

WARHAMMER
FANTASY
ROLE-PLAY I

PATRONS OF THE OLD WORLD



◆ Four Potent Patrons for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay ◆

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PATRONS OF THE OLD WORLD

♦ INTRODUCTION ♦



The Old World is awash with stories of heroism and larger-than-life figures of daring and renown. From the legendary Sigmar Heldenhammer and his companions, to the romantic tales of Geneviève Dieudonné and Detlef Sierck, every man, woman, and child in the Empire can recall the names of countless paragons of legend. But the truth of these people is often far murkier than the tales would have you believe.

Patrons of the Old World presents four powerful NPCs for GMs to introduce into their campaigns, as mentors, sources of information and adventure, and perhaps even antagonists if the Characters make a mess of things. Each NPC comes with a full background, statistics to use in play, a unique location where they can be found, and a host of adventure hooks to lead the Characters to them, and for them to lead the Characters towards.

In addition to the adventure hooks, each patron comes with a short stub that can be expanded into a full, multi-session adventure, once the Characters have proven their worth. Completing these Prestige Adventures grants the Characters access to greater resources, knowledge, and allies — a whole campaign could be constructed around them, if you wish.

If you enjoy this PDF, check out **Patrons of the Reikland** for four more powerful benefactors with outsized ambitions.

HOW SHALL I USE THIS?

There are a number of ways to use this book: as a selection of NPCs to interact with your Characters, as sometime patrons and givers of adventure hooks, as informants for the *Consult an Expert* Endeavour (WFRP, page 197), or as seeds for entire campaigns. GMs may wish to utilise the rules for Favours (WFRP, page 198) as rewards for accomplishing the various tasks the patrons have for the Characters.

ENDEAVOURS

Each of these Characters has a special Endeavour that Characters may take advantage of during the Between Adventures phase of a game. In some cases you must earn the NPC's trust before this option is available, while in others it is enough simply to know how to find the NPC.

SKILLS ABOVE 100

Many of the Characters presented in **Patrons in the Old World** have Skills above 100. To perform Tests with these Skills, please consult the rules on **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** page 151.

UBERS... WHERE?

Each patron presented here comes with a signature location where they live and work from, and where your Characters are most likely to interact with them. Whilst these locations are presented in the context of the Old World — in Altdorf, or Nuln, or what have you — they can easily be transplanted to any area of the Old World you need.

Alternatively, you may wish to leave these patrons exactly where they are described, giving your Characters reasons to travel the world to find the NPCs they need to complete their own goals. Journeying to find masters, mentors, and patrons like this is a common trope throughout many epic stories, and it fits very well into Warhammer campaigns.



SCEALLEAH 'SHELLEY' THORNCOBBLE

SKAVEN-HUNTER



SCEALLEAH THORNCOBBLE HALFLING NOBLE DETECTIVE (GOLD 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	14	42	17	25	82	72	85	77	85	90	11

Traits: Afraid (Rats), Mutation (Chaotic Dreams), Weapon (Punch Dagger) +3

Skills: Bribery 95, Charm 110, Climb 37, Cool 110, Dodge 92, Drive 90, Endurance 35, Evaluate 92, Gossip 115, Heal 97, Intuition 107, Language (Mootish) 82, Leadership 105, Lore (Anatomy 97, Law 92, Medicine 97, Noble 97, Reikland 80, Skaven 97), Melee (Brawling) 34, Perception 120, Perform (Dancing) 92, Pick Lock 100, Research 97, Sleight of Hand 105, Stealth (Urban) 92, Track 102, Trade (Cook) 88

Talents: Acute Sense (Sight, Taste), Alley Cat, Beneath Notice, Bookish, Break and Enter, Etiquette (Criminals, Guilders, Nobles, Scholars), Field Dressing, Linguistics, Night Vision, Noble Blood, Read/Write, Resistance (Chaos, Disease), Savant (Medicine), Shadow, Sixth Sense, Small, Speedreader, Strong-minded, Surgery, Tenacious, Tower of Memories

Trappings: Best Quality Courtly Garb, Best Quality Trade Tools (Medicine), Quality Sleuthing Clothes, Skaven Punch Dagger

Motivation: Truth.

Short-Term Ambition: Establish a convenient cover for gathering a group of like-minded Skaven believers.

Long-Term Ambition: Expose the Skaven threat and those who have covered it up.

Shelley was raised, prim and proper, in the heart of Nuln. Hailing from the well-to-do Thorncobble clan, it was predestined that she would rub elbows with the upper echelons of Nulner society, so when she showed an aptitude for medicine and anatomy she was taken in quickly as an apprentice to the court physicians. She studied hard, and became well loved for her bedside manner and her tireless efforts. Unlike many of her contemporaries, she would spend her few hours of free time tending to the common folk of the city as well, which made her popular in noble circles as a charitable young lady.

In 2504 IC, when the plague hit the streets of the Jewel of the Empire, and rats flooded out of the sewers, Shelley found herself paralysed by fear, hiding under the floorboards as her patients were butchered in their hospital beds. The scratching and squeaking of the vile Ratmen invaded her dreams, and have had their grip on her since. But in the following weeks and months, as the cover-up began and Shelley saw how the situation was explained away by those in power, she resolved to get to the bottom of it all. Putting aside her terrible fear, and her illustrious career, she dove into the oldest libraries, the darkest sewers, and the very worst of Nuln's underbelly to discover the truth.

A decade later, Shelley Thorncobble stands as one of the finest minds regarding the Skaven, though she keeps her pursuits quiet, and works instead through a network of friends and confidants. But she is desperate for the last pieces of her puzzle, and once she has them she will turn the Old World upside down with her overwhelming evidence.

Shelley has a soft, somewhat narrow face for a Halfling, with rolling black-brown curls and dark blue eyes. She mostly wears dark dresses and other courtly garb, when studying or leading her 'normal' life, though changes into practical (though still fashionable) dark clothes to go spelunking through sewers. She has a soft, calm, collected voice, though is prone to moments of excitability when allowed to talk about her passion projects. She is never seen early in the morning, and is well known as a late riser. The truth of this is that she is plagued by terrible waking nightmares, but she conceals her affliction with a parade of midnight trysts with various unmarried folk from Nuln's upper class.

112 BÄCKERIN STRASSE, NULN

112 Bäckerin Strasse — often called ‘Eleven-and-Two’ by Shelley’s informants and confidants — situated along the rise of Altestadt, is a well-known and widely publicised landmark of the Jewel of the Empire, Nuln. The pfennig gazettes are wont to call it ‘The Swinging Door of Nuln’s Bachelor Class’, though almost everyone else agrees that Shelley, charitable and beloved as she is, can do precisely what she wants when not tending to the sick and dying among the upper and lower classes. The building itself is a rather thin and tall townhouse, built of dark brick, and jutting every which-way with chimneys and balconies to best keep warm in the winter and cool in the summer.

Within, long corridors filled with broadsheet clippings of accolades (and not a few scandals, which delight Shelley no end) seem well at odds with the fine furniture, everywhere trimmed in sable and lace. Though much is made for Halflings, more is built to accommodate folk of all sizes. Shelley’s Ogre majordomo — Martin Sisson, who lives in the back — is more than willing to swiftly swap out the furniture in any room for the guests present. Additional rooms can be found on the first floor where Shelley often takes patients, supplied with beds and a small, clean, operating room.

The upper floors are given over to parlours filled with Shelley’s many hobbies, libraries filled with textbooks and specimens, and comfortable places to lay down and listen to music or to dance. The top floor is reserved for her bedroom, which is sumptuously decorated, and dominated with a bed large enough to fit Shelley, or her various paramours, several times over.

But the true treasure of 112 Bäckerin Strasse is the basement, accessible only via a concealed passage hidden behind a bookcase on the third floor. The basement contains Shelley’s true pursuits: a secret library filled with Skaven lore, and her growing envelope of evidence against the vile Ratmen. Holding cells, meeting rooms, and other allowances have been made to coordinate her investigations and network of informants. Passages lead from the hidden den, by curious Dwarf-built devices, to the sewers and other secret ways under the city.

BLACK LOTUS & SKITTER

Skitter. A new mixture of obscure origin, Skitter has hit the streets of Nuln hard and is spreading fast. Those who consume it find themselves in a potent, blissful trance that can sometimes last days. You must pass a **Very Hard (-30) Toughness Test**, gaining the *Unconscious* Condition for a number of hours equal to twice -SL, to a minimum of 4. A dose counts as Minor Corruption, but if the slumber caused lasts for more than 8 hours it becomes Moderate Corruption. After waking, you must pass a **Hard (-20) Toughness Test** or gain a *Fatigued* Condition that lasts 3 days or until another dose is taken.

Skitter: 2/-, 0 Enc, Scarce.

SHELLEY'S SHORTLIST

BLACKER LOTUS

Though ostensibly a poison, Black Lotus (WFRP, page 306) can be taken in very small doses, mixed with other substances, to create a dream-like experience in those who imbibe it. A new concoction known as Skitter has hit the streets of Nuln. Skitter is cheap and ubiquitous, and though purported to consist of assorted herbs, it is actually a mix of Black Lotus, Warpstone, and a mix of other unhealthy materials. Those who consume it frequently have a habit of mutating, which is of grave concern to Shelley.

THE SEEKRAT ADMIRER

Shelley is no stranger to receiving anonymous love letters and the affections of secret admirers — in fact, she often uses such correspondence with her spy network. But when a series of letters begin coming in detailing her movements at odd times and in odd places — mentioning her taking midnight walks through graveyards and calling on scholars and other strange figures in the early hours — she becomes concerned. The Characters must track the source of these letters, and learn who has been watching the mistress of 112 Bäckerin Strasse.

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

Many of Shelley’s noble friends from before the Ratmen attacked in ‘04 went missing in the chaos — officially explained as killed and their bodies never identified. But Shelley has another theory: they were dragged away by the attackers for whatever diabolical reasons they might have. One such friend, Count Dante Maquet, has returned, however. He claims to have gone on a very long holiday, back to his family abodes in Bretonnia and Estalia, but he is different somehow... brooding, distracted, and paranoid. Shelley wants to know the truth.

STITCHED UP

Often Shelley spends part of her time aiding the Mourners’ Guild in their vivisections and undertaking, in an effort to learn more about anatomy. The strangest thing has come across their tables, of late, however: bodies that appear to have already undergone autopsy, and then... healed? Surgeries no one could survive appear to have been successful and developed scar tissue. The Morrites are keeping quiet, but Shelley is desperate to get to the bottom of this mystery. Master Moulder Raspshank is keen to see that she does not.

BLATHERING HEIGHTS

One of Shelley’s kinfolk, who lives in a neighbouring hamlet in a manor known as Blathering Heights, is found dead, and the Thorncobble Clan is called in for a reading of the will. Shelley, fearing foul play, brings the Characters along as her aides, and has them keep watch over the proceedings. Ratmen, jealous cousins, and the ghost of her murdered relative are the least of the Characters’ problems whilst staying in the manor house.



PRESTIGE ADVENTURE THE RATMEN IN RED

Shelley has the information she needs, and knows the names of those involved in the cover-up. It's time to strike... and for Shelley, that means a ball! The anniversary of the 'Fire of 2504', the convenient cover for the Skaven attack on Nuln, is fast approaching, and Shelley has decided to host a fundraiser for the ongoing reconstruction efforts in the poorer quarters. The ball – a masquerade – will focus on 'the efforts of the brave Nulners who kept the city safe', with folk dressing up as community firefighters and members of the Watch. But Shelley plans to have the Characters infiltrate the party dressed as Skaven, cause a scene, and then unveil her evidence. Little does she know the vile Ratmen have uncovered her plan, and have sent their own agents in disguise to the festivities as well!

AFTERMATH

The guests at the ball are left intentionally vague, but could include figures as lofty as Elector-Countess Emmanuelle von Leibwitz (**Rough Nights & Hard Days**, page 47), which could lead to all manner of problems for the Characters, depending on how things proceed. This adventure has the potential to upset the very social fabric of Nuln, one of the largest cities in the Empire, for both good or ill. Either way, it will grant the Characters some very powerful enemies if things don't go according to plan (or perhaps even more so if they do).

There are forces in the Empire that are just as motivated to suppress knowledge of the Skaven as are the vermin themselves. Even if Shelley succeeds, belief in the Skaven will likely not spread far, and the players might find themselves enemies of the very people they wished to help. However, if the Characters do manage to help Shelley present her evidence to the great and the good of Nuln then at the very least the upper echelons of the nobility will begin to pay more heed to the idea of a species of intelligent rat things beneath their very feet.

The Characters may become Skaven 'experts' by dint of their association with Shelly, and find themselves called to all corners of the Empire to investigate possible Skaven infiltration. This might even culminate in a trip south to Tilea to investigate the rumours of a great city known only as Skavenblight, or perhaps even more perilously to the far north beyond Kislev, to the terrible Clan Moulder stronghold of Hell Pit.

If they do manage to vex the Skaven and tell the worthies of Nuln of them, they will find themselves the targets of endless assassination attempts from the creatures themselves. Gutter Runners, skilled Skaven assassins, will stalk Shelley and all who worked with her. There are few places in the Old World that may be called safe by those whom the Gutter Runners wish dead. The Characters may have to fake their own deaths, strike a decisive blow against their pursuers that proves them to be more trouble than they are worth, or even strike a deal with the loathsome creatures themselves.

NEW ENDEAVOUR: A STUDY IN SKAVEN

There is precious little lore to be found in the Old World on the Loathsome Ratmen and their Vile Kin, but by hook or by crook, Shelley has come into possession of a great deal of what does exist. Those she has trusted with the secret of her hidden library may petition to be allowed to undertake research there – though only if they have provided Shelley with ample reason to trust them.

During the Between Adventures phase, an Academic Character who can read, and who has earned Shelley's trust, may take the *Research Lore Endeavour* (WFRP, page 201) and search through the hidden library for lore regarding the Skaven and their machinations.

Given the tight focus of the library, it is only really useful in the study of Skaven, but any Lore Test associated with the Endeavour gains a +10 bonus.

The library is extensive, and contains books even Shelley has yet to open, let alone read in full. On an Impressive Success (+6 SL or more), you come across one such volume. Bound in furred hide and written in a wavering and occasionally indecipherable hand, it is titled *Rattus Rex Conspiratus*. The author of this tome, purportedly writing in 2322 IC, claims to be a member of a Skaven-aligned human cult known as the Yellow Fang. The book describes a series of interviews between the author and a Skaven named Skittertongue, who claims to be 'Opposed to the Council of Thirteen', and proceeds to decry their recent rise in power within Skaven society. The book details much of Skaven life in the words of one of the creatures themselves and, if it is to be believed, deals with their unification after generations of internecine warfare. It is an invaluable resource, and one for which many others might literally kill.

Studying the book allows you to add Lore (Skaven) to your current and any future Career. The first time you study this book you gain 1d10 Advances in Lore (Skaven).

FARFORIAN WHITESHORE

SAPHERIAN AMBASSADOR

Motivation: Retain the position of ambassador while delegating its tedious duties to others.

Short-Term Ambition: Transcend my strict highborn upbringing to discover true pleasure.

Long-Term Ambition: Unlock the secrets of magic that were denied to me by the Loremasters.

The Sapherian Embassy in Altdorf represents the distant High Elf kingdoms. One of Ulthuan's ambassadors to the Empire is an eloquent, slightly built highborn Elf named Farforian Whiteshore. Farforian was groomed for the post at an early age, after being sent to the Tower of Hoeth in Saphery for education. The Order of Loremasters had deemed — without further explanation — that the young Elf's temperament was unsuitable for magical apprenticeship. Instead, Farforian's father was told that his son showed promise as an envoy.

Loremaster Teclis's new student was assigned to chaperone visiting dignitaries, so that he would be exposed to foreign languages and cultures. Farforian accepted the assignments without complaint. To ease Farforian's disappointment, Teclis personally tutored him on the esoteric principles of leyline stewardship. In the months leading up to the Great War Against Chaos, Farforian accompanied Teclis to Altdorf, where he met Emperor Magnus the Pious. After the war, when Teclis helped Magnus to establish the Colleges of Magic, Farforian was appointed ambassador at the new Altdorf embassy.

More than 200 years later, Farforian remains in Altdorf as the only original member of the Ulthuan delegation. Whereas High Elf ambassadors who weary of living amongst Humans typically request discharges on the grounds of deteriorating mental health, Farforian's pride and sense of duty have compelled him to stay. However, he is becoming increasingly aloof and complacent. Farforian contracts independent High Elves to carry important letters that he ought to deliver in person. He is pointedly welcoming to any High Elf that undertakes these tasks for him, even if his manner towards their non-Elf companions varies from dismissive to outright hostile.



FARFORIAN WHITESHORE HIGH ELF AMBASSADOR, FORMER DIPLOMAT, MESSENGER, AND RUNNER (GOLD 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	55	48	23	42	75	62	41	60	45	51	14

Skills: Art (Taxidermy 46, Writing 56), Athletics 72, Bribe 66, Charm 66, Climb 28, Cool 60, Dodge 77, Endurance 57, Entertain (Sing 56), Evaluate 65, Gossip 66, Haggle 61, Intimidate 38, Intuition 90, Language (Reikspiel 85, Khazalid 65, Bretonnian 65), Leadership 66, Lore (Local 70, Politics 75, Magick 65), Melee (Basic 65, Brawling 60), Navigation 75, Perception 90, Play (Lute 46), Ranged (Bow 53), Ride (Horse 72), Sail 67, Swim 28

Talents: Acute Sense (Sight), Carouser, Etiquette (Cultists, Nobles), Flee!, Fleet Footed, Savvy, Night Vision, Orientation, Seasoned Traveller, Schemer, Sixth Sense, Sprinter, Step Aside, Read/Write

Trappings: Sword, Elf Bow with 20 arrows, Writing Kit and Parchment, an Unusual Mask



Farforian's fine frame and proud features are reinforced by his powerful, deep voice. The stoic ambassador provides mission instructions in formal Eltharin. When required to converse in foreign languages, Farforian speaks concisely with sophisticated vocabulary and near-perfect pronunciation. The ambassador wears his blond hair loose and immaculately groomed, and dresses in embroidered robes of fine Elven fabrics.

SAPHERIAN EMBASSY

The Sapherian Embassy can be found in Altdorf's University District on the north bank of the Reik. Its alabaster walls and white marble tower are unmistakable. Elf visitors are admitted directly to an ambassador, as are nobles and wizards of the lesser folk. High Elf Characters seeking employment are shown to Ambassador Whiteshore's immaculate second-storey office. All but Elves must schedule appointments through a scribe, who reschedules several times before an ambassador is finally available to meet them.

Ambassador Whiteshore's primary duty is relaying messages from Ulthuan to various High Elf agents that serve Loremaster Teclis, Phoenix King Finubar, and Archmage Anurion the Green of Saphery. Although High Elves are uncommon in smaller towns, most of the Empire's cities are host to at least a handful of Asur residents. Some of these Elves are undercover agents maintaining the magical leyline network or monitoring Human wizards. Farforian has lost patience for diplomacy with Humans, so he delegates matters of Imperial politics to junior ambassadors.

Anurion the Green of Saphery is a reclusive gardener who never leaves Ulthuan. However, the embassy also represents Phoenix King Finubar, whose seat of power is in Lothorn. King Finubar provides the embassy with a small contingent of well-drilled Sea Guards who are equally proficient with spear and bow. The Sea Guard are feared and respected in equal measure, and nominally they serve to deter attacks on the sleek Elven catamarans that come and go from the docks. However, a score always remain on land to provide security for the embassy.

Farforian rides with a personal bodyguard on those rare occasions when he delivers messages personally; usually he prefers to hire couriers. When he's not working at the embassy, Farforian is either at his townhouse two blocks away, or at the Elf-owned *New World Dinery* on Asurstrasse. Characters might uncover Farforian's dark side if they search his office and townhouse, or shadow him in the streets. See **Bloody Bargains** on page 10 for details.

OUTSOURCING

It is commonly known among most Elves in the Reikland that Farforian makes use of High Elf couriers quite frequently — more than is proper for such presumably sensitive work. Any High Elf Character who inquires after this work will quickly be offered some of the deliveries below in quick succession.

Successful deliveries will lead to couriers being offered a 'special mission' that the Ambassador claims is of great importance to Ulthuan. During mission briefings, Farforian largely ignores the messenger's non-Elven colleagues, though he may occasionally ask the messenger about them in an entirely condescending manner.

CAPTAIN OPHELION AND SEA GUARD

The embassy's Lothorn Sea Guard contingent numbers 120 warriors under command of Captain Ophelion and three sergeants. Two detachments of 50 marines serve aboard diplomatic vessels, leaving 20 for bodyguard duty at the embassy — Ulthuan's ambassadors are prime targets for Dark Elf assassins. Captain Ophelion is personal bodyguard to Ambassador Whiteshore when he travels abroad. The captain distrusts Humans and believes that occasionally and discretely sacrificing them to Khaine is both necessary and a welcome diversion. However, Ophelion would be shocked to discover the full scope of Farforian's corruption.

CAPTAIN OPHELION

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	59	60	34	53	65	44	49	46	63	46	19

Traits: Armour (Arms, Body, Head) 3, Shield 2, Weapon (Spear) +7, Ranged (Elf Bow) +8

Skills: Athletics 54, Climb 44, Consume Alcohol 58, Cool 68, Dodge 54, Gamble 51, Gossip 51, Heal 61, Language (Reikspiel) 55, Leadership 61, Melee (Basic 74, Brawling 62), Navigation 61, Perception 68, Play (Horn) 52, Ranged (Bow) 75, Row 39, Sail 54, Swim 39

Talents: Acute Sense (Sight), Coolheaded, Drilled, Night Vision, Sixth Sense, Strider (Coastal), Read/Write, Sea Legs, Seasoned Traveller, Warleader

Trappings: Spear, Shield, Elf Bow with 20 Elf Arrows, Mail Coat, Leather Jack and Skullcap, Helm

LOTHORN SEA GUARD

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	45	45	30	35	50	45	45	40	50	35	14

Traits: Armour (Arms, Body, Head) 3, Shield 2, Weapon (Spear) +7, Ranged (Elf Bow) +7

Skills: Athletics 50, Climb 40, Consume Alcohol 40, Cool 53, Dodge 50, Gamble 43, Gossip 40, Language (Reikspiel) 55, Melee (Basic 50, Brawling 50), Navigation 45, Ranged (Bow) 50, Row 35, Sail 50, Swim 33

Talents: Acute Sense (Sight), Coolheaded, Drilled, Night Vision, Sea Legs, Sixth Sense, Read/Write, Strong Back

Trappings: Spear, Shield, Elf Bow with 20 Arrows, Mail Coat, Leather Jack and Skullcap, Helm



WHITESHORE'S WORK

DELIVERIES

Ambassador Whiteshore pays High Elves quadruple the going rate for couriers (15 shillings a week, or 1/10 per day), and offers half that rate for 'lesser' folk if for some reason he is forced to deal with them. Messengers are given a waterproof scroll case containing a sealed letter. You may choose where the destination is for each of the deliveries below, tailoring these to fit in with the group's other activities, or you may use these as a springboard for further adventures.

DWARF DIPLOMACY

Foremaster Teclis wants permission from a Dwarf king to repair an ancient stone circle near his hold. After reading the letter, the Dwarf king bluntly tells the messenger that no Elven sorcery will be tolerated in his domain. If a Dwarf Character accompanies the messenger and makes a convincing case, the king might change his mind. Otherwise, the messenger is sent back to Altdorf with an insulting reply for Teclis, and in the coming years the weakening waystones draw ill fortune to the region.

NAGGAROTH INTRIGUE

The Order of Loremasters is aware that a Dark Elf assassin has been dispatched to kill one of their agents involved in the surveillance of the Empire's wizards, Illissia Waysworn. The Order does not wish to expose their agent by informing Human authorities, and so has urged Ambassador Whiteshore to deliver a warning to Illissia. However, the messengers arrive too late. The Sapherian agent has already been captured, and is now bound and gagged for interrogation in her own kitchen. The Dark Elf assassin answers her door posing as the letter's intended recipient and is very curious to learn all she can from the Characters.

GIFT OF FLOWERS

Archmage Anurion the Green needs a pot of flowers delivered to one of his agents in the Empire. The Characters are given strict instructions for handling and watering, and indeed the flowers seem to wilt and shrivel somewhat if these instructions are deviated from in the slightest way. Those with *Second Sight* can tell that the flower is imbued heavily with the Jade Wind. Upon receiving the flowers the Sapherian agent immediately dumps the pot and recovers a gem from the spilled soil, cheerfully informing the Characters that trapped inside the gem is a Pink Horror of Tzeentch. The daemon is to be used by the Temple of Sigmar in the training of witch hunters, and it has overheard everything the Characters said on their journey.

ROYAL SUMMONS

Whiteshore dispatches the Characters to deliver a letter from Phoenix King Finubar recalling one of his agents, Ellator Gulnamer. The High Elf advisor wishes to return home but his Human noble patron, a minor but influential baron, insists on retaining Gulnamer's services. The messengers find themselves drawn into the dispute on behalf of the embassy, as King Finubar's letter names 'the one bearing this missive' as being empowered to mediate any dispute.

Negotiations become heated when Gulnamer casually mentions the many scandalous behaviours his patron has engaged in, while the noble responds by accusing Gulnamer of espionage. Both of these accusations are true. If Gulnamer escapes, he accompanies the Characters back to Altdorf.

HIGH ELVEN MORAL AUTHORITY

High Elves are a proud elder Species and one of the first creations of the Old Ones. In that age, before the Old Ones fled the coming of Chaos, the High Elf empire spanned every continent of the world that their masters had created. However, successive wars against Chaos Daemons, Dark Elves, and Dwarfs forced the Phoenix Kings to cede most of their overseas colonies. High Elves now control only a handful of scattered outposts beyond Ulthuan's shores.

When Human tribes settled amongst the ruins of Ulthuan's former colonies, they were regarded as a lesser Species by High Elves. Human civilization was primitive by comparison, and the Humans' shorter lifespans limited vocational mastery. Although Human civilisation has progressed rapidly over the later millennia, the Species' anatomy and culture are still considered inferior. High Elves do not believe Human minds capable of understanding principles of global stewardship or wielding truly powerful magic.

As the High Elves fight stoically in defence of a crumbling empire, some of their leaders have conceded that ascent of human civilisation is inevitable — as typified by the enduring power and influence of nations such as The Empire, Bretonia, and Imperial Cathay. Other Elves refuse to acknowledge that the Asur's fate is dependent upon such brutish allies — seeing them as little more than a useful, temporary bulwark they against Chaos incursions.

Partnerships between Humans and Elves are seldom equal, because the High Elves' penchant for excellence confers implicit moral superiority. The public facade presented by Ambassador Whiteshore is unusual only in so far as High Elven diplomats are usually better mannered when educating Humans about the innate limitations of their kind.



PRESTIGE ADVENTURES MORE THAN WE BARGAINED FOR

These quests involve journeying to remote locations for arcane or esoteric purposes. The ambassador entrusts these special missions to those who have completed at least two of the deliveries on page 9. Unusually for Whiteshore, he recommends to any High Elf that they bring at least a few of the 'lesser' species along with them for these assignments. If asked why, he quite openly suggests that they be thrown into any dangerous situations that might arise. He explains that this is both to protect the High Elf Character and to dispose of any non-Elves who've learned a little too much about Ulthuan's sensitive foreign affairs. It is also to test the loyalty of any Elves Whiteshore wishes to work more closely with, though he will not explain this.

LEYLINE MAINTENANCE

A disruption in the Empire's leyline network is causing dark magic to gather in the forest around an ancient waystone. Beastmen are already migrating to the scent of wild Chaos. High Elf Characters are given a map to the site, along with a diagram of arcane Elven runes. Characters must locate the waystone and inspect it for signs of desecration, then document their findings and report back to Whiteshore. The Embassy will dispatch a High Elf mage to perform a simple restoration ritual on the runes. A Character with the Language (Magic) skill can be shown how to do this, but of course the Embassy will insist that only a High Elf mage could possibly be trusted to do so. The runes were accidentally desecrated by a local human Hedgewise who has been attempting to decipher them. The Characters can convince the Hedgewise to leave well enough alone, especially if they point out the increased Beastman activity. However, if they inform Whiteshore of her activities they will be tasked with killing the curious wisewoman. If they refuse, an assassin will be sent in their stead.

EXOTIC PLANT GATHERING

Anurion the Green requires a plant that only grows in a remote region of the Old World – Songmoss from the Middle Mountains, Glowkelp from Estalian seacaves, or the last gnawed sprigs of Frostroot from the Ogre Kingdoms. Characters are provided with a detailed drawing of the plant, and a clay pot for transporting the specimen back to Altdorf in its native soil. Anurion intends to magically replicate the plant before it becomes extinct. In ages past, the plant's extracts were consumed to improve mental and physical health, but nobody except Anurion is aware of the plant's medicinal potential. The Characters will have to contend with giant insects and hostile flora in the untamed wilderness. The plant possesses such potent healing powers that even handling it will swiftly heal the wounds they suffer at the hands of these threats. Without Anurion's care the plant will quickly perish, but if the Characters hand it over it is certain to never be seen in the Old World again.

BLOODY BARGAINS

This adventure is a surprise twist on Farforian's 'special missions', and is designed by Farforian both to remove non-Elf Characters who have learned too much of him, and to indulge his terrible and secret desires. Elven pride can lead to corruption, and Farforian has secretly dedicated his body and soul to Slaanesh. In private and at the Slaaneshi rites he frequents, Farforian wears a dried mask fashioned from Human skin. As Farforian sees it this is a debasement of his refined Elven features, and he draws a terrible pleasure from the act — pleasure he dedicates wholeheartedly to Slaanesh. When wearing the mask he hears strange whispers and speaks with a different voice — signs, he is certain, of Slaanesh's favour.

A Votive Offering

Farforian briefs the Characters on one final assignment, taking them deep into the wild woods of the Empire. Before they leave, he beckons aside any High Elf Characters and pointedly inquires once more on exactly how much their 'servants' — meaning any non-Elf Characters — know about Ulthuan's affairs. Their response does not matter to him.

When the party eventually arrives wounded and tired at its destination, the Characters are surprised to find Farforian awaiting them with his bodyguard Captain Ophelion. Farforian explains to High Elves that Khaine requires a blood sacrifice to consecrate this sacred site, and that the delivery was a ruse meant to avoid any 'rival religious elements' from learning of it. Whichever non-Elf Farforian has taken the strongest dislike to is named as Khaine's chosen sacrifice. Farforian looks to the High Elf Characters with a smile and gestures toward a wide flat stone behind him.

Although Khaine is an evil god in Human eyes, the Asur believe darkness is necessary to balance light. Farforian expects High Elven Characters to explain this principle to Khaine's Chosen. Though their consent is not required, the ambassador honestly believes that any true High Elf will be able to convince a member of a 'lesser' species of the honour inherent in becoming such a sacrifice.

A conflict will likely ensue, during which Farforian implores High Elves to take his side. If the Characters are aware or suspect Farforian of chaotic corruption, they may be able to convince Captain Ophelion of this, though he will only listen to another High Elf. This will likely take a **Difficult (-10) Charm** Test opposed by the Captain's **Average (+20) Cool** Test. Ophelion does not want to believe that past victims were in fact sacrificed to Slaanesh. Farforian flees if any High Elves turn against him.

NEW ENDEAVOUR: ONLY THE BEST

Farforian is many things, and appreciates the acquisition of fine or unusual artefacts. Having been away from Ulthuan for two centuries, he often requests various items from his homeland, or even further afield. These requests are usually fulfilled, both due to his association with the well-regarded Teclis and in recognition of his own long service in dealing with tiresome Human diplomacy.

If a Character has won Farforian's favour (and only another High Elf is likely to do so), the ambassador will make the necessary inquiries on their behalf to acquire an unusual or rare item.

During the Between Adventures phase, a favoured Character may take the *Commission Endeavour* (WFRP, page 197) to attempt to acquire an item of up to Exotic rarity. You need not be aware of an appropriate source for this item – regardless of its true provenance, Farforian is bound to know someone who can acquire it. In addition, his connections provide a 20% discount to the item's normal cost.

However, Farforian does not shy away from dealing with less savoury sorts, and his various connections through the Slaaneshi cult he revels with in horrific disguise are often called upon to acquire items on his behalf. There is a chance that any such item carries with it both the taint of Chaos, and the possibility of being recognised again by those who acquired it.

Roll a d10. On a roll of six – this being Slaanesh's favoured number – the item is perfectly functional, but counts as a minor source of corruption. Additionally, if the Character openly wields, wears, or otherwise displays an item that Farforian has acquired for them, there is a chance that other members of the cult will recognise it. This is up to the GM, but if a likely Slaaneshi cultist is encountered, they are almost certain to presume that the wielder *is* Farforian – after all, they have no idea what the man looks like beneath his terrible suit.

The 'fellow' cultist will immediately flash the cult's secret hand signal – a 'V' formed from their index and ring finger, and held to their lips – before giving the Character a knowing wink and walking away. What complications this heaps upon the Character's life is entirely up to the GM.

AFTERMATH

In Altdorf, Farforian belongs to the sordid Cult of the Exquisite Corpse. He joined the inner circle wearing a mask of human skin, in a twisted persona of his own creation he calls Mamil the Maleficer. Cultists do not realise the mysterious figure is an Elf, let alone an ambassador. Exposing Farforian as a Chaos cultist earns the Characters an audience with Teclis, who happens to be visiting Altdorf. Teclis rewards the heroes, asks them to debrief him, and possibly offers the vacant embassy position to a capable (and discreet) High Elf.

If the Characters allow the sacrifice to go ahead then Farforian rewards the High Elf Characters with a permanent position on his staff and other Characters with a promise that they may be similarly honoured in the very near future. The positions he offers have few duties, but serve as a way to keep the Characters in the ambassador's orbit while he attempts to entice them to join him in worshipping Slaanesh. Such an outcome would be disastrous for Human-High Elf relations, and almost certainly lead to the impolitic purging of the embassy by witch hunters and all the political fallout that would ensue from such an act.



NAYADARYN 'BONEMONGER' FROSTWEALD

BLACKMARKETEER



NAYADARYN 'BONEMONGER' FROSTWEALD WOOD ELF BLACKMARKETEER (SILVER 4)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	45	36	53	34	79	68	71	64	56	51	19

Traits: Animosity (Humans), Weapon (Sword) +9

Skills: Athletics 76, Charm 61, Climb 76, Consume Alcohol 39, Cool 71, Dodge 88, Endurance 39, Evaluate 94, Gamble 69, Gossip 61, Haggle 61, Intimidate 63, Intuition 94, Lore (Art 84, Eonir 84), Melee (Basic) 53, Perception 109, Pick Lock 91, Research 84, Sleight of Hand 91, Stealth (Urban) 93, Track 84

Talents: Acute Sense (Sight), Alley Cat, Break and Enter, Catfall, Criminal, Etiquette (Criminals) 2, Fast Hands, Flee!, Hardy, Kingpin, Night Vision, Nimble Fingerted, Numismatics, Rover, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadow, Step Aside, Strong Legs, Wealthy 3

Trappings: Quality Eonir Sword, Opulent Eonir Clothing, Vast Criminal Network

Motivation: Revenge.

Short-Term Ambition: Reclaim more Eonir artefacts.

Long-Term Ambition: The return of Elthin Arvan — the Old World — to Elven hands.

Nayadaryn was born the scion of a noble line in a tiny community of Eonir on the edge of the Laurelor Forest, who had for millennia guarded ancient Elven artefacts of unknown purpose. However, a forest fire early in Nayadaryn's life forced them to flee her homeland, and devastated her family, leading to their eventual 'adoption' as an oddity into the von Brachen family of Middenland. Here, Nayadaryn was treated poorly, and longed for escape, often hiding in the castle walls or skulking on rooftops.

It was many years later, when attempting to hide from their foster father, Heinrich von Brachen, that Nayadaryn stumbled upon a secret treasury filled with the artefacts from her homeland. After interrogating von Brachen, they discovered that he was responsible for the forest fire. Nayadaryn stole back the treasures and burned the castle to the ground, with what remained of the von Brachen family within. This began a crime spree that lasted almost a century. Nayadaryn relentlessly searched for stolen Elven artefacts across the Old World, and mercilessly reclaimed them for their kinfolk. However, Nayadaryn's spree came to an end when they discovered two key truths: the trade in Elven artefacts is far more widespread and insidious than they initially expected, and it is far safer to hire expendable outsiders to steal the artefacts.

Nayadaryn worked tirelessly to build a black market empire with themself at its centre, issuing bounties on stolen treasures wherever they cropped up. Nayadaryn's libraries have grown extensively over the years, and are invaluable in tracking down any mention of the missing artefacts. The agents in their network are ruthless, and all know the terrible price for going back on a deal with Nayadaryn. The treasury of recovered bone-white Elven wonders is marvellous to behold.

Due to Nayadaryn's ruthlessness, and the bone-white nature of most Elven wonders, their Human contemporaries dubbed them the 'Bonemonger', a title they wear proudly. Anyone who questions their lineage is sharply reminded that the Frostweald family belonged to the original Cityborn (Torior) kindred from Kor Immarmor in the Laurelor.

Nayadaryn is a tall, well-muscled Wood Elf with auburn skin. They wear their hair long, secured with a ceremonial Eonir diadem and careful weaves. They often go bare-armed when meeting with clients, employees, and purveyors, to show off a criss-crossing web of ritual scars that overlap the burn marks from their childhood.

When fully robed they wear fashionable clothes made by the finest Eonir tailors, and Nayadaryn's home is decorated with the opulence befitting a crime lord of their station and renown. However, this garishness is often looked down on by other Eonir, who sometimes whisper behind their back how living with Humans has twisted Nayadaryn's view of the world. Whether right or wrong, they cannot deny the single-minded ferocity with which the Bonemonger pursues their goals.

THE VALE OF MEMORIES

Deep within the Laurelorn — a forest known for its hidden glades and shadowed gullies — is a vale trapped in an almost impenetrable gloom, as if twilight was unending. Here, paths bend back on one another, and time flows curiously, as it is often said that one might turn around a bend, only to see oneself in the distance making a similar turn. Nayadaryn has learned how to navigate the Vale of Memories and use its magic to communicate with their many operatives from afar.

Spread throughout many folkloric tales — and some say, the origin of the Bretonnian concept of *déjà vu* — the Vale of Memories was once a mass grave for Elves who fell nearing the end of the War of the Beard. The Elves, on the retreat, placed a spell over the countless fallen soldiers, that their bodies would not rot, nor their minds wander into death, until the Elves came back to reclaim them and bring them home to Ulthuan. However, in the eons since, the earth has covered over the deathless Elves, and trees have grown through and over them. Now, the whole place is haunted with the dreams of the fallen on the edge of death.

The Vale of Memories is an oft-sought-out place for knowledge of the past, for those left underneath the earth dream of things they remembered in life: old Elven cities, ancient deals with early humans, and terrible atrocities during the Sundering and the War of Vengeance. For those who are willing to risk their sanity, the Vale of Memories offers much, though one soon finds their dreams are not only their own.

Within the Vale are few buildings, and only a single community, dedicated to Ladrielle, Lileath, and Morai-heg. These Eonir, the Cairnfolk, attempt to carve statues of the dreams given to them by the slumbering soldiers, hoping to piece together a true and complete timeline of the Old World before the War of the Beard. However, they are, almost to a one, irrevocably mad. Among their number, and under their hospitality, Nayadaryn Bonemonger often meditates. Among the Cairns, the Bonemonger has found the ability to visit the dreams of their operatives, to communicate across long distances, and to give guidance and orders in the field.

For more on the Laurelorn, see **Archives of the Empire: Volume I**.

NAYADARYN'S NEEDS



TRINKETS & BAUBLES

The Bonemonger has tracked down an exporter of Eonir artefacts, based out of Salzenmund in Nordland. Whilst well within their reach, Nayadaryn wants to test the mettle of the Characters, about whom she has heard favourable or at least dramatic tidings. They are to put an end to this illegal trade, and make sure no one else in Salzenmund ever takes up that mantle.

THE HERO OF KRONVEN

Elasil Brichtorn was a Wood Elf Waywatcher who pursued a Beastmen herd all the way to the Nordlander village of Kronven. Heedless of the panicked humans who were in the process of being slaughtered, Elasil slew two dozen beastmen before a Gor axe felled her. The Nordlanders slew the remaining beastmen and buried Elasil beneath a great Oak at the centre of the village, honouring their 'saviour' as best they knew how. Unfortunately Elasil was buried with an Ulthuan Songstone, and the Bonemonger wants it back. Can the Characters explain why they must disturb the rest of the village's hero?

HEY, AUNTIE

Nayadaryn has a message to send to an estranged relative — their aunt, Ramorarha Bloomheart, an ambassador in Middenheim to the Elector Count. She believes Bloomheart is complicit in the illegal trade of Elven goods for increased political favour among the Todbringer court, and wishes the Characters to remind her that Eonir treasures belong in Eonir hands. Bloomheart is well connected, and well loved at court — getting to her will be difficult. But the message must be delivered, and the Bonemonger will pay well for anyone who can do so without Elven blood being shed.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

Nayadaryn gets word of a beautifully decorated castle in Parravon, Bretonnia, which has reportedly been painted by an Asrai prisoner — the young artist, Gawenoth Fastwind. Though not Eonir, the Bonemonger cannot let this slight go, and tasks the Characters with infiltrating the castle, freeing the Elven artist, and destroying the symbols of enslavement that the Bretonnians forced from her hands. Happy to be rescued, Gawenoth begs the Characters not to destroy the work. If they fail to do so, the Bonemonger will not be pleased.





PRESTIGE ADVENTURE THE CHAMBER UNBREACHABLE

Deep beneath the College of Light in Altdorf is a chamber only ever whispered of, and known to a mere handful. The Chamber Unbreachable is guarded by magical wards of untold power, and physical defences that rival the Emperor's Palace. It is, in essence, the most secure place in the Old World, and as such is used to house the most terrifying arcane objects — many placed there by the Loremaster Teclis himself. The Bonemonger has tracked an ancient heirloom from before the Sundering of their people, which is kept under guard there. Nayadarn needs the Characters to do the impossible: liberate it.

The Characters' Altdorf contact is an Eonir spy named Melindar Greyweave, who has monitored the Colleges of Magic since they were founded. Melindar has learned to cast spells in the most dangerous way possible — by observing humans haplessly doing so for two centuries. This has come at the cost of her sanity. Nayadarn knows that something is wrong with Melindar, and they find the spy's ramblings unsettling. Nevertheless, Melindar is the only Eonir who's observed the arcane gestures required to bypass the Hierophants' magical wards. The Characters can find Melindar clothed in rags, scavenging for food in an elm park near the Elf Quarter.

There are endless wards, guards, entrapped abominations and unutterable curses guarding the Chamber Unbreachable, and no attempt to breach it should be made carelessly. Characters will have to gather as much information as they possibly can, and perhaps even infiltrate the ranks of the College's staff well in advance of the actual heist.

ELVEN TREASURES

Many items of Eonir construction have magic woven into their very natures. The following two Item Qualities can be added to any suitable Trapping to create a magical Eonir Equivalent.

SPIDERBORN (40 TO 80)

The Eonir weave spells and the fell intelligences of spiders into some of their most potent weapons, enabling them to shackle their opponents with spreading webs. Attacks with a *Spiderborn* Weapon count as having the *Web (Rating)* Creature Trait, and count as *Magical*, meaning they can harm creatures only susceptible to magical attacks.

WARDED (7+ TO 9+)

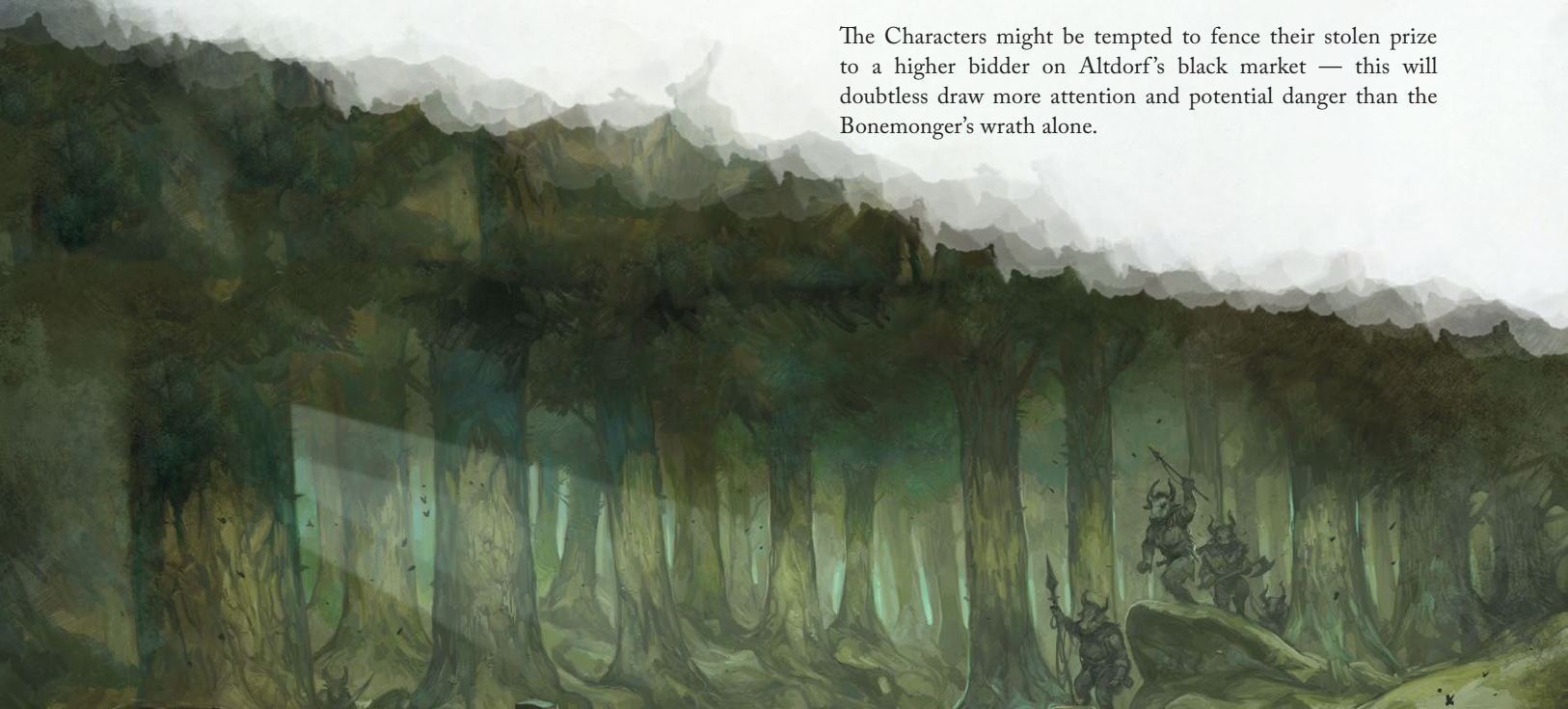
The Eonir are ever focused on defence and avoiding harm, and have developed countless warding spells and charms to weave into armour. Whilst wearing this Armour, the wearer counts as having the *Ward (Rating)* Creature Trait.

AFTERMATH

The nature of the artefact is intentionally left vague, and could spell all manner of doom or social change in the Old World. Perhaps it is a relic of such ancient antiquity that it was forged in a time when the dragons were young, before the coming of Chaos. Perhaps it is linked to the spirit of Be'lakor, the first Daemon Prince! Or perhaps it is a mere trinket, that holds some personal value to Nayadarn. Some suggestions can be found in 'What's in the box?'

Whatever the artefact is, if word gets out that there is a way into the Chamber Unbreachable, all manner of Chaos cultists will be looking for the Characters, and they will have earned themselves the undying ire of the Colleges of Magic.

The Characters might be tempted to fence their stolen prize to a higher bidder on Altdorf's black market — this will doubtless draw more attention and potential danger than the Bonemonger's wrath alone.





RELICS BETTER LEFT LOST

Before the Sundering and the sinking of a huge portion of Ulthuan into the sea, the Elven grasp of magic was arguably at its zenith. Ever after, the taint of Chaos would lie upon the world, and all magic would be coloured by it — not to mention the Elven civilisation itself being much diminished by these events.

A few options for what might be in the vault are below. The existence of these items is rumoured at best — whispered dreams half-witnessed by Nayadaryn. But if they are real, the repercussions for the Old World, and your campaign, might be vast.

A PLAIN BRASS RING

Long ago, Herkarti forged eight rings for the god Khaine, each imbued with a single Wind of Magic. Lost and thrown into the mortal world due to one more in an endless series of conflicts between the gods, only a single ring is known to be found among the High Elves. However, at least one of the other rings was found by Teclis, and for reasons known only to him this burnished brass ring was secreted away beneath the Light College.

The ring would doubtless grant great power to any capable of wielding it, though such beings are few and far between. A powerful Elf Wizard or Slaan would certainly be able to make use of the item. Most would simply be rent apart in an instant by the raw power contained in the ring — though so spectacular and explosive a death might provide some utility to a canny Elf like Nayadaryn.

Of course, Khaine himself longs deeply for the return of these rings, and the terrible Lord of Murder and his devotees would no doubt visit all sorts of horrors upon any mortal who would dare use the ring openly. Perhaps the Bonemonger cares little for the item itself, but intends to use it to gain Khaine's attention and perhaps even his favour. Quite what a boon from the Lord of Murder would look like is anyone's guess...

A NAMELESS TABLET

An item of such ancient and obscure provenance that Teclis himself could not place it, this polished stone tablet was nevertheless possessed of such obvious potency that it was judged too dangerous to bring to Ulthuan and hidden away in Altdorf. This might prove to be a terrible error, for the stone is a singular entity that resonates with all other waystones, and from which they can be controlled. Its uses are endless — it could be used to drive Chaos from much of the world, or selectively and temporarily turn certain troublesome regions into a microcosm of the Chaos Wastes themselves.

Finally, if it were put to its ultimate use, it could rid the world of the influence of the Ruinous Powers for generations, but in doing so the great vortex at Ulthuan would momentarily expand and swallow the entire continent. The Bonemonger seeks the tablet both to protect Ulthuan from any potential use of it, and to wipe humans from the Old World and return it to their people and the woodlands of old.

A SIMPLE MAP

Long ago, a sage travelled from Altdorf aboard a prototype Dwarf flying machine, journeying far across the world in search of wonder. They did not return for fifty years, and most thought them lost if they remembered that the sage had ever left at all. Still, the sage did return, wizened and old, speaking a language that sounded both primal and yet somehow refined.

She carried a map to a point so distant from Altdorf that most decided she had simply spent the last few decades in Tilea drinking away the expedition funding. In fact the map purports to show the location of the last living Sky-Titan, their mountain home having sailed almost out of the world in flight from the Ogres and the influence of the Great Maw. Most thought her mad, but when she died some few months later in the midst of summer, it rained saltwater in Altdorf for three days and nights. Just to be safe, the map was locked away and all but forgotten. Nayadaryn has heard of it, however, and though it is not an Elven artefact, the Bonemonger would dearly love to discuss the ancient days of their people with a Sky-Titan, and perhaps learn the secret of how to move whole land masses through the sky...



GUTTRA MORBINSSNIZ

MADemoiselle-Dilettante



GUTTRA MORBINSSNIZ

DWARF JUDICIAL CHAMPION (GOLD 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	82	68	44	56	56	61	61	32	67	52	20

Traits: Armour (Leather) 1, Ranged (Pistol) +8, Weapon (Main Gauche) +6, Weapon (Rapier) +8

Skills: Art (Writing) 81, Athletics 71, Charm 82, Consume Alcohol 61, Cool 80, Dodge 81, Endurance 61, Entertain (Acting 72, Singing 72, Storytelling 57), Evaluate 35, Gossip 72, Haggle 62, Heal 37, Intimidate 64, Intuition 61, Language (Breton 52, Classical 42, Khazalid 37, Reikspiel 45), Melee (Basic 115, Fencing 102, Parry 102), Perception 76, Perform (Acrobatics 81, Dancing 81), Play (Violin) 81, Ranged (Blackpowder) 88, Sleight of Hand 66

Talents: Ambidextrous, Attractive 2, Blather, Combat Master, Combat Reflexes, Contortionist, Disarm, Distract, Dual Wielder, Etiquette (Nobles), Fast Shot, Feint, Master of Disguise, Mimic, Night Vision, Perfect Pitch, Public-Speaking, Reaction Strike, Read/Write, Reversal, Riposte, Step Aside, Strike to Injure, Strong-minded, Sturdy

Trappings: Quality Courtly Garb, Quality Costumes, Quality Duellist's Garb, Main Gauche, Rapier, Pistol with 10 shots

Motivation: Freedom.

Short-Term Ambition: Locate allies unaligned to van de Kuypers who can mix in my social circles.

Long-Term Ambition: Uncover enough leverage on Director Jaan van de Kuypers to maintain my autonomy.

Orphaned in her early teens, Guttra found herself raised by her second cousin, an ignobly rich Marienburger businessman by the name of Tarkat Luger. The tragedy of her parent's death aside, her new circumstances proved to be something of a double-edged sword. For Guttra, it meant luxury and safety, but also deep limitation. She was forced to dress as her conservative cousin demanded, eat and speak when he said so, and to follow at a very respectable distance and keep out of sight. This bred in Guttra a burning desire to dance and sing and act out without inhibitions.

Which, naturally, found her disowned. But the filthy streets of Suiddock are kind to those who live loudly. Guttra soon found herself a favourite amongst the drinking holes and cramped playhouses of the district: her unique style and force of personality drawing crowds who would choose even to forgo drinking to better watch her perform. She took a particular shine to playing dashing rapsallions, wearing a combination of men's and women's fashion, and pretend-fighting with swords (though her attention to her craft meant she learned the true craft of it, as well). Not long after, noble rakes caught wind of her bawdy, carefree, salacious shows, and joined her growing throng that spilled out into the streets of the district. Those nobles, in turn, brought her great patronage, and within a few years Guttra found herself singing and dancing in the Aardbol Theatre in Goudberg.

Like many successful artists, Guttra gathered around her countless suitors, and not an inconsiderable amount of scandal. She is gregarious in her affections, rarely discreet, and frequently heedless of institutions such as marriage, temple law, or courtly norms. However, her scandalous lifestyle came to a crescendo when the spouse of one such tryst challenged her to a duel, confident that Guttra could know only stage-fencing. He underestimated the young thespian, and died for his folly during what should have been a duel to first blood.

This particular act put Guttra into a rather unfortunate position: technically such accidental deaths during a duel are lawful, but the blow that struck her victim dead looked all too deliberate to those who witnessed the affair — and Guttra had made sure that there was a sizeable audience. This violated the spirit of the duel, if not the letter of the law, and drew the ire and attention of both Marienburg's legal apparatus and the dead man's vengeful family.



As she had been disowned she couldn't necessarily rely on her cousin's benevolence, and Guttra refused to be beholden to him in any case. She could have fled, but found another offer: Guttra was hired as the personal Judicial Champion of Director Jaan van de Kuypers, purportedly the richest man in the Old World, who saw her as the perfect accompaniment to his prestige — not to mention a deft hand with a blade.

But as with every investment Director van de Kuypers makes, it came with a catch: Guttra would continue her various lives — socialite, entertainer, heartthrob, duellist, champion — whilst acting as a source of information on all those she interacted with. In short order, Director van de Kuypers found a spy who everyone in Marienburg was desperate to talk to, and with whom they are almost always vulnerable, in some measure, to spilling secrets. But Guttra's rebellious spirit has still not wavered, and she's gathering her own secrets on her employer to protect herself from her usefulness running out, a fate she sees just off the horizon. Never again will she be left out in the cold.

Guttra is short, has a mischievous, heart-shaped face, and wears her dark hair in curls that spill from beneath a practical but fashionable hat — the hat becomes fashionable by dint of Guttra wearing it. She wears a mixture of high-end men's and women's fashion, with trousers that are comfortable to duel in, and carries her weapons everywhere she goes.

THE RODE ROGUE

The Doomed City of Prague in northern Kislev is known for many things: mutation, hauntings, the Great Siege during the time of Magnus the Pious. More recently, the name has conjured an image of romantic beauty of freedom in the face of overbearing tyranny and evil, of easy love and pleasure before an inevitable end. Of course, the folk of Prague know little about this image, and would agree with it even less, because it is known in few other places than the relative safety and extravagant glamour of the Rode Rogue of Marienburg!

The Rode Rogue is the pre-eminent playhouse of Marienburg, and the leading style maker in the emerging Praguian counterculture. The playhouse is situated in Guilderveld, on the site of an old water-wheel-powered flour mill and converted grain silo. The outside appears fashionably dilapidated, and the owner, 'Sir' Harolt Leermann, is careful to pay the local window-washers and chimney-sweeps to scuff the place up on their way past. The inside, however, is glamorous beyond compare, though in a particularly tacky way so as to not upset the rich clientele, whilst dazzling the poor customers who attend as well.

The inside of the old silo has been outfitted with twelve ringed balconies that overhang more and more as they ascend, giving each the illusion of hanging freely over the dance floor below. Each landing is accessed by a staircase painted in a different gaudy fashion, showing various historical figures — Emperors, Directors, and Kings — bowing to the common folk who parade the flags of Freedom, Love, Joy, and many other virtues up the stairs. Additionally, each landing holds strange delights, such as a Cathayan smoking lounge, a display of Indish erotic artworks, what is claimed to be an Arabyan magic carpet collection, and many other such curios.

Each landing features private rooms, many of which can only be accessed via inputting secret sequences into bookcases or pipe organs, or saying the correct, ever-changing passcode to the bouncers. Most regulars know these tricks, and will bring along their friends. However, even these are for show, and most doors will open for the wealthy and well-to-do no matter what they do, as they are operated in truth by Leermann's Dwarf engineer-on-staff Bazlo Kaaz from the boiler room below, next to the artists' changing rooms and costuming department. The very top floor is Leermann's private offices and apartment, where few are permitted.

The Rode Rogue features acts every night, from singers and dancers, to operatic performances and amateur poetry readings, up to full plays and cabaret ensembles. The star of the Rogue is, however, Mademoiselle Morbinssniz, who headlines *'whenever her Muse strikes her'* (or, in truth, whenever van de Kuypers allows her to leave his side).





GUTTRA'S GOALS



THE HILLS ARE ALIVE

Whilst sneaking a peek at the Director's accounts, Guttra notices a rather strange discrepancy: the Director furiously hunts down any bandits that harass his convoys, whether by land or sea, often spending small fortunes just to send a message. However, a series of 'lost in transit' caravans through the hill-lands of the Cursed Marches show no signs of follow-up from the Director. What's more, the cargo is listed as 'Meat (Non-Perishable)'. She instructs the Characters to investigate, little knowing the hills outside Marienburg come alive at night with the undead — many of them tattooed with markings proclaiming them to be van de Kuypers' 'property'.

WOLVES ON WALDENSTRASSE

Director van de Kuypers hosts a meeting of the Big Ten at his estates to show off Guttra and 'negotiate some matters financial'. In truth, the event is intended for the Director to use Guttra to gain the confidence of the other Directors to mine them for blackmail material, but Guttra has plans to subvert such an opportunity. She smuggles the Characters in as wait staff and estate guards, with the intention of getting blackmail material on her employer, whilst he believes himself to be quite secure in his own home.

THE STORM

In a very rare turn of events, Director Jaan van de Kuypers chooses to leave his compound and visit, in his own words, 'A curious man on a curious island not far from Rijker's', and instructs Guttra to attend him. Believing this to be a perfect opportunity to observe the Director's behaviour for blackmail material, Guttra smuggles the Characters on board the ship they are taking, only for the vessel and crew to run foul of a terrible storm as it nears the island. Now, trapped on the shore, with the Director mysteriously missing, the Characters will have to contend with the mysterious little island that exists on no maps... and seems to be the abode of a terrible sorcerer.

GRANNY, WOULD YOU PLEASE?

Granny Hetta, a well-beloved, well-known face in Suddock, has gone missing, and Lea-Jan Cobbius, Master of the Honourable Guild of Stevedores and Teamsters, is furious. The stevedores have been tearing up the district looking for the old woman, as they are genuinely concerned with her wellbeing. Guttra needs her for another reason — she has learned that 'Granny' Hetta is in fact van de Kuypers's actual grandmother, and suspects she has information that could help dethrone the Director once and for all. Unfortunately, the thugs about town are making any effort to find her much more difficult, and they may well decide the Characters mean the beloved woman harm.

PRESTIGE ADVENTURE ESCAPE FROM RIJKE'S ISLE

Guttra Morbinssniz's lack of subtlety has finally been her undoing: she knows Director Jaan van de Kuypers got his position through some foul deed — perhaps even a daemon summoning — and blamed it on his older brother. Unfortunately she was less than discreet in learning of this, and the Director is on to her at last. However she also knows where Bertold, Jaan's older brother, has been hidden. There is no escape for Guttra: Jaan will track her across the Old World and beyond to silence her tongue. The only solution is to break Bertold out of the most secure prison in the Old World — Rijker's Isle, in Marienburg's harbour — and get him before a Blessed of Verena where he can confess under binding oath.

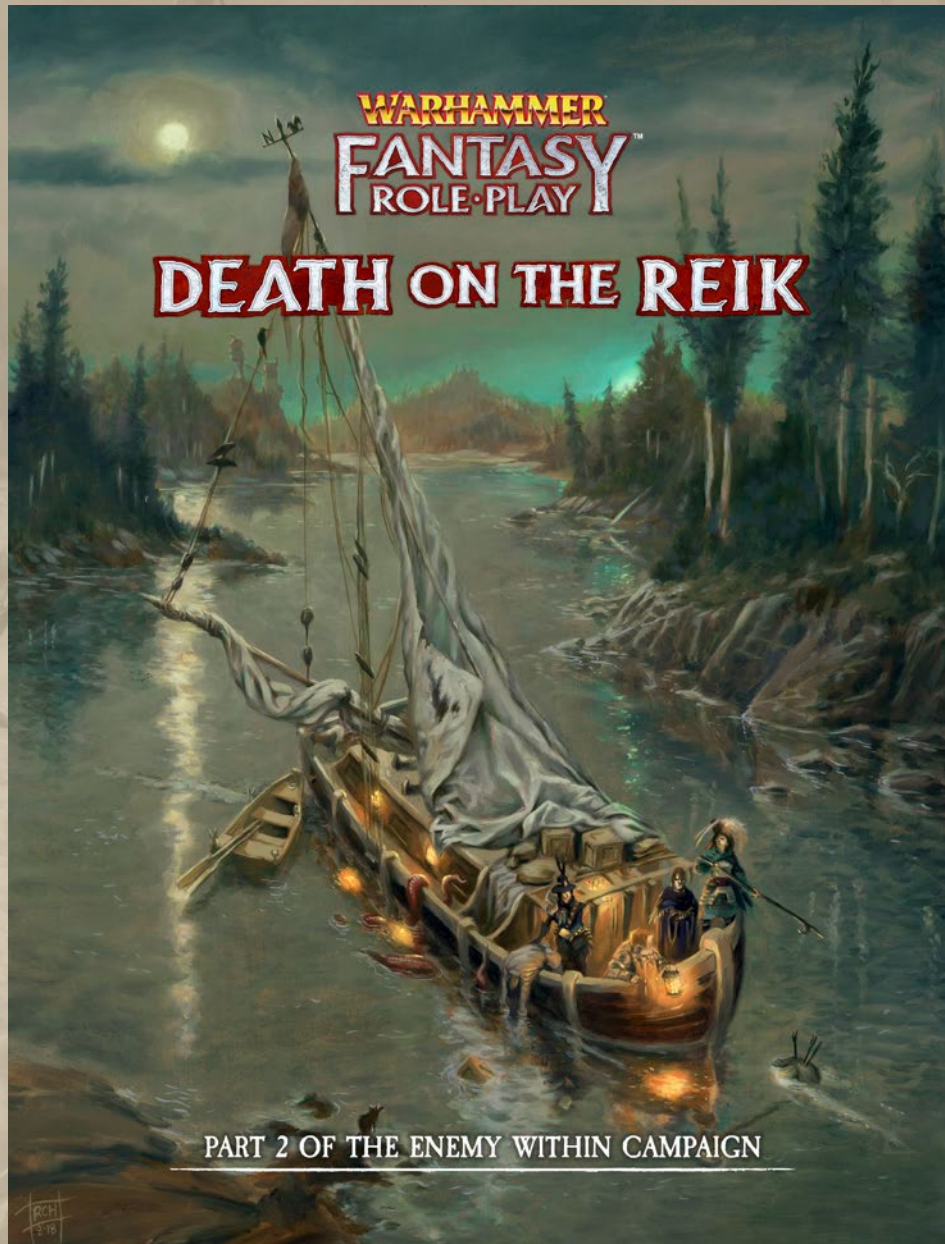
The Characters will need to sneak into the prison, perhaps by being brought in as new hires, and find their way to the Warden's office, and the prison manifest, to locate the hidden brother. Getting out again, however, is another matter entirely...

AFTERMATH

If Bertold can be rescued, and Jaan van de Kuypers dethroned, it would significantly upset the political situation in Marienburg. Jaan is the effective head of the Directorate, and his fall may well usher in a period of political upheaval. While there are many reasons for Marienburgers to wish to remain outside the Empire, Imperial agents are ever watchful for opportunity and an attempt to seize the city from its 'Daemon summoning rulership' could well succeed. If the Characters are good citizens of the Empire they may well assist and be rewarded for it — with titles and acclaim, if not with money.

However, Guttra — and the suddenly obscenely wealthy Bertold — would be forever in the Characters' debt. Helping to cement Marienburg's ongoing independence by carefully ensconcing Bertold in the seat of power formerly occupied by his brother would bring stability to the city. For this service to Marienburg, the Characters would undoubtedly be rewarded well in the manner favoured by Marienburgers — which is to say with a payment of thousands of gold crowns each, or holdings in the city and beyond to a similar value.

LET THE EPIC ADVENTURE CONTINUE WITH...

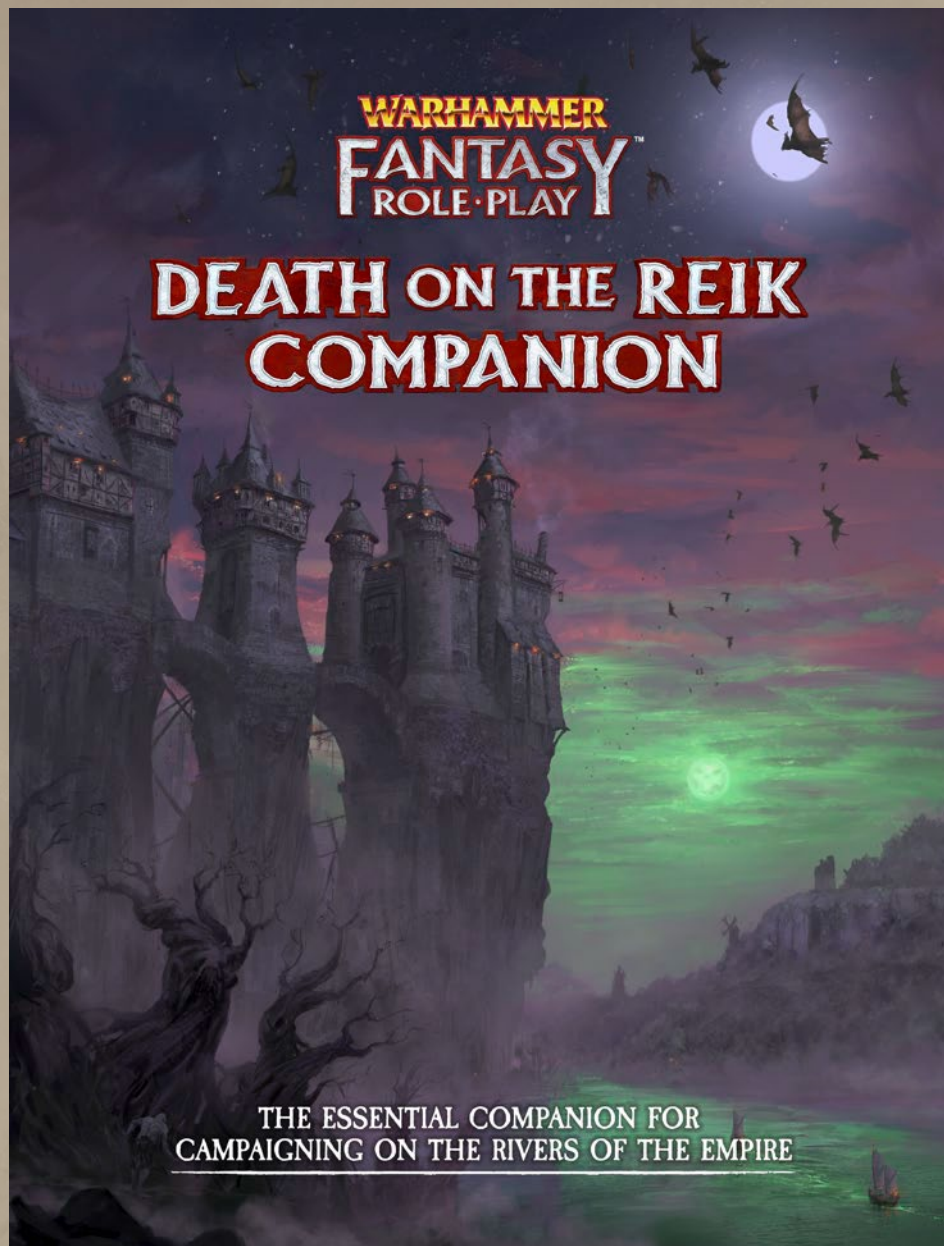


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