed to ensure the city's safety.

## THE BRIGHT MARKET

The busiest commercial districts of Brightspear run the perimeter dividing the Old and New City, enjoying both the protection of the former and unblocked light of the latter. With

most shops doubling as homes, off-hours are uncommon, and the thunderous spectacle of Aqshian bartering echoes across Brightspear morning, noon, and night.

Trade goods stores like The Prince of Bataar service as many needs as possible, though climbing aboard a floating Kharadron airship to peruse the stock is its own challenge. More seasoned adventurers favour Firehawk Expeditions for its travelling gear and weapons, with specialty wargear traded discreetly in the backroom.

Aggressive haggling builds up an appetite, and The Hook offers hearty meals with excellent service to both walk-in customers and those patronising the adjoining inn. Many Duardin sleep off their hangovers at Lowstone's instead, where the prices are lower, but the accommodations are laughably meagre. Fine dining establishments, such as the **Char Estate** (see page 15) entwined amongst the Hanging Gardens, invariably demand a reservation — with access only being possible once per day. For those on-the-go, the food cart Oils Well travels the full length of the Market, frying just about anything edible.

New storefronts open in the Market daily, and repeat visits are recommended to take advantage of the latest offers. Trade Pioneers should prepare to get their hands dirty if they want to compete with the locals.

## FIREHAWK EXPEDITIONS

The small storefront is tucked into an alley near the entrance to the Market. While it advertises itself as providing anything needed for expeditions anywhere in The Great Parch, its true speciality is weaponry. Most of the travel gear and weaponry are ordinary and there's just

enough of it that the shop doesn't scare off regular folks. But it's really known for its speciality weaponry, sold as an open secret in a back room. Here, you can acquire almost any rare or unusual weapon with few questions asked. Costs are a bit higher than normal and the proprietor, a Duardin named Morna Firehawk, famously does not negotiate. Customers might sometimes be invited into the back room to be shown a unique purchasing opportunity. Characters that bring equipment to sell receive a fair price, though Morna is not overly fond of bizarre relics from the Undercity, preferring to rely on more well-known wargear.

## THE HOOK

Named after a common Kharadron phrase ('to go on the hook' is to hang up your hammock and sleep), this solid two-storey inn is just south of the Highport. Prices are a little higher than average, but both the food and the beer are excellent (Duardin say the Barak-thryng Dark ale is worth the price). The rooms are a bit small, but tidy, with good locks and comfortable beds. Captain Halvesilver runs a motley crew of Humans and Duardin that always seem to have just what their guests need. There's a small stable across the way, and a hot bath room for those travellers who truly desire to escape the rigours of the road. There's even a standing room with pools of cool water to allow Sylvaneth to get a proper rest.

## OILS WELL

Andun Makler is the proprietor of Oils Well, which is just a semi-portable food cart that he sets up anywhere out of the way. He has a Duardin-made flamelfier and he cooks up whatever he can scrounge up in his big vat of oil. It always tastes excellent, though it is not the healthiest of foods and should be enjoyed in moderation.

## LOWSTONE'S

This is a tavern and attached hostel near the Highport. It is owned and operated by Gomdar Lowstone, a Duardin trader who has decided to semi-retire and make money selling services to anyone who comes through the city. His prices are low and the accommodations spartan, since most Duardin are quite comfortable sleeping on bare stone. He's since made 'improvements' to cater to Humans, Aelves, and Sylvaneth alike, but the hostel still retains its 'no expense spent' atmosphere despite being clean and dry.

## TEUKES' MIRACULOUS TONICS

Wizened, white-bearded old Teukes claims he was unfairly removed from his tenure at Nine Globes for being too forward-thinking. Most other vendors in the Bright Market know he's Mortimer Teukes, from **Cross-Swords** (see page 33) and no more magical than a brick, but they're not interested in spoiling a good story.

Teukes is a fraud, but not all of the stock on his stall of potions, elixirs, and tonics is fake. Most are bottles of coloured water with a pinch of spice, but some have minor magical effects.

## THE PRINCE OF BATAAR

This general goods shop is anything but ordinary. Thanks to the patronage of the Far Traders of Bataar, almost anything imaginable can be found in the city's Market, be it mundane, magical, archaic, or illegal. Some have even made arrangements with Kharadron Overlords, so that Duardin are responsible for delivery and retail sales.

Conceived by a Kharadron Overlord who wished to keep his expenses minimal, the store is itself a large airship, tied to a pier in the Market where it floats above the city. Visitors to the shop must walk up a gangplank that has a disturbing tendency to sway in the wind, but they soon discover that almost any general need can be answered by the ship's vast holds.

Heroes can purchase any Common items here at the normal listed prices. If a hero requests a Rare or Exotic item then the GM should roll 1d6. On a 5 or 6 The Prince has one of that item for sale immediately.

## BLACK SPOTS

Few resources are as plentiful in the Lower Tier as shade. Some areas have been left as public spaces. Decorated with statues cast from reclaimed rubble and chunks of smooth, dark stone, the Black Spots are peaceful places away from the hustle and bustle of commercial districts, allowing for a moment's respite in the cool shade. They're most common and most elaborate close to the Spear of Heaven, while out towards the New City they grow smaller and more scarce.

Wherever they're found, they're a place for business best done under cover of darkness, or just to escape one's responsibilities for a few hours.

## THE BLEAK STOCKADE

This jail in the Lower Tier holds hundreds of prisoners, from drunks sleeping off their bad decisions to serious criminals awaiting transfer to the Arbiter's Fortress for judgement and execution. It's operated by the Freeguild company known as the Turnkeys, and in the event of an attack on the city they're authorised to bring prisoners to the front lines to fight alongside them — the prisoners are often called 'first blood'.



The Turnkeys are famously corrupt. They'll take bribes for unauthorised visits, carrying messages, smuggling goods in and out, or just about anything short of releasing prisoners early.

The Bleak Stockade is as old as Brightspear. It's cold, dark, and unpleasant, and home to a large population of ash-grey snakes. They're not venomous, and some of the prisoners have trained them to do tricks, or carry messages between cells (attached to the snakes, not spoken; they're smart, but not that smart).

The Necroquake badly damaged the lowest levels of the stockade and opened passages into the Undercity. This is where the Turnkeys keep the worst of the worst: condemned prisoners awaiting execution, and people they'd prefer to forget. Sometimes, the prisoners kept in the deepest levels don't emerge. Depending on who you believe, they escaped into the ruins of the Undercity... or died in the attempt.

## BRIDGE OF THE PANTHEON

This shining metal structure links several blocks of the Lower Tier. Statues of the Pantheon of Order run the length of the bridge, and those crossing leave small offerings to them in the hopes of earning their favour. The feet of the statues are piled high with ingots of ore for Grungni, blood-soaked fabric for Morathi, hammer-shaped charms for Sigmar, and appropriate offerings for the other gods depicted on the bridge. Nagash's statue still stands, but those crossing the bridge are as likely to spit on it or decorate it with their trash as they are to leave placatory offerings.

The bridge is one of the Vitrolian Redcaps' favourite places to execute their enemies. If they're lucky, victims are tossed off the bridge. If not, they're suspended by their feet and interrogated first.

## THE BRIGHTSPEAR BUGLE

Getting from one level of the Old City to the other is a difficult climb, and so is getting from the Spear of Heaven to the outlying districts of the New City, especially in the punishing heat. This city institution came into being to take on the burden of communicating across the city. It started with a bunch of street children loitering at a crossroads near a set of steep steps up to the Upper Tier, offering to carry messages around the city for a small fee or even something to eat. This turned out to be a business Brightspear badly needed.

The children made money, brought in others to meet demand, and as they grew up they bought property around the crossroads. Now the Bugle owns two buildings, and offers a range of services: they still carry messages — written or memorised — all over the city, and they collate news and rumour into 'tattle sheets' which, for a small fee, any of the Bugle's representatives will read to passersby. The children are easy to find all over the city, identified by their bright blue badges, and services can be purchased from any of them.

One of the Bugle's buildings is a dormitory for the children and young people employed by the company, many of them recruited from the **Foundling Academy** (see page 26). Their dormitory includes a schoolroom where they're taught enough reading and arithmetic to read tattle sheets and count change. The other building is an administrative office that handles the Bugle's business, and where any merchants who wish to pay the Bugle to publicise their businesses can call in.

## BRIGHT WARDEN BARRACKS

The Freeguild regiment known as the Bright Wardens dates back to the reclamation of Brightspear and they're proud of their history. They function as the watchmen of the Lower Tier and the guardians of Brighthall, their vivid purple and white uniforms visible from streets away. Some branches of the Vitrolian Redcaps signal that the Wardens are near by yelling 'Fire! Fire!'.

Their barracks spread over several buildings, linked by bridges and avenues decorated in the company colours. They break up fights, stop crimes in progress if they're called in time, and deal with other emergencies such as fires. They are not sleuths and don't pretend to be. They keep the streets safe, and leave solving crimes to the Conclave's professional investigators.

Following the Necroquake, the Bright Wardens now offer basic training with sword and arquebus to residents of the Lower Tier. For some, it's a pathway to joining the company. The Bright Wardens will teach anyone who wants to learn, regardless of age, physical ability, gender, or any other trait. The two sergeants in charge of training — Vivika Kell for the sword, and Axel Ek for firearms — are equally daunting. Most importantly, lessons are free.

## DOMINI UNIVERSITY

A sprawling campus around the edge of the Lower Tier and spreading into the New City, Domini University exists literally in the shadow of the Collegiate Arcane.

The academy specialises in the history of the ancient Agloraxians — in practice, this means magic, since mystical power fuelled all the Arch-Domini's greatest achievements. The university's historians stockpile any Agloraxian artefacts here, hidden from the city's leadership to prevent their confiscation.

The university's dean, Malthus Irayn, has courted Aspirian Bright mages who refuse to bend a knee to the Azyrite Collegiate Arcane, many of them disillusioned that the globe of the Bright College remains scarred by Tzeentchian warfire. The dean makes little secret of his disdain for the 'trinket mage' Amard, deploring that an alchemist holds the title of Magister in an Aqshian city. His agents lobby to undermine Amard's base, whilst Irayn covets Amard's title for himself.

Irayn heads a niche academic faction lobbying for the rebirth of the Agloraxian Empire, beginning with the construction of a floating city dubbed 'New Ahramentia'. This clique almost resembles a cult, with its own bizarre rituals. The city's authorities are wary of this scholarly eccentricity developing into something much more dangerous, and keep a close eye on the university.

## FLAVIAN'S INFIRMARY

This large hospital borders the Emberwalk district in the Lower Tier, the Bright Market, and the Ashfoot district in the New City. Funded by charity and run by the Duardin medic Brother Kellig, the infirmery helps everyone who needs its services. There's never quite enough to go around, and sometimes all Brother Kellig and his team can do is make a patient's last hours comfortable, but they do their best.

Kellig and his staff owe this philosophy to the supposed founder of the infirmery, a legendary Aqshian healer famous for treating anyone who came to his door, regardless of their character or status. It's unlikely that Flavian really founded the hospital (he might never have even existed), since it's a cobbled together set of premises that sprawls across two former residential buildings.

Sadly, this well-intentioned approach makes Flavian's Infirmary a flashpoint for tensions between the Aqshian, Aspirian, and Duardin communities. Each group argues strongly for why their needs should be prioritised — it's an Aqshian institution in an Aqshian city; Aspirians donate most of the funds that keep it running; a Duardin healer should put the needs of his people first — and fights and protests outside the infirmary are common.

## FELLOWSHIP OF THE OPEN EYE

This grand name hangs on a brightly painted wooden sign outside a building in the heart of the Lower Tier. The building has been converted into something between a meeting hall and a clubhouse. It sees nightly use from the many neighbourhood organisations that make up the Fellowship of the Open Eye. As its name implies, the Fellowship keeps a watchful eye on their local communities, ever alert for any signs of corruption.

In truth they're busybodies. They have occasionally discovered and reported real threats to the city, but it's far more common for them to misinterpret facts, accuse innocent people, and make fools of themselves. Some members of the Conclave take them seriously, and that makes them dangerous; they often have more power than good sense. However, they are an excellent source for information on what's going on in Brightspear, even if it is peppered with conspiracy.

Each group is made up of around a dozen concerned citizens from a single district, almost all from the Lower Tier. None of them know that the Fellowship's leaders are devotees of Tzeentch, and that the organisation's real purpose is to keep attention focused anywhere but on Tzeentch's many loyal worshippers in Brightspear.

### THE ARCANITES

The Aspirians are a scholarly people, which explains the presence of so many institutions of higher education in Brightspear. Academic success is considered the surest sign of prestige, and there are all too many intellectuals willing to violate taboos to pursue their ambitions. Tzeentch is a generous teacher to those who seek forbidden knowledge.

For every wizard or professor who perishes in their brush with Chaos, there are more who survive but emerge corrupted. These 'superior minds' keep their new allegiances secret, but amongst themselves they identify as Arcanites, believing themselves a better class of cultist than marauding tribesmen or other Slaves to Darkness. The Nine Globes, House of the Kindled Flame, and Domini University all harbour unrevealed worshippers of Tzeentch. Even as the authorities labour to purge Chaos worshippers from the Undercity and other blighted districts, they remain blind to the enemy within.



## THE FOUNDLING ACADEMY

Part orphanage, part daycare and source of a hot meal for the children of impoverished families, this establishment near the Bright Market is run by three Human sisters, named Hudra, Varda, and Somile. The Necroquake both levelled their original premises in the New City and multiplied the number of children in need of their help. A Bataari merchant prince donated a disused warehouse in the Lower Tier, and dozens of children are housed in meagre but clean conditions.

As well as the children who live at the Academy full time, the establishment also provides shelter for children whose parents struggle to support them, making sure they get hot food and occasional gifts of second-hand clothing.

The sisters regularly send the children out to beg for a few drops to help support the Academy, which draws the attention of the Vitrolian Redcaps. Many of the foundlings are lured into work for the gang, serving as lookouts, pickpockets, or couriers. The sisters are aware of this but pretend not to be; many foundlings go on to join the gang, and so the Redcaps protect the Academy from others who might threaten it. Nobody in their right mind deliberately loses the Redcaps' goodwill.

## HANDA'S LIVERY

Businesses and individuals throughout Brightspear occasionally need beasts of burden — at least, in most cities they'd hire a beast. In Brightspear, with land travel beyond the walls a very bad choice and water and feed scarce, they hire automata instead. The Duardin Handa Brighthammer and her sons rent out steam-powered machines that can be used for transporting goods across the city. The steam-belching, cacophonous servants chug their way around the city day in and day out, Handa's logo plastered on the side. Potential customers can hear and smell the firm's workshop and storage yard from a block away.

## THE HIGHPORT

Taller than any structure besides the Spear of Heaven itself, the Highport offers moorings to airships docking in Brightspear. It is a sheer-faced tower ringed with spiralling staircases, staffed by a labour-clan of Duardin porters who don't believe in railings. Many turn up their noses at the teamsters' prices, but reconsider after attempting to navigate the steps themselves with heavy luggage.

The Kharadron Overlords were instrumental in the construction of the Highport, providing the design, much of the materials and labour, and — rather crucially — handling

the contracts. For this reason, the top-most landings are reserved for Kharadron vessels for no less than the next 9,000 years, meaning their oversized dirigibles will cast a familiar silhouette over Brightspear for a long time to come.

The most recent arrival, the Arkanaut Ironclad *The Grund*, has travelled from Hammerhal Aqsha, and its shrewd Captain Brokka Brokkisdotr is keen to take on more crew and open a regular route between the two Cities of Sigmar. Tales of *The Grund's* latest expedition — of daemon infested skies, of ships crashing in eruptions of flame, and of pursuit by crazed Grotz — have understandably made some people think twice about signing up for the return journey..



### THE TALE OF *THE GRUND*

Captain Brokka has won the respect and loyalty of her Kharadron crew by dragging them through countless fierce battles with the judicious use of her bellowing commands and prized Volley Gun. Rumours say that beneath her sealed armour, her body is covered in a patchwork of tattoos to mark all manner of achievements.

For more information on the *The Grund* and how Captain Brokkisdotr came to own the ship, you can download the free adventure **Crash & Burn**, which is available from the Cubicle 7 webstore. *The Grund's* adventures continue in the **Cities of Flame** supplement, which comes with the **Soulbound Gamemaster's Screen**.



Below the Overlords, mid-tower ports for smaller Ironweld Gyrocraft offer prestigious transportation within the city — Gyrocutters for passengers, Gyrofreighters for cargo, and Gyrocopter fighters to protect them. The **Gyroports** (see page 16) offer landings for these craft, with a few key buildings having their own exclusive landing pad, including the Portentarium, Brighthall, the Cogwork Megadepots, and the Arbiter's Fortress. At its base, the tower descends into the Bright Market, though new arrivals must first contend with inspections by Freeguild guards, overseen by Castigator Havard Wraithbane of the Warbringers and his vigilant Gryph-Hound Patience.

In a city where most live and die without ever crossing the walls, scuttlebutt around the Highport provides a rare insight into the outside world. For mercenaries and adventurers, there is no better way to discover profitable opportunities beyond the borders of Brightspear.

## KARFI'S PLACE

This restaurant near the Highport is the best place in Brightspear to eat fine Azyrite cuisine. It's an understated place, a little dusty, and is decorated with a few poorly preserved trinkets from Azyrheim on the walls. It's also rarely occupied, except for a couple of tables where large, well-armed men sit sipping beverages and glaring.

Despite its lack of charm, the food in Karfi's is exceptional. The best meal you'll ever have, so some say. It's odd that Karfi's is always empty, and Karfi himself seems to feel nothing but inconvenience when his establishment is visited by a group of diners. Karfi is a smuggler, and his restaurant is nothing but a front for his criminal operation. A number of customers, usually out-of-towners but occasionally a clueless local, has got into trouble by overstaying their welcome. Occasionally, Duardin teamsters from the Highport send obnoxious visitors here for a laugh.

## LONG LANE STEAM BATHS

In Brightspear, priority for water goes to the farms, then the Upper Tier. The Lower Tier gets what's left over. There's enough for drinking and cooking, but bathing is a luxury. Enterprising widow Gennya Bartri has a solution, and a use for waste water that's no good for drinking. Patrons come to the Long Lane baths to sit in rooms full of steam from waste water splashed on chunks of emberstone, scour themselves with sand, and then scrape themselves clean with curved metal instruments. Those with some extra coin pay attendants to clean them. It's as much a social experience as a hygienic one, and a good opportunity to meet friends, gossip, and make shady deals.





## THE MALTZANA CRUCIBLE

This boarding school for children aged six and upwards is officially named the Maltzana Phrontistery, in honour of its founder and director Emeris Maltzana. It's better known as the Crucible because its challenging curriculum and rigid discipline burn out its students' weaknesses. Parents send their children here in the hopes that they will better themselves and quite literally go up in the world, progressing to a wealthy life in the Upper Tier.

The real benefit of attending the Crucible is not that students are encouraged to do well, but that Emeris Maltzana has somehow convinced the city's institutions of higher learning to offer scholarships to 'her' students. The most intelligent graduates go on to study at the House of the Kindled Flame or Domini University — the first a point of pride and the second a source of shame for the staff. The others go on to get comfortable jobs (indoors, without heavy lifting) rather than spending their lives as farm workers, nightsoil collectors, or any of the other vocations Old City parents use to scare their children. A very small number show inclinations towards magic, and move into the Collegiate Arcane.

The Maltzana Crucible has an entire campus, sprawling across the mid-levels of a number of buildings on the southern side of the Lower Tier.

## PENUMBRA'S

Penumbra's custom creations are worn at all the finest events in the Old City and sold from a tiny boutique deep in the shadowy, winding streets of the Lower Tier. Using fantastical materials from salamander scales to obsidian, the feathers of firebirds to opals plucked from the barrens around the city, Penumbra makes accessories and garments that are the envy of every fashionista in Brightspear. Aqshian by birth, she's slowly winning the Azyrites of Brightspear over to the light fabrics and vivid colours of her heritage.

## THE SHADOW MARKET

The Collegiate Arcane's Grey College casts a long shadow, colder and darker than the decrepit outline of its globe would suggest. Far below in the Lower Tier, this shade provides shelter to purveyors of cold-goods and perishables. It is the city's centre for sales of live animals, most of which would dehydrate in the harsh Aqshian heat.

As the Upper Tier turns, the booths and cart of the Shadow Market move with it, keeping pace with the Grey College's orbit. For convenience, some retailers install suspension links connecting their stalls to the Orrery, which would prove destructive if the steady rotation of the globes abruptly changed course. When a hundred traders and their herds descend on a new district, the residents might complain, but local business owners enjoy a tidy profit from the influx of new customers.

### SHADOWY DEALINGS

During the Age of Chaos, a diaspora of Vitrolian refugees sought shelter in neighbouring Aspiria. Confronting Aspirian prejudices that they were greedy and untrustworthy, the Vitrolians struggled to find honest work — so many confirmed the worst stereotypes of their people, by pursuing a life of crime. Their descendants, the Vitrolian Redcaps, run a brisk trade in black market goods through the Shadow Market, selling weapons, stolen jewels, and strange hallucinogens. A recent uptick in Freeguild patrols suggests the Redcaps' operations have not gone unnoticed.

## SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE

As delightful as Brightspear's taverns are, many citizens look for entertainments that don't lead to dehydration. Smoke Without Fire offers just that: long pipes of flavoured tobacco, or shared bowls of the same, smoked through long, flexible hoses. This lounge is a respectable place for citizens of all social classes to mingle. Nobles and merchants come down from the Upper Tier to enjoy the informal socialising, and residents of the Lower Tier pass through both because Smoke Without Fire is convenient, and to rub shoulders with the wealthy and powerful. Even workers from the New City congregate here, though for them it's a relatively costly experience.

Part of Smoke Without Fire's charm is its location. It sits just outside the Bright Market, and provides an informal spot for merchants and currency changers to meet and converse. Huge deals are conducted here, with promises to exchange sums that would be life changing for any one person. For that reason, security is tight, with many customers bringing bodyguards to watch over them while they relax.

The proprietors grow their own tobacco on the premises, under the constant light of magical lamps and in rooms warmed by fragments of emberstone.

## VALOR

Valor moves around the Lower Tier. It's a gambling operation that crops up in the back rooms of inns and the unused corners of factories and warehouses. Technically, people do play dice and card games here, and in typical Aqshian fashion, egos and tempers run high, great sums are won and lost, and lethal fights break out regularly.

However, those mundane games aren't the real draw of Valor. Gamblers here bet on the outcome of dares, the more exciting and life-threatening the better: whether it's possible to swan-dive from a rooftop and survive; how quickly, if at all, it's possible to descend into the Undercity and return with a piece of ancient machinery. The fearless contestants who take these dares are well paid, and the chances of death are high enough that they're always looking for more reckless, brave souls to compete.

## WANDERERS' GROVE

The Darkling Covens and Daughters of Khaine are not the only Aelves in Brightspear. At the base of the Spear of Heaven stands Wanderers' Grove. This city block is a quiet place, orderly and law-abiding, with buildings

painted in shades of green and levels given over to gardens of shade-loving plants. A scattering of shops serve residents' immediate needs, supplying Aelven clothing and foodstuffs.

The Aelves are not unwelcoming to other people, but most Humans avoid Wanderers' Grove all the same. It's too quiet, and there's a grim sense of purpose about the way the Aelven militia trains every morning with bow and spear, as if preparing for some inevitable battle. When Humans do venture inside Wanderer's Grove, it's for the infrequent, night-long festivals where the Aelves perform stories and songs recalling their lost homes in the canopy cities of Ghyran.

Aelves who live outside the commune regard those inside it with faint disdain, and the feeling is mutual. Outsiders find it hard to look upon these wretched souls, for those who settle in Brightspear are Wanderers who can no longer travel in search of ley-lines: the old, the sick, and the injured. While those inside the grove have resigned themselves to staying in Brightspear and protecting their new home, other Aelves find them pitiful.

## ZIFLER'S CABINET OF CURIOSITIES

This small museum is a treasure trove of oddities, once owned by an eccentric collector and now opened to the general public by his descendants after his death from entirely natural causes unrelated to any of the strange objects in his possession. Dikan Zifler was a traveller, trader, and teller of tall tales. He crammed his home with objects he claimed came from the ancient Agloraxian Empire, or brought from far-flung corners of the Mortal Realms. Within the dusty cabinets are chunks of wreckage from Kharadron airships, idols of carved Shyish obsidian, and treasures from the tombs of Nulahmia. The walls are decorated with strings of aetherquartz from distant Hysh and panels carved of petrified wood from Greywater Fastness in Ghyran.

Other well-travelled Spearians, who claim to have seen some of these wonders in person, say that most of the collection is fake. Even they agree that there are some real, and dangerous, artefacts amongst the junk, and neighbours insist that the Cabinet of Curiosities is plagued by strange noises and glowing lights. Local rumours still claim that something in the collection led to Zifler's death.

Of course, other rumours have it that he was killed by a thief who escaped with one of his most precious treasures.





## THE NEW CITY

The New City is a story of progress with each building built atop ancient ruins dating to the ancient Agloraxian Empire. New structures raised by the disciples of Tzeentch were shattered when the Celestial Warbringers assaulted the city. As the Sigmarites rebuilt, the Necroquake struck, forcing the defenders to torch their homes to exorcise the restless dead. Yet even now, new construction continues, for there is little space to expand in the Old City, and ambitions to grow Brightspear are never-ending. Even when all of the New City is reclaimed, walls will rise around the existing perimeter to extend the dominion of Sigmar.

Whatever else the Agloraxians were, their people were prolific city-builders. Silver towers, crossed by narrow bridges, were assembled to overlook new public thoroughways, their winding paths linking the city like threads of a spider's web. Demolishing everything and starting over could take a generation, and the nobles of Brightspear are impatient. Instead, they dare occupy the houses of the enemy, gangs of flagellants purifying the sites with their own holy blood. Aspirian mages burned back the corruption of Chaos, reducing whole blocks to ash and prompting new construction. The city's planners are pleasantly surprised by how well the existing infrastructure maps to the blueprints of Valius Maliti, the great architect who masterminded Brightspear's reconstruction before his disappearance (see page 20).

Some sections of the New City, yet to be reconsecrated, are settled by poor, desperate folks with nowhere else to go. Many fall victim to cultists, undead spectres, or predatory magic, but worse are those who survive their encounters with Brightspear's dark side, but who become seduced by

its evil. So the enemy within manifests again, and history is doomed to repeat itself. The Ruinous Powers creep into the hearts of mortals and turn them upon one another.

Despite the many dangers, civilisation still flourishes in the New City, the safer zones overflowing with shopkeepers, street preachers, travellers, and everything else you'd expect from a flourishing City of Sigmar. A regular influx of immigrants — Azyrite settlers, Aspirian delegates, Reclaimed Aqshian tribesfolk and travelling merchants — bring much needed skills and labour, even as they test the city's population limits. Despite the efforts of the Fyreslayers and the Freeguilds, there is far less security here than in the Old City, and most locals learn to take care of themselves. Though there is much poverty, Aqshian perseverance in the face of hardship wins out, and life in the New City certainly beats the desolation beyond its borders.

## ARBITER'S FORTRESS

An imposing black keep serves as office of the High Arbiter, dispenser of law and justice in Brightspear. The impressive stone walls house new Freeguild recruits, who are trained and outfitted as fire marshals or watchguards. Its courthouse passes judgement on anyone too poor to appeal directly to the Conclave, shuffling the convicted to the **Bleak Stockade** (see page 23). The unluckiest are condemned to the dungeons beneath the fortress, awaiting their date with the Last Commandment, an executioner's block in the public plaza.

The Brightspear Freeguilds model their uniforms and standards on the mystic Nepholites, professed to be one of the twelve tribes of Sigmar and progenitors of the Celestial



Warbringers. Their twin-tailed heraldry is splendid, but these soldiers are not the best the city has to offer. With Fyreslayer mercenaries handling most of the city's toughest threats, the Freeguild regiments are relegated to community policing. A recent rash of bizarre murders targeting Aspirian mages preoccupies their attention (see *The Sign of the Nine* in the *Cities of Flame* supplement).

High Arbiter Vordryan exemplifies the ideals of Azyr, observing Tyrionic strategy and Teclian legal procedure. The lordly Aelven general won esteem in battles to purge Azyrheim, but has not taken the field in a century, and some whisper he has lost his edge. His second, Lionel Torchbearer, could not be more different — a former tribal warlord of great boldness and charisma, who passes judgement based on gut not precedent, and hurls convicted Arcanites over the fortress walls. Somehow the two make an effective partnership. Torchbearer supports Vordryan's campaign for Chancellor, if only to succeed the Aelf as High Arbiter.

## CACODOROUS PASSAGE

The foul stench of this street of tanneries and dyers — and the association of foul odours with Nurgle's influence — assures it's abandoned when the working day is done. When the sun goes down, the reckless youths of the New City come here to let off steam through daring stunts and foolhardy contests. These range from death-defying rooftop races to wild parties that take over the entire district and leave a trail of destruction behind them. It's almost impossible to pass through the area without getting caught up in these nighttime pursuits, and the chances of collateral damage are high.

## COGWORK MEGADEPOT ONE, TWO, AND THREE

Three cavernous warehouses, each rivalling the **Cauldron** (see page 32) for size are scattered throughout the New City wherever there is large-scale building work in progress. When their steam-spewing construction machines finish overhauling a wall or district, the labour crews migrate to the site of a new Megadepot, enacting the next stage of The Plan — the great blueprint devised by Valius Maliti from Brightspear's growth and expansion. These centres of industry power the Ironweld Arsenal, and in Brightspear their jurisdiction encompasses not just combat engineering and fortification, but all physical infrastructure. Already they have begun work on Cogwork Megadepot Four in **Nor'West Ward** (see page 35), though progress has been stymied by hostile entities.

Between the bafflingly complex mechanics of the Orrery above, and the shifting boundaries of the Undercity beneath, it requires the mathematical certainty of a Cogsmith's endorsement before any construction in the New City can proceed. Each Megadepot's stockpile of materials, tools, and a near-endless labour force can transform ruins and rubble into accommodations and businesses within weeks. The same arms, war machines, and technologies the Ironweld creates for the city's armies are used to defend the Megadepots from saboteurs.

Though High Artisan Khatri (*Faltering Light*, page 12) commands the Ironweld Arsenal, obsession with the Realmgate of Brightspear has made their presence at the Megadepots an uncommon sight. In their absence, the Duardin Frieda Amberbrand keeps construction on schedule, her booming voice one of the few sounds that can cut through the cacophony of cogworks.

## CRINNA'S CONEYS

Brightspear doesn't have space or resources for herd animals, so this New City operation is one of the most prized sources of meat in the city. A group of orphans, of whom Crinna is the oldest, took over a burned-out warehouse and scrounged together funds to buy a few rabbits, with assistance from an anonymous benefactor some theorise is Gustav, of **Goods by Gustav** (see page 16). The critters' numbers increased quickly, and the children make a good living farming them for meat and fur and occasionally for sale as pets. The rabbits are well-cared for, with room to run and good food until it's time to part with them. This luxurious environment attracts other creatures — mostly rats, but lately a couple of inquisitive Mustori have started to visit. The children haven't managed to catch or tame one yet, but they're protective (and possessive) of their new friends.







## FEATS OF GLORY

Aqshians often dare each other to prove their might or bravery, and even-tempered Aspirians are not immune to the siren-song of glory. From haunted houses, to unstable ruins, Brightspear is full of risky ways for youngbloods to show their courage... or die a pointless death, to the exasperation of their Azyrite neighbours.

No story better demonstrates this culture clash than the tale of Freeguild Pistolier Rivera Sunchilde and the Leaning Tower of Woe. As Hysh set on Darkening Sigmarsday, she drunkenly ascended the crumbling spire unaided, before slipping on the way down and suffering life-changing injuries. To the Azyrites, Sunchilde's recklessness is a cautionary tale, or a cruel joke about Aqshian stupidity. But to the Aqshians, Sunchilde is a living legend, the first soul to ever reach the peak of the Leaning Tower and survive to tell the tale. The Ironweld Arsenal fashioned her a cogseat to celebrate her enterprising spirit, and it is a regular sight at every tavern in Brightspear, with Sunchilde invariably drinking for free. Lest any consider her disability a sign of weakness, the raucous Sunchilde still keeps a pistol in her holster, and her fall has not impeded her lightning draw or preternatural aim.

## THE CAULDRON

Sporting contests between Aspiria and Bataar date back to the Age of Myth, a way for hot-blooded Aqshians to blow off steam without waging war on their neighbours. Few major construction works in Brightspear are approved without practical military or religious applications, but thanks to investment from the Floating City, this enormous stadium is a rare exception. The seating rows of the multi-storey coliseum are held aloft by sculpted titans of Aqshian folklore, exemplars for the arena's champions to emulate.

Aqshian sports are heavy on spectacle, and usually involve something being set on fire (the hurdles, the ball, only rarely other participants). Plays and shows are also hosted here, from exaggerated melodramas, to bawdy comedies, to sword-juggling and other death-defying feats. Unlike most Aqshians, the Aspirians disapprove of bloodsports, but the 'performances' of the Daughters of Khaine are an honoured exception.

An enchanted bonfire burns at one end of the arena, recalling an ancient tradition where Aspirians and Bataari would run torches between their nations to mark the beginning of a new tournament. As Aspirian athletes compete for the right to re-enact this ceremony, disciples of Tzeentch scheme to corrupt the pyre with hidden warpflame, so the next torchbearer might inadvertently carry the taint of Chaos to the Floating City.

## CONVENT OF BLOOD

To outsiders, the Convent of Blood appears as a ruined temple to Khaine, having been destroyed in the Necroquake. In truth, this is an illusion and dark rituals continue here unobserved. Witch Aelves of the Draichi Ganeth sect offer sacrifices before a bronzed statue of the God of Murder, draining the corpses over a Cauldron of Blood, a cursed artefact driving the Daughters to greater acts of bloodletting.

The Khainites were originally welcomed in Brightspear, until an infamous night of violence known as 'The Pageantry', in which the Aelves took to the city's populace with two-handed glaives and invoked the spirit of Aqshy with volcanic eruptions of blood. Shortly afterwards, a troupe from the Khailebron sect known as the Extinguishers arrived at the Convent, dispatched by the High Oracle Morathi to rein in the Draichi's excesses. Their assassins took to snuffing out the flame of life with a whisper, and when the Necroquake struck, they saw an opportunity to fake the Convent's destruction with



illusory Grey magic, before the city took matters into their own hands. Now, when the Witch Aelves emerge from their 'lost district' for war or demonstration, none dare question their continued survival.

With the Extinguishers seemingly here to stay, no one is sure if they are content to serve the Draichi Ganeth, or intend a full regime change. New arrivals may prove critical in this cold war, awarding one sect victory, or even propagating another method of murder. Inevitably, only bloodshed can settle the conflict. One morning Brightspear shall awake to find the mutilated bodies of Extinguishers decorated across the city, or else all evidence of the Draichi Ganeth's existence disappeared without a trace. If Morathi has a preferred outcome, her serpent-bodied Melusai spies coiled around the temple's heart have yet to give it voice.

## CROSS-SWORDS

Cross-Swords is a bad area. The 'Swords' refer to the two streets that cross in the middle of the district and also to the criminal gangs who fight over the neighbourhood: the Long Knives and the Cutters. They're primarily fighting for the right to prey on Upper Tier visitors to the nearby Grand Pyre but they're not above running protection rackets or chasing away outsiders who trespass on their turf. Occasionally, they go too far and seriously hurt someone with powerful friends instead of just robbing them and roughing them up. When that happens, the Fyreslayers from Coldfyre step in to put the gangs of Cross-Swords back in their place. This is bad for everyone in the vicinity, which becomes an impassable warzone for days at a time.

Most of the Freeguilds won't go into Cross-Swords, which makes it an ideal place to go to ground for anyone with connections there.

## FYRESLAYER BARRACK-LODGE

Sulfurous rock pillars and brilliant golden monuments to Grimmir encircle the headquarters of Brightspear's Fyreslayers, a home away from home for mercenaries on long-term contracts that prevent them returning to their magmaholds. So far only the foundations are laid, but in time, it may become a new forge-temple in its own right.

Karl Bragga Coppertoe (see *Faltering Light* page 12) captains the Fyreslayers of Brightspear, with his Vostarg Berzerkers first to be hired, but the city is too big a job for his warriors alone. In time, the orange-dyed Vostarg have

become outnumbered by ashen-haired Greyfyrd veterans, who muster from Asharak hold in the nearby Bright Mountains. Though the fyrd are competitors, harbouring a growing list of grudges and recriminations, they cohabit in the Barrack-Lodge to honour the peace brokered by the Runesmiter Furik Ironhand and the rest of the Fyreslayers' Zharrgrim priesthood. Warriors toast epics of doom and glory recited by Battlesmiths in the Hall of Fyre, and are bestowed fresh ur-gold runes in the furnace of each lodge's vault-shrine. Even non-Duardin are permitted to visit the Temple of Grimmir, though without a Fyreslayer's heat resistance, they must pay a 'voluntary donation' in gold for the acolytes to lower a bridge over the surrounding moat of boiling lava.

A black-scaled Magmadroth named Svaroga stalks the tunnels beneath the Barrack-Lodge, preying upon creatures that emerge from the Undercity with her immense claws and fiery breath. She is an ancient adversary of the Frostheart Phoenix Maslenar (see the **Shrine to the Resplendent Fallen**, page 36), and if the two great beasts resume their battles, all of Brightspear might perish in the chaos.

## THE GATEWATCH INN

Positioned as the first stop through Brightspear's main gate, the bright red shutters and roof of the Gatewatch Inn are synonymous with affordable and functional lodging. The rooms are small, the beds stiff, and the stew dinners unimaginative. But the Gardbold family keeps the place safe, clean, and tidy, and their wholesome efforts to provide great service ensure an ongoing flow of repeat customers — more than the overworked innkeepers can comfortably manage.

The Human owners, Irana, Murlon, and Yarda Gardbold, run the business with their clan of children. They were amongst the earliest Aspirian settlers in Brightspear, surviving the Necroquake by 'the grace of Sigmar', and reconstructed their devastated inn in the aftermath. Important folks called in favours to help the Gardbolds' rebuild, for despite the inn's humble appearance, it has hosted many great heroes over the years, grateful for any port in the storm. If the Gatewatch Inn has any special features besides price, it is this reputation. Making the acquaintance of other lodgers is a good way to stay abreast of local politics, and learn of new opportunities.





## THE GRAND PYRE

Smoke belches from the ornate chimneys of the Grand Pyre day and night. Its fires run constantly, incinerating Brightspear's dead lest they rise as undead monstrosities. The mostly Human staff tend the fires diligently, with help and instruction from Fyreslayer smiths who push the furnaces to burn white hot. The interior of the building shimmers with heat and the temperature saps the energy from visitors. Services in the chambers where families say final prayers for their loved ones are restrained and brief.

Cremations are free, but there's a small fee to return the ashes of the dead to their family. The funds keep the furnaces maintained and help keep the Grand Pyre running. Once they pay, relatives may do as they please with the ashes, except scattering them on or near the Hanging Gardens where they might hinder the growth of crops. Many of these remains end up scattered around the **Fallen Spire** (page 16).

The crematorium is just blocks away from the Coldfyre district, and in case of trouble, staff send runners to the Fyreslayer lodge for support. However, the work done here is so vitally important to the city that any disturbance quickly draws the attention of several Freeguilds and even the Stormcast Eternals.

## GREAT PARCH BREWING CO.

Great Parch started out as a backyard still and grew into one of the New City's greatest achievements. Arnst Lyddon was just an enthusiastic and poverty-stricken teenager when he started out but now he's a major employer with a basement full of fungus and a warehouse full of the only truly Spearian beer.

The nice thing about fungus beer is that it creates a lot of its own water — important in a city as dry as Brightspear. It does occasionally release poisonous gas that causes waves of sickness throughout the surrounding streets. Neighbours buy beer at cost though, and so as long as fatalities are rare nobody complains.

## LOGAN'S EMPORIUM

Not far from the Market Entrance to the Old City, a warren of storefronts, eateries, and small offices host a community of Dispossessed Duardin miners and the merchants they deal with. All rent their workspace from Logan Ironbeard, a notoriously savvy fixer and entrepreneur. Logan's associates have their fingers in a lot of pies. Prospectors seeking ore or water in the Bright Mountains visit the emporium to rent equipment, or hire a Duardin labour-clan. The

miners' skillset is also broadly transferrable to Undercity exploration. Plenty of business is discussed 'above board' in the open air, but a labyrinth of cellars and private drinking holes runs beneath the emporium, frequented by Duardin chiefs and their most profitable customers.

The Kharadron have proved reliable partners, trading aerial surveillance for local knowledge. The discovery of a new emberstone deposit outside the city is an open secret, but none who've rushed to seize the claim have returned.

Logan himself claims to be retired, his elaborate network 'only a favour to his friends'. The Duardin elder lives in the emporium with his wife Rashka, inviting interesting newcomers to a drink on his porch, telling tall-tales of mining adventures and underground battles. He wistfully glances to twin pistols above his doorway, the muzzles fashioned as golden dragon jaws. Above all, he wants to go out on his own terms, with one last foolish job. Street gossip alleges he and hostel-owner Gomdar Lowstone (see page 23) are locked in a decades-old grudge, with the two sworn to kill each other if they ever again should meet.

## THE MAROON TOWER

A meteorite struck Brightspear's walls to mark the first blow in Sigmar's conquest of the city. Hurling by the God-King from High Azyr, the shooting star glistened with celestium, the holy realmstone of Azyr, blasting apart Arcanite defences before the Stormcast began their assault. In the aftermath, Lord-Ordinator Kysmetra Heavensight erected an observatory on the impact site, raised by scaffolding and protected by skull-faced battlements. Huge banners bearing the maroon colours of the Celestial Warbringers were hurled over the walls of this Warscryer Citadel, granting the tower its name.

The tower's celestium foundations grant unparalleled precognitive insights, an asset enhanced by the rune-etched Arcanoscope that Heavensight installed in a rotating dome. Through its lens, a scryer can track the shifts of magical energy through the aether. By turning it upon the vortex storms of Chaos, Heavensight is risking madness, but has successfully forecast Tzeentch's schemes before they have befallen Brightspear. Separately, she investigates rogue currents of red and blue light that seem to merge as they approach the city.

Heavensight is the second-ranking Stormcast Eternal in Brightspear, and as such Lord-Arcanum Gravewing frequently seeks her council. The two debate fiercely about the best course of action to protect the city, but trust each other implicitly.

## NOR'WEST WARD

Nor'west Ward is a construction site centred around the rusted, haunted hulk of what should have been Cogwork Megadepot 4. Brightspear's construction efforts pushed into the area but someone's calculations were a hair off — Nor'west Ward is not ready for settlers. The ruins are the sanctums of ghosts and banshees and places of refuge for creatures bearing the taint of Chaos. Entire work crews are infected with magical plagues released from collapsing buildings, or surrender to the siren call of Slaanesh. Others end their lives as food for ravenous undead.

The city authorities are only concerned with ensuring the monsters of Nor'West Ward are suppressed and don't damage the Megadepot. Worker casualties are expected; the crews are well paid and know the risks.

Sages from the **House of the Kindled Flame** (see page 18) slow the process even further. They insist that the ruins are repositories of ancient knowledge that cannot be lost to time. They demand to inspect every city block before it's destroyed, forcing work crews to wait. These determined academics have a knack for stirring up every creature and haunt that lies dormant in the ancient structures. There are persistent rumours that the Kindled Flame uses Nor'west to train their secret order of undead hunters, but so far no one's found any proof.

## THE PICKLED EFREET

This reclaimed Agloraxian ruin near the Lower Tier suggests a better class of tavern, with polished glassware and modern furnishings decorating a single-storey structure. But these are recent purchases, spoils of a wager in which the owner consumed a dish made with the notorious Dappled Efreet and somehow didn't catch fire. The fine accoutrements cannot disguise the true heart of the establishment. *The Pickled Efreet* has always been the favoured haunt of mercenaries, smugglers, and ne'er-do-wells, and however earnest the attempts to 'go legit', there is plenty of dark business still conducted within these stone walls.

*The Pickled Efreet's* notoriety is both a blessing and a curse. Visitors are as likely to discover leads from underworld contacts as fight a drunken brawl with a Fyreslayer, or get caught up in a Freeguild raid. Of course, for a particular breed of soldier-of-fortune, these mishaps are part of the charm.

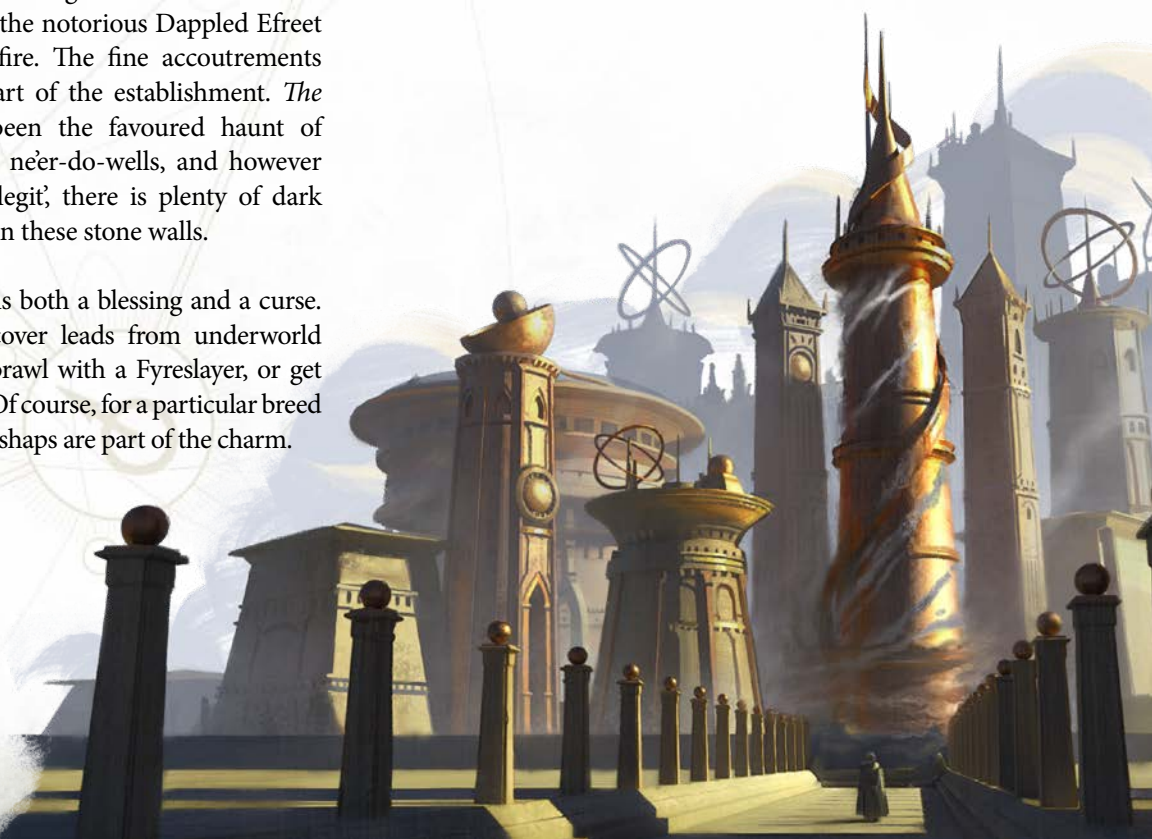
## THE SHIMMERING TOWER

A trick of the light blends this silver spire into the skyline, making it almost imperceptible to those without Witch-Sight. This is no accident, for enchantments hide the last of the city's former residents, cultists of Tzeentch who survived Sigmar's purge but could not flee to the Undercity. Inside, its mirrored walls and grand chandeliers suggest opulence, but as the Arcanites adopt a siege mentality, it more closely resembles a prison.

Under the rule of Tzeentch, the city was a living nightmare, where disappearances were common, horrors stalked the streets, and normal life persevered only through collective self-delusion. Yet all the Shimmering Tower's inhabitants agree the city has become something worse. Now, mutation is a death sentence, the dead stalk the living, and false prophets invite smiting from the Changer of Ways' vengeful warpflame. Their only hope is to restore the old regime, a slow process requiring careful preparation. They venture forth in secret, stealing magical artefacts and abducting lone Spearians. Some bow to Tzeentch, joining the Arcanites. Others are involuntarily transformed into Tzaangors or ritually sacrificed.

The tower's master, Halard Jasten, wears the guise of an Aspirian mage, the better to infiltrate wizarding communities and acquire powerful talismans. The true prize is to capture a Binding of Soulbound, for if their divine energies were corrupted, it could summon a daemonic legion to bring Brightspear to its knees.

For more information on the Shimmering Tower, see *The Labyrinth* in the **Cities of Flame** supplement.





## SHRINE OF THE FALLEN RESPLENDENT

A small temple complex nested in the New City is dedicated to the Ur-Phoenix, a godbeast whose creed of reincarnation through fire is popular in Aqshy. The public section is a strangely cold museum of loss, displaying mundane artefacts of Aqshian civilisations annihilated during the Age of Chaos. Between Agloraxian slave chains and Khazalid clay pottery are rarer treasures from Aelven nations native to Aqshy, identified as 'the Emberneth' by the shrine's curators. Most precious are the magical shards of the Dawnhold, a formidable Emberneth refuge from the Ember Mountains, lost to a combined Chaos and Ogor siege remembered as 'the Devouring Horror'. Most Aqshians find the exhibition a miserable bore, and give little thought to the inner sanctum of the complex.

Here the warrior-elites of the Phoenix Temple train in small tranquil gardens, armoured cultists perfecting their battle prowess in silent duels using their chosen weapon, the halberd. They worship a great pyre venerating the Ur-Phoenix, and occasionally admit new Aelves into their ranks. To receive this burden, an Aelf must be terminally injured, having sacrificed all in the great war against Chaos, including their capacity for speech. The reborn Phoenix Guards include Wanderers and Daughters of Khaine.

Beneath the shrine, the ancient Frostheart Phoenix Maslenar slumbers through his final years of life, tended by Phoenix Guards who risk a lethal aura of frost to comfort him. It is prophesied Maslenar will awake for one last battle for the fate of the city. When Maslenar stirs to defend his home, it is said snow will fall on Brightspear.

## SHRINE OF HOLY SIGMAR THE PROTECTOR

When the Conclave planned and built the New City, they ensured that every resident could pay their respects to Sigmar without making a pilgrimage to the grand places of worship in the Upper Tier. There are statues of Sigmar on street corners and public buildings, where passersby can touch the statue and ask for the god's blessing. The grandest statue of all is in the Shrine of Holy Sigmar the Protector.

The shrine is a circular plaza, housing a simple dome protecting a 10-foot-tall bronze statue of Sigmar. Some say that if the New City comes under attack, the statue will stir to defend them with its warhammer and shield. Whether that's true or not, there is a chamber beneath the statue in which dozens of people could shelter during an

attack, consecrated with a permanent *Hallowed Ground* spell (page 287 of the *Soulbound* rulebook). This work of spellcraft required the cooperation of mages from several colleges and factions, including the Stormcast, and is as noteworthy for that social engineering as it is its enchantment that was enacted.

Chaplains Verine, Amos, and Curn are inspiring speakers who fire up their congregation with loyalty to Sigmar and Brightspear. Senior clergy fear the congregation's loyalty is only to the three chaplains, and if these junior ministers ever made a play for power, they would have hundreds of supporters behind them.

## SIGMAR'S HOPE

When the Necroquake levelled parts of the New City, the tenement that became known as Sigmar's Hope miraculously survived. It was taken over by the Benefactress, who opened its doors to provide shelter to those who lost everything in the disaster. All the Benefactress asks is that guests listen to her teachings.

For such a welcoming place, a great deal of Sigmar's Hope is kept private. Many rooms are reserved for the staff and certain trusted residents, and a network of tunnels and secret passages laces the tenement together, making it easy for those who know the building well to creep around discreetly and slip in and out undetected.

The influence of Chaos is obvious in the private areas: symbols of Tzeentch cover the walls, pulsing with sickly light. Here, the Benefactress lures residents to the dark gods, turning them into Tzaangors and unleashing them on the unsuspecting city.



## SINKHOLE (COLD STEEL SMITHY)

The yard behind the Cold Steel armory has crumbled away into a sinkhole that leads straight down into the sewers, and then through some crumbling walls to the Undercity. When the streets are quiet, it's even possible to hear the distant rumble of the great machines beneath the Old City.

The blacksmith, Ifram, hasn't reported the sinkhole. He makes a nice second income letting treasure hunters use it as a starting point for their explorations, and he has no intention of losing that revenue. Nothing's come up out of the sinkhole yet, so as far as Ifram is concerned it's a business opportunity, nothing more.

Lately, people have started to report strange, sickly lights and frantic scurrying sounds emanating from the sinkhole. Ifram's considering having it sealed up, or at least sending a few brave souls down there to see whether there's really a serious problem. Whatever seems most cost-effective. After all, he's in no immediate danger; his apprentices sleep in the forge, but he doesn't.

## THE WHITE LION

The White Lion is a natural rock formation at the edge of the New City. The natural wear, covered in salt rime and droppings, in its cliff face resembles a snarling great cat, looking out towards the Disintegrating Shores. Occasionally, an Aelven Wanderer is seen wistfully observing the White Lion, but when a viewer takes a second glance, the Aelf is gone.

The Aelves of **Wanderers' Grove** (see page 29) refuse to speak of the White Lion except to say that it is terribly bad luck to climb it, or even to look upon it for too long. They recite lines of ancient poetry like prayers to ward off its evil influence. As far as the rest of the city is concerned, it's just an amusingly shaped rock.

## THE WINDS

At the edge of the New City, in the district known as the Winds, the breeze carries eerie murmurs and strange creatures gaze out from the eyes of the residents. Chaos creeps in despite all attempts to enforce Order.

Folk here have built additional homes between the orderly houses of the New City. They build up, and out, and over, making cramped homes out of whatever materials and in whatever shapes they can. These buildings change the pattern of the streets; the Winds are no longer a grid but a chaotic maze that funnels people inwards to a central

point. It's hard to walk across the Winds as they suck people in like a vortex, pulling them into the centre where even time twists strangely and days pass in seconds, or hours can last a week.

In the deepest and most inaccessible part of the maze, where residents gradually migrate as they become more warped and less willing to show themselves, something is forming. The buildings and people there twist together into one grotesque, and growing, creature that cries in endless pain.

It's only a matter of time until the Conclave orders the whole area razed and purified for the good of the entire city.

## WYRMFOOT'S

This might be the roughest pub in Crookhaven, and that's saying something. Only locals are welcome, and 'local' is tightly defined as someone living less than five minutes away and whose parents also drank in *Wyrmsfoot's*. There are more stabbings each week than beer deliveries, and corpses are all given a good, honest cremation (for some, the only honest thing they've ever done) in the foundry of a nearby factory, the small fee paid by their killer.

Thawdra Wyrmsfoot keeps a decent range of ale on tap, and a unique and fiery moonshine she brews from vegetable peelings. To literally everyone's surprise, the food is excellent. Thawdra refuses point blank to stock Great Parch fungus ale, despite the brewery being right across the street. There's something not right about it, she says. It's unnatural to consume moss and fungus, and *'that stuff changes a person if you drink too much.'* Of course, that might just be because she has a huge, unpaid debt to the brewery and they won't sell to her anymore.





# THE UNDERCITY

Strange hatches throughout Brightspear, only breachable by force, lead to a hidden world beneath the city streets. Down here, dark Agloraxian secrets and servants of Tzeentch have festered, and enemies of Order hide and plot revenge. The Undercity is a massive, enchanted, ever-changing labyrinth, filled with wonders and horrors from the Age of Myth. Whilst some counsel the whole complex should be sealed off and forgotten, others claim there are answers here that must be uncovered for Brightspear to survive this perilous age. Whatever the case, the promise of knowledge and power is too enticing to be ignored.

## RETURNING TO THE UNDERCITY

A group that has completed *Faltering Light* may revisit the Undercity, to plunder Agloraxian remains or hunt a threat to the city. To navigate the Undercity, use the rules on pages 21 of *Faltering Light*, with these exceptions:

- \* Entering the Undercity using an Alternate Entrance (see below) uses the same rules as **Into the Deeps** (*Faltering Light*, page 22) with any exceptions noted in the entries below.
- \* A party returning to the Undercity must specify the intended destination of their expedition.
- \* A party returning to a **Casket Vault** can attempt to reach their destination by following the rules in *Faltering Light*. Alternatively, if the party are on good terms with Lord-Arcanum Gravewing, a much shorter route is now open by descending the Spear of Heaven.
- \* Soulbound that are seeking a specific destination (see below) reach that destination instead when they would normally reach the **Casket Vaults**.
- \* The Gamemaster can use an **Enemy Lair** in place of a **Lair of Chaos**.
- \* The Gamemaster can substitute a **Legendary Vault for Memories of a Lost Age**.

Returning to Brightspear after discovering an Enemy Lair or Legendary Vault requires the Navigator to succeed on a **DN 4:2 Mind (Survival) Test**, or the Soulbound have **Lost the Way** (see *Faltering Light*).

## ALTERNATE ENTRANCE: THE DARKLING PATH

The assassins of the Aelven witch-covens disappear into the Undercity to evade pursuit, favouring an entrance concealed in the Lower Tier by illusory magic. Even death threats cannot compel the eternally loyal Darklings to spill their mistress' secrets, but the Sorceresses occasionally make common cause with outsiders if it suits their sinister agenda. They may share the Darkling Path if it will help to rid the covens of an enemy, or even just to have powerful allies indebted to them.

If the party are granted access to the Undercity through the Darkling Path, they receive a single-use black talisman, which can be used to magically request aid from the Aelves if the party encounters **Explorers or Patrols** or a **Lair of Chaos**. If the talisman is used, a team of Aelven warriors with repeater crossbows, known as Darkshards, immediately materialise from the shadows. They execute the other group in a hail of bolts before combat starts, leaving no possibility of interrogation. Before the Darkshards disappear, their Guardmaster advises the party that this favour must be repaid in the future.

## ALTERNATE ENTRANCE: REDCAP HIDEOUT

The Vitrolian Redcaps have defied city ordinances to report new Undercity entrances to the authorities, instead transforming this New City entrance into a hideout for criminals. The tunnels are useful for smuggling contraband, but the Redcaps have little interest in tangling with the horrors of the Undercity. They stick to safe routes wherever possible, using a code of chalk markings to avoid getting lost, struggling against the enchantments rearranging the labyrinth. Interrogated Redcaps may, in return for reduced sentences, reluctantly reveal the existence of the hideout, and the basics of their cypher.

Alternatively, the party may employ the Redcaps as allies, or befriend children from the Foundling Academy who work for the Redcaps as runners. They will willingly teach the chalk code, and pass on any rumours of cultist activity circling the criminal underworld.

If the party enter through this hideout after learning the Recap's cypher, then once per Undercity expedition, they may treat a **Lost the Way** navigation result as a **Strange Sight** instead.

## LEGENDARY VAULT: THE PRISMATIK ARMOURY

The Prismatikon was the apex of Agloraxian technological accomplishment, a superweapon that directed the blazing power of Aqshy to annihilate whole armies. Before the weapon was complete, smiths tinkered with portable prototypes in the armouries beneath Brightspear, refining their crystal focal lenses and unleashing them on unfortunate test subjects. Only one of the weapons survived, suspended in a force shield which, if breached, animates the armoury's defenders. These war constructs are enchanted automata of cogwork and steel — they use the stats of a Rat Ogor (see page 58) without the *Rabid Fury* Trait, and they are immune to being *Charmed* or *Frightened*.

The Prismatik Rifle is a ranged weapon dealing 3 + S Damage, with the *Loud*, *Range (Long)*, *Spread* and *Two-handed* Traits. After a character fires the weapon, roll a d6. On a 1, the heat of the blast shatters the firing crystal, rendering the weapon useless. On 2–5, the weapon cannot be used in the following turn, whilst the weapon automatically recharges. On a 6 it recharges instantly.

If the rifle is gifted to the Ironweld Arsenal, their cogsmiths reverse-engineer the technology, producing powerful (though unstable) weapons to install on the city walls. If connected to the recharged Beacon of Brightspear, this new technology could defend the city from all but the most deadly enemies.

## LEGENDARY VAULT: REALMCRUST LABORATORY

This cluttered workshop of cobweb-strewn desks and tainted beakers resembles the laboratory of a Collegiate alchemist, but even mavericks of the Gold College would not attempt experiments as deviant as these. Through the reach of their realmgate, the Arch-Domini stole realmstone fragments from all the Mortal Realms, fusing them to produce compound-artefacts both unfathomably powerful and entirely uncontrollable. If broken into more stable constituents, the realmstone could empower some of the city's defences.

The most 'successful' results, which have endured to the present, were produced by combining elemental opposites. Their effects apply to the first character that picks them up. Once picked up, the character cannot willingly part with the artefact unless a character with the *Unbind* Talent or similar succeeds on a **DN 5:3 Mind (Channelling)** Test. The artefact all have effects that occur after 'prolonged exposure'. The GM decides exactly how much time is

needed for the effect to occur. It could be as soon as after the party spends their next Endeavour period or as long as the end of this chapter of your campaign.

- ✧ **The Evershroud.** This blinding crystal of aetherquartz and falsestone turns the bearer's body, gear, and clothing invisible except in direct sunlight. They also become ethereal, and cannot attack or be attacked. Prolonged exposure makes it impossible for the bearer to age and no one can touch or hear the character, dooming them to an eternity of impenetrable isolation.
- ✧ **The Immortal Bind.** This jewelled band of cyclestone and grave-sand snaps around the bearer's wrist before summoning a trio of **Chainrasps** that obey the bearer absolutely. Any successful attacks against the Chainrasps inflict damage on the bearer instead. Prolonged exposure transforms the bearer into a **Chainrasp Dreadwarden** under the GM's control.
- ✧ **The Comet Unholy.** This pendant of a thrice-tailed comet is formed of celestium and warpstone. Whenever Doom increases, the Binding regains an equal amount of Soulfire. However, whenever the Binding regains Soulfire, Doom increases by an equal amount (the Binding may forgo gains of Soulfire instead). Prolonged exposure transforms the bearer into a Chaos Spawn under the GM's control (use the **Pink Horror** statblock, but remove the *Split* Trait).

## ENEMY LAIR: MOULDER'S SPAWNPIT

Predatory monsters prowl through the Undercity, from arachnid Fyrehunters to tunnelling Bore-Beetles and colossal segmented Spine-Worms. As terrifying as those are, the Amber Wizards of the Collegiate Arcane are more worried by recently discovered cross-bred creatures of unnatural malice. The creator of these abominations is a Skaven Master Moulder, the mad scientist beastmasters of the ratmen clans. Deep within the Undercity is a dark pit infused with warpstone, where the Master Moulder practices his 'art', spawning unholy creations to unleash upon the surface. Cleansing the pit means confronting the hybrids — mix up Attacks and Traits from the Beasts on pages 43-4 in *Faltering Light* to create Embershell Bore-Beetles or spine-shooting Fyrehunters. The Master Moulder has been transformed by warpstone into a writhing monstrosity, (use the profile of a **Rat Ogor**, page 58). To discover the Skaven's Gnawhole, the magical gateway they have used to infiltrate the Undercity, see *Lights in the Gutter* in the *Cities of Flame* supplement, which comes with the *Soulbound Gamemaster's Screen*.



## BEYOND THE WALLS

The plains around Brightspear are dry, cracked earth, broken only by treacherous valleys and coarse mesas. What life exists is inimical to Order, either an unthinking predator or scheming enemy. The Stormcast Eternals destroyed every hostile settlement outside Brightspear, but migratory threats are an ever-present phenomenon, preying upon the foolish who leave or enter Brightspear on foot. Approaching the Disintegrating Shores dooms a traveller's soul as well as their life, for its promise of water is but a mirage, luring the unwary to a maddening eternity trapped in the Realm of Chaos. Spearians do not venture outside the city, unless they have no other choice.

The most common dangers beyond the walls are Chaos reavers, restless undead, and roaming monsters. Mostly they war amongst themselves, but the Celestial College watches closely for omens of an assault upon the city. Some of the nomadic Human tribes worship neither Chaos nor Order, finding their own way through an incessantly hostile world. A Skitterstrand Arachnarok discovered amongst the dead canyons has been deified by one tribe, who pray it might offer them deliverance from the constant, harrowing slaughter (for more information, see the *Cities of Flame* supplement that comes with the *Soulbound Gamemaster's Screen*).

## THE ISLAND OF GREEN

South of Brightspear, an emergence of vegetation amidst a sea of dead plains marks the territory of the Sylvaneth. The Ralagalyn Clan of Gnarlroot Glade have defied their usual isolationism to pursue their thirst for arcane secrets. Most precious to the Gnarlroot is the magic Aspirians use to scour the corruption of Chaos, which could help reclaim Ghyran from the desolation of Nurgle, the Lord of Decay. Doubtless many Agloraxian mysteries could be unlocked if the city's wizards collaborated with the Gnarl-Lord Ancients, but trust is in short supply without an ambassador to breach the divide.

Until recently, Sylvaneth defenders marked the borders of their land with cyclestone waymarkers, their spells concealing the forest from outsiders. The machinations of Tzeentch have undermined these protections, attracting the attention of covetous Tzaangors that test the Sylvaneth with roving attacks. It has also afforded opportunity for Spearians to visit, both well-meaning loremasters and opportunistic scavengers. The Gnarlroot treat all these intruders with hostility, turning them back with warning enchantments or battlescythes, but less-hidebound Sylvaneth have begun to question this policy. Eventually Tzaangor assaults will overwhelm the Island of Green

entirely, and the Sylvaneth will be forced to retreat into the realmroots to survive. If begrudging cooperation with Brightspear was possible, this dark fate could be postponed, giving the Gnarlroot time to learn what they need to save Ghyran.

## THE PILGRIM'S PATH

Not far from Brightspear, an old paved road snakes east towards the Bright Mountains. Though its stones were laid by the ancient Duardin Khazalid Empire, the path is best remembered for convoys of sun-worshippers that proselytised passing Aspirians. The trail climbs a holy mountain, set apart from any chain, which the pilgrims would ascend to bask in Hysh's radiance.

These devotees fared badly in the Age of Chaos, degenerating into Blisterskin Flesh-eaters with delusions of enlightenment. Their 'missionaries' and 'road wardens' still wander the Pilgrim's Path, menacing any travellers attempting the convenience of the Khazalid road. The solar-heretics they kill and eat are the lucky ones, for a worse fate awaits those the Blisterskin mistake for fellow pilgrims. They are chained to the temple atop the holy mountain, exposed to the merciless heat of Hysh until their skin cooks and the Crypt Flyers hovering overhead descend to devour them alive.

No matter how many times the Celestial Warbringers destroy the temple, faithful Blisterskin always return to rebuild. Allegedly a Flamespyre Phoenix has been sighted over the mountain, but this may just be a Zombie Dragon or Terrorgheist viewed from afar. The Phoenix Temple (see page 36) is determined to discover the truth.

## VEINS OF FULMINAX

A few months ago, a Kharadron survey ship scouted a deep chasm north of Brightspear, reporting the pit to be rich in emberstone deposits. When news broke, many would-be prospectors rushed out to seize the find themselves, but none returned from the foolhardy venture. Meanwhile, Logan Ironbeard (see page 34) has been biding his time, marshalling resources for an armed expedition. If his miners make it out with the goods, the Duardin entrepreneur stands to earn a small fortune.

Realmstone mining is exceptionally dangerous, and often attracts agents of Chaos or the restless dead looking to harvest the realmstone themselves. Large clusters of emberstone rouse tempers and erode patience, turning disagreements between allies to storming rows and violence. Nonetheless, raw manifestation of magical energy is a prize that cannot fall into the wrong hands.

As enterprising Spearsians consider whether to support Ironbeard or outpace him with their own claim, the Scions of the Flame, a fire-worshipping cult from the Bright Mountains (see page 60) have already made their move. By ritualistically devouring Bore-Beetle hearts, their Inferno Priests have divined the location of the emberstone they crave, descending on the chasm in force. If the Scions succeed, their power will grow exponentially, and Brightspear shall be the next target of the Blazing Lords.

## WRECK OF *THE BARAZHARR*

Not every airship journey endures the cursed storms and flying daemons blighting the Disintegrating Shores, and with *The Barazharr* now weeks overdue for her arrival in Brightspear, her business partners assume the worst. Regardless, the crash site of an Arkanaut Frigate is valuable salvage, and the Kharadron intend to recoup their losses by rescuing whatever aether-gold, ship parts, and crewmembers have survived the crash. They're hoping to employ mercenaries to supplement the recovery effort.

If a crew could brave the tempest of souls, and discover the remains of *The Barazharr* within the lonely deserts, they might be surprised to find a Human passenger scavenging alongside the desperate Kharadron. Though the survivors are all injured and suffering from exposure, this passenger is most concerned with relaying his secret message to the Lord-Arcanum of Brightspear. He has been sent by the Lords of Tempest's Eye, to bring a grave prophecy of Tzeentchian infiltration within Brightspear's Conclave, a message that must be delivered in person to prevent its interception by conspirators. If the agent expects to perish before reaching Brightspear, he will reluctantly implore a trusted ally to complete the mission instead, a heavy burden that exposes the new recruit to being silenced by murderous traitors.

## DEFIANCE COVE

The Agloraxians used their dark magic to breed terrible sea monsters, unleashing them against raiders threatening their citadels from the west. The descendants of these hideous beasts are a valuable prize to the Scourge Privateers, Aelven fleetmasters of the realms' seas. In their arrogance, the privateers dare trail the edge of the Disintegrating Shores upon a Black Ark named the *Throne of Blades*. The *Throne* is a massive citadel of ensorcelled towers, the lead vessel of a wolfship armada, built like a crown upon the head of a titanic centropus. The hundred-legged monstrosity crawls across the sea floor, directed by the enchanted chains of Aelven enslavers.

The corsairs occasionally disembark and enter Brightspear, drumming up business with the Darkling Covens and Collegiate Arcane, who purchase monster parts for spell ingredients. When opportunity outweighs greed for a larger share, the Privateers challenge tough-looking Aelves to sign on with their crew.

When the wolfship holds are filled to bursting, the corsairs dock at Defiance Cove, a sheltered patch of grey coastline that has resisted dematerialising into Tzeentch's Crystal Labyrinth. The Scourge Privateers have easily compelled a strange village of amnesiac fishers to serve them, helping to unload and transport their monstrous catches. The villagers are eerily unfazed by the casualties they suffer in return.

The dangers at sea are manifold, from the terrifying powers of the Agloraxian monsters to the Tzeentchian Waterspawn and Subscramers that migrate from the Realm of Chaos. The Scourge Privateers must also contest with the Fuethán Idoneth, who emerge from a hidden whirlway at the mouth of Broker's Bay to hunt the same monsters and break them as steeds. Battles between Aelves have antagonised the aggressive Fuethán, whose next assault upon Defiance Cove will surely destroy it. If the soul-hunting Deepkin cannot be appeased, Brightspear itself will be the Fuethán's next target.







There are but a few ways to Aspiria from the east via land. The land bridge that links the central lands of The Great Parch to the west,

Their old friends, the Bataari, have risen as merchant-lords second to none. Now, clever new magical artefacts of the Aspirians' making, including ones that bring comfort and aid instead of just new ways to kill with fire, flow from Aspiria once more.



## THE DISINTEGRATING SHORES

Tzeentch and his followers have never ended their war against the Aspirians, and it continues to evolve in complexity. The once-titanic struggle has receded into a deadly, probing, guerrilla conflict highlighted by occasional flare ups. Tzaangors, twisted sorcerous bestial mutants that follow Tzeentch, prowl the broken coastline in packs, riding upon disc-shaped daemons that flit through the air and decapitate the unwary at speed. Arcane flying ships with wings of crystalline-steel occasionally descend to attack from seemingly clear skies, before swiftly vanishing as if into mist.

The Council Pyre believes Tzeentch seeks something here and suspects that it must involve the Agloraxian Citadels that still line the coast. The mages do not believe it was an accident that the coastline's disintegration stopped less than a mile from the first citadel. This is a sore and frustrating spot for the proud wizards of Aspiration, for the workings of many of the citadels still remain an elusive arcane mystery, unexplored since the Agloraxians abandoned them. The uses of some are quite clear, but the purpose of the sorcerous engines of many others remain enigmas. Some are broken, or at least appear to be, and a few remain imperviously sealed.

Brightspear is itself built atop one of the Agloraxian citadels, and while its use is clear to some, it still holds many secrets of its own. While Brightspear does not have its own coastline or harbour, the proximity of the Disintegrating Shores does allow for some trade to cross the Ocean of Swords. Traders come from Bataar in the north, bringing with them new magical artifacts, before crossing the land between the Shores and Brightspear. While some consider the journey dangerous, others argue that the shortness of the route is preferable to the danger of travelling The Great Parch itself, for the longer route would require travel along the Bloodied Path and over the Bright Mountains.

Only those with some means of protection would dare cross the Ocean of Swords or The Great Parch as, close to the Disintegrating Shores, Tzeentch has not yet given up on his prize. At times there is nothing to see for miles around. At other times, twisted beasts converge from the heat haze, falling amongst the unwary to kill and pillage their wares. The Changer of Ways cares not for trade, commanding only that his followers constantly harry those who dare venture into the realm. The Aspirians must be allowed no respite, no peace, as long as they defy the Lord of Change.

Just when the Aspirians think the followers of Tzeentch have grown quiet, finally leaving them to rebuild their civilisations, another wave of screaming, howling daemons descend from the heavens to attack. If not for

the Stormcast Eternals and other warriors that guard their walls, they would be overrun. But the warriors of Sigmar are not the only defence against the followers of Tzeentch — warbands of Aelven corsairs roam the wilds between the Disintegrating Shores and the Bright Mountains, hunting any beast that wanders across their path.

## THE BRIGHT MOUNTAINS

The Bright Mountains are the largest mountain range in the western Great Parch. They take their name from the large amounts of quartz deposits that line their faces, regularly causing a myriad of brilliant colours to dance along their sides. The range is still untamed and was never entirely explored, even in the days of myth. It is exceedingly dangerous to travel the mountain passes without a guide, for all sorts of beasts, Chaos-touched and otherwise, roam here. The twisted pyromaniacal cult called the Scions of the Flame was born within fiery caverns beneath the Bright Mountains and its followers are still a menace to any that wander here without heavily armed escorts. The Storm-That-Walks, an Ogroid Thaumaturge with a thriving cult following, controls several of the key mountain passes but has not set his sights on Brightspear — yet.

However, the Spearians do not avoid the Bright Mountains. There are many things of value in the mountain range, from the quartz deposits to the barely accessible seams of Realmstone. The Burning Stones of Aqshy are known by different names to the tribes of The Great Parch, but to all the realmstone manifests as burning coals that on closer inspection appear to burn eternally. The emberstone or aqthracite, as it is known to some, is incredibly valuable for magic forging, but it is equally dangerous. Those that spend a prolonged amount of time in the presence of the realmstone find themselves infused with a burning anger. This does not stop many fighting to get their hands on the primordial material.

Those willing to make an expedition to the mountains can find the tools they need in Brightspear and even, for the right price, guardians willing to risk their lives to protect them. Many a party of prospectors has been lost in the paths through the Bright Mountains, Nagash claiming their souls to haunt those that would venture in their wake.

The beasts are not the only beings that inhabit the Bright Mountains. Duardin naturally gravitate towards mountain ranges, drawn to the comfort in the depths below. As such a group of Greyfryd Fyreslayers have made their home in the Bright Mountains, hollowing out their own lodge-fort from the rock.



More Vostargi and Greyfyrd flock to the fort as time passes, gradually taking back the mountains from the Scions of the Flame. But still, there is little safe passage through the mountains. Any path to be found is likely to be stalked by corrupted beasts, and the Fyreslayers seldom venture from their walls. Even travelling below the mountains is fraught with peril, as the Fyreslayers are not the only beings that live in the depths.

## THE FLOATING CITY

The Floating Market was a group of motley sailing ships lashed together to form an impromptu waterborne bazaar. The market sailed the Ocean of Swords, moving from port to port. Over the years the marketplace was added to until it was in truth a city, long before the Aspirians helped it take flight. The heart of Bataar beats within the markets of the Floating City, where nearly everything is negotiable, and nearly anything is available for the right price. The city can typically be found high above the southern edge of Bataar, though occasionally the Bataari choose to move it further afield. A regular swarm of airships come and go from the Floating City at all hours, tracked by large arrays of Aspirian cannons and sorcerous weapons.

Bataar was once ruled by a series of merchant-kings, each of which controlled a swath of territory and trade. With the great diminishment of their people, the heads of the surviving kingly lines now all rule together through the Bataar Trader's Guild, which is headquartered in the

Floating City. To determine prominence for each year, those that sit at the Wide Table play the 'Game of Razored Gifts'. Each competes to see who can give the others the most outlandishly unique and generous tributes; a player's ranking in the game determines their social influence. The merchant-lords are thus always looking for anyone that can assist them in finding something special for the next round. Of late, an unusual number of Sylvaneth are on the streets of the Floating City.

Recently, the Floating City has been seen in the skies outside Brightspear. Whether drawn by the recently established Highport, or due to the increasing size of the city, no one is quite sure. Whatever the reason, the Floating City lingers in the skies of Brightspear, visible from the Upper Tier. Kharadron vessels travel between the Highport and the Floating City, exchanging trade goods and passing messages between the two cities. Those merchants that call the Floating City home are keen on building a strong trading relationship with Brightspear, seeing in that city the hope of civilisation that the Age of Chaos prevented for so long. The Floating City helped pay for the **Cauldron** (see page 32) in Brightspear, further cementing their bond.

The only way to travel to the Floating City is via one of these aether-craft, but anyone wishing to do so takes up valuable space onboard. It would take a generous captain to offer to ferry anyone across, or a worthwhile prize. Those that wish to travel could offer up a unique item for the Game of Razored Gifts, but would have to be careful that whomever captains the ship does not take the gift for their own.

Even with the proximity of Brightspear, the followers of Tzeentch have not given up their regular attacks. So far, the sorcerous weapons of the city have prevented any incursions by Flying Discs and other beasts, but the Lord of Change will try and try again.





## LUMNOS

Last of the great citadel-cities of Aspiria, the scintillant walls of Lumnos never fell to Chaos. Lumnos is the seat of the ruling Council Pyre and home of the most famed of all Aspirian academies, the House of Rising Embers. The Aspirians have always valued lore and art of all kinds — not just the magical — and the House of Rising Embers is one of the greatest universities and repositories of lore in the Mortal Realms. Their libraries hold texts written in the Age of Myth and knowledge thought lost throughout the rest of the realms.

Pyros Thura leads the House of Rising Embers. A diminutive but staggeringly powerful Bright Mage, she is said to be one of the inventors of Coldfire, a magical blazing alchemical substance that radiates cold instead of heat. By her orders, the House has expanded an old, but honoured, portion of their curricula, reviving the Aspirian tradition of undead-hunting. House graduates once more roam across The Great Parch, where their services are in ever-increasing demand.

Outside of the Floating City, and the streets of Hammerhal, the markets of Lumnos are said to hold the greatest number of magical artefacts in all of Aqshy. However, the mage-traders here are seldom interested in conventional wealth, far more often requiring rare lore or dangerous tasks undertaken to secure their goods; no one who values their life cheats a Bright Mage.

As Lumnos is located to the east of Brightspear, it could be expected that there would be burgeoning trade between the two cities, however the Council Pyre did not forgive the Agloraxians that fell to the temptations of Tzeentch during the Age of Chaos. The Lumnites want to form a solid relationship with Brightspear, but while the Agloraxians are long-gone, their influence lingers. The people of Lumnos are wary that through Brightspear The Lord of Change's influence may find its way to Lumnos, a fate that none of them want. However, in recent times the Council Pyre has begun to relax their restrictions, and

trade between the two cities has opened up. The newly built House of the Kindled Flame in Brightspear brings a welcome link with the House of Rising Embers in Lumnos, though that partnership may not be as perfect as it seems.

## STEEL SPIKE

After setting the Kindling Forests alight, the Aspirians moved to block the only other easy way into their lands: a short crossing between two peninsulas called the 'Bridge of Brine'. The Aspirians fortified the western promontory, adding more and more battlements over time. Soon nearly all the peninsula was part of a fortress that came to be known as 'Steel Spike'.

So dangerous are the sorcerous defences of Steel Spike that Khorne's forces avoided directly assaulting it during the Age of Chaos, instead choosing to bypass the peninsula entirely via the ocean. As the Aspirian citadel-cities fell, many refugees fled to Steel Spike, further bolstering its numbers and effectively turning it into a fortress-city. Due to their extensive use of fire magics in war, the soldiers of Steel Spike eschew blackpowder weapons in favour of magical ballistae and cannons that can lob goutts of white-hot liquid flame hundreds of yards. The famed Searing Guard with their burning halberds of blue flame still hold Steel Spike against all comers and occasionally appear on battlefields far from Aspiria in support of their allies.

Delegations from both Brightspear and Lumnos have been turned back as soon as they reached the gates of Steel Spike, for no one in that city welcomes the outside influence of magic. While their own defences are magical in nature, they do not trust magics they have not implemented themselves. The Celestial Warbringers, at





the behest of Salonia Gravewing, have appealed to Steel Spike that together they would be stronger than apart, but so far these requests have fallen on deaf ears. This hasn't stopped the Searing Guard sallying forth into the wilds of Aspiria when needed to fight back against a Tzeentch incursion near their lands.

## KINDLING FORESTS

These ever-burning forests cover thousands of miles of the hilly landscape of southern Vitrolia. Aspirian Bright Mages summoned spirits of living flame here long ago, and for their own reasons, never bothered to dispel them. The cackling spirits regularly set the woods ablaze, but the forests here almost entirely consist of pyrewood trees. Pyrewood is incredibly fast growing and matures quicker still in the ashes of their predecessors. Entire groves of gigantic trees can spring up from what was cinders but weeks before.

Travel through this region is difficult, unless the traveller has powerful fire magic of their own, happens to be a Fyreslayer, or has a magical token from the Aspirians that can help ensure passage. Even if one has the means to pass through the fires unscathed, the Kindling Forests are dangerous. Chaos warbands are not unknown here, many having learned how to exist, or even thrive, within the scorching woods. The Aspirians say that bands of strange Sylvaneth also make their homes amidst the burning trees and do not look upon travellers with favour. Worse, a huge clan of Gloomspite Gitz lurk here, far below the

forests, in caverns partially carved out from the ever re-growing roots of the pyrewood trees. Led by their 'Grand Smotherdouser' Claggit, they have sworn to wipe out all fire on Aqshy and have been known to appear in the strangest places (suggesting they must have access to one or more Realmgates) in order to attack anyone that dares use their 'hated foe'.

## THE ISLE OF EXILES

Nestled in the western archipelago of the Polychromatic Sea is an island the Aspirians refer to as the 'Isle of Exiles'. Aspirians seldom travel willingly to the island, not just because crossing the Polychromatic Sea is perilous, but because rumours of the inhabitants of the Isle of Exiles run rampant. It is not simply a place for those that do not fit within civilised society, but for those that have suffered a far worse fate.

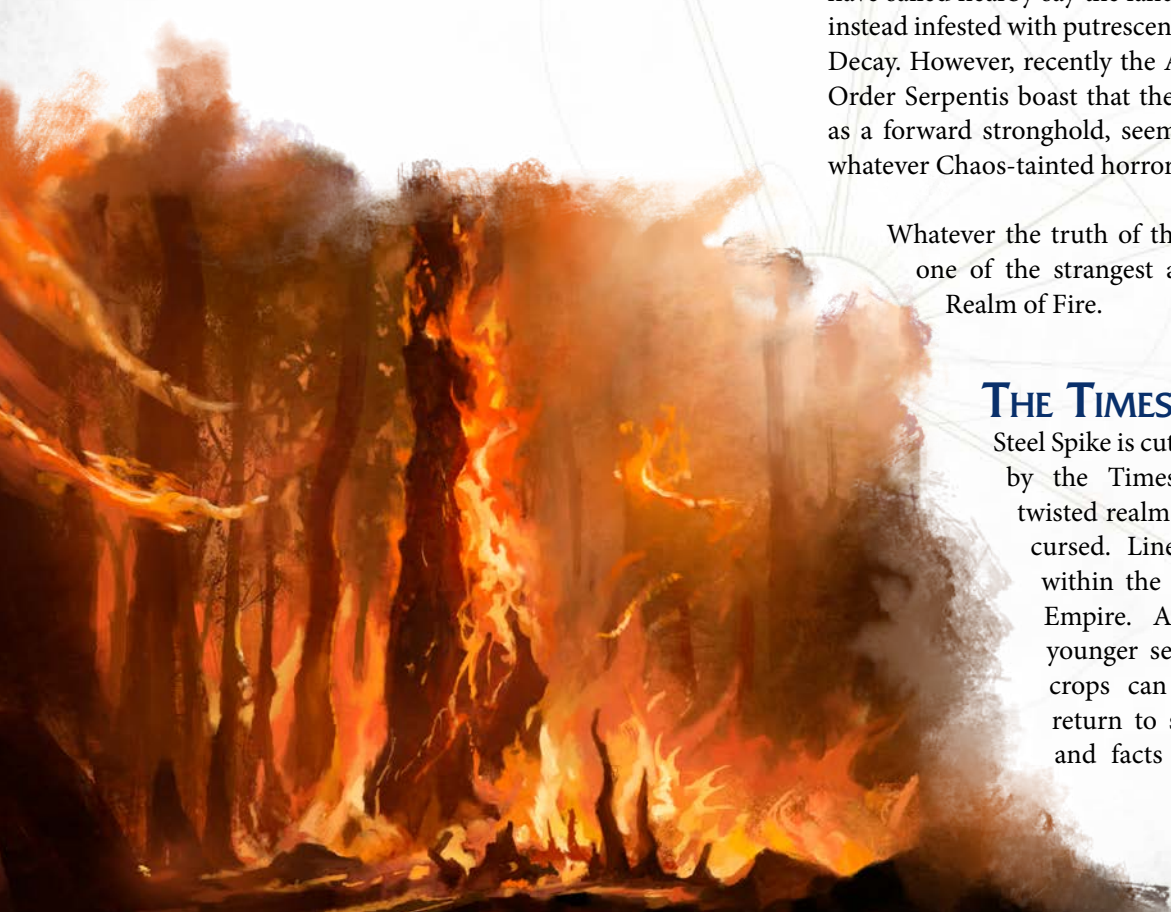
It is said that the island gained its name during the early part of the Age of Chaos, when the Aspirians, fearing what would happen to them, would travel by boat to exile those of their families that had been touched by Chaos. The beastmen and other corrupted creatures that inhabit the island are the descendants of those Aspirians, biding their time until they can escape and take their revenge on the people of Aspiria.

The Aspirians claim the Isle of Exiles is a Tzeentchian bastion in the Realm of Fire, filled with beastmen raging against the lands they once called home. Corsair ships who have sailed nearby say the land and the seas around it are instead infested with putrescent horrors of Nurgle, Lord of Decay. However, recently the Aelven black knights of the Order Serpentis boast that they have claimed the island as a forward stronghold, seemingly having pushed back whatever Chaos-tainted horrors lurk there.

Whatever the truth of the Isle of Exiles, it remains one of the strangest and deadliest parts of the Realm of Fire.

## THE TIMESTOLEN EMPIRE

Steel Spike is cut off from the rest of Aspiria by the Timestolen Empire, Tzeentch's twisted realm where time itself has been cursed. Linear causality doesn't exist within the bounds of the Timestolen Empire. A warrior can slay their younger self and cease to ever exist, crops can be planted, wither, and return to seeds in a matter of days, and facts can be remembered that







# 4

This chapter presents eight more adventures you can use in your campaign. These can be played as standalone adventures, or can be woven into the events of *Faltering Light*. Each adventure lists a creature statblock and offers suggestions for modifying creatures presented elsewhere in the *Brightspear City Guide* or *Faltering Light*. If you own the *Soulbound* rulebook, feel free to use any of the creatures listed there in any suitable adventure.

## RUMOURS, FEARS, AND THREATS

*Soulbound* uses a system of escalating Rumours, Fears, and Threats to reflect the growing unease of the world, and to help you manage the various threads and adventure hooks your group will encounter.

- ☼ **Rumour:** A simple rumour the heroes might overhear or see signs of in the city. These are the whispers of everyday people and most pass them off as nonsense.
- ☼ **Fear:** The rumour has persisted and grown, with some now claiming they have seen or been affected by it. It begins to cause fear and unease in the city and is something the heroes might want to look into.
- ☼ **Threat:** The worst fears come to life. There are visible effects in the city, such as raids against the walls, sickness, or people vanishing. This is the traditional 'adventure' part of an adventure.

When you are preparing to start a new campaign in Brightspear, you should choose six of the adventures to be Rumours, one adventure to be a Fear, and a single Threat which you will use to kick off your campaign. If you are starting your campaign with *Faltering Light*, instead choose two adventures to be Fears (the Threat is the impending assault by Tzeentch found in *Faltering Light!*). As you and the group play, the party should hear rumours and witness the fears of the people of the city. One of the players should mark these on the Party Sheet. This provides a constant reminder to the players that the world keeps moving around them. It also adds a constant sense of peril and a 'ticking clock', as there is no way the players can tackle everything at once.

When players are taking Endeavours between adventures (*Soulbound*, page 156) or have some downtime, secretly choose two Rumours and one Fear to escalate — a Rumour grows to a Fear, and a Fear becomes a Threat. When a Fear becomes a Threat, increase Doom by 1. In the following sessions the players should witness which Rumour has grown to a Fear, and see the effect this new Threat is having on the city. If the party is not making steps to stop a Threat after another round of Endeavours, you can choose to increase the Doom by 1 again. Alternatively, you can bring the Threat to them!

The *Cities of Flame* supplement, which comes with the *Soulbound Gamemaster's Screen*, contains 5 more adventures in Brightspear, and 20 further adventures in other Cities of Sigmar.



# A CITY DIVIDED

Not all monsters are monstrous. Human, Duardin, and Aelven passions run unchecked through the realms. The rich can be avaricious, the poor jealous, the holy judgemental, and the learned arrogant. Many of the greatest disasters and defeats to befall the Cities of Sigmar have been born from the failings of ordinary citizens, magnified and made worse by a world full of predators that prey on the weak.

Sigmar's people are rent by many divisions. In the aftermath of Sigmar's return, some residents of Aqshy viewed the Azyrites, who followed in the wake of the Stormhosts, as invaders. The Azyrites, in turn, refused to believe that anyone could have survived the Age of Chaos without turning to the worship of the Ruinous Powers. And, of course, there are those whose ancestors did fall to the Dark Gods — whole tribes are tainted forever by the suspicion that they have never truly returned to the light of Sigmar.

These tensions layer on top of each other in Brightspear, much like the city itself. The Aspirians survived the Age of Chaos behind magical wards, and accepted refugees from neighbouring Vitrolia, only to treat them as second-class citizens, driving many into lives of crime. Following the recapture of Brightspear, immigrants have flooded in from elsewhere. Families of 'pure' Azyrites, and tribes of 'Reclaimed' Aqshians mingle with Aspirians and Vitrolians who survived the city's long occupation by the followers of Tzeentch with their own prejudices very much intact.

Brightspear is also divided along lines of wealth and status. The wealthy look down from the Upper Tier on the less well off. The Lower Tier's citizens work in the shadow of the Upper, while the residents of the New City are, quite literally, on the fringes. On a good day, a Spearian might trust that everyone is loyal to the city and to Sigmar. On a bad day, they may doubt the loyalty of all but their closest fellows.

| REDCAP THUG                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |           |         |        |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|---------|--------|
| Medium Mortal (Human), Warrior                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |           |         |        |
| Average                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | Poor      | Average |        |
| Armour                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Toughness | Wounds  | Mettle |
| 0                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 5         | —       | —      |
| <b>Speed:</b> Normal<br><b>Initiative:</b> 4<br><b>Natural Awareness:</b> 2<br><b>Skills:</b> (+1d6), Guile (+1d6), Intimidation (+1d6), Reflexes (+1d6), Stealth (+1d6), Weapon Skill (+1d6)                                                                                                                                                                             |           |         |        |
| TRAITS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |           |         |        |
| <b>Back Stabbers:</b> If the Redcap Thug has an ally within Close Range of their target, the attack ignores Armour.<br><b>Leg it!</b> While within Brightspear, a Redcap Thug who uses the Flee Action can attempt to lose themselves in a crowd or vanish into a back alley. A pursuer must make a <b>DN 4:2 Mind (Awareness)</b> Test to keep track of the Redcap Thug. |           |         |        |
| ATTACK                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |           |         |        |
| <b>Club:</b> Melee Attack (Average), 3d6, 1 + S Damage. <i>Crushing, Subtle.</i><br><b>Stiletto:</b> Melee Attack (Average), 3d6, 1 + S Damage. <i>Piercing, Subtle.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                  |           |         |        |
| BODY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | MIND      | SOUL    |        |
| 2                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 2         | 1       |        |

| SURANSA MAELVEN                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |           |        |        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|--------|--------|
| Mortal (Human), Champion                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |           |        |        |
| Poor                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | Average   | Poor   |        |
| Armour                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Toughness | Wounds | Mettle |
| 0                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 6         | —      | 1      |
| <b>Speed:</b> Normal<br><b>Initiative:</b> 4<br><b>Natural Awareness:</b> 2<br><b>Skills:</b> Arcana (+2d6, +1), Awareness (+1d6), Channeling (+2d6, +2), Crafting (+1d6, +1), Guile (+2d6, +2), Medicine (1d6, +1)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |           |        |        |
| TRAITS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |           |        |        |
| <b>Spellcasting:</b> Suransa is a spellcaster. He knows the <i>Aetheric Armour</i> , <i>Arcane Bolt</i> , <i>Mystic Shield</i> , and <i>Night's Touch</i> spells. Additionally, Suransa can <i>unbind</i> spells per the Unbind Talent.<br><b>Night's Touch:</b> DN 5:2. Suransa draws on Shyishian energy, allowing him to slip partially into the realm of spirits. Suransa and any equipment he is holding or wearing becomes insubstantial for 1 minute, allowing him to pass through solid objects. Each additional success extends the duration by 1 minute. While in this form, he can speak but cannot interact with objects. Additionally, Suransa suffers only half Damage from non-magical attacks. |           |        |        |
| ATTACK                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |           |        |        |
| <b>Hidden Dagger:</b> Melee Attack (Poor), 1d6, + S Damage. <i>Piercing.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |           |        |        |
| BODY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | MIND      | SOUL   |        |
| 1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 3         | 2      |        |

# LOW DEEDS IN HIGH PLACES

## RUMOUR

Members of Reclaimed Aqshian tribes continue to worship the Ruinous Powers.

## FEAR

An Aspirian woman is found dead in Ashfoot — a neighbourhood populated by Reclaimed Aqshians. Accusations and recriminations threaten to spill into street fighting or worse.

## THREAT

The Aelven merchant Suransa Maelvan has learned how to create Graverest, a necromantic potion that gives the drinker a sleep so perfect that one night's rest is enough for a whole week. The potion is created by syphoning away a portion of the spirit of a dying mortal, leaving the rest as a confused, malevolent wraith. Suransa has hired the Vitrolian Redcap criminal gang (see page 28) and taught them the ritual that creates the potion, and provided a means to restrain the resulting ghosts. Unfortunately, something has gone wrong.

The Aspirian Telma Chandle was walking home from her job as a seamstress in the Bright Market when she was attacked by an escaped Chainrasp in the Emberwalk district. The panicked Redcaps stuffed her body in a barrel and left it a few streets away. Now Telma's husband Jacob is claiming she was sacrificed, and is leading a mob of Aspirians who demand the Reclaimed residents of Ashfoot leave Brightspear. Brok Hamerfal, the unofficial leader of the Reclaimed, insists that no-one will help the investigation until the threat of violence is lifted.

Investigating reveals that:

- ✱ Telma died of fright, the broken bones were sustained after her death.
- ✱ The barrel comes from **Flavian's Infirmary** (see page 25) which borders the Lower Tier and New City
- ✱ Telma's route home ran behind the hospital
- ✱ A Duardin and a Human were seen moving the barrel in the early evening.

The Duardin Brother Kellig runs the hospital. Kellig can show the party the backyard where the barrel would have been stored. Asking around reveals that many residents have passed away peacefully in the last week. An elderly Duardin patient called Kvel Grimmsson speaks in fear about the undertakers, who come at night and steal the souls of the dying. Brother Kellig finds the claim ridiculous. Kellig's assistant knows that the night porter, Stalag, hasn't been seen for a week. His work has been taken over by a friend, Boris Lowhawser, who matches the description of the man seen with the barrel.

Stalag's cupboard contains an empty golden bottle, and a dark bottle filled with dark liquid. Opening the black bottle releases a Swarm of a dozen **Chainrasps** (see *Faltering Light*, page 41 for more on Swarms).

Grimhawser's Redcap gang operate from **Cold Steel** blacksmiths in the New City (see page 37). They control much of the neighbourhood, and should the party appear to cause trouble, twenty or more **Redcap Thugs** turn up. If the party can convince them to talk, the Redcaps reveal that Suransa has paid them for the past week to harvest the breath of the dying in a gold bottle, they don't know why. The black bottle containing the spirits was to be dumped in the Nor'west Ward. The thugs also report that one night a spirit escaped and killed a woman.

**Suransa Maelvan** lives in a well-guarded, elaborate mansion in the Upper Tier. He is a purveyor of perfumes, potions, and medicines. He has sold Graverest to some of the wealthiest and most influential people in Brightspear. Suransa denies any knowledge of the Redcap operation, and insists he purchased Graverest from 'A *reliable Kharadron merchant who left town some weeks ago*'.

## RESOLUTION

Uncovering the truth defuses the immediate tensions in Brightspear, but the distrust lingers. Wiping out a cell of Redcaps does little to cut crime, but earns the gang's lasting enmity. Suransa is protected by layers of privilege; kill him and his family will demand justice, accuse him in court and he will be well protected. Defeating him will require great cunning.



# DISCIPLES OF TZEENTCH

Between the devastating Necroquake and the long war against the servants of Tzeentch, life in Brightspear has never been easy. Countless citizens lost their homes in a city that wasn't equipped to help them. For those citizens, **Sigmar's Hope** (see page 36) was a blessing. A shelter with seemingly endless beds and food for any in need, right in the heart of the New City — it quickly filled with people looking for a fresh start.

Sigmar's Hope opens its doors to any who accept the teachings of the Benefactress, a secret Magister of Tzeentch, and many are willing to say a few words in return for a hot meal and warm bed. In reality, the shelter is proselytizing the teachings of Tzeentch to those with no other recourse and initiating new Kairic Acolytes to work in secret throughout the city. While not everyone at Sigmar's Hope truly accepts the teachings of Tzeentch, those who refuse to accept the 'gifts' of the Benefactress are likely to find themselves without a bed, or worse, a life.

An aura of mistrust and uncertainty pervades as whispers of Tzeentch's influence grow. No one is sure who they can trust, leaving those most in need too afraid to ask for help. While the cultists prepare for Tzeentch's return, converting a Soulbound to Tzeentch's teachings would be a fun game along the way. All Magisters vie for Tzeentch's favour and surely corrupting a city with a cadre of Soulbound is worth a promotion.



| MAGISTER                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                             |                                                                                          |        |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| <i>Medium Mortal (Corrupted by Chaos), Champion</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                             |                                                                                          |        |
|  Average                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |  Average |  Good |        |
| Armour                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Toughness                                                                                   | Wounds                                                                                   | Mettle |
| 2                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 9                                                                                           | —                                                                                        | 1      |
| <b>Speed:</b> Normal<br><b>Initiative:</b> 8<br><b>Natural Awareness:</b> 3<br><b>Skills:</b> Awareness (+2d6, +1), Channelling (+2d6, +2), Dexterity (+1d6), Guile (+3d6, +1), Reflexes (+2d6), Weapon Skill (+1d6)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                             |                                                                                          |        |
| TRAITS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                             |                                                                                          |        |
| <b>Magic-touched:</b> The Magister is attuned to magical energy, but risks delving too deep into the source of its power. Once per turn when the Magister successfully casts a spell, it can immediately attempt to cast another spell as a Free Action. The Complexity of the second spell increases by 1. If the Magister fails to cast the second spell, it is transformed into a Tzeentch Chaos Spawn (use the <b>Pink Horror</b> stat-block, but remove the <i>Split</i> and <i>Spellcaster</i> Traits). |                                                                                             |                                                                                          |        |
| <b>Spellcaster:</b> The Magister knows the <i>Aetheric Armor</i> , <i>Arcane Bolt</i> , <i>Arcane Wave</i> , and <i>Bolt of Change</i> spells.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                             |                                                                                          |        |
| <b>Bolt of Change:</b> DN 5:2. The Magister hurls a coruscating bolt of energy at their foe. One target within Long Range suffers 1 Damage. This Damage increases by +1 per additional success. If this spell would Mortally Wound a target, they are instead transformed into a Tzeentch Chaos Spawn (see above) and become an NPC under the GM's control. If this happens to a player character, Doom increases by 1.                                                                                       |                                                                                             |                                                                                          |        |
| ATTACK                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                             |                                                                                          |        |
| <b>Warpsteel Sword:</b> Melee Attack (Average), 4d6, Damage 1 + S. <i>Slashing</i> . If this attack would Mortally Wound a target, they are instead transformed into a Tzeentch Chaos Spawn (see above) and become an NPC under the GM's control. If this happens to a player character, Doom increases by 1.                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                             |                                                                                          |        |
| <b>Runestaff:</b> Melee Attack (Average), 4d6, Damage 2 + S. <i>Crushing</i> , <i>Two-Handed</i> .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                             |                                                                                          |        |
| BODY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | MIND                                                                                        | SOUL                                                                                     |        |
| 3                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 4                                                                                           | 2                                                                                        |        |

# FALSE HOPE

## RUMOUR

Some displaced people are sleeping on the streets despite vacancy in the local shelter.

## FEAR

There are whispers that Sigmar's Hope, a New City shelter for those displaced by the Necroquake, is up to mysterious religious rituals.

## THREAT

The illusive benefactress of Sigmar's Hope is a **Magister** preying on those with little recourse and converting them to **Kairic Acolytes** (see *Faltering Light* page 45). Their goal is to destabilise the city so it is unable to defend itself when Tzeentch ultimately returns to claim it.

## LONELY FACES SCATTERED

Vendors at the Shadow Market whisper they've seen people entering Sigmar's Hope and returning 'different'. Conflicting narratives arise from the Vitrolian Redcaps and members of the Freeguild guards as to whether Spearians should avoid Sigmar's Hope entirely. A Freeguild captain might ask the party to investigate.

All of New City's displaced citizens know Sigmar's Hope is a safe place to sleep, if you can tolerate some prayers with your complimentary supper. Most are wary of speaking ill of the place, unsure if anyone questioning them is secretly a member of the strange cult. Converted Sigmar's Hope residents are eager to befriend the party, offering up a wealth of partial truths. Any citizen the party has been on good terms with may now have been converted.

It becomes clear that the shelter is worthy of investigation.

## HUNGRY MOUTHS TO FEED

The residents of Sigmar's Hope are divided between the Kairic Acolytes, who are enthusiastic and welcoming, and the as-yet unconverted citizens, who attempt to draw as little attention to themselves as possible and flee at the first sign of a fight.

Residents are seated on several couches in a large entrance room as well as along several long tables in an adjoining dining room. While most doors are open, two locked doors are marked as 'Administration' and one as 'Benefactress'. The unconverted are particularly anxious if asked about

those rooms and do not approach the doors willingly. The Kairic Acolytes, hiding their true nature and presenting as helpful residents, are eager to provide the party a full tour, emphasising that the Benefactress would love to meet them.

All rooms are connected through hidden tunnels in the walls. The Administration rooms look like standard offices to the naked eye, but those with the *Witch-Sight* Talent (see *Soulbound* page 92) can see the walls are actually covered with faintly pulsating symbols of Tzeentch.

The Benefactress, a **Magister**, is in her office. She is welcoming and generous to the party, extolling the good she is able to do in the community, and asks for their assistance to further aid the needy of Brightspear. As she speaks, two **Kairic Acolytes** per party member emerge from the tunnels, preaching the virtues of change over complacency — of Chaos over Order.

Promising power and an answer to life's greatest mysteries, the Benefactress attempts to initiate the party into the Cult of Tzeentch. Should they agree, they gain the Kairic Acolyte's *Gestalt Sorcery* Trait and can cast the *Arcane Bolt* spell. A party member that accepts is considered a Kairic Acolyte for the purposes of the *Gestalt Sorcery* Trait. Doom increases by 1 for each converted party member.

If the party refuses to accept Tzeentch's teachings, one **Pink Horror** (*Faltering Light*, page 44) per party member emerges from paintings on the walls and ceilings to attack. If the fighting progresses throughout Sigmar's Hope, half the residents reveal themselves as Kairic Acolytes.

If the party begins by attacking any residents or breaking open doors, the Benefactress emerges from her office immediately accompanied by one **Pink Horror** per party member, who attack the party and uninitiated residents indiscriminately. The Kairic Acolytes gladly join in the fray.

## RESOLUTION

If the party chose to align themselves with Tzeentch, Brightspear is deeply imperiled. The cult's influence spreads with little to stop them. The Benefactress turns her eye to the Conclave next.

If the party defeats the Daemons and exposes the organisation then Sigmar's Hope closes. The displaced people of the New City require housing and food, though their calls for help go unanswered.



# GLOOMSPITE GITZ

Deep underground in the dankest, slimiest, and darkest parts of the realms are the hidden kingdoms of the Gloomspite Gitz. Here dwell vast tribes of Grots, raising their Squigs, cultivating fungus, venerating giant spiders, and plotting acts of spiteful violence.

Grots are neither brave nor strong, and so most spend their lives as the servants, slaves, or pets of larger, more powerful Greenskins. But in their caves the Gloomspite Gitz live free of Orruk oppression, and protect themselves by forming alliances with bands of troll-like Troggoths and giant Gargants.

Grots might not be big, but they are imaginative, spiteful, violent, and vicious. They are green-skinned, yellow-eyed, ankle-snapping, back-stabbing, eye-gouging hoodlums, and when they appear, they appear in numbers.

The Gitz worship the Bad Moon, a monstrous celestial object that ploughs erratically through the skies, following a madcap course while trailing darkness and insanity in its wake. Often the Bad Moon heralds a strange eclipse in which loonstone rains from the skies and foul fungi

spread like a plague. When this happens wise members of other Species know to hunker down and take cover, for the appearance of the Bad Moon draws the Gitz out from their hiding places and inspires them to wild acts of violence.

The many tribes of Gitz owe a loose allegiance to the Loonking Skragrott. Skragrott maintains a hidden asylum, filled with seers who are able to predict the path of the Bad Moon. Guided by their prophecies, the Loonking instigates eruptions of Grot fury around the realms.

East of Brightspear stand the Bright Mountains, and concealed beneath them lurks a horde of Gloomspite Gitz, patiently waiting for the moment when the Bad Moon will appear to call them to action.

| GROT                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                           |                                                                                                                 |        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Small Mortal (Grot), Minion                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                           |                                                                                                                 |        |
|  Poor                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |  Poor |  Poor (Average with shield) |        |
| Armour                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Toughness                                                                                 | Wounds                                                                                                          | Mettle |
| 0                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 1                                                                                         | —                                                                                                               | —      |
| <b>Speed:</b> Normal<br><b>Initiative:</b> 2<br><b>Natural Awareness:</b> 1<br><b>Skills:</b> Awareness (+1d6), Ballistic Skill (+1d6), Stealth (+1d6), Weapon Skill (+1d6)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                           |                                                                                                                 |        |
| TRAITS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                           |                                                                                                                 |        |
| <b>Back Stabbin' Mob:</b> A Grot Swarm deals +1 damage.<br><br><b>Swarm:</b> If three or more Grots occupy the same Zone they become a Swarm. The Grot Swarm acts as one. Add +1d6 to attacks and +1 Toughness per Grot in the Swarm. The Swarm suffers double Damage from effects that target a zone.                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                           |                                                                                                                 |        |
| ATTACK                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                           |                                                                                                                 |        |
| <b>Stabba:</b> Melee Attack (Poor), 2d6, 1 + S Damage. <i>Piercing.</i><br><b>Pokin' Spear:</b> Melee attack (Poor), 2d6, 2 + S Damage. <i>Piercing, Two-handed.</i><br><b>Shoota:</b> Ranged Attack (Poor), 2d6, + S Damage, Long Range. <i>Piercing.</i><br><b>Barbed Net:</b> Ranged Attack (Poor), 2d6, + S Damage, Short Range. <i>Piercing.</i> A creature damaged by the net is <i>Restrained</i> until they or another creature uses an Action to free them. |                                                                                           |                                                                                                                 |        |
| BODY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | MIND                                                                                      | SOUL                                                                                                            |        |
| 1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 1                                                                                         | 1                                                                                                               |        |



# BAD MOON RISING

## RUMOUR

The seers of Brightspear's many magical colleges are troubled by visions of a vast, sneering face, looming over Brightspear.

## FEAR

As the Bad Moon rises over Brightspear, crowds of Spearians begin to dance wildly and there is fear that perhaps they are turning back to worshipping Chaos.

## THREAT

Skragrott's seers have foretold the moon's appearance over Brightspear, and the creation of new Lunar Seers among the city's inhabitants. Skragrott wants the seers for his asylum, and has sent word to the Gloomspite Gitz in the Bright Mountains to collect them.

The Bad Moon rises over Brightspear in a manic aspect, vast and grinning. As the population gaze up nervously a man dashes down the street yelling *'Join the dance, the pipes are calling!'* He is joined by a dozen wildly capering Spearians. Similar deranged revels break out around the city. The first time a party member looks directly at the moon, the moon looks back, and winks at them. The affected character must make a **DN 6:2 Soul (Determination)** Test or join the dancing until they are taken out of the moonlight.

At midnight a horde of Grots erupt out of hidden tunnels, basements, and hatches to the Undercity. They rampage through the streets intent on capturing the dancers, who they call 'Lunar Seers'.

The Grots strike at three different locations in the city: the party's current location, the Shadow Market, and the Cauldron. Each location is attacked by four Swarms of eight Grots with nets. Meanwhile, Grot archers spread terror through the city. To move to the location of the next attack, the party must make a **DN 4:4 Body (Fortitude or Reflexes)** Test. Each missing success delays their arrival by a round, and each party member suffers 3 Damage from archers and panicking crowds.

Unless they are wiped out, the Grots attack each location for four rounds before fleeing into the night with kidnapped Lunar Seers. The city looks to the party to rescue them.

## Flood!

The Grots' retreat is well prepared, allowing them to stay ahead of the party for a time. Daylight finds the pursuit entering the foothills of the Bright Mountains. Here the Grots have blocked the Clearwater River, a strangely crystalline waterway that flows from the Bright Mountains, and are preparing to break the dam, covering their retreat with a massive flood.

Characters with a Natural Awareness of 2 or higher notice the dry river bed, which provides some warning. A **DN 6:2 Body (Fortitude)** Test is required to avoid being swept away in the flood and suffering 5 Damage. The Test is **DN 5:2** if the party spotted the threat. If anyone is swept away, the party are delayed (see **Rescue!**, below).

To continue their pursuit the Soulbound must cross a 60-foot expanse of deep, fast flowing water.

## Ambush!

The Grots set an ambush in a thick forest. It consists of two Swarms of ten Grots armed with shootas, and six Swarms of seven Grots with stabbas.

## Rescue!

The party catch up with the Grots as they are approaching their tunnels via a mountain pass. If the grots make it to the tunnels, they collapse the entrance behind them, forcing the party to come up with an alternate way past the debris. The party start two Zones behind the Grots, who are five Zones away from the tunnels. If either the flood or the ambush significantly delayed the party, the Grots are three Zones from the tunnels.

For each location the party failed to defend in Brightspear, there is a Swarm of ten Grots with stabbas and nets escorting prisoners. These Swarms move one Zone per turn. There are also five Swarms of six Grots with pokin' spears, and five Swarms of five Grots with shootas that try to delay the party.

## RESOLUTION

If the party is successful in rescuing the captive Spearians, they return as heroes. If they failed, any remaining Lunar Seers receive a vision of the kidnapped Spearians being transformed into living fungus and entombed in Skragrott's asylum for all time.



# MAW-KRUSHA

Travel to and from Brightspear is treacherous at best. The Great Parch is full of hazards and threats, from the unrelenting heat and the various creatures that make the land their home, to the constant threat of attacks from Tzeentch's cultists, Grot raids, and the restless dead. Travelling over land between cities is almost assuredly a death sentence for all but the most robust of warriors; skyship travel to Brightspear is only moderately safer, as the frequent storms raging above the city present a unique challenge to the Kharadron captains.

Recently, a Maw-Krusha — a massive, brutish wyvern — has made its home in the volcanic Bright Mountains between Lumnos and Brightspear. Aggressive and violent, the Maw-Krusha's only desires are to hunt, eat, and destroy. It decimated the local Grot clans and razed what few farms managed to survive in the harsh lands, devouring the livestock and tearing any structures to bits just to enjoy the feeling of wood and stone crushed between its massive jaws. Even the other beasts that inhabit the Bright Mountains are a target for the Maw-Krusha — with its mastery of flight, razor-sharp talons, and a roar that pulverises the organs of lesser creatures, it makes short work of all but the most monstrous of beasts. It's only a matter of time until a skyship — or even the city itself — draws its attention.



| MAW-KRUSHA                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |           |        |        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|--------|--------|
| Enormous Beast, Champion                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |           |        |        |
| Great                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | Poor      | Great  |        |
| Armour                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Toughness | Wounds | Mettle |
| 3                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 20        | —      | 1      |
| <b>Speed:</b> Fly (Normal). The Maw-Krusha has a Slow Speed on foot.<br><b>Initiative:</b> 1<br><b>Natural Awareness:</b> 1<br><b>Skills:</b> Awareness (+1d6), Might (+2d6), Weapon Skill (+1d6)                                                                                                                                         |           |        |        |
| TRAITS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |           |        |        |
| <b>Innard-bursting Bellow:</b> The Maw-Krusha lets out a cacophonous roar that pulverises all around it. As an Action, the Maw-Krusha can let out a roar. Creatures in the Maw-Krusha's Zone and any adjacent Zones must make a <b>DN 4:3 Body (Fortitude)</b> Test. On a failure, the target takes 4 Damage. This Damage ignores Armour. |           |        |        |
| <b>Nigh Unkillable:</b> The Maw-Krusha is impossibly resilient. Its Toughness is equal to (Body + Mind + Soul) × 2. This is included above.                                                                                                                                                                                               |           |        |        |
| ATTACK                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |           |        |        |
| <b>Mighty Fists:</b> Melee Attack (Great), 8d6, 1 + S Damage. <i>Crushing.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |           |        |        |
| <b>Lashing Tail:</b> Melee Attack (Great), 8d6, + S Damage. <i>Crushing.</i> A creature damaged by this attack must make a <b>DN 4:4 Body (Might)</b> Test or be knocked Prone.                                                                                                                                                           |           |        |        |
| BODY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | MIND      | SOUL   |        |
| 7                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 1         | 2      |        |

# FLY THE UNFRIENDLY SKIES

## RUMOUR

Kharadon skyships have reported hearing rumbling, thunderous noises and seeing a massive shape near the Bright Mountains.

## FEAR

Several skyships due with supplies never arrived in Brightspear. Growing fear over the lost ships has caused contract disputes between crews and captains, causing further delays. If the skyships are grounded for much longer, it could be disastrous for the city.

## THREAT

A Maw-Krusha has made its home outside of Brightspear, and is attacking the skyships as they pass its lair in the Bright Mountains. After another ship goes missing, Brokka Brokkisdotr, captain of *The Grund*, puts out a call for adventurers to track down and eliminate the unknown threat. If your party has played either the free adventure *Crash & Burn* or the adventure *Steelbirds* from *Cities of Flame*, Brokka approaches the party personally to request their help.

## IN THE AIR

The party boards *The Grund* to find both captain and crew itching for a fight. *The Grund* is equipped with a heavy sky cannon on the prow (4 + S Damage, *Aetheric, Loud, Two-handed, Range (Long)*), four small cannons on the lower bow (2 + S Damage, *Aetheric, Loud, Two-Handed, Range (Medium)*) operated from below deck, and two racks of grudgesettler bombs (*Aetheric, Blast (5), Loud, Rang (Long)*).

Once airborne, the ship travels east towards Lumnos. On the third day, the crew spots the Maw-Krusha; even with warning, the creature closes in on *The Grund* with surprising speed, reaching the ship in two rounds. It blasts the crew with its *Innard-bursting Bellow* and delivers raking blows with its claws and tail as it attempts to bring down the ship.

The combat in the sky ends one of two ways:

- ✧ If the Maw-Krusha's Toughness is reduced to 10 or less, it flees back to its lair, quickly moving out of range of *The Grund*'s cannons.

- ✧ *The Grund* has two massive aether-endrins that keep it aloft. Each endrin has Armour 3 and Toughness 5. Once an endrin's Toughness is reduced to 0, it is destroyed. If one endrin is destroyed, the captain can bring the ship down for a rough — but safe — landing. If both endrins are destroyed, the ship plummets.

## ON THE GROUND

If the Maw-Krusha flees, the party can pursue it easily. Below *The Grund* is a field of destroyed skyships, and the wreckage leads to the Maw-Krusha's lair in a recess on a cliff face nearby.

If *The Grund* crashes, whether under Brokka's control or not, it comes down in the debris field. The Zones within the debris field are *Difficult Terrain*, as party members must scramble over or around the wreckage, but also provide *Partial Cover* (see *Faltering Light* backcover for more information on terrain and cover).

If both of *The Grund*'s aether-endrins were destroyed, any party members aboard the ship when it crashes must make a **DN 6:1 Body (Reflexes)** Test or take a Minor Wound, regardless of their Armour and current Toughness. The Maw-Krusha circles the downed ship, then attacks immediately after the ship hits the ground. Again, if its Toughness is reduced to 10 or less, it flees. With *The Grund* damaged the party cannot pursue, and the Maw-Krusha may return to attack Brightspear in the future.

## AFTER THE FIGHT

The scattered wreckage provides the crew with enough salvage to repair *The Grund*, if necessary. This takes several days — longer if both endrins were destroyed — and the party must keep the crew safe from any other threats during this time... not an easy task in the burning wilds of The Great Parch.

## RESOLUTION

If the party is successful in killing the Maw-Krusha, skyship travel resumes after a few weeks. If the Maw-Krusha survives, the skyships cease flying, and the inhabitants of Brightspear suffer shortages of food, medicine, and other essentials. The Maw-Krusha continues to be a threat, and eventually attacks the city.



# LEGIONS OF NAGASH

The Necroquake wrecked incalculable destruction when it tore through the Mortal Realms. This is as true in Brightspear as any other City of Sigmar — perhaps more so, given the city's age and the millennia of dead laid to rest there. The New City suffered worst of all, and many of its residents sought refuge in the relative safety of the Upper Tier of the Old City.

Most of them were evicted soon afterwards but some still occupy dilapidated manor houses, living in fear of the restless spirits. The desperate folk eking out a living amongst the dead dare not call on the city authorities for help: they're more likely to be punished or driven out than to receive aid.

The dead are fuelled by jealousy of the living and the desire to snuff out every spark of life nearby. They thrive on sorrow and pain and their presence suffuses the minds of living creatures with fear and misery.

One such wraith — a **Chainrasp Dreadwarden** (see *Faltering Light* page 47) — preyed upon a gang of living criminals. Not only did the creature take their lives, preying on them one by one, it chained their souls, turning them into a vortex of misery. This new creation poisons the whole district, leading to suicides and murders whose victims rise as more Chainrasps. If not addressed, this storm of the dead could corrupt an entire district of the Upper Tier.

| CHAINRASP HORDE                                                                                                                                                                                                              |           |           |        |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-----------|--------|
| Enormous Undead (Legions of Nagash), Swarm (20 creatures)                                                                                                                                                                    |           |           |        |
| ☠ Good                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | ☠ Poor    | ☠ Average |        |
| Armour                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Toughness | Wounds    | Mettle |
| 0                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 20        | —         | —      |
| <b>Speed:</b> Normal (Fly)<br><b>Initiative:</b> 1<br><b>Natural Awareness:</b> 1<br><b>Skills:</b> Weapon Skill (+1d6)                                                                                                      |           |           |        |
| TRAITS                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |           |           |        |
| <b>Chill of the Grave:</b> When Chainrasps gather together, the chill of the grave can be felt by all around them. The Chainrasp Horde's Zone gains a <i>Minor Hazard</i> Trait. The Damage from this Hazard ignores Armour. |           |           |        |
| <b>Ethereal:</b> A Chainrasp's body has long rotted away, making it harder to hit with mundane weapons. The Chainrasp Horde takes half Damage from non-magical attacks and can pass through solid objects.                   |           |           |        |
| <b>Lifeless:</b> The Chainrasp Horde is immune to being <i>Charmed</i> and <i>Frightened</i> .                                                                                                                               |           |           |        |
| ATTACK                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |           |           |        |
| <b>Engulf:</b> Melee Attack (Good), (5 + Toughness)d6, 1 + S Damage. <i>Slashing</i> .                                                                                                                                       |           |           |        |
| BODY                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | MIND      | SOUL      |        |
| 4                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 1         | 1         |        |



# LAST GASP

## RUMOUR

The Blackbirds, a gang who moved stolen goods from the Upper Tier to the New City, have vanished and the Shadow Market is running low on illicit luxuries.

## FEAR

Misery and dread pervades **Ottram's Court** (see page 19) in the Upper Tier. Residents fall prey to apathy and depression. Meanwhile, in the Shadow Market, the Vitrolian Redcaps are keen to punish whoever took out their suppliers, the Blackbirds.

## THREAT

A Chainrasp Dreadwarden preyed on the Blackbirds. As they died, the creature chained their souls, creating a **Chainrasp Horde** that has grown in power to infect the streets nearby with a creeping, soul-crushing fear. It desires to add more souls to the horde, blighting Brightspear in the process. The Freeguilds want to know why the Redcaps have been seen in the Upper Tier, the Redcaps want assistance finding their suppliers, and the residents of the Upper Tier just desperately want help.

## CREEPING DREAD

Folk at the Shadow Market, including the Vitrolian Redcaps (see page 28) say the Blackbirds seemed tired and spooked.

The Redcaps know the Blackbirds' hideout is the red-roofed manor house in Ottram's Court. The party can persuade or threaten the gang into sharing this information, but threatening the Redcaps means parts of the city become more dangerous for the characters.

Exploring Ottram's Court is miserable. Walking through the decrepit, once-affluent area makes a person feel hopeless and weary. Those who live there have no joy, no energy, no interest in the world. The blight on the district took root gradually so the residents blame their individual problems (lost jobs, sick relatives, the end of love affairs). However, they are all aware of numerous recent deaths through carelessness, misadventure, or suicide.

Residents know of some 'New City squatters' but no details. Children claim the old manor house with the red roof is haunted.

## THE BLACKBIRDS' GRAVE

The Blackbirds' manor is in poor shape. Much of the roof has collapsed, as have some floors. The windows and doors are boarded up, but one board can be moved aside. The house is bitterly cold and dark (light sources that aren't magical or alchemical seem less effective as usual). The house contains little of value except for a crate of brandy in a cupboard. There are four clues that the party might find:

**The first clue** is a sloppily marked circle of salt on the floor, with inaccurately drawn occult symbols around it. A **DN 3:1 Mind (Arcana or Theology)** Test reveals that this is an attempted exorcism ritual, but that it missed crucial elements and would not have worked.

**The second clue** is a note that reads *'There is no future, only the grave.'*

**The third note** is the final entry in a ledger of goods received and sold. *'I saw the spirit last night. Tattered robes and clanking chains. It's coming for us all. Ida wants to call the Freeguilds but why? They'll kick us out, or arrest us. Naya's got a ritual to try. Any port in a storm...'*

**The fourth note** is splashed in white paint across a wall. *'Hope is lost. The dead are relentless.'*

## FACE THE FEAR

The temperature drops sharply as the characters approach the manor house's decaying ballroom, and all mundane lights are extinguished, making the area *Heavily Obscured*. Characters who can't see in the dark trip over the Blackbirds' corpses. A spectral entity lit by sickly green flames hovers in the centre of the room, facial features sagging in an eternal scream. Around it, in a screaming chain-gang, the spirits of the Blackbirds weep and beckon the party to join them. This is the **Chainrasp Dreadwarden** and **Chainrasp Horde**. Both fight until they are driven to their final death, hoping to bring the party with them.

## RESOLUTION

If the characters destroy the Chainrasps, life in Ottram's Court returns to normal. Efforts are redoubled to clear refugees out of the old city and reclaim dilapidated areas. If the characters fail, a 'dead zone' develops in the Upper Tier. Those who die nearby join the horde, causing Brightspear to fear an attack from within by the forces of Nagash.



# SKAVEN

The labyrinthian ruins of the Undercity are home to many dark and insidious threats. One such threat is the Skaven. The cunning and cowardly ratmen skulk in the forgotten places beneath the city, scheming to fulfil their dark plans.

The Skaven are creatures of Chaos. They embody their origins well, for the Skaven detest one another as much as they hate everything else in the Mortal Realms. Blighted beings, the average Skaven stands just shy of the height of the average Human, with repulsive rodent features. Their fur is matted and patchy, their teeth sharp and discoloured, and their tails long and thin.

While the Skaven appear to be merely large vermin, they are more intelligent than many would expect, capable of surprising feats of science and engineering. They use the magical energies of warpstone — pure Chaos magic given solid form — to craft wargear that is as likely to explode in spectacular fashion as it is to kill their enemies. They create monstrosities such as Rat Ogors — twisted masses of muscle and flesh that tower over their smaller kin. The Rat Ogors are expendable soldiers, sent headlong into battle until they are destroyed.

The Skaven are pack creatures; a lone rat is craven and selfish but their willingness for violence increases with their numbers — and they are almost endless. Skaven infest every dark corner of the Mortal Realms, with a limitless ability to multiply.

The Great Horned Rat, the malignant god of the Skaven, drives its brood to nothing less than absolute domination. The day will come, they believe, that the Skaven will destroy the very foundations of the other deities, and feast upon the death and destruction.

Brightspear promises a means to that end. The Undercity is the perfect staging grounds for their plots and schemes, providing them with a warren of tunnels filled with horrors and marvels, and a whole city full of test subjects for their experiments and virulent plagues.

| RAT OGOR                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                          |                                                                                          |        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Large Mortal (Skaven), Champion                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                          |                                                                                          |        |
|  Great                                                                                                                                                                                    |  Poor |  Good |        |
| Armour                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | Toughness                                                                                | Wounds                                                                                   | Mettle |
| 2                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 16                                                                                       | —                                                                                        | 1      |
| <b>Speed:</b> Normal<br><b>Initiative:</b> 2<br><b>Natural Awareness:</b> 2<br><b>Skills:</b> Athletics (+1d6), Awareness (+1d6), Ballistic Skill (+1d6), Fortitude (+2d6), Might (+2d6), Weapon Skill (+2d6)                                                              |                                                                                          |                                                                                          |        |
| TRAITS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                          |                                                                                          |        |
| <b>Nigh Unkillable:</b> The Rat Ogor is impossibly resilient. Its Toughness is equal to (Body + Mind + Soul) × 2. This is included above.                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                          |                                                                                          |        |
| <b>Rabid Fury:</b> The Rat Ogor flies into a frenzied rage when it smells blood. If the Rat Ogor is in the same Zone as any creature who has suffered a Wound, the Rat Ogor's Melee increases one step.                                                                    |                                                                                          |                                                                                          |        |
| ATTACK                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                          |                                                                                          |        |
| <b>Bladed Fist:</b> Melee Attack (Great), 8d6, 1 + S Damage. <i>Piercing, Slashing.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                          |                                                                                          |        |
| <b>Teeth or Claws:</b> Melee Attack (Great), 8d6, + S Damage. <i>Piercing or Slashing.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                          |                                                                                          |        |
| <b>Warpfire Gun:</b> Ranged Attack (Poor), 7d6, 1 + S Damage. A creature damaged by the Warpfire Gun must succeed a <b>DN 6:1 Body (Fortitude)</b> Test or become <i>Poisoned</i> . This Condition lasts until the target finishes a Rest or is cured by some other means. |                                                                                          |                                                                                          |        |
| BODY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | MIND                                                                                     | SOUL                                                                                     |        |
| 6                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 1                                                                                        | 1                                                                                        |        |



# THICKER THAN BLOOD

## RUMOUR

Spearians say that the Hanging Gardens are not producing as much food as they should, and there are whispers that the most recent growths are failing.

## FEAR

The plants in one large section of the gardens are rotting even as they grow, and anyone who eats them is stricken with a horrible sickness. Recently, even the water supply seems weak.

## THREAT

The Skaven have poisoned the water in a sinister plot to infect the city's food supply with a blight. Things have gone awry, however — a Rat Ogor has damaged the pipes.

## INVESTIGATING THE GARDENS

The party are asked for help by Druidmaster Torquil, the wizard of the Jade College who oversees the Hanging Gardens. The water supplying a section of the gardens has slowed and even stopped in places. Others have been sent to investigate — none have returned.

The party walks along shaded paths between the layered rows of crops. Some of the plants grow above them, hanging down in veils of green. It is a blissful oasis, the rare sound of falling water coming from the Agloraxian pumps. When they reach the affected area, the party see that the waterfall is choked to barely a trickle. The plants are shrivelled, some of them blighted by black spots and rotten leaves.

The party can speak to Torquil, who tells them that the crops started to fail several days ago. People eating the food grown in that part of the gardens have fallen sick with an illness that resists all common treatment. If the party look for the rumoured Branchwych (see page 17), they find her in the highest layers of the garden; she says that the water itself is blighted. Whomever the party speak with, they are told that the irrigation system is found in the Undercity.

## FINDING THE PUMPS

The Undercity is a sprawling maze, and the party will need to search to find the area that controls the irrigation system. Use the rules on page 21 of *Faltering Light* to navigate the Undercity. The party must successfully reach

the city's irrigation system before it's too late. Use the rules for the Undercity on page 38, with the irrigation system being the party's goal.

The party reach a stone cavern where huge pipes disappear down into fathomless pits. Gargantuan pumps work tirelessly, filling the echoing chamber with rhythmic sound. Smaller pipes thread through a lattice framework above, transporting the precious water.

*Beneath you is a sea of stars, twinkling in the darkness. It is only as they begin to move that you realise what you are seeing. What you took to be twinkling is... blinking. Your lights reflect from dozens of pairs of eyes. Eyes that are moving, rising, climbing towards you. With them comes the scraping of a multitude of claws on stone, and the chittering of razor-sharp teeth as the swarm of rats crashes upon you like a tide.*

The rat Swarm (see *Faltering Light* page 41) conceals a dozen Skaven Clanrats among the normal vermin. Use **Grots** (page 52) to represent the Clanrats, but without the Barbed Net attack.

## BATTLE WITH THE RAT OGOR

The party battle through the horde and down into the canyon. The pipes here — ancient Agloraxian works as wide as a pair of Humans — have been torn apart and lie in ruins. Skaven scatter as the party enter, carrying jars of putrid green poison. The party hears the movement of a hulking monster as a **Rat Ogor** comes crashing towards them! The Rat Ogor is accompanied by a Swarm of five Clanrats per party member. The Skaven fight to the death, believing their number will allow them to overcome any threat.

The room is lit only by faint light and the broken pipes have flooded large sections of it. Each Zone is *Lightly Obscured* and counts as *Difficult Terrain*.

## RESOLUTION

The Skaven are defeated. However, the Rat Ogor isn't nearly clever enough to have concocted this plot. There is undoubtedly a leader that fled before the party could find them. The tainted food and soil has to be thrown out so although they have saved the greater water supply, there will be a lean harvest from those gardens.



# SCIONS OF THE FLAME

Nefarious cultists to the Ruinous Powers, the Scions of the Flame have been forged by the pernicious flames of barren wildernesses. Only the strong survive their bleak rites and only the mighty deserve to bring about ruination and apocalypse. The Scions serve in the heinous hosts that will ignite the Mortal Realms in fires unending. All of life is a trial to reach such cataclysmic bliss, and the Scions of the Flame look upon the lesser cults of Chaos as mewling upstart pretenders, barely capable of a Scion's most trivial feats. They see themselves the apex of atavists, master marauders whom others must serve or be consumed in holy flame.

On Aqshy, the Scions of the Flame hunt and butcher the mighty Magmadroth, powerful volcanic drakes held sacred as mounts by the Fyreslayer lodges. They consume their blazing hearts in horrifying rituals to the Ever-Raging Flame, their hateful deity. Those unworthy of glory are incinerated from within, while others become avatars of fearsome conflagration, ever hopeful that the dread flames will consume the world in the ecstasy of fire.

To deny this cult their sacrifice is to invite their wrath. To do anything less would be to suffer grave dishonour in the eyes of the Ruinous Powers and their fellow marauders; a vulnerability that will see them butchered by their own before other cults might seize upon their weakness. Stoic and hateful, the Scions scheme against trespassers, striking only when the moment is ripe for the utmost devastation. With hateful knives and baleful fires they seek to bring low their victims, torch all they hold dear, and force them to submit to the dreadful influence of the Ever-Raging Flame and the fettering Chaos from which it spawns.

| TROPHY HUNTER                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                          |                                                                                             |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| <i>Medium Mortal (Corrupted by Chaos), Chosen</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                          |                                                                                             |        |
|  Great                                                                                                                                                                                                          |  Poor |  Average |        |
| Armour                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | Toughness                                                                                | Wounds                                                                                      | Mettle |
| 2                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 7                                                                                        | 4                                                                                           | 1      |
| <b>Speed:</b> Normal<br><b>Initiative:</b> 2<br><b>Natural Awareness:</b> 1<br><b>Skills:</b> Athletics (+2d6), Intimidation (+1d6), Might (+1d6), Stealth (+1d6), Weapon Skill (+3d6, +1)                                                                                                       |                                                                                          |                                                                                             |        |
| TRAITS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                          |                                                                                             |        |
| <b>Baptised in Fire:</b> The Scions of the Flame are immune to Damage from intense heat and flames, including magical flames.                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                          |                                                                                             |        |
| <b>Ritual Heartcarver:</b> Those who perform the hunting rituals of the Scions of the Flame wield mangled fist weapons of vicious razored irons. If an attack by a Trophy Hunter's Heartcarver would cause a creature to be Mortally Wounded, they are instead decardiated and killed instantly. |                                                                                          |                                                                                             |        |
| ATTACK                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                          |                                                                                             |        |
| <b>Heartcarver:</b> Melee Attack (Great), 7d6, 2 + S Damage. <i>Penetrating, Piercing.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                          |                                                                                             |        |
| BODY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | MIND                                                                                     | SOUL                                                                                        |        |
| 4                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 2                                                                                        | 1                                                                                           |        |



# THE TROPHY HUNTER

## RUMOUR

Seers within the Collegiate Arcanum have scryed terrible magics from outside Brightspear. The charred corpses of Freeguild soldiers have been found in Brightspear and their hearts removed in a ritualistic fashion.

## FEAR

The deaths of these Freeguild soldiers has cast a bleak tone over the city. The people fear an unknown culprit; some suggest rogue wizards, others cultists, some suggest it is a ritual of some dread spirit.

## THREAT

The Scions of the Flame have infiltrated Brightspear in search of Lionel Torchbearer, leader of the Freeguild regiment known as the Crimson Shields, seeking to rip out his heart and offer it to the Ever-Raging Flame. Lionel earned their enmity in his recent heroics on the field by slaying a prized beast that was to be fed to the flames. Many Crimson Shields remain alive in their clutches, but more are subjected to ritual fires with each passing hour.

Despite his protests, Lionel is being honoured with a party to celebrate his victory when the Scions strike. They use their hostages to demand Lionel duel their master, the Trophy Hunter.

## THE PARTY

The party in the Upper Tier is a precarious affair, held in the towered villa of a lesser noble house. Gaudy decorations seek to stoke the embers of valour and resolve, but they do little to deal with the unsettling dread of recent events. The soldiers of the Crimson Shields are on edge, and even the most willful who patrol the party's perimeter have begun to feel uneasy.

The event is a lavish affair, with all the extravagance of food and drink that could be mustered on such somber occasions. Nobles and dignitaries from throughout Brightspear, some of whom the party may have met before, are present. Lionel Torchbearer is the centre of attention, and quite uncomfortable. He takes any lull in conversation to remind party-goers that his soldiers are dying while they revel. He drinks whenever someone comments on his 'hunting prowess', and is drunk within minutes.

## THE MAIN EVENT

Eventually, a lesser noble raises a glass in celebration, toasting to Brightspear and the might of its people. They cheer, and a toast is then raised to Lionel Torchbearer, for his service in slaying a dread Magmadroth and saving many a wayward recruit from a foul demise.

Lionel lifts his glass, empty of its contents, and before he can begin to speak a scream of agony rings out from afar. The guests clamour towards the windows and balconies of the villa to view a dreadful sight. From the gates outside the fortress, the Scions of the Flame have gathered. They have lined a number of captured Freeguild soldiers before the walls, forcing them to their knees. An ash-slathered Scion wearing the scaled husk of a salamander shouts forth his demands. This **Trophy Hunter** claims for all to hear that Torchbearer is a craven soul, celebrating while his subordinates are put to the flame. He brandishes a hideous knife and carves open a captive, holding aloft the beating heart before crushing it in a cruel fist. The Trophy Hunter declares a simple, grim challenge for all to hear: *'Face me or they die.'*

Lionel, drunken and ashamed to be celebrating while his soldiers are in danger, grabs for his weapon. He charges out, stumbling, to face the Trophy Hunter. He will surely die in his inebriated state.

## RESOLUTION

If the party allows Lionel to face the Trophy Hunter, he is doomed to die. The Trophy Hunter brutalises Lionel before his soldiers and the guests, ripping out his heart in a visceral display before burning the body to ash. The Scions slay the remaining soldiers and leave a devastated Brightspear. Doom increased by 1.

If the party stops Lionel from facing the Trophy Hunter, one of them must take his place. If the party member wins, they can decide the fate of the Trophy Hunter and the rest of the Scions. If the party member is slain, Doom increases by 2 as one of Brightspear's most powerful heroes falls.

Lionel will owe a great favour to a party member who defeats the Trophy Hunter, a debt he will seek to repay even at great mortal peril. Should the party member fall against the Trophy Hunter, Lionel will be deeply ashamed for the remainder of his career.



# SLAVES TO DARKNESS

Like all the Cities of Sigmar, Brightspear is a fortress. It's a bastion of civilisation, a beacon in the Chaos-filled wastes beyond its walls. Some of its enemies are warped and monstrous; some are merely Human. Entire civilisations dedicate themselves to the powers of Chaos, praising and sacrificing to them in exchange for power. Fierce warriors scarred with Chaos runes and armed with vicious weapons prey on any servants of Order foolish or desperate enough to leave their cities. Sometimes, even thick walls aren't enough to keep them back.

The wastelands around Brightspear are home to many warbands serving the Dark Gods. To them, the worshippers of the God-King Sigmar are blasphemers and heretics, slaves to a false god. The most powerful warriors gain the gods' glory and favour for every life they take. With favour comes power, and changes. The most fearsome of these slaves to darkness become something more than Human, with the Darkoath tribes foremost among them. More focused and more determined than most warleaders, the Darkoath are famous for their unity, leadership, and their single-minded devotion to destroying civilisation.

Keeping the marauders in check is essential. If the forces of Brightspear allow any warband to become too bold, the whole city suffers: lines of supply and communication are disrupted and the citizens lose faith in the authorities who protect them. And yet, if Brightspear strikes too hard and overreaches, the city invites retribution from the Marauders.



| DARKOATH MARAUDER                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |           |           |        |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-----------|--------|
| <i>Medium Mortal (Corrupted by Chaos), Warrior</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |           |           |        |
| ⚔ Average                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | ☠ Poor    | 🛡 Average |        |
| Armour                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Toughness | Wounds    | Mettle |
| 1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 6         | —         | —      |
| <b>Speed:</b> Normal<br><b>Initiative:</b> 1<br><b>Natural Awareness:</b> 1<br><b>Skills:</b> Athletics (+1d6), Intimidation (+1d6), Survival (+1d6), Weapon Skill (+1d6, +1)                                                                                                                                                               |           |           |        |
| TRAITS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |           |           |        |
| <b>Adamant:</b> Darkoath Marauders in the same Zone as a Corrupted by Chaos Champion (including Baldana Voice-of-the-Storm) or Chosen cannot be <i>Frightened</i> .<br><b>To The Last Breath:</b> If there are no other Darkoath Marauders in their Zone, the Marauder's Melee increases one step and they deal +1 Damage on melee attacks. |           |           |        |
| ATTACK                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |           |           |        |
| <b>Axe:</b> Melee Attack (Average), 4d6, 1 + S Damage. <i>Slashing</i> .<br><b>Javelin:</b> Ranged Attack (Poor), 3d6, 1 + S Damage, Short Range. <i>Piercing</i> .                                                                                                                                                                         |           |           |        |
| BODY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | MIND      | SOUL      |        |
| 3                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 1         | 2         |        |

| BALDANA VOICE-OF-THE-STORM                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |           |                            |        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------|--------|
| <i>Medium Mortal (Corrupted by Chaos), Chosen</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |           |                            |        |
| ⚔ Good                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | ☠ Poor    | 🛡 Good (Great with shield) |        |
| Armour                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Toughness | Wounds                     | Mettle |
| 2                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 8         | 4                          | 1      |
| <b>Speed:</b> Normal<br><b>Initiative:</b> 4<br><b>Natural Awareness:</b> 2<br><b>Skills:</b> Athletics (+2d6), Awareness (+1d6), Intimidation (+2d6), Reflexes (+1d6), Survival (+1d6), Weapon Skill (+2d6, +2)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |           |                            |        |
| TRAITS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |           |                            |        |
| <b>Savage Duellist:</b> When Baldana fixes her gaze on a powerful foe, her battle frenzy reaches new heights. As an Action, Baldana can choose a foe within Long Range. Until the end of combat, when Baldana attacks the target her Melee increases one step and she deals +1 Damage.<br><b>Voice-of-the-Storm:</b> Baldana calls hers people to slaughter, spurring them into an all out rage. As an Action, Baldana lets out a thunderous bellow. Any allies within Long Range that can hear her deal additional Damage equal to Baldana's Soul (+2) until the start of Baldana's next turn. |           |                            |        |
| ATTACK                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |           |                            |        |
| <b>Rune-etched Axe:</b> Melee Attack (Good), 6d6, 1 + S Damage. <i>Rend, Slashing</i> .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |           |                            |        |
| BODY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | MIND      | SOUL                       |        |
| 4                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 2         | 2                          |        |

# BURN IT DOWN

## RUMOUR

Freeguild forces routed a Chaos warband and took their leader prisoner.

## FEAR

The warband's leader, Baldana Voice-of-the-Storm, is paraded through the city in chains, to her execution. There is no fear for many Spearians, only celebration of this great victory of Order over Chaos. A few veterans, however, whisper that Baldana's tribes will certainly throw themselves at the city walls.

## THREAT

Baldana's loyal Darkoath Marauders come to retrieve her, assaulting the city. The characters are caught up in the violence, whether they want to be or not.

## TRIUMPH

The parade lasts from dawn until dusk. It begins at the **Bleak Stockade** (see page 23) where Baldana was held prisoner, winds through the Bright Market, up to the Orrery, and returns to the New City, to the plaza before the **Arbiter's Fortress** (see page 30) where Baldana will be executed. The event has a festive atmosphere: food and ale vendors get rich off the crowd, and children and adults launch rubbish and waste at the captured Marauder. Baldana holds her head high and bares sharpened teeth at the crowd. Her Freeguild escorts frequently have to subdue her. When she reaches the Arbiter's Fortress she is bleeding and bruised but still howling curses. The parade affects the city all day. It blocks traffic, normal activities stop to watch it pass, and the noise of the crowd is ever-present.

The execution is preceded by a long sermon by Visionary Porra Tabet (see page 18) on the inevitable victory of Order over Chaos. She drones on until the air fills with smoke and shouts rise from the edges of the crowd: *'Marauders! The walls have been breached!'*

## CITY IN FLAMES

It's ideal but not essential if the characters start near the Arbiter's Fortress. Otherwise the Marauders breach the walls near to wherever the party is.

An army of Darkoath Marauders assaults the city walls. The Stormcast Eternals hold their ground, but groups of Marauders push into the city to take revenge on

Brightspear and find Baldana. All Marauders the characters encounter demand to know where Baldana is. The party can't stop the destruction, but they can save Brightspear's people. Present the scenes below in pairs and have the players choose which problem to address.

- ✱ Marauders set the Hanging Gardens ablaze. If not stopped, a lot of people will starve.
- ✱ A merchant prince's guards cut down citizens seeking refuge in the Upper Tier. If they're still fighting civilians when the Marauders reach them, the forces of Chaos breach the Upper Tier.
- ✱ The healers of Flavian's Infirmary have barricaded the entrances to their hospital, but they're about to be overrun — or trapped in a burning building.
- ✱ A group of old folks, armed with farming tools and knives, block off a street, covering the escape of families with children from advancing Marauders. The defenders stand no chance.
- ✱ A lone Stormcast Eternal fights a losing battle against several Marauders. If the party intervenes, they could make a real difference to the fight on the walls. There are two Marauders per party member.

## BALDANA'S FATE

Dozens of Marauders reach the Arbiter's Fortress to free Baldana. The tide of battle carries the party there too.

Baldana claims she can stop this: if Porra Tabet releases her, she will *'call off the hounds.'* Porra would rather fight to the death than compromise with Chaos, but the party might persuade her otherwise. If so, in a rare display of control over the forces of Chaos, Baldana orders her troops to leave, and they depart with no further violence. These events unsettle the city, and Doom increases by 1. Otherwise, the party chooses whether or not to join the Stormcast Eternals in their fight to the death. Many more lives are lost in the process, and Doom increases by 2.

## RESOLUTION

Brightspear is safe but the party's choices have consequences. If the hospital burned or the Hanging Gardens were destroyed, Doom increases by 1. However, if refugees entered the Upper Tier, or the party protected civilians, Doom is reduced by 1.



# THE CITY OF BRIGHTSPEAR



**DISTRICTS**

|                   |
|-------------------|
| Emberwalk         |
| Ashboot           |
| The Bright Market |
| The Bright Way    |
| The Foundry       |
| Ironcoats         |
| The Gateway       |
| Coldfire          |
| The Bastion       |
| Crookhaven        |

- UPPER TIER**

  - The Spear of Heaven
  - The Fortennadium
  - Brightfall
  - Chae Estate
  - The Exchange
  - The Fallen Spire
  - Goods by Gustav
  - Gyroports
  - The Hanging Gardens
  - Hall of Memory
  - High Temple of Sigmur
  - House of the Kindred Flame
  - Luminan Siege
  - Oriam's Court
  - The Nine Globes
  - The Phoenix
  - Residence of Vallis Maliti
  - Sparked's Avenue
  - The Twelve Taps
- NEW CITY**

  - 47 Athlert's Fortress
  - 48 Cacadorous Passage
  - 49 Cogwork Megadepot 1
  - 50 Cogwork Megadepot 2
  - 51 Cogwork Megadepot 3
  - 52 Grimna's Conerys
  - 53 The Cauldron
  - 54 Convent of Blood
  - 55 Cross-Swords
  - 56 Iyreslayer Barrack-Lodge
  - 57 The Gatewatch Inn
  - 58 The Grand Pyre
  - 59 Great Patch Brewing Co.
  - 60 Logan's Emporium
  - 61 The Maroon Tower
  - 62 Norwest Ward
  - 63 The Pickled Fife
  - 64 The Shimmering Tower
  - 65 Shrine of the Fallen Resplendent
  - 66 Shrine of Holy Sigmur the Protector
  - 67 Sigmur's Hope
  - 68 Sinkhole
  - 69 The White Lion
  - 70 The Winds
  - 71 Wyntlocks
- LOWER TIER**

  - The Bright Market
  - Firehawk Expeditions
  - The Hook
  - Olis Well
  - Lowstone's
  - Tesker's Miraculous Tonics
  - The Prince of Balaar
  - Black Spots
  - The Black Stockade
  - Bridge of the Rantreen
  - The Brightspear Bogle
  - Bright Wardens Barracks
  - Domin University
  - Favlan's Infirmary
  - Fellowship of the Open Eye
  - The Founding Academy
  - Handas's Livery
  - The Highport
  - Karff's Palace
  - Long Lane Steam Baths

