

CLOCKWORK & CHIVALRY

No Man's Land



"...quite simply in my opinion Clockwork & Chivalry is the best British fantasy setting since WFRP first ed."

- Newt Newport, author of OpenQuest, Monkey, etc.



RUNEQUEST II

CLOCKWORK & CHIVALRY

No Man's Land

Kingdom & Commonwealth III

by Peter Cakebread & Ken Walton

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Peter Cakebread



Ken Walton

Dedication

To Gary and Tim

Ken: to my grandfather, Sgt. Fred R. Clegg of the Lancashire Fusiliers, who survived Ypres, though many of his comrades didn't. And to my father, Allan Walton, who sadly didn't get to see this book published.

Peter: To Andy D., with whom I have fought many great battles. And to my Grandad Frisken, who got me into the whole history thing. X

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A Note on Geography

The county map is based on Joan Blau's 1688 atlas of "Anglia", and place spellings are taken from there – some bear little resemblance to modern names for the same places.

Clockwork & Chivalry on the Web

Cakebread & Walton have a web site at www.clockworkandchivalry.co.uk. Visit us for the latest news and downloads. We also regularly publish adventures and support material for *Clockwork & Chivalry* in Mongoose Publishing's downloadable gaming magazine, *Signs & Portents*, available free at www.mongoosepublishing.com.

Contents

INTRODUCTION , in which things are introduced	4
CHAPTER 1: A LETTER , in which our heroes receive a missive from some old acquaintances	5
CHAPTER II: THE FECULENT EGG , in which our heroes discover something rotten in the Feculent Egg	17
CHAPTER III: IN THE TRENCHES , in which our heroes discover that life in the trenches is less than salubrious	29
CHAPTER IV: WAGSTAFFE'S HOSPITALITY , in which our heroes enjoy the hospitality of Sir Joseph Wagstaffe	51
CHAPTER V: BIRMINGHAM , in which our heroes discover that Birmingham is dead, except on a Saturday	62
CHAPTER VI: THE STEEL HOUSE WORKS , in which our heroes find their way into the Steel House Works and witness a wonder	76
APPENDIX	90



Introduction

In which things are introduced

"I am sick and tired of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for blood, for vengeance, for desolation. War is Hell."

– from *On Killing*, by Lt. Col. Dave Grossman

No Man's Land is an adventure set in the *Clockwork & Chivalry* game world, using the *RuneQuest II* rules. A copy of the *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* is required to run the game, as is a copy of the *RuneQuest II Core Rulebook* available from Mongoose publishing. It is playable by a group of Adventurers from any Faction or a combination of Factions (see notes below). *No Man's Land* is the third instalment in the epic *Kingdom & Commonwealth* campaign for *Clockwork & Chivalry*, but can also be run as a standalone adventure. Look out for Volume IV, *Quintessence*, coming soon.

At the back of the book is a collection of standard NPCs (soldiers, ruins-dwellers, etc.), as well as new creatures, diseases and Clockwork machines which can be used in running the adventure.

If you are intending to play the game, rather than be the Games Master – stop reading now!

Spoiler Alert

The following information is for the Games Master's eyes only!



Chapter I

In which our heroes receive a missive from some old acquaintances

“Coming together is a beginning. Keeping together is progress. Working together is success.”

– Henry Ford

The Adventure

No Man’s Land is set in the Midlands. Throughout the end of 1645, and during the first half of 1646, the Civil War has generally lessened in intensity in most of the country. This is due to the stalemate following the horrific Battle of Naseby and the reluctance of both sides to squander what remains of their field armies in a similar open battle. In the Midlands however, the fight has continued more or less unabated. The Adventurers will find that they are drawn into this vicious conflict, as they are asked to investigate rumours of maddened Generals, dangerous inventions and devious agents working towards nefarious ends.

The adventure, which starts as summer draws to a close and autumn begins, will take the party through the grimmest warfare of the age. From the Staffordshire trenches, where death is ever near and the order to go “over the top” might come at any moment; to the Royalist Army Camp, where foul plots are being brewed; onto the streets of Birmingham, where the afflicted roam while the innocent cower below; and finally to the Steel House Works, where Sir

John Gell is preparing to unleash his new machine. On the way they will encounter gangs riding Iron Horses, hell-bent on fighting each other, and ready to destroy any who get in their way; embattled troops, attempting to survive the horrors of the front-line; and Lady Arabella Blackwood, who is on a secret mission which could change the world forever.

Kingdom & Commonwealth

This adventure can be run as a standalone. If so, the Adventurers will still receive correspondence asking them to meet with Sir Reginald Perkinson and Henry Ireton at the Feculent Egg, on the road to Birmingham. If running the adventure with a new and inexperienced group of Adventurers you might wish to scale down some of the challenges, or perhaps consider allowing players to waive the rule regarding starting play with Novice Adventurers (*Clockwork & Chivalry*, p.14).

No Man’s Land can also be run as the third part of the *Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign* for *Clockwork & Chivalry*. If so, the Adventurers will probably just have finished *Thou Shalt Not Suffer*, which takes place in the spring of 1646 (and depending on their speed of



progress through that adventure, possibly some of the summer as well). As *No Man's Land* doesn't start until the end of the summer, the Adventurers may have had time to undertake some activities in the interim.

Alchemists may have used the time between adventures to research new spells, manufacture Philosopher's Stones and make potions. Clockwork designers and engineers may have been able to design, and possibly build, a unique Clockwork Device, which may (or may not) be of some use. Other Adventurers should be allowed to give an account of their activities as well. They may come up with some imaginative ways of spending their reward money from the last adventure; or have been meeting up with old contacts. Allow the party to have shopped, developed friendships and indulged in whatever private projects they wish to pursue (within reason and at the Game Master's discretion). As long as it all seems reasonable and balanced, there is no need to actually roleplay any of this, unless your adventuring group are particular fans of fantasy shopping (although it would be a shame not to use those accident and injury tables where the Alchemists and engineers are concerned).

You may have other plans for the Adventurers in the interim – perhaps you have other quests and adventures you want to run. If the Adventurers have become more experienced and powerful, *No Man's Land* should still provide a stiff challenge.

Why Get Involved

Royalist Adventurers will likely have Sir Reginald as a patron or close friend. Such Adventurers might be attached to Sir Reginald's household, they may be students, or former students of his from Oxford, or they may be a part of his social clique. As such they will not be surprised to have received a letter from him. Otherwise they will have been directed to him by their own patrons, who have recommended the Adventurer's services to Sir Reginald, causing him to write to them.

Parliamentarian Adventurers possibly have Henry Ireton as their own patron, or if not he might be one of their close allies. Ireton will have written to the Adventurers asking them to travel to the Feculent Egg. Or perhaps one of

Ireton's minions will have recommended the Adventurers as loyal Parliamentarians who will be sure to help one of the most influential members of their Faction.

Adventurers from other Factions may have a variety of motivations for becoming involved. For some it might be love of adventure, personal glory, or good, old fashioned avarice. The Background Connections section of the Adventurer Creation rules provide plenty of motivations for players to journey together – using these rules creates solid relationships between party members, ensuring that they have good reasons to look out for one another. For instance, a member of a neutral Faction may still wish to accompany and protect a more partial relative. Of course there might be a whole range of other personal agendas that mean Adventurers are happy to undertake the journey to the Midlands – Journalists might sense a good story, the public clamours for tales of the ongoing conflict; Merchants might sense an opportunity to make a profit in supplying scarce resources; Camp Followers might seek work.

Hopefully, most of all, curiosity should motivate adventuring types to find out about what is actually going on in the region – why is the war raging there, when elsewhere the guns have largely fallen silent; and what business has taken Lady Silver (aka Lady Arabella Blackwood) to the Midlands?

Note Regarding Statistics for Encounters in 'Thou Shalt Not Suffer'

Generally, major personalities will be described and given Hit Points for individual Hit Locations. For larger groups, general Hit Points have been assigned. For an easier game experience, mass enemies can be downgraded as per the Underling rules in *RuneQuest II*. There is also always the option to have all encounters played out with everyone having individual location Hit Points – some templates of various character types have been provided at the back of this book, in the Appendix, which will assist if this is your preferred method.



A Letter and Request

At the beginning of the adventure the players will receive **Handout 1** – a letter (see p.8). This will have either been sent to the group of Adventurers, if they already gathered together, or individually if they live in different locations. The letter is a request for them to travel and meet up with their patrons (or their prospective patrons, if they have not already played through the first two volumes of the Kingdom and Commonwealth campaign). The messengers delivering the letters are of no import and will not be able to tell the Adventurers anything of use (although trusted employees of either patron, they are discreet enough to not have pried into their master's affairs). The meeting is to take place in a public house, the Feculent Egg, located in Warwickshire, on the road to Birmingham.

There is no seal or other indication on the letter confirming the identity of the senders. However, the letter is accompanied by notes of safe passage. One of these has been signed by Sir Reginald Perkinson and is good for traversing Royalist territories, the other by Henry Ireton, similarly useful when challenged by Parliamentary authorities. Under usual circumstances, anyway – unfortunately, for the Adventurers, they will find that in the Debatable Lands there are far from usual circumstances prevailing.

The “scandalous recrewting sheets” the letter refers to are recruitment posters which have been distributed the length and breadth of the country by supporters of Wagstaffe or Gell, keen to gather support for their respective causes. A copy of these two posters has also been included in the package sent by Ireton and Sir Reginald for the Adventurers to see, although they may well have caught glimpses of them already as they may have been displayed on various notice boards wherever they are based – see **Handouts 2 and 3** (p.9).

It is assumed that on reading the missives they will agree to meet with their patrons. They will need to conclude any business they were engaged in and travel at once to the Feculent Egg.

The Word Is...

Despite the urgency of their instructions, the Adventurers might (if they are sensible) decide to try and find out a little more about the conflict in the Midlands before they head off to the Feculent Egg. The following rumours can be gleaned regarding the state of affairs in the region. The rumours might form the sum pool of the party's knowledge about the area before they depart to investigate, although unless the Adventurers have been staying in the remotest of places they will likely have heard something of the conflict as it is reported frequently in the myriad of pamphlets that circulate freely in most areas. Tittle-tattle might also be passed on by learned (or not so learned) friends and acquaintances that the party consult with before, or during, their journey to the Midlands. Allow the party two rolls to begin with, then a further roll for each additional source of information they consult. Roll 2D12 for each rumour and consult the table below. Alternatively, pick the rumours you feel are most appropriate to the world-view of the person concerned (so for instance, a Soldier of low rank might hear a rumour from a wounded colleague about the fighting conditions, while a Merchant might have heard a rumour pertaining more to trade conditions and the scarcities in Birmingham). Rumours are marked (F)alse or (T)rue for the Games Master's eyes only!

2. Whereas the war has ground to a stalemate in the rest of the country, in the Debatable Lands the conflict is gathering in savagery and intensity. The fighting there is terrible. (T)
3. The leader of the Royalist Faction in the Debatable Lands, Sir Joseph Wagstaffe, has recently been promoted to Major General in charge of the Army of the Midlands. Reportedly, Rupert was decidedly cool about the affair, only reluctantly agreeing to the appointment. (T)
4. Sir Joseph Wagstaffe, the Royalist leader in the Debatable Lands is quite mad (F). Sir Joseph Wagstaffe has a ferocious and violent temper which leads him into all kinds of trouble (T).
5. Sir Joseph Wagstaffe, the Royalist General, used to fight for Parliament. He turned coat



To my deare and learned friends,

I remember me unto you wishing you all good health. There is a matter of some import that I would be most oblig'd you consider. As you must be aware from the pamphlets and scribblers who make most merrie with the saddest of events, there is much fighting in the Debatable Lands at present. While the rest of England awaites Warre, in those partes the terror and fury of said battle is like none before. This is said not lightly as you must knowe and I witnesse Naseby and divers conflicts besides. For your perusal the scandalous reewriting sheets circulated aside from the correct permissions are enclosed herein. Though our commanders give their fullest supporte to our interests in these matters there is concerne that they are conducted without recourse to strategie and mayhaps ill counsel has led them to locally exceed the authoritie vested in them for the conduct of Warre.

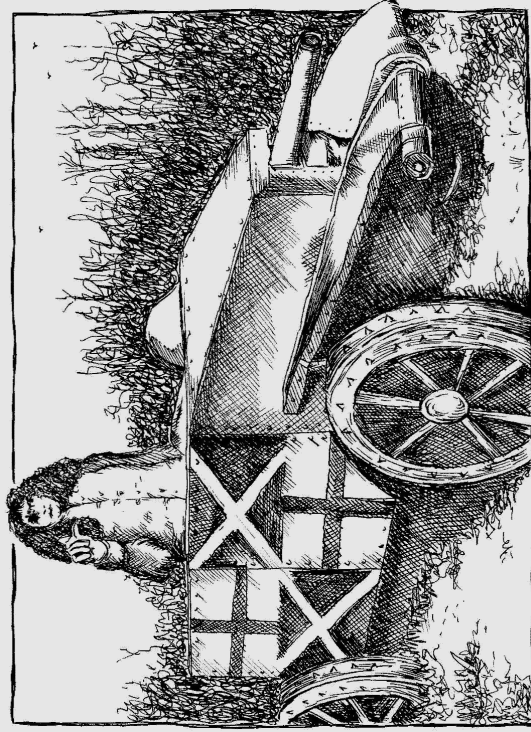
I would meete with you to discuss suche matters as they may concerne ourselves. I shall not say more herein lest my words are interp'd falsely by those that would discredit our juste cause. You will finde me, together with our mutual friend, at the Feculent Egg, a Public House nearabouts the Birmingham Road near Henwood near Solihull in Warwickshire county. If we are not there when you arrive, please wait a few days, in case we are delayed. We present papers of authority to ensure youre safest passage. Take due care to present suche papers with due care as required by the authority requesting them as these times are most difficult and mayhaps the lands might change possession in due course.

I write to you in regard to this most grave matter. I shoulde ask that you come to meet with me in due and earnest haste. I would be most priz'd of your company. Bring only those you trust to act with discretion and valour and full payment shall be made to alle. A further matter muste be mentioned. A "friend" of mutual acquaintance has been spied in these partes whose purpose muste be gathered lest some plot befecules our cause or that of all England for I speake of Lady Blackwood who fashions herself Lady Silver and her schemes are divers. We shalle speak of these and more when we meet. Doubt not the honour that shall be bestowed upon you if you shall complete these divers tasks with due zeale and befitting manner. Truly I wish you safe passage and godspeed,

Yours in affectione,

R. P. H. J.

**YOUR COMMONWEALTH
NEEDS YOU!**



An impassioned plea to
join Gell's muster

***Father, what did you do in the
Warre?***



***While Cowards simper,
Wagstaffe Fights!***



following his capture by the Royalists and has fought for them for the last three years (T).

6. Sir Joseph Wagstaffe, the Royalist Commander leading the fighting in the Debatable Lands is actually trying to usurp Rupert's power. He is hoping to win against Gell in the Midlands and then make a play for the leadership of the Royalist cause, and inevitably the throne itself, displacing Prince Charles, the rightful heir. (F)
7. Sir John Gell, the Colonel leading the Parliamentarians in the Debatable Lands, is quite mad. He is waging war for some motivation beyond simple loyalty to Cromwell and once he defeats Wagstaffe he intends to usurp the Lord Protector and become head of the Commonwealth. (T)
8. There have been developments in Clockwork engineering in the Birmingham workshops that rival even the innovations made by the engineers in Cambridge. (T)
9. It has been reported that Gell has ordered his engineers to work building a fleet of Leviathans even more powerful than Faith, Hope and Charity. Work on them is near completion. (F)
10. The first fight between the armies of Gell and Wagstaffe was the Battle of Birmingham. Neither side prevailed, and now both sides face each other across siegeworks to the west of Birmingham. (T)
11. The fighting to the west of Birmingham has become a bogged down affair – the armies facing each other are both ranged across vast trenchworks, the like of which have not been seen in England before. (T)
12. Conditions in the trenches outside Birmingham are said to be terrible. The trenches are little more than stinking ditches, rife with disease. (T)
13. Alchemical and Clockwork weaponry has been used in the fight outside Birmingham, involving strange new spells and weapons which have inflicted horrific casualties on both sides. (T)
14. The population in the Debatable Lands has been decimated due to the conscription of local menfolk. Many of the locals don't last

long once they reach the trenches – they are untrained and often ill-equipped, fodder for the increasingly expert musketeers and large batteries of cannon both sides have assembled in order to defend their positions. (T)

15. Mercenaries have flocked from far and wide to join the battle outside Birmingham. (T)
16. Only a coward would not go to Birmingham and enlist with Sir John Gell. While Cromwell bides his time, Gell is leading the noble fight against the devilish Royalists, whose ranks are filled with Catholics and wizards. Rumour has it that the glorious Gell has got the Royalists on the run and the battle will be over by Christmas.
17. Only a coward wouldn't enlist with Sir Joseph Wagstaffe's forces. While Rupert twiddles his thumbs at the Oxford Court, Wagstaffe is leading the resistance against the treacherous regicides. Rumour has it that the courageous Wagstaffe is easily beating the Parliamentarians, and the Royalist will break through and occupy Birmingham any day now.
18. Aside from the battlefield to the west of Birmingham, the rest of the Debatable Lands (Worcestershire, Warwickshire and Staffordshire) are unsafe for Parliamentarian or Royalist alike. Gangs of armed civilians have joined together to form formidable bands, determined to defend their territories from the roving armies of Gell and Wagstaffe. (T)
19. Law and order has all but dissolved in much of the Debatable Lands. (T)
20. The Club Gangs that control most of the territory are waging a campaign of murder, robbery and intimidation, the like of which has never been seen. (F)
21. The leaders of the Club Gangs are all in the employ of Witches and Demons, tasked to create misery and mayhem throughout the Midlands – poisoning the wells, destroying crops and setting fire to buildings. (F)
22. The fighting in and around Birmingham has led to a scarcity of goods. Much profit is to



be made by anyone brave enough to attempt to supply the town, or the garrisons of either of the opposing armies. (T)

23. Conditions in Birmingham itself are relatively good, considering the bitter fighting that is taking place outside the town. (F)
24. Conditions in Birmingham are terrible. The civilian population lives in terribly reduced circumstances and most have fled the town. Those that are left live in constant fear, not just of being embroiled in the bitter fighting, but of other, far more sinister dangers that lurk within the town. (T)

What's Going On and Running the Adventure

Henry Ireton and Sir Reginald Perkinson have summoned the party to the Feculent Egg in order to discuss the situation in and around Birmingham, with the intention of employing them as Spies. Sir Reginald and Henry are still close friends on a personal level, but no longer share the goal of promoting peace between the warring Factions. However, they are acting to monitor the conflict in the Debatable Lands, with the tacit support of Cromwell and Rupert. Neither of the great leaders feels that Birmingham is a great enough strategic asset to be worth the bloodshed that is occurring to the west of the town; and both are suspicious of their local commanders' motives for intensifying the fight.

In fact Sir Joseph Wagsaffe, the Royalist commander, although occasionally impulsive and quick to anger, is a brave and loyal fighter. He may have left the Parliamentary ranks early in the war, but he is now solidly behind Rupert. More information on Sir Joseph can be found in Chapter IV, which deals with life in the Royalist army camp.

Sir John Gell is a different matter. The former Presbyterian, turned Tinker, has become unhinged. He is involved in a variety of secret schemes, all of which he hopes will aid him in his ultimate goal of becoming the greatest power in England (and perhaps beyond). He is attempting to create the ultimate fusion of man and machine and has begun experimenting on his personal guard to this end; he is attempting

to create a Clockwork Flying Machine, using plans that he has stolen from John Wilkins (the original creator of modern Clockwork technology); and he has developed a Repeating Clockwork Musket. More information on Sir John can be found in Chapter VI, which describes the Steel House Works in Birmingham.

The party will find that their patrons are not present at the Feculent Egg. They have been warned off by their scouts, but will not be able to get a message to the Adventurers in time. The Adventurers will find themselves observing (or possibly participating in) a fight between rival Iron Horse riding gangs. The gangs are described in more detail in Chapter II.

Then it is likely they will experience the horrors of the trenches outside Birmingham (as prisoner conscripts in the Parliamentary Army – see Chapter III). They will probably experience life in an army camp (in Chapter IV) where they will be given instructions from one of Sir Reginald's men. These instructions will task them with finding, stopping, and possibly killing Sir John Gell. This task will take them into Birmingham, where they will discover the town has been overrun by strange and dangerous creatures, human victims of the Wandering Sickness, turned into Revenants. This section of the party's travels will be covered in Chapter V.

Along the way the party will possibly uncover evidence which suggests Lady Arabella Blackwood has been taking an interest in events in the Debatable Lands. The finale will reveal her motivations for becoming involved in affairs in such hostile territory and allow a final showdown with Sir John Gell, the insane Tinker. Details on how to run the finale are provided in Chapter VI.

Although the adventure has been written to be run in the order as given above, you may wish to run some of the sections as mini-adventures in their own right. Certainly the information given in Chapter III regarding the trench warfare and no man's land could be used to run a series of adventures if your players are of a martial bent. Likewise, Birmingham and the peculiar denizens of the town might play host to a campaign, details of which can be found in Chapter V. There is no need to timetable the



finale in the manner described herein; however, if you wish to run *Quintessence*, Volume IV of the *Kingdom and Commonwealth* Campaign, you will inevitably want to timetable Gell's unveiling ceremony, and the climactic events that ensue, as described in Chapter VI.

Travelling to the Midlands

It is assumed that the party have not actually gathered together in the Midlands to begin with. If they have played through *Thou Shalt Not Suffer* they will possibly arrive together at the Feculent Egg, having travelled from Cornwall (if they have taken their time down there); or they may have returned to Oxford (which is not so far from the Midlands) to collect their reward; or, perhaps they have been delivered the message instructing them to go to the Feculent Egg while travelling between the two places. Alternatively, the Adventurers might be travelling independently of each other, arriving at the Feculent Egg at different times (see the Feculent Egg section below for what to do in this instance). If the party still have the mounts they used in *Thou Shalt Not Suffer*, they might use these, otherwise they might find it hard to acquire horses. Alchemists and Clockwork Engineers will be ill-advised to take to much of their equipment – they will be travelling through contested territory where it is likely to be seized, even if they produce their letters of Safe Conduct from Henry Ireton and Sir Reginald. They will have opportunities to access laboratories and workshops later in the adventure.

However the party travel and wherever they come from, they should be given a little time before starting out, so they can purchase provisions and plan for the journey. It is not suggested that the journey itself is played out in detail, although reading the geographical notes in *Clockwork & Chivalry* (beginning p.166) may be useful if preparing a brief description of the journey if the party are not travelling from Oxford or the south. The following section details Wandering Encounters that can be used during the journey once the party enters the Debatable Lands (or later on in the adventure, whenever the Adventurers are traversing the Debatable Lands).

Debatable Lands Wandering Encounters

The term Debatable Lands refers to three counties – Staffordshire, Warwickshire and Worcestershire. These lands are both hotly contested by the Parliamentary and Royalist Factions – the terrific fight for control of Birmingham raging in the centre of the region – but also by the civilian population who have formed large armed groups in order to defend themselves from the armies encamped in and near their territories. Certainly the Royalist and Parliamentary armies are not confined geographically to just the trenches and their own camps – many of the towns outside of Birmingham are held for Rupert or Cromwell, but the scale of the civilian mobilisations is enough for all but the larger and better armed troops to think twice before attempting to gather supplies, conscript the locals or even move from their billets. Indeed, many of the garrisons are virtually under siege, imprisoned in their barracks for fear of being attacked by armies of Clubmen, thirsty for revenge, their villages having been robbed and ransacked by either or both of the main field armies.

For more information on the Debatable Lands, see p.170 of the Core Worldbook. Geographically, the Debatable Lands are in the green and fertile “Heart of England”. Warwickshire is hilly in the south (the Cotswolds), mildly undulating in the north; the ancient Malvern Hills run to the south and west in Worcestershire; and Staffordshire is hilly in the north and south, with wild moorlands in the far north of the county. Staffordshire is less intensively farmed than Warwickshire and Worcestershire – and prized for its industrial resources – there is an abundance of iron and coal in the county. All three counties are landlocked.

Roughly speaking, where folk retain sympathy for Rupert or Cromwell (and as stated, most don't), Warwickshire leans toward Parliament, Worcestershire toward Rupert, and Staffordshire is divided – but to overstate this tendency gives a false picture; there aren't fixed boundaries as far as loyalties go. Such is the case throughout England, but most especially in the Debatable Lands, hence the name.



There may be times when your players wander from the main adventure locations, or you want to make their travels more eventful, or you might feel a wandering encounter would improve the pace of the adventure. You can roll 1D12 and randomly select an encounter, or choose the encounter you think would be interesting to run, or that particularly suits your group's style of play. If you do want to run Wandering Encounters they are best divided through the adventure. Beware of hitting the party with encounter after encounter, you do not have to run them all.


The following events all relate to occurrences that take place away from the main locations covered elsewhere in this book – i.e., outside of Birmingham; away from the area to the west of Birmingham in which the main fighting is taking place; and outside the Royalist Army Camp. Encounters in those areas are covered in the appropriate chapters.

1. There is a low lying autumn mist, the weather is turning chilly and a drizzle of rain adds to the gloom. In the distance a large group of people can be seen – they are ragged and shuffling, slowly stumbling along a path, heading out of the Debatable Lands. They are almost completely silent, none of them talking, but occasionally one of their number grunts in pain. They are Soldiers, mostly wounded, some seriously. It is unclear whether they are deserting or have permission to vacate the front. Some of them appear to be missing limbs, others are swathed in bloody bandages. A few of them shoulder muskets, some have pikes, but most of them are unarmed. If the party get near enough, they will notice that all of the Soldiers appear to be wide-eyed, their faces frozen in a curious mask – an effect of whatever appalling sights they have witnessed on the battlefield. Their clothes are torn, scorched and encrusted with mud. It is unclear on which side they fought and they attempt to avoid conversation, concentrating all their energy reserves on their grim forced march, away from the front. If the party lets them go without attempting conversation (which they will attempt to avoid anyway) then they will notice that they have left one of their number on the road behind them. The

young Soldier falls first to his knees. Then he slumps forward, face first into the muddy trail, unnoticed by his comrades. If the party move to assist/inspect the body, they will find the Soldier, little more than a boy, has died. He carries nothing of value.

2. In the distance the party can see a fight is taking place. If they move forward to watch more closely they will see that the fight is between a small group of Soldiers and a larger group of people, mainly Peasants by the look of it. There are 2D6 Soldiers (for Soldiers statistics, see Appendix p.95), a Royalist recruiting party, being accosted by about fifty Clubmen (for Clubman statistics, likewise, see Appendix p.95). The party can assist either side if they so choose – winning the gratitude of those they help and the hostility of those they assault (if any survive). If the party get involved, it could have repercussions when they visit the Royalist army camp or if they encounter Sir James Denburgh and his band of Clubmen later in the adventure (although none of the major personalities from the Royalist army camp are present, nor is Sir James himself). If the party decide to remain neutral and simply watch the fight, then describe the Soldiers being overpowered, given a beating and then crawling away in defeat (the Clubmen have possibly cracked a few skulls but they haven't actually killed any of the Soldiers by the looks of it). If the party speak with either group after the event (depending on how they ask) they might find out that the Clubmen are off to meet with a much larger force (of which they will be suitably vague about the whereabouts) and the Royalists will be heading back to their camp, behind the siege-lines, to the west of Birmingham.
3. A family are moving along a trail. If the party approach they will, at first be warily greeted by the group. There are seven all told, a mother (Bethan) and father (Rhymer), four young children and an elderly woman (Margey), perhaps a great aunt or grandmother. If the party are friendly (or at least not hostile) the family will ask for a little food. If the party don't give them any, they will weep and beg pitifully. If the party help the family, and





think to ask, they will tell the party their tale. The family have escaped from Birmingham, where Rhymer worked as a swordsmith up until the battle of Birmingham. He had heard tales of Gell's erratic cruelty so did not volunteer to work in the weapon shops for the Parliamentarians. Besides, he feared that if he had offered he might have been forced to join the military instead. Fearing his family would perish without him, at first they hid in the cellar of their house, hoping the conflict would move on and peace might be restored to their little suburb. When the fighting did eventually abate, instead of a return to normal family life and work in his little workshop, the town had been overtaken by a strange illness. The family will reveal no more, but it appears the afflicted have become strangely violent. The family tried to manage, but exhausting all their food supplies they found that they could not afford to feed themselves – having traded everything they had at the Saturday market – the only semblance of ordinary existence maintained in the town, as far as they are aware. People do not even go to the churches anymore, the streets are deserted, and it is truly a Godforsaken place. Rhymer and Bethan warn the party to avoid the place at all costs, before thanking them, wishing them luck, and continuing on their journey out of the Debatable Lands.

4. The party will see an altercation taking place in a ploughed field. A few Parliamentarian Soldiers (2D4) appear to have seized some Farmers (1D6). They will not attempt to apprehend the party as well (they don't want to push their luck and lose their haul). They are led (even if there are only a couple of them) by an extremely officious recruiting Sergeant, who is being paid by the head to conscript people for Gell. The party will notice that the Farmer(s) are extremely young, the older men from the locality having already been recruited, or having fled to join the Club gangs, long ago.
5. A group of men (2D4) are encamped beside a trail. As they see you approach they try to duck down, although they are pretty obvious about it. They are deserters from

the Royalist army, heading toward Oxford, trying (poorly) to dodge friend and foe alike on their travels. They have stopped to cook some hare and rest up awhile. If any of the party are obviously Soldiers, and particularly if they are of rank, the deserters will claim they are civilians (although they are still wearing their uniforms, buff, black and white, and helmets). If none of the party are obviously military types they will be friendly enough, even suggesting a hand of cards and offering to share a little of their broth. They haven't actually fought in the trenches. They were on their way to join up with Wagstaffe when they encountered what passes for a field hospital on the edge of the Royalist camp. What they saw there, and after hearing a few tales from troopers who had spent time at the front, was enough to put them off reporting to their Captain at the muster.

6. The party see an odd-looking man coming towards them. He looks battered, as if he's been beaten. He has peculiarly shaped whiskers, and spectacles which are grimy and cracked. He carries a large pack upon his back which chinks as he walks. He is quite elderly. He flinches as he sees the Adventurers, but plucks up courage to say: *"Good day, good day. So sorry to bother you. I do hope you are not unfortunate enough to go to Birmingham, but if you do be warned, there is a terrible sickness there. Perhaps,"* and he reaches into his pack, *"I could interest you in a little of my most marvellous mixture. It is an elixir which can prevent the most noxious plagues and pestilent poxes."* He offers the party a little clay jug of evil-smelling liquid. He is a Physician, and a rather good one, but wherever he goes people take him for a fraudster. His name is London Robbins and he sells elixir for 5 shillings a bottle. He recommends smearing it on a handkerchief and then covering one's nose with it. If such a covering is worn it will halve the chance of succumbing to a miasma.
7. The Adventurers may (Perception rolls) hear screaming. Just off the road there are a small group of armed men. They appear to be pushing two women onto horses. If the party investigate they will find that the men

(McKenzie and four Parliamentarian Soldiers) are preparing to hang the two women. The women are bruised, scratched and cut, having already been tortured by the Soldiers. The leader of the men, the Agitator Elliott McKenzie (statistics as those of the other Soldiers) will order the Adventurers to leave. If the party press him he will declare the women are *"Irish gypsy whores, who must hang!"* In fact, they are a pair of Royalist Camp Followers who had the misfortune to be captured while out gathering firewood, and are Welsh, not Irish. They speak perfectly good English and will appeal to the party to save them. McKenzie will attempt to carry out the hanging, unless the party stops him (which will require fighting him and his men). Soldiers statistics can be found in the Appendix, p.95.

8. There are two men meandering down the road, sharing a flagon of wine. When they see the Adventurers they call out greetings, their Gallic accents apparent as they speak. They are dressed rather extravagantly – wearing pristine wide-brimmed hats, expensive swords at their sides, shouldering fine looking muskets and draped with an abundance of pistols. One of them looks older, and is thicker-set than his handsome young companion. They will pass the time of day, sharing their drink and happily bantering. They will inquire if the party have encountered any other Frenchmen. They will explain that they have been involved in the fighting near Birmingham and two of their comrades were also involved, but they have since become split up (they were actually fighting on opposite sides, it turns out, seemingly they were planning some scam or another, but it hasn't worked out). They will ask the adventurers to pass on a message (essentially, to meet them in Portsmouth) to their friends if they happen to bump into them. If the party ask about the fighting outside Birmingham, the usually jovial pair look reflective for a moment. The bulkier of the two will mutter *"C'est pas de la guerre... c'est du meurtre,...c'etait un massacre!"* and they will both quickly wish the party *"Adieu"* and depart.

9. The party will come across a body by the side of the road. If they examine it, they will find that it is a very large man, his clothes vaguely resemble a Parliamentarian Dragoon uniform, although there seem to be several strange adaptations – cloth patches bearing symbols and biblical texts have been sewn onto the jacket, and the helmet he is wearing boasts a strange gothic spike. The fellow is alive, but when he comes round he is concussed. At first he will stare vacantly, muttering *"I must report to m'lady."* If asked to elaborate he will look distracted and say *"M'Lady Silver. She'll wonder where I've got to."* He won't elaborate, but then will suddenly try to jump to his feet, shouting *"Me Horse, me Iron Horse, where is it? She'll have me guts fer sure."* As he tries to rise he will black out again and fall backwards. The party will get no further sense from the man, he will remain unconscious for 1D6 hours, then will either die (50%) or awake with amnesia. He is a part of Lady Arabella's Iron Horse gang, and fell from his mount during a fight with some of Gell's men. His co-rider left him for dead, riding off with Arabella's gang, and is long gone.

10. The party see a man with a cart by the side of the road. The man is weeping. He had been heading to Birmingham with a cartload of supplies, having been told he could make a fortune from the desperate inhabitants of the town. He was stopped by Royalist soldiers who took all his wares, leaving him with nothing (although, on the bright side, he still has his cart).

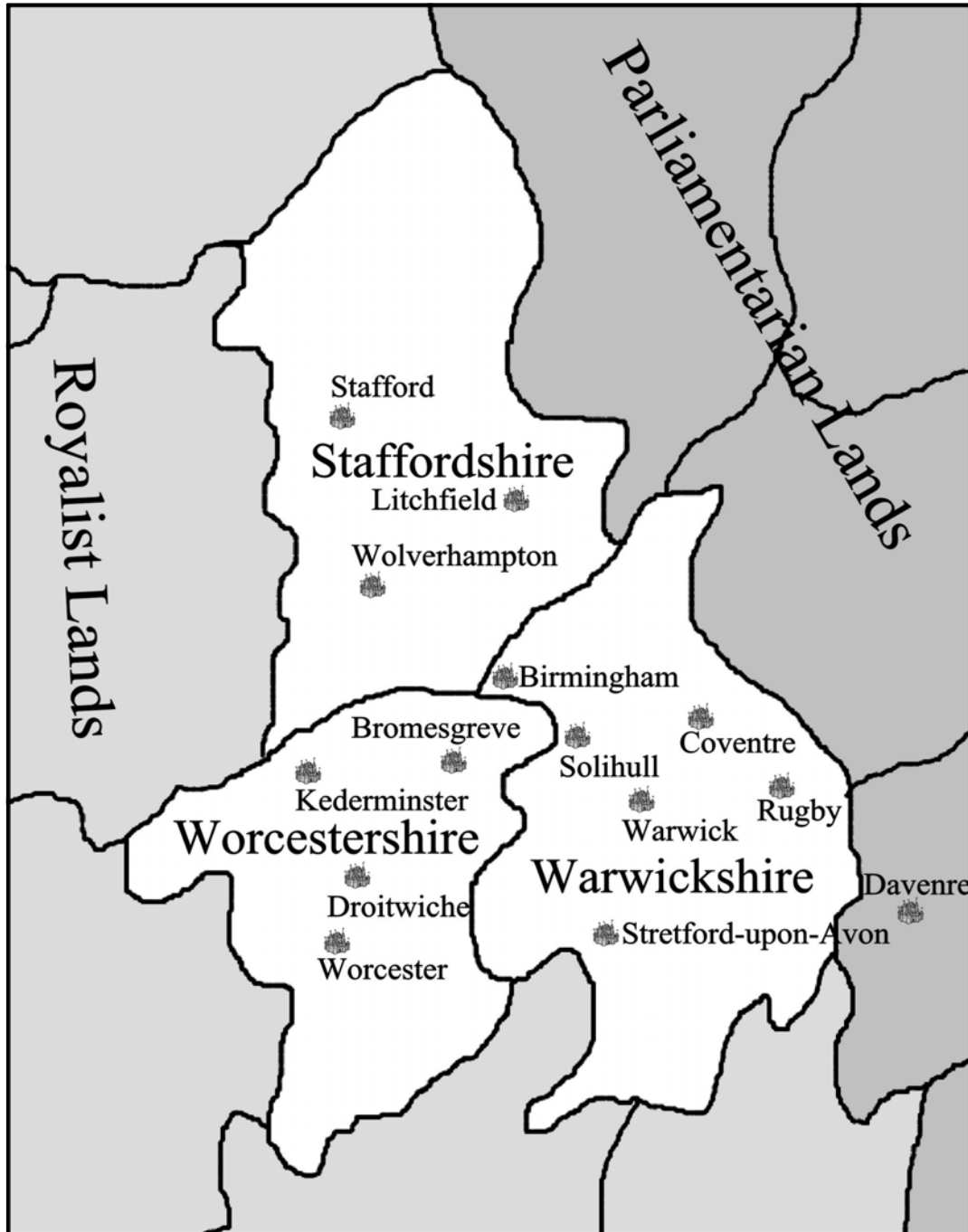
11. The party see a group of Parliamentarian Soldiers marching toward Birmingham, to join forces with Gell. There are 2D100 on foot and 2D20 mounted, as well as 0-1 cannon. They ignore the party, focussed on their goal of reaching the town as soon as possible.

12. The party see a group of Royalist Soldiers, marching towards the Royalist army camp to the west of Birmingham. There are 2D100 on foot and 2D20 mounted, as well as 0-1 cannon. They ignore the party, focussed on their goal of joining with Wagstaffe and his men.



Aside from the above encounters the party will find plenty of other places to visit if they spend much time away from the main adventure locations but remain within the Debatable Lands. There is much the same mix of manorial and village life, with the occasional larger town, as in the rest of England. In some places the party will be greeted with friendship and offers of lodgings, in others hostility and a fear of any strangers. The war at the epicentre of the region

has had its effect throughout the three counties, however. The effect of the conflict has been a draining of the resources from the region (a problem throughout the nation, but exaggerated in the Debatable Lands); hyper-inflation and starvation are the result. Encounters outside those listed in the above table should be themed accordingly and the effects of the conflict should be stressed when describing such situations.



Chapter II

In which our heroes discover something rotten in the Feculent Egg



“Today’s egg is better than tomorrow’s hen.”

- Turkish proverb

What’s Going On

It is advised (as ever) that you read the whole of this chapter before trying to run the events described. Sooner or later the Adventurers should arrive at the Feculent Egg near Henwood, having travelled there at the behest of their patrons. It is easy enough to find, being on the main road to Birmingham, and locals in the vicinity will all be able to point the party in the right direction.

Sir Reginald and Henry Ireton are simply not going to be coming to the Feculent Egg. They sent scouts ahead as they made their progress to the Debatable Lands and those that managed to return to them told them enough to warn them off. They have sent two messengers, William Pennie and Thomas Bennett, back into the region to warn and brief the party (William Pennie has headed to the Royalist camp and will meet with the Adventurers there, in Chapter III, p.45; Thomas Bennett has been forcibly conscripted by Edwin Jekyll en route to the Feculent Egg, and will likely be encountered in the next Chapter, III, as a fellow member of the Prisoner Companie).

Of course, the Adventurers will not know that their patrons are not going to show up. In the following section they will have a chance to

meet up with each other (if they haven’t journeyed together); meet the publican and his wife; encounter a con-artist, who will try to relieve them of a few coins; and witness, or become embroiled in, some of the ongoing conflict between the Iron Horse gangs. They will then encounter the sadistic recruiter, Edwin Jekyll, who will forcibly conscript the Adventurers into his notorious Prisoner Companie.

The Iron Horse Gangs

Just over a year ago, there were fewer than thirty operational Iron Horses in the whole of England. Now there are nearly twice that number in the Debatable Lands alone. The reason for the relatively large number of machines in the area is that Gell has been manufacturing Iron Horses in Birmingham; furthermore, a unit of Iron Horses, dispatched by Cromwell, is active in the region; and a small group of Iron Horses are being used by people in the employ of Lady Arabella Blackwood. These three forces fight each other whenever they meet and have differing goals and motivations. The Iron Horse gangs appear in other sections of this book. Details of each gang, and of each gang leader, are given below.

It is important to note that the Iron Horse gang

members tend to have a distinctive appearance. They often daub flags and symbols over their Iron Horses, individualising them, even naming them. Likewise, they don't wear regulation uniforms – some wear soft leather coats, others breastplates; they don a variety of helmets, from the familiar lobster pot to peculiar, spiked, Gothic affairs. They sometimes adorn their clothes with patches bearing symbols (some of which look suspiciously Pagan); and they seem to actually take pride in wearing their clothes in a torn and scruffy state. They often wear their hair long, and sport strangely cultivated facial hair. It is not known if their appearances are maintained in such a fashion to intimidate their enemies or whether it is merely another manifestation of their eccentricity.

Gell's Demons

Some machines have been manufactured in Birmingham, in the Clockwork Workshops of Sir John Gell (located in the Steel House Works). These machines and their drivers and riders, by and large, have been formed into one squadron. The squadron is nicknamed Gell's Demons by those residents of the Debatable Lands who have had the misfortune to have heard of them (few who actually encounter them survive). They are led by their Captain, Smite-and-Purge-the-Devil-out-of-Him Haines (Captain Haines for short), who is almost as insane as Gell himself. This group have been boosted by an influx of fresh machines, ridden by disaffected members of the Holy Hammers (see below), who have deserted "Rammer" Reynolds, joining with the Demons. These recruits were tempted to desert by Gell, who gives the squadron free reign to murder, rape and plunder wherever they so please. All he asks in return is their loyalty and that they occasionally undertake a mission for him (such as their current task of supporting recruitment in the region). All told, there are now about thirty machines used by the gang, who are sixty strong (one driver and one passenger on each Iron Horse). Gell's Demons are currently supporting Edwin Jekyll in his attempts to "recruit" a Companie, so have been temporarily ordered by Gell to suspend their usual wild behaviour, as dead recruits are of no use to him. They are not happy about this at all. Their secondary mission (in which they have been

permanently engaged since the arrival of Rammer) is to wipe out the Holy Hammers.

Captain Smite-and-Purge-the-Devil-out-of-Him Haines



Captain of Sir John Gell's Iron Horse Dragoons

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 10
POW 13 DEX 15 CHA 8

SR 12 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Athletics 57%, Brawn 45%, Craft (Clockwork) 38%, Dagger 69%
1D4+1(+1D2), Drive 65%, Evade 50%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 62%, Persistence 50%, Resilience 58%, Sword 40% 1D8(+1D2), Unarmed 85% 1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Self Interest (Amoral) RP: 55

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/5
4-6	Left Leg	1/5
7-9	Abdomen	1/6
10-12	Chest	1/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	1/5

Haines is a cruel individual. Perhaps as crazed as his Lord, John Gell, Haines takes great delight in assaulting and torturing any victims that his gang captures. He takes particular pleasure in abusing the women his gang procure for him, much to the amusement of his followers. Originally a member of Gell's Presbyterian congregation, Haines realised as Gell's power grew in the region that he might be able to indulge his sadistic predilections working within the Parliamentary army. Gell

was happy to oblige and promoted Haines to Captain of his Iron Horse dragoons. As a mark of his promotion, Gell ordered Haines have his left eye struck out, and then provided him with special “Clockwork Eyeglasses” so that he might be able to have enhanced vision. The Eyeglasses don’t work (and Haines’ stats have been adjusted down accordingly), although he would never admit it to his Lord; they whirr and rotate as though focussing (which is unnerving for the person he’s looking at) but he can’t actually see any better through them!

Haines is utterly ruthless, and although inefficient (regularly outwitted by Rammer and Sawyer) his men are loathe to cross him, knowing that if they did so and he were to survive they would be subjected to slow and painful deaths. Haines wears a leather jacket, and trousers fashioned from similar material. Although it doesn’t afford much protection, Haines’ leather outfit is so light and close fitting that it only bestows a -1 SR penalty (rather than the usual -2 for the same AP equivalent outfit).

The Holy Hammers

The second group, the Holy Hammers, comes from outside the Debatable Lands. Led by Sergeant “Rammer” Reynolds, this detachment of the New Model Army Clockwork Regiment is independent of Gell, and rather than engaged in fighting the Royalists, is currently embroiled in waging what is virtually a gang war against Gell’s Iron Horse Dragoons (Gell’s Demons). Originally nearly double the strength it is now (Reynolds had twenty-four Iron Horses and forty eight men under his command when he started) “Rammer” Reynolds and his unit were engaged on a mission, at Cromwell’s behest, touring up and down the network of Winding Stations, ensuring all was in order, building was progressing as it should, and that guards were undertaking their duties properly, etc. Unfortunately, on arrival in the Debatable Lands Rammer was ordered by Gell to abandon his mission and join up with the rest of Gell’s squadron. Rammer refused (much to Gell’s annoyance) but half of his men deserted and joined Gell anyway. Rammer has been fighting a guerrilla war against Gell and Haines ever since, determined to get his twelve machines back, and to capture or kill the deserters who

ride them. Rammer and his men have been forced to spend most of their time retreating and hiding however, due to their numerical disadvantage.

Roger “Rammer” Reynolds



New Model Army Clockwork Regiment Dragoon Sergeant

STR 15 CON 13 SIZ 16 INT 12
POW 10 DEX 10 CHA 10

SR 8 CA 2 DM +1D4

Skills: Athletics 25%, Brawn 65%, Craft (Clockwork) 25%, Drive 75%, Evade 40%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 35%, Lore (Tactics) 55%, Persistence 60%, Resilience 70%, Ride 35%, Streetwise 50%, Survival 20%, Sword 50% 1D8(+1D4), Unarmed 85% 1D3(+1D4)

Faction: New Model Army RP: 70

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	2/6
4-6	Left Leg	2/6
7-9	Abdomen	2/7
10-12	Chest	2/8
13-15	Right Arm	2/5
16-18	Left Arm	2/5
19-20	Head	1/6

Roger “Rammer” Reynolds was a common street thug before the outbreak of Civil War. When he joined the Parliamentary Army he found his true vocation – as an Army Sergeant. Respected not only for his fighting skills, he also showed himself to be an able strategist, saving his men from disaster on more than one occasion in the early years of the war. He



wasn't especially popular though, due to his readiness to use his fists to "mould" his unit to his preferred way of working. His tactical awareness didn't go unnoticed by his superiors however, and Cromwell himself commended Roger to the New Model Army when it was formed, where he helped train the new regular recruits. It was then that Roger saw the Dragoons practising on the first Iron Horses and longed to have a go himself, but it was only after many of the original Iron Horse drivers were killed at Naseby that he was given his chance. Early in 1646 he was honoured with being given command of a small squadron, tasked to roam up and down the country, inspecting the defences of the Winding Station network.

Since then things haven't gone so well for Roger. To his dismay he has not been able to maintain discipline throughout his own ranks while on such an extended mission. Iron Horse dragoons are an eccentric lot at the best of times, but cut free from the structure of the New Model Army camp routines, the squadron degenerated quickly into little more than a gang. When Gell tried to persuade Roger to join his forces with Haines' he refused, but nearly half his men took up the offer, swayed by promises of loot and glory. Roger is determined to get his lost machines back, and the remainder of his troop are all loyal Cromwellians, who likewise are unhappy that the rest of the gang have abandoned their original mission. Roger wonders at the other group of Iron Horse drivers he has seen (Sawyer's Slayers), he is sure they are not in league with Gell (rightly) but doesn't understand why they avoid contact with him and refuse to help him in fighting Gell's dragoons.

Sawyers's Slayers

Lady Arabella Blackwood is plotting her own operations in the Debatable Lands. Her plans have required her to form a small Iron Horse gang, their manoeuvrability and speed have greatly aided her in gathering information and running messages. They have become markedly less effective of late, mainly as everyone runs and hides when they see Iron Horses coming (thanks to the behaviour of Gell's Demons). Still, Arabella is not too concerned, her plans are all pretty much in place, so she simply

retains the Slayers (who secretly call each other "Silver's Slayers" rather than "Sawyer's Slayers" as they are known to the other gangs) as a personal bodyguard and to spy on her enemies' movements. The other gangs have attempted to engage the Slayers, but Sawyer has always remained one step ahead, enjoying regularly outfoxing Haines' attempts to capture him and evading Rammer's requests for a parley.

Gerald "The Giant" Sawyer



Sergeant of Lady Silver's Dragoons

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 18 INT 12
POW 12 DEX 11 CHA 12

SR 9 CA 2 DM +1D4

Skills: Athletics 36%, Brawn 78%, Craft (Clockwork) 65%, Drive 64%, Evade 50%, Insight 70%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 64%, Lore (Tactics) 60%, Persistence 59%, Resilience 73%, Streetwise 63%, Survival 47%, Military Flail 50%
1D10(+1D4), Unarmed 60% 1D3(+1D4)

Faction: Lady Silver RP: 75

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/7
4-6	Left Leg	0/7
7-9	Abdomen	0/8
10-12	Chest	6/9
13-15	Right Arm	0/6
16-18	Left Arm	0/6
19-20	Head	6/7

Probably the most able of the leaders of the Iron Horse gangs, Gerald "The Giant" Sawyer is completely devoted to his mistress, Lady

Chapter II: The Feculent Egg

Arabella Blackwood (aka Lady Silver). His men are likewise completely loyal to him, in awe of his gigantic stature, formidable fighting skills and expertise with an Iron Horse. Originally a mechanic working in the Clockwork Workshops in Cambridge, Gerald was at Naseby, where he left the field with honours, but a serious injury.

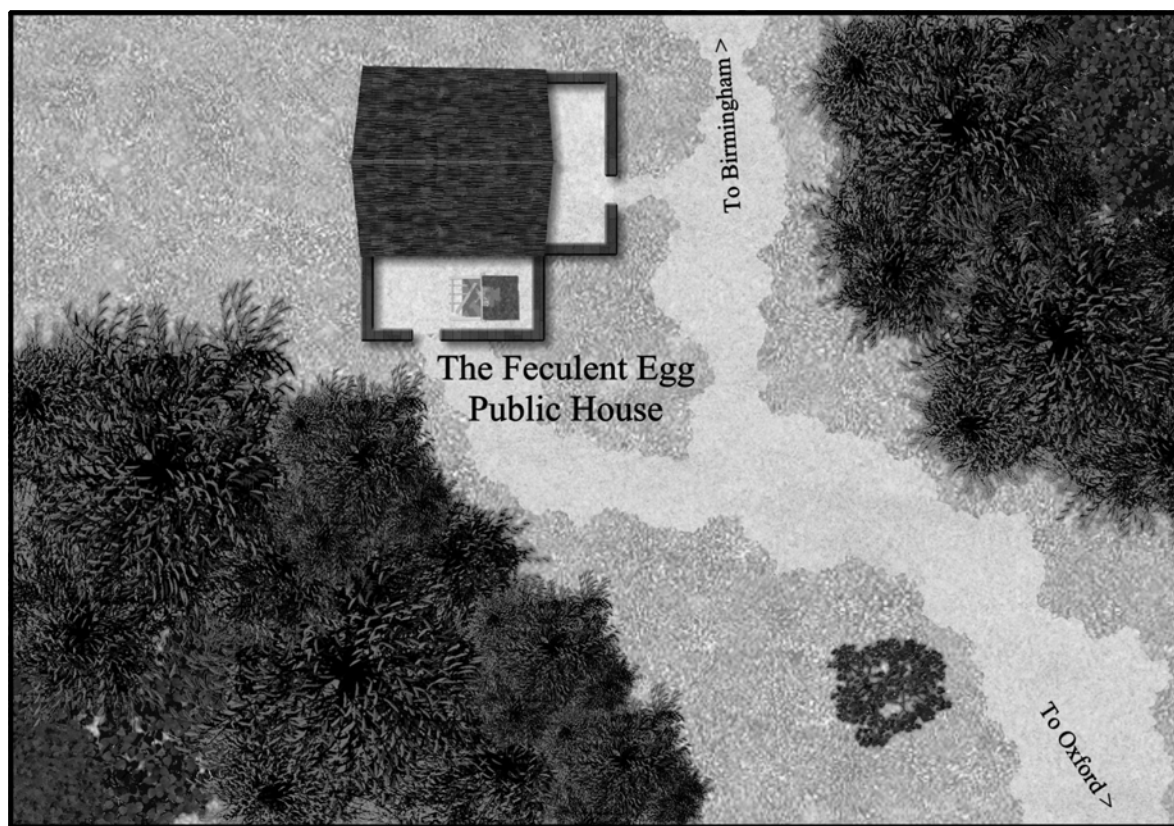
While convalescing, he was approached by Lady Silver, who took a special interest in his care. Unbeknownst to Gerald, she was beginning the process of recruiting him and his men to her cause. He is now completely convinced that if Lady Silver were a man, everyone would rally around her and make her the supreme leader in England. He believes only she has the brilliance to unite the Kingdom and he will do anything she asks of him. He is completely in love with her, although he treats her with such a reverential awe that he would never dare confess his feelings to her. To doubly ensure their loyalty Arabella makes sure that she pays her dragoons well and on time (such regular pay is almost unheard of). Gerald enjoys running rings around Haines, despising him as a weak character. He quite likes what he hears of Rammer, although he is not convinced that he is a true equal. He would quite like the

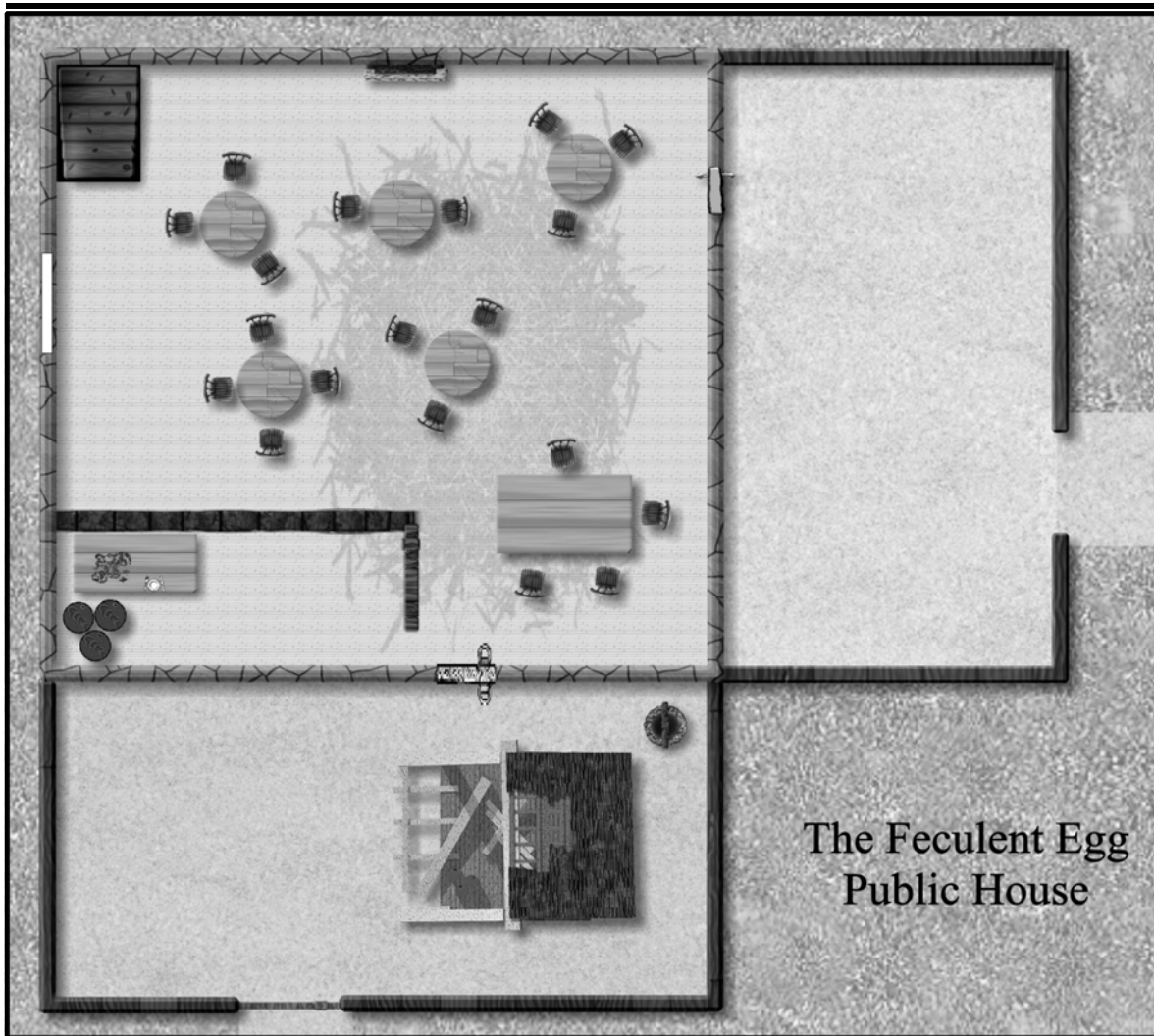
opportunity to fight the man in order to measure how much respect to afford him.

There are twenty Slayers in all, with ten Iron Horses; many of them wear the image of a silver mask somewhere about their clothing – painted on the back of a leather coat, as a small silver pin in their hats, etc.

Rumble Time

The events in this chapter are unlikely to include a full-blown fight between the Iron Horse gangs (the party will probably merely meet Rammer and have an unpleasant introduction to Haines). However, bear in mind that skirmishing between the gangs is a possible reoccurring theme you might want to include in the adventure. The big showdown can be saved until Chapter VI, but describing Iron Horse riders in their eccentric gear, clonking each other with chains, maces and a host of improvised weapons, as they brawl in the distance, might be something you want to interweave throughout the Adventurers' stay in the Debatable Lands (and will be referenced in the text and Wandering Encounter sections from time to time).





The Feculent Egg

If the party have arrived separately, then the following events should begin as the last of their number arrive at the pub. It is assumed that any earlier arrivals will have been able to book a room (probably shared). Any existing guests will have found out little about the place, aside from the names of the brother and sister who own it (pp. 23-4) and the fact that Henry Ireton and Sir Reginald Perkinson have not yet arrived.

On arrival in the vicinity of the pub (see maps on pp. 22-3) read the players the following:

You reflect that the weather is far from pleasant, as you draw up to the Feculent Egg. Autumn is coming with a vengeance, the wind whipping up the fallen leaves, the shoddy roads turning to mud, the air turning chill. Your patrons' choice of meeting place

looks like a good one though, hopefully some warmth and cheer will help ease your travel weariness. The pub seems to be in a good state of repair, and although it seems quiet within, the smell of strong ale, laced with the hints of good, home-cooked food, wafts out to greet you. A friendly serving lad offers to stable your mounts, and shouts inside to his master to let him know that guests have arrived. A buxom lass opens the pub door wider and waves you in.

All should be straightforward – unless the party insist on stabling their own mounts. This could cause problems as the stabling area contains the Iron Horse of Rammer, who is in the bar quaffing an ale or three. His rider is guarding his machine, which is covered by sacking. He will nod a polite greeting to any nosy Adventurers, but won't let them examine the Iron Horse. If they persist, he will shout for Rammer to come, while attempting to keep the

Chapter II: The Feculent Egg

Adventurers at bay until his leader joins him, at which time Rammer will probably knock a few heads and attempt to make a retreat, away from the Feculent Egg (for rider see Gang Member statistics, p.95).

Hopefully things won't spiral out of control and the party will simply enter the Feculent Egg.

You enter the bar area and it is, indeed, pleasant enough. A barman is busy working behind the wooden bar. There is a huge pot on a shelf, behind the bar. A pretty serving maid is hurrying to fetch flagons for the customers. And a couple of youngsters are skipping between the tables, mopping a spill here, gathering a coin or two there. The pub is busy, but not rammed full. A couple of rural labourers occupy a far table, unhurriedly nursing their drinks; a slightly more well-to-do looking gentleman looks up and smiles at you all as you enter, he is seated alone, to one side; and at the bar there is a huge man, downing drink at an alarming rate, slamming his empty pot down on the counter and demanding a refill.

Allow the party to catch up with each other and chat to the occupants of the bar. When they have exhausted avenues for conversation or you're just ready to move on, move from this section to the next one (Trouble at the Egg).

Simon Claypole



Simon is the keen young owner of the Feculent Egg. He took over the business when his father died (his mother is even longer gone), and he runs the place with the help of his sister, Glenda. He loves Glenda dearly, and is fiercely protective of her, which isn't easy for him as she likes to flirt with the customers. He is convinced she is going to get out of her depth one day and he won't be able to help her. He is an expert barman. The food is simple, but extremely well cooked, the drink is tasty and

potent and the premises are clean throughout. Simon learnt his bar-keeping skills from his late father and is determined to maintain high standards. Simon is a little bit too obsessed in this regard, boasting about the calibre of some of his customers and fussing around if he feels anyone is making a mess. When Rammer sloshes his beer on the counter Simon is there with a cloth to catch the drips, and when not fussing in this manner he is glaring at the muddy shoes worn by the farm labourers, as if willing the earth to disappear.

On Simon - *"We lost our father last year. He was a good man and has left us well provided for, so we are very lucky really. I love this place and I will be happy if, like him, I die here.";* and, *"I work hard, all hours, but it's worth it. Better work than fighting, that's for sure."*

On the Feculent Egg - *"This place is famous, you know. If you stay, it is worth every shilling to stay in the Royal room. The king almost stayed here you know, on his way to battle.";* and, *"The place is named after the giant egg in that jar,"* he points to a giant jar, perched on a shelf above the bar, with a weighty bung wedged into its neck. *"They say it's a dragon's egg. All I know is that it is best not to unstopper that jar, because the smell lingers for weeks. Quite off-putting and terrible for business. But father liked it.";* and, *"I love this place, I would never sell it. I do sometimes despair at some of the riff-raff we get through here though."* At this Simon will purse his lips and look disappointedly at any Peasant Adventurers, or, if there aren't any, the rural labourers sat in the corner.

On Sir Reginald and Henry Ireton - *"Ooh, they sound very important. I haven't heard anything. I hope they don't just arrive without warning, leaving me no notice to prepare. Thank you so much for letting me know, I will send a girl to make up beds in the "Royal room" at once.";* and *"I am not surprised such important sounding men want to stay here. Charles himself looked round and nearly stayed, but he didn't. We renamed the room he declined the Royal Room. It's quite the fancy palace.";* and *"No, they haven't sent a note or message, perhaps they will get here later. The roads are terrible, it's shocking."* Simon looks pointedly at anyone wearing muddy boots.



On the Debatable Lands - *"I don't know much about it, but they say Birmingham is in ruins.";* and (whispered), staring at the rural labourers Simon says *"The talk is, that the club gangs really rule this county, and more besides. But they haven't done any harm that I'm aware of. Live and let live, eh? But I do wish they'd have a wash in the trough before drinking in here."*

On Glenda - *"She's my sister, and I love her dearly. I don't know what I would do without her.";* and *"I do worry about her. Not everyone who stops is decent, I do my best, but she is such an innocent, I do worry..."*

On Peter "Flashie Fingers" Flinter - *"A fascinating fellow, he knows many worthies and is an expert in several fields of study. The sort of customer we want more of. Clean and a gentleman.";* and *"You remind me, he hasn't paid his bill yet. He is such a scatter brain."*

On Roger "Rammer" Reynolds - Simon eyes the big man nervously, *"I don't know him, I'm afraid.";* and, *"I think he is in a gang. They ride metal beasts, not flesh and blood horses, a vicious lot I hear, but don't tell him I said that. He's huge isn't he?"*

On the Iron Horse Gangs - *"Well, there have been terrible stories...they fight each other you know...and, well, I have had guests stay who claim that they do terrible things.";* and, *"but that fellow doesn't seem too bad. He has drunk rather a lot though. You wouldn't mind checking that he is alright for me, would you?"*

Glenda Claypole



Glenda is Simon's younger sister, although she is only a few minutes younger than him. They are twins. When their father died there was no question of her not staying on and running the Egg with Simon, she would hate to leave his side and dotes on him. She does worry though

that Simon is a little stuffy, and perhaps becoming more so since losing his father. She wishes he would just relax and enjoy running the Egg, she feels they both deserve a little happiness, they work hard enough after all.

On Glenda - *"Oh, never you mind, me handsome. I just do the running about the place, but I can't grumble, keeps me busy.";* and *"Begging your forgiveness, but perhaps I will take you up on that drink. Mind you, just a little one though."*

On Simon - *"He's my brother. He were such a happy boy, but he's gone all serious since father passed on.";* and *"I couldn't leave him here alone, he needs a good woman and until one comes along I'll have to stay."*

On Sir Reginald and Henry Ireton - *"Sorry, I can't help you there. Never heard of them. They sound very important though."*

On the Debatable Lands - *"It's not easy. Food costs a pretty penny and that's if there's any to buy. What it's going to be like after winter I don't know. I wish I had a handsome prince to keep me warm. Well, a girl can wish..."*

On Peter "Flashie Fingers" Flinter - *"He makes me laugh. He's an old charmer. Not sure he is quite as rich as he makes out though, certainly never left a tip."*

On Roger "Rammer" Reynolds - *"In the army I think, says he's drowning his sorrows.";* and *"I'm a bit worried. Dad used to roll all the drunks out. He's a big 'un, isn't he?"*

Peter "Flashie Fingers" Flinter

Peter Flinter is a rogue and a con-man. He will do his best to relieve any of the Adventurers of their money. He can't help himself. He has already cleaned up at cards with the farm labourers, and he will no doubt try his luck with the party next. He is fairly charming and free of malice, a lovable rogue rather than a genuine villain.

On Peter "Flashie Fingers" Flinter - *"My name's Lord Peter...oh..excuse me, I'm forgetting myself, Peter Flinter at your service.";* and *"Oh, you have me at a disadvantage. I have a title, just a small one. And lands, only a small plot, but I don't like to talk about it too much. Not since we started*



mining. *Oops, I've done it again haven't I? I'm terrible at keeping a secret.*"

On Sir Reginald and Henry Ireton - *"Oh, I've heard of them. Can't say I've seen them, mind. I will keep an eye out though. With such influential friends I wonder if you would like to dabble in a little investment, I was waiting for people with the right connections to come along, you see there's this bridge over the Thames and I own some stock in it..."*

On the Debatable Lands - *"Ah, unhappy times. The roads aren't safe and the soldiers are as bad as the rogues. Better to stick to commerce. I always carry some of my marvellous elixir, a great preventative where camp fever is concerned. But I won't be heading back that way now. I don't suppose you would like a bottle?"*

On Roger "Rammer" Reynolds - Peter looks genuinely nervous. *"I would keep away. I stopped at a house on my travels, you know, just to rest my feet. Well, an Iron Horse gang had been there before me...It was horrible...Perhaps we should take our mind off these troubling times. I found these cards but I don't know any games. None of you could teach me, could you?"*

On the Farm Labourers - *"Salt of the earth, wonderful fellows. They gave me these funny dice."*

Roger "Rammer" Reynolds

Rammer is feeling more than a little sorry for himself. He has decided to stop at the Egg to cheer himself up – hoping that an alcoholic beverage might take his mind off his multitude of woes. His rider is waiting outside, fully expecting he will have to drive his drunken leader to the rendezvous with the rest of the Hammers (who have been out on a scouting mission, taking the time on the way back to

cross east toward a Winding Station on the main north-south Cromwellian Winding network, in order to recharge their machines). Statistics for Roger can be found on p.19. Roger will respond depending on how drunk he is getting. The first answer in each subject category are made when he is relatively sober, the last responses are made by Roger at his drunkest.

On Roger "Rammer" Reynolds - *"I'm a Sergeant, Sergeant Reynolds of the New Model Army. And who might you be?"; and "No-one understands. I can't go back. You can't lose an 'orse and go back in the Ironsides. My 'ammers were the best, and now I've bleedin' lost half of 'em. Barkeep, bring me a drink."; and "I'll be demoted for sure. Maybe court martialled. I'll never bleedin' live it down. Yer not laughin' at me are yer? <hic>"*

On Glenda - *"Cor, she looks like a proper sauce."; and "They all love a soldier don't they? Stands to reason. It's the uniform, all smart, like."; and "Darlin' wanna sing me a song, yer saucy strumpet?<hic>"*

On Simon - *"He's an old woman, keeps fussing around me. Hey, barkeep, another one here please and HURRY UP."; and "C'mon, I'm dyin' of thirst. It's like me throat's been cut. Gimme a drink."; and "If he looks at me funny again, I'll knock his block off. <hic>"*

On Sir Reginald and Henry Ireton - *"I've heard of 'Enry alright. Proper soldier."; and "Where? Don't tell them I'm here, not until I've got me Horses back."; and "Sergeant Reynolds, reporting for duty General Ireton, SAH!<hic>"*

On the Debatable Lands - *"Wish I'd never come. Lawless heathens and fanatics. I miss home."; and "Wagstaffe and Gell are both as mad as each other – Gell's meant to be on our side, but he ordered his men to attack us. Us, the cream of the New Model Army. The man's mad."; and "I spent the last few weeks trying to get me men back. I'll be court martialled for sure. It's the gallows for me <hic>"*

On the Bike Gangs - *"We was meant to patrol the Winding Stations and that bastard, Haines, offered me men a bribe to join up with Gell. Some of me men took his coin. Call 'emselves Gell's Demons, they're an evil mob, not soldiers, they're murderers."; and "They're not*



the only ones sniffing about. There's another mob, Sawyer's Slayers or summat. They're up to no good as well, I expect. Where's all these Iron Horses come from? Cromwell don't know the half of it."; and *"Bastards, the lot of 'em. I'll fight 'em all <hic>"*

The Farm Labourers

Members of a Club Gang, loyal to Sir James Denburgh (the only rich person they like) they will give non-committal nods and little more unless they can be persuaded to open up (if any of the party are Diggers or Clubman Faction members, etc.). If they are unconvinced, use the first answers, if they are persuaded to be more friendly, the second. One of the men has no tongue – it was cropped off (by the Royalists) due to alleged sedition.

On the Farm Labourers - *<shrug>;* or *"We're moving south for work. We should be lucky it's harvest time."*

On Roger "Rammer" Reynolds - *<shrug>;* and *"We're watching him. Think he's safe enough, but some of them are animals. It's all madness and war hereabouts and it breeds dangerous folks."*

On Peter "Flashie Fingers" Flinter - *"Typical nob, but friendly enough.";* and *"He's a rogue. Took most of our ale money, watch him, he'll dice the clothes off your back."*

On Sir Reginald and Henry Ireton - *"<shrug>;"* and *"Both as bad as each other. Better for all when the fighting is over."*

On the Debatable Lands - *"Folks are Folks <shrug>;"* and *"Dark days in all England, but darker still here. You don't want to venture north, unless ye has to. Both generals are mad they say, brutal bastards the lot of 'em."*

On the Biker Gangs - *"<shrug>;"* and *"<whispered> I don't know which lot he's with (pointing at Rammer) but they aren't all on the same side. There's been some terrible fights. One lot of 'em, Haines' devils or summat, they're the worst of 'em all. Killers to a man."*

Trouble at the Egg

When the party have caught up with each other and had a chance to chat to a few people in the bar, have them roll Perception to see if they can

hear anything. Anyone who successfully makes the test can hear a rumbling in the distance. Despite the fact that it becomes very loud, Rammer seems oblivious. His rider, sat out the back, is in no doubt as to the danger however. Read or paraphrase the following:

The back door swings open and a helmeted head appears. "Quick!" shouts the man, "Come on, Rammer, it's Gell's boys. Look lively or it'll be the mincer for you!" The speaker will try to persuade his leader to accompany him, but Rammer will ignore his rider, saying "I ain't a-scared o' no bugger". He will force himself upright and move toward the front door, brushing his rider away as he does so. The front door will open, and a rival gang member, wearing a helmet, topped with a gothic spike, walks straight into Rammer's fist. The punch decks the newcomer, sending him sprawling onto his back.

More Gang Members from Gell's Demons (2D6) will arrive outside the front of the pub and start to fight their way in. After a round or two there will be the roaring of more engines – Holy Hammers reinforcements (1D6 Gang Members) will arrive at the back door, to aid Rammer. After another round or two of vicious fighting (with an assortment of improvised weapons) the Hammers will realise that they are heavily outnumbered (as another 1D6+8 enemy Gang Members turn up) and retreat, dragging their leader with them. As they leave, they will be pursued by some, but not all of Gell's Demons. Haines himself will stay, accompanied by a few of his men (more than a few if the party took up arms against him).

The Adventurers have a few choices during the fight. They might simply want to watch – in which case, describe the action as related above. Make sure you emphasise plenty of over-the-top violence between the rival Gang Members, plenty of throwing each other over tables, smashing each other over the head with chairs and lots of nasty street fighting (gouging, head-butting and biting aplenty). Or the Adventurers might join in, in which case move to combat rounds, but stick to the schedule above. If the Adventurers try to leave, it will not be easy, and it won't save them; they will be rounded up by Jekyll and his men who are



Chapter II: The Feculent Egg

casting a ring around the pub (although the ring is not strong enough to stop Rammer and his men breaking out on their Iron Horses).

If, during the fight, the large pot behind the bar smashes, the smell released will be appalling. It is indeed a giant fetid egg, and it's feculence is beyond doubt. It will release an Eggy Miasma (Potency 50) which will engulf the whole pub in 1D3 rounds (once released all must pass a Resilience test or vomit uncontrollably for 1D3 rounds). Those thus affected are considered helpless whilst heaving.

We Want You As A New Recruit

Eventually it will become clear that there is no escaping the Feculent Egg. If the Adventurers do try to hide, they will probably be found (there just isn't anywhere that isn't obvious to hide); if they try to run they will find the exits are surrounded – aside from the dozen or so Iron Horse crews (the rest will have been dispatched to pursue the Hammers) there are upwards of thirty foot soldiers and half a dozen dragoons in the immediate vicinity of the pub.

The Adventurers will be lined up, alongside the farm labourers, Peter Flinter and the Claypoles (make it clear that the odds are so stacked against them that resistance is likely to be futile. If the party insist on fighting then the recruiters will attempt to knock them unconscious rather than actually kill them). Before Jekyll arrives describe the scene as follows:

The fighting having subsided, as you look around the Feculent Egg, a scene of devastation greets you. Tables have been upended, chairs broken into splinters and the piss-pot smashed into smithereens. Simon the barkeep looks bewildered, unable to comprehend how his neat little bar could have been reduced to such a mess so quickly. Your captors, a position that the newcomers seem to have assumed now that the other gang have fled, look at you menacingly. Their leader, dressed in a Dragoon Captain's uniform, begins shouting at you. He is a curious fellow; one of his eyes has been gouged out and replaced with a crude metal cog, spittle flies from his mouth as he speaks. "Defy us, criminal scum. You're accused of harbouring traitors,

working against Parliament, rough housing and carousing while the nation suffers. You shall pay for your crimes."

As he finishes, he lunges at the barmaid, snatching her in his arms. Her brother tries to intervene but is felled by a huge Iron Horse Driver, wielding a mallet. He lies on the floor, skull cracked, his sister frozen with shock. Just then the door opens once more and another man, also dressed in a Captain's uniform, strides in."

The new arrival is Captain Edwin Jekyll. His mission is to recruit as many men as possible, to be sent to the frontline outside Birmingham, to fight for Gell. He will express his displeasure to Haines, who has just killed a perfectly good recruit, and then explain to the Adventurers their fate.

The fact that some of the Adventurers might be women won't put Jekyll off consigning them to the ranks. The last few weeks have seen a drying up of male conscripts in the immediate vicinity of Birmingham, and so it won't be the first mixed party he has snatched. It is this difficulty in getting able-bodied men to fight which has led to the formation of the Prisoner Regiment and Jekyll roaming so far afield to fill it. He wants to get back as soon as possible, and will dismiss any protests with threats of beatings, snide remarks about how proper ladies would be at home, not dallying abroad, etc.

Captain Edwin Jekyll



Captain of Sir John Gell's Prisoner Regiment

STR 14 CON 17 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW
11 DEX 15 CHA 10
SR 8 CA 3 DM +1D2



Chapter II: The Feculent Egg

Skills: Athletics 60%, Brawn 50%, Evade 60%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 70%, Persistence 55%, Resilience 65%, Ride 50%, Sword 55% 1D8(+1D2), Unarmed 85% 1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Sir John Gell RP: 55

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/6
4-6	Left Leg	1/6
7-9	Abdomen	6/7
10-12	Chest	6/8
13-15	Right Arm	1/5
16-18	Left Arm	1/5
19-20	Head	6/6

For years Jekyll's family has served the family of Sir John Gell. His father had been a soldier valet to Gell's father, and Jekyll followed in his footsteps, fighting alongside his master early in the war. He found he rather enjoyed the thrill of battle, but as a valet had little in the way of responsibility. Jekyll has encouraged Gell in his madness, and as Gell has become detached from the wider Parliamentary command structure he has come to rely on his manservant to be his eyes and ears, to check that his men remain loyal. Jekyll has also been responsible for the bright idea of Prisoner regiments – conscripted units who are thrown into the front-line and used to soak up the brunt of enemy attacks or be first “over-the-top” when an attack is ordered.

Unlike Haines, Jekyll's cruelty isn't motivated by lusty desires, rather he wants to be a great soldier, to impress his master, Gell. He doesn't know a whole lot about soldiering, but he thinks it probably has a lot to do with a preparedness for violence. His philosophy is simple – his men should do as he orders and if they don't there will be hell to pay.

It was Jekyll's mean but inventive idea that has led to the formation of the Prisoner Regiment. He basically recruits regiments (under full strength, usually only numbering a few hundred at most) of “prisoners”. At first there were some legitimate prisoners – petty thieves and debtors mostly, offered their freedom in exchange for a

uniform and musket. Now Jekyll has taken to roaming around and finding “criminals” – and it doesn't take much to be a criminal in Jekyll's eyes. Anyone not volunteering to serve Gell is liable to be accused of one crime or another.

“Leave them a minute, Haines. Let's explain to 'em how it is. Right, you miserable shower. You have the privilege of being in the army now. And not just any ol' army. The best in the land. Brave Sir John Gell's army, no less. But you are scum of the worst kind. Criminals, who were it not for the need to use what we have, however pitiful what we have may be, criminals who would be dispensed with by a rope slung over a branch. But you maggots have been spared and elevated, no less. Now you scum will do as you are told and that is that. If I tell you to jump you will jump, and if you don't there will be beatin's. If I say sleep, you sleep, or there'll be more beatin's. If I say grab your pike and kill the enemy, you will kill 'em, or there will be beatin's, beatin's, BEATIN'S. Do I make myself clear?”

If the group don't quickly agree, Jekyll will get extremely angry. A nearby Soldier will prompt the party, whispering – “say, “Yes Captain” if you know what's good for you.”

“Do I make myself clear?” Jekyll will bark again. Assuming everyone agrees, Jekyll will turn on one of the farm labourers, who has remained silent throughout the proceedings (on account of having no tongue) and scream – *“This man is obviously an idiot! He can't understand a word I say. Take him off and give him beatin's, dammit!”*

Jekyll will look at the assembled recruits, and pleased enough with his haul he will turn to Captain Haines, telling him *“You've done well Haines. You can keep the wench, I will take the rest with me.”* Glenda will whimper pathetically at this. *“Right, scum,”* orders Jekyll. *“By the left, quick march!”* and the party, escorted by an armed guard, will be marched away from the Feculent Egg, northeast, toward Birmingham.

Chapter III

In which our heroes discover that life in the trenches is less than salubrious

“Human nerves quickly get accustomed to the most unusual circumstances and I noticed that quite a number of men actually fell asleep from sheer exhaustion in the trenches, in spite of the roaring cannon about us.”

– Fritz Kreisler

Thomas Atkinson looked up and down his new home, a poorly scratched furrow, snaking across the muddy Midlands landscape. For the past few days he had occupied this long pit, sharing it with about eighty others. His group occupied a redoubt – jagged, zig-zag turns in the siege-works, at either end of a small section of trench, separated them from the rest of their Regiment. Most of his compatriots were out of sight. Some were snatching sleep in their burrows, warrens extending into the sides of the trench. Some scurried about, on one mission or another – perhaps fetching food and drink, dashing to the rear, reserve trenches to gather big cauldrons in which breakfast vittles sloshed about; some were assisting the Petardiers, strengthening and extending the network of trenches and tunnels in the locality. They must have been digging deep under the soil because, although Thomas could hear some activity, there were no diggers in sight. Thomas didn't envy them, it had been dry for a day or two, but it had been a wet August and September seemed no better, so the conditions in the tunnels were awful. Despite attempts to pump them dry, mud-slides caused by pooling water had accounted for at least one Petardier and several assistants. Thomas shuddered at the thought.


Aside from his fellow sentry (a sullen chap

named Giles, whom Thomas had tried but failed to befriend) only Meyrick was in sight. The hunkering old Welshman was their Sergeant. He was loved by his troops. Meyrick always showed concern for his charges – he advocated for them; ensured they were fed regularly; he was always happy to share their lot, however poor that might be; and he was always quick to instruct and encourage his men, exuding a gentle confidence as he went about the job.

Thomas clutched his musket tight and stared out, beyond the defensive stakes topping his trench, across the broken land, towards the enemy. He wondered if they were as scared as him; they must be, for weren't they of the same stock, Midlanders, who just happened to have declared for Parliament rather than Rupert? Their morale must be poorer still, the recent beating they had received meant they were outnumbered and surely close to surrender. Thomas saw movement, a small shape, just beyond the stakes. It was a rat, no, a pair of rats. He realised what it was they were trying to exhume and looked away, disgusted.

Meyrick was busy placing pikes along the top of the trench, ready to be snatched up. This morning there was to be a general advance. The plan was to press the Parliamentarians,





who were thought to be on the verge of giving up. Thomas's regiment had been rapidly moved to the front, along with two other, similarly fresh, Royalist units – ready to surprise the exhausted enemy and vanquish them from the field. Then it would be an easy push into Birmingham. At least, that's what their Captain had told them. Last night Captain Dennison had read the orders so loudly Thomas thought the occupants of the opposing ridge must have heard them. Indeed, when they had first arrived, some of the men had shouted across to the enemy, indulging in bantering conversation, but they had been ordered to stop. Fraternisation was not to be encouraged.

"Men", the young officer's eyes had sparkled with boyish passion as he addressed his troops, "it gives me the greatest pleasure to announce that the opportunity we have been waiting for has come. I know that you are fighting men, and we have been ordered to fight. To fight and cover ourselves in glory, struggling for the noblest of causes. We have been presented with a chance to punish the traitors and the ne'er-do-wells yonder, once and for all." He waved toward the Parliamentarian lines. "The Major has bade me to share these common orders, so you may spend this day in prayer and contemplation, receive succour from the Lord our God, and so that his will might provide you with the strength and protection which shall ensure our success in this matter." Dennison looked directly at his troops, his weak chin quivering. "I know that you will do me proud."

The young officer's voice was piqued with excitement as he looked down at the parchment, and continued.

"Orders of the Day. It is commanded that on the morning of the morrow, being Monday the third day of September, your regiment, supported by Molyneux on the right flank and Tyldesley on your left, shall lead a general advance, forward to the rebels' position. It is expected that such an advance shall, on successful completion, lead to the capture of divers cannon and men. It is commanded such prizes be left to the Regiments in support. You shall continue your advance, unto Birmingham itself, whereupon the enemy shall be forced to do open battle, retire from the town or become besieged without hope."

Dennison skipped over the precise detail, he would brief his Sergeants later, outlining any Alchemical support, the planned artillery barrage and the timetable demanded by Wagstaffe. He continued, his voice still breaking, but gaining in volume, as he finished.

"By the grace of God, for our country and it's future king, do your utmost. By order of, Major General Sir Joseph Wagstaffe of Warwickshire, representative of his most glorious majesty Prince Charles, and in the service of his most royal Commander of the Armies of the Field, Prince Rupert of the Rhine."

The men chorused heartily as their Captain finished, and Thomas found his own voice joining the throng in the resounding chant, "For Rupert! For Rupert!". As the noise eventually subsided and the men returned to their sensibilities, Thomas examined the faces of the one or two surviving old hands – those that had fought at the Battle of Birmingham. He couldn't help notice that they looked decidedly less excited than their fellows.

In the cold light of the next morning even those that had cheered heartily the night before seemed subdued, perhaps having second thoughts about the task ahead of them. Men began shuffling out of their billets, scratching as they stretched. They were all infested with lice, which seemed to thrive in the shallow sleeping pits. The men's uniforms were filthy and their limbs stiff from the cold and cramped conditions.

They began to form up, most partaking of breakfast, some confining themselves to ale, the luckier having spirits or wine flasks to sup from. Some merely knelt, silently praying. From the rear, men began to file into the side trenches. The first few in each line were visible to Thomas, who was still atop the parapet, on watch, surveying the seemingly deserted front before him. He glanced back at the newcomers. They would replace Thomas and his fellows, invading their trench. Then they would follow in their footsteps, a solid, more numerous second wave, ensuring the reeling enemy would have no time to recover their shattered forces.

Now, some of the men pitched ladders against the front of the trench. Meyrick was busying



himself, straightening the ladders, checking that they were set correctly, as if it would make a difference. The Sergeant looked up, directly at Thomas. Thomas guiltily looked forward, eyes front again.

"Atkinson, get some food. You must eat now, you won't get a chance later." Meyrick ordered a couple of men who had already breakfasted to take a turn on watch, and Thomas took his place in the food line. He didn't eat his porridge, his guts were too leaden, churning over; he feared they might turn to water if he disturbed their balance with the oaty gloop. "Don't worry lad," Meyrick reassured him, but there was no familiar kindly smile, even the Sergeant was struggling, the atmosphere in the trench charged with nervous tension and an almost unreal quiet.

A loud cracking noise broke the mood, followed by another, then a volley of booms. The artillery had opened up an almighty barrage. The batteries must have been moved up in the night, before Thomas took post. The Parliamentarians had more guns than Wagstaffe, but he still had a formidable number, reputedly begging ordinance from

Cumberland to Gloucester (and if the rumours were true, bribing and stealing where sympathy fell short of a donation). Most of the guns fired with a harsh crack, but some made a deeper whump as they discharged their shells. Thomas could not tell whether any were striking home, but he was certain many were falling short of their intended targets, earth and metal being thrown up into the air, just in front of his trench.

"Quick lads, quick. It won't be long before the Merlins do their work." Meyrick kicked open boxes, containing strange hoods, with bird-like beaks, similar to those that plague Physicians wore. "Put 'em on. Quick!" Meyrick urged.

Thomas donned the mask. It was evil-smelling, tight around the face, and made breathing difficult. Worst of all, he could hardly see. How could he fight with such limited vision? He was glad that he wore the stinking thing though, strange flashes of light in the distance bore evidence that the Battle Alchemists were doing their work.

There was a pause in the bombardment. Then a terrible waiting, which seemed to last forever.

Chapter III: In the Trenches

Thomas' eyes began to adjust and he orientated himself. He consoled himself that the poor buggers in the enemy trench would have no masks. They would feel the full effect of whatever Wagstaffe's Battle Alchemists had in store for them. There was one more almighty cavalcade of fire, every mortar the Royalists could muster firing at once. Then the guns fell silent. Thomas could hear agonised screams from a nearby trench. A shell had landed short, Tyldesley's men were paying the price.

"Wait for it!" Meyrick commanded, then came the loudest explosion Thomas had ever heard. It seemed to come from under the earth itself and definitely from the opposing trenches. "Thank God! They've done it!" the Welshman exclaimed. "God bless the Petardiers. Now go and be brave my boys."

A general shuffling developed into pushing, then the press of bodies surged toward the ladders. It was time! Men began climbing, unsteady, legs a-tremble. As he climbed Thomas looked back at the reserve. Seeing their gleaming, lobster-potted helmets, he realised it was only the first wave who had been given the beak masks. The man behind shoved him, hard, in the back, and Thomas stared briefly into Giles's ugly, impassive face.

Thomas lifted himself above the parapet, stumbled past the stakes and grabbed a pike. After just a few days in the muddy trenches, the ground above seemed so open and fresh. There was the occasional shell hole pitting the ground, but the dewy grass still grew, there might have been no war at all. Except when Thomas stared across the few dozen yards, to where the enemy were, or had been, he saw a crater, caused no doubt by the underground explosion. And there, in places, toxic, miasmatic mists, the result of Alchemical attack.

Thomas realised he was not the only one confused by the sight. His fellows stumbled around, like newborn calves, resembling a ragged rabble rather than a military unit. Uncertainly they began to assemble, picking up pikes that Meyrick had laid out for them, lining up. Some didn't hold pikes, but advanced with muskets drawn, ready to pour fire into the Parliamentary trench. Thomas saw similar groups to his own were advancing out of friendly trenches, stretching for what seemed

like miles in either direction. They too were flanked by reserves, ready to join the advance. The band started playing and the attack began.

Thomas and his fellows advanced halfway across the thin strip of no man's land before a shot was fired in anger. Then, all hell broke loose. Orders were barked, clearly audible to the attackers. "Fire! Fire! FIRE!"

A mass of muskets were levelled at the advancing Royalists, defenders standing on a wooden platform as they unleashed the first volley. The sound was dreadful and acrid smoke wafted out of the Parliamentary trench. Few of the attackers actually fell and they continued onward into the increasingly ragged fire. Parliamentary cannon began to join the fray, but their fire was hardly more impressive than the Royalists had been, shot and shell falling wide of the mark. The Royalist reserve were cheering, having left the trenches and moving forward en masse to battle. This was what the defending commanders had been waiting for.

Another volley started, but this was different. The musket fire sounded similar, but the rhythm of fire was wrong. The volley didn't peter out, and as it continued, the balls landed with greater and greater accuracy. The fire seemed to come from several positions, stretched out along the line. Men began falling around Thomas. He glanced down and saw Giles's lifeless eyes staring back up at him, through the hideous mask. He looked away, struggling to breathe, snatching the beaked mask from his own face. The enemy did not seem to have succumbed to miasmas, so why should he? He fumbled his pike. Meyrick, his own mask similarly discarded, helped him readjust his burden. They continued their advance, now only a few paces away from the bristling stakes atop the Parliamentary trench. Thomas realised that he and Meyrick were seemingly alone. The strange musketry was concentrated elsewhere now, the deadly fire poured into the main body of the advancing regiments. The lines reeled under the terrible onslaught.

Uncertain what to do, Thomas turned to ask his Sergeant. Meyrick couldn't help him – he was clutching pathetically at a stake. Meyrick slipped forward into the mud, releasing his grip



on the stake as he did so, legs twitching, blood bubbling from his mouth. Thomas knelt beside the older man, easing him to the ground. Then there was a roar. The enemy, as one, began to rise out of their trenches, counter-attacking. They fought viciously, with musket butts, pikes, picks and shovels. The battlefield now resembled nothing more than a massed, bloody, brawl.

The enemy had the day. The Clockwork Repeating Muskets had been too much for the surprised Royalists. Only the intervention of the Battle Alchemists prevented total defeat. Wagstaffe's front-line moved back a few hundred yards, not forward to Birmingham, as he had hoped.

And Thomas? Tears streaming down his muddy face he kissed his Sergeant farewell. He stared blankly around one last time, threw his shirt to the ground and began the long walk home.

The Battle of Birmingham

At the beginning of 1646 (when, if playing the full Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign, the party were possibly traversing the frozen Oxfordshire countryside) a battle took place, lasting several months, for possession of the town of Birmingham. The rest of the country was largely in a relatively peaceful state, hostilities having ground to a halt, barring the occasional siege, due to the horrors of Naseby and the harsh winter. In Birmingham, however, two armies were setting about the grim tasks of house-to-house fighting and pitched hand-to-hand street warfare. The result was a close run thing – although the Royalists pushed the Parliamentarians a long way back, concentrating them into the Steel House Works area, it was slow going. As the Battle Alchemists ran out of Philosopher's Stones and potions, the Parliamentarians counter-attacked, in turn, eventually pushing the Royalists all the way back out of the town. In the process much of Birmingham was reduced to rubble and ash – by Alchemical fire; Cannon; Clockwork Devices; and human excavation. The town, under-populated and devastated, is discussed in more detail in Chapter V.

The Current Situation

Having repulsed the Royalist advance, Sir John Gell, the leader of the Parliamentarians in the Midlands, commanded his army to continue forward, out of the ruins of Birmingham, in an attempt to turn the Royalist retreat into a rout. The Royalists had been busy however. Their engineers had overseen the digging of a network of defences, to their own rear. This level of defensive preparedness was a stroke of genius. When the Royalists retired to these trenchworks, the Parliamentarians floundered. They had hoped after months of street fighting they might catch the remnants of the Royalist field army in open battle and decide the issue of who controlled the Midlands once and for all. Finding their enemy dug in, they despaired; even Gell could not persuade them to continue the onslaught until suitably reinforced – he was expecting too much from exhausted and battered troops, who had only just returned from the brink of defeat.

Finally, both sides settled to creating ever deeper and more complex defensive works, which, in time, have stretched over an ever greater distance, as every so often one side or another decides to extend an arm of the frontline in an attempt to outflank the other. Sieges are no new thing. Many are taking place, all over England, where a local town, castle or manor holds out against an opposing prevailing regional force. But this is different.

Wagstaffe and Gell have locked their armies into one, long, implacable, static battle-line – and from all over the country, and even further afield, the two sides have been joined by waves of reinforcements. Despite neither Rupert nor Cromwell wishing to commit to the battle in the Midlands, foreign mercenaries, homegrown fanatics and eager recruits have joined the ranks, enabling the expansion and deepening of the frontline.

Yet such reinforcements are still not enough. Wagstaffe and Gell both feel that they need more men to create a force large enough to sweep away the opposition and break the deadlock. Thus, the local populations have been plundered of available manpower – half starving wretches, provided with ragged uniforms and basic weapons, have been



directed to enter the fray. The situation is now truly desperate. Both commanders know that the coming winter will be hard. So inadequate are the numbers left to till the fields that both armies are likely to starve, as supplies dry up and crops go largely unharvested. Both sides pray for victory and an end to the misery of trench warfare.

Running This Chapter

This chapter starts with the Adventurers being thrown into the ranks of an armed Companie, belonging to the Prisoner Regiment – the lowest of the Parliamentarian soldiery. The Prisoner Regiment is a mixture of those conscripted on trumped up charges, the genuinely criminal and those felt to be too troublesome (some feat in an army rife with Agitators) to allow in the other regiments. They are compelled to fight as cannon fodder by a larger, more loyal regiment, set directly behind them.

After a short (and potentially brutal) induction the party will be rushed up to the frontline. There, they will meet, among a host of other characters, Thomas Bennett. Thomas is the messenger originally sent from Henry Ireton to warn the Adventurers that their patrons would not be coming; charged with giving them instructions to spy in the region. Armed with the information that Bennett gives them, they will be encouraged to escape the frontline in order that they can meet with William Pennie (another of their patron's men, ensconced in the relative comfort of the Royalist Camp) and receive further instructions.

You may decide you want to run a longer series of adventures while the party are at the frontline. There is nothing to stop you timetabling the rest of the chapters in this book so that they occur after an extended stay in the trenches. If so, the *Life In The Trenches* section below provides advice on planning a longer stint at the front – information on fighting in the unsavoury conditions imposed by trench warfare; NPCs with whom the Adventurers can form relationships; and a Random Events table which can be used to generate sample encounters and situations for such a mini-campaign. Or you might want to move the action on. If this is the case the party will need to escape the Parliamentarian army. Possible

ways of doing this are discussed in the section below, *Escaping The Nightmare*. Your Adventurers will likely (possibly when escaping their Companie) find themselves in the small, contested, strip of land between the two armies – in no man's land. An events table has been provided in the *No Man's Land* section to be used when Adventurers find themselves in that dangerous place.

In the Army Now

Having been rounded up at the Feculent Egg, the Adventurers will find themselves being force-marched to an area just behind the frontline, between Birmingham and the trenchworks to the west of the town – the tiny hamlet of Bearwood. They will be kept there overnight, before being moved again, the short hop to Smethick. Then they will meet up with the rest of the Companie and, together, head into the frontline trenches.

Normally new troops would be sent first to the Steel House Works, for some (inadequate and brutal, but, *some*, nonetheless) training. However, Captain Jekyll is desperate to get fresh troops to the front, so he will dispense with most of the usual "training". Instead, the party, along with Flinter and any surviving rural labourers from the Egg, will be given their swift induction at Bearwood, where it will be explained to them how things are.

Any horses or larger possessions that the party have brought with them, will be taken (and probably lost for good). The Parliamentarians won't be very thorough in their searching, they're after recruits, horses and obvious foodstuffs, etc., anything else will be given the most cursory of glances, but they will steal all the food from the kitchens at the Egg. Obvious weapons will be confiscated from the party, but will be returned when the Adventurers have finished their "training" (as stated, this won't take long, but your players don't need to know this). If any of the Adventurers are commissioned officers in the Parliamentarian army, Jekyll will take great pleasure in calling them "*criminal liars and low order cheats*", and take every opportunity to single them out as "*base examples of terrible soldierin*". At this stage Jekyll will not allow his Soldiers free reign to steal from the Adventurers, but anything they own that seems particularly



“suspicious” or dangerous may be confiscated.

The ten mile long journey to Bearwood (see map, p.46) will be fairly uneventful, unless you have other plans. It should be clear that there is little hope of escape; the entire unit of thirty infantry and six mounted Soldiers accompany the prisoners. Jekyll rides at the head. Read the following:

Mounted Dragoons flank you and the infantry march in two groups, one ahead of your party, the other behind. It appears that you are not the only ones unlucky enough to be in this predicament. Every so often, you come across a couple of guards, accompanying a small group of wretches, who are herded into your group and forced to march alongside you. It appears the recruiting party has been busy and you were the last group to have been swept up, previous victims of the enforced conscription having been left along the road to await the main group’s return journey. The collected conscripts are expected to form up with you and their guards join the ranks of Soldiers accompanying you. It seems you are all to be led to wherever you are to be billeted. The regular Soldiers look at you with expressions approaching pity, but they ignore any attempts you might make to speak to them.

If the party attempt to talk to the other prisoners, they whimper, and complain that they are doomed – no doubt bound for the noose, gaol, or an open grave on the battlefield. Although the Soldiers surrounding the party don’t demand silence, they will discourage anyone from talking too loudly. If these warnings aren’t heeded and the volume of the Adventurers (or their fellow prisoners) becomes so loud that Jekyll can hear them, the unstable Captain will round on the group and immediately order some punishment (select one of the prisoners at random to be given “beatin’s”).

About halfway through the journey read the following:

You have been travelling for a little over an hour. The pace is reasonably quick, although the Captain at the front of your group is not satisfied and keeps reigning his horse back and unleashing a tirade of abuse,

designed to urge you to march even faster. “Move it scum, or there’ll be beatin’s!” he sadistically bellows. There are nearly thirty prisoners in your group now. You’ve been marching toward the south of Birmingham, the town visible in the distance, crumbled buildings vaguely discernible in the Autumn mist. It appears your captors wish to avoid Birmingham itself, as, having neared the town, you have now begun skirting around the southern approach, heading in a more westerly direction. Even at this distance, Birmingham gives off a gloomy pall.

At the end of the journey, once the Adventurers reach Bearwood, read them the following:

After a total of three hours brisk marching you have come to a tiny hamlet, no more than a cluster of half a dozen houses, located to the west of Birmingham. One of a pair of large, old, barns, seem to be your destination. There is a small group of Parliamentary Soldiers outside and the Captain at the head of your party dismounts and strides towards them. “Where’s Alsop?” he demands. “Alsop!” he shouts, “I’ve some more dregs for you.”

A large, powerfully-built, Soldier comes out of the barn, and straightens up in front of his Captain.

“Why if it isn’t Captain Jekyll,” he replies. “Pleasure to see you again, sir. Now let’s see what you ‘ave for me.”

With that the Sergeant motions for a couple of the guards to accompany him and he strides towards your group.

Bearwood Barracks

The Adventurers will not be staying at Bearwood for long. There are about thirty other new members of the Prisoner Company, who have been gathered together in one of the barns (the rest of the Company is at Smethick), which, when joined by the Adventurers and co, means there are about sixty Soldiers to be inducted by Sergeant Alsop. Captain Jekyll and his men lurk around, to ensure that there is no trouble (every so often Jekyll will intervene, praising his Sergeant, who is as sadistic as Jekyll, or making threats and ordering punishments). Alsop and Jekyll stay in one of



Alchemists

Alchemists would do well to keep any potions or Philosopher's Stones out of sight during their time as a conscript. Alchemists should be aware (it is so obvious that Culture and Lore rolls are unnecessary) that their trade should be kept a secret while in Parliamentary territory. This might be hard, particularly if they discharged spells during the brawl in the Feculent Egg. If so, they are going to have to come up with some pretty convincing misdirection and hope that their role has been forgotten in the confusion. Jekyll is not going to pry too closely, but generally Parliamentarians fear and despise Alchemists in equal measure (they, alongside Courtiers, are seen by Parliamentarians as responsible for much that is ill in England and are the nemesis of the New Model Army, having killed so many of their number). If an Adventurer is exposed as an Alchemist while in the Parliamentary army, he or she will be in, possibly terminal, trouble.

the cottages overnight, but the Soldiers mount a strong guard to ensure there are no desertions (the other prisoners/conscripts are resigned to their fate, so if the Adventurers do decide to try and escape, they will be on their own).

The interior of the barn is dark, the large front doors fastened behind you as your group is hustled into the building. A smaller door, set into the larger doors, is used by the guards. There are plenty of regular soldiers milling about, aside from your fellow prisoners. The other conscripts seem to dejectedly accept their fate. There are tables against one of the walls. The Sergeant inspects each prisoner in turn, demands they perform some exercises, looks at their teeth and checks their skin for plague. He doesn't seem to reject anyone.

Assuming it's fairly late in the day, the conscripts will be told to get some sleep and their "induction" can take place in the morning. If it is early enough in the day they will be "inducted" and ordered to march (again under escort) to Smethick (which only takes half an hour). The induction is a simple process – it

consists of being sworn in; being given a uniform; being given some dinner; and then being shouted at again. Emphasise the lack of options – perhaps describe a bewildered conscript trying to escape; or a claustrophobic farmer becoming distressed, etc.

At some point read the following passage:

A few soldiers begin upending the contents of some large sacks onto the tables. The contents give off a rank odour. One of the soldiers, a jolly looking fellow, remains waiting expectantly by the tables, while the others go off to attend to other duties. Captain Jekyll and Sergeant Alsop stand in front of you, flanked by several Soldiers, some with muskets drawn. "Right Scum!" shouts Alsop. "Line Up!"

Once everyone has lined up, Alsop continues.

"Now's the time you scum become soldiers. One at a time, come forward and repeat yer oaths."

Each prisoner, in turn, will be handed a copy of the Bible and expected to swear an oath to "God, General Gell and the Midland Association." The guards are there to discipline anyone failing to show willing. As each oath is made, the newly sworn in Soldier is expected to go to the tables, to be issued a uniform, by the Quartermaster:

You approach the tables. The large jolly fellow stood there, smiles broadly at you.

He says something along the lines of:

"Welcome fellow. Prithee take a uniform, as is your right, now that you've joined our happy band. I'm Quartermaster Berry, a fellow member of the Prisoner Regiment." And under his breath mutters "and God help us all, damned bastards that we are." The collection of uniforms comes in all shapes and sizes, but they are all cheaply made, uncomfortable and ill-fitting (unless any of the Adventurers are a very odd shape). Most of the clothes are badly worn, some ripped and many are soiled.

In fact a lot of the uniforms have been salvaged from the corpses of former members of the Prisoners Regiment. After everyone has been sworn in, and clothed, a meal will be served up. It will be, predictably, rancid.



Quartermaster Roland Berry



Quartermaster

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 13
POW 11 DEX 10 CHA 11

SR 12 CA 2 DM +0

Skills: Brawn 35%, Commerce 65%, Drive 55%, Evade 40%, Lore (Gambling) 70%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 40%, Resilience 40%, Sleight 65%, Streetwise 70%, Survival 50%, Sword 30% 1D8, Unarmed 35% 1D3

Faction: Self Interest (Survival) RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Quartermaster Berry is a former pie seller, who was conscripted by Jekyll (having been accused of some minor offence relating to the contents of some pies) and appointed Quartermaster (by Sergeant Paine, p.42). He hates the army and hates Jekyll and Alsop. In every other regard he is a pleasant fellow, who tries to make the best of any given situation. He has become an expert in scrounging supplies for his men while at the front, but daren't offer them anything of quality in front of Jekyll. Berry will be going to the front with the Adventurers.

Off to Smethick

The following morning, or later on the same day as the rest of their "induction", the newly dressed "Soldiers" will be shepherded back out of the barn, and told to line up in ranks of eight. This will be a shambolic affair as few of the conscripts have any military experience (most of the local trained bands having long since been conscripted by one side or the other). They will then be addressed by Jekyll one last time:

"Sergeant Alsop has been watching you, and he informs me that you are the lowest of the low; the scummiest troop he has ever had the displeasure to serve with. However, circumstances dictate that you must join with the rest of your Companie. Look over there...", at this Jekyll points down the road behind you, where a squadron of dragoons is forming up. *"They will be your escort. They're all armed with sabres and have orders to cut down anyone stupid enough to attempt desertion. Do I make myself clear? Now, you have a mile to go, and in that time you will learn to march in a column, or there will be BEATIN'S."*


The group will be marched to Smethick (just north of Bearwood), again under a close escort, soldiers with staves enforcing Jekyll's instructions about learning to march in column. Once at Smethick they will be housed in another large barn, this time with forty of the other 140 members of the Companie (the others are billeted elsewhere). The other personalities from the Companie are all present, except for the patron's messenger, Bennett (for statistics see Life In The Trenches section below) and the Adventurers might meet with several of them. Meals will be issued (again from giant cauldrons, wheeled in and served up by inexpert cooks).

A Sergeant approaches you. His men smile, or nod, as he passes them to get to you.

"Hail, fellows. My name is Sergeant Paine. I will speak plainly, as I know no other way. I realise you don't want to be here. It's a grim business. But I'll be your Sergeant and it's my duty to look after you. I'm here if you want me, and I'll hear you out if I'm able."

The Adventurers will be able to learn the





following facts - 1) the sixty new recruits are a replacement for the third of the unit that were killed or gravely injured the last time the Company was in the frontline (less than a week ago); 2) there are always an overwhelming number of troops set to guard the Prisoner Company. This guard acts as a reserve, placed in the secondary line of trenches. (At this stage if the Adventurers ask why the Company doesn't just desert, Paine will remain tight-lipped, and explain that whatever else, "we are Soldiers, damn it!"); and 3) Paine will recognise one of the Adventurer's names, and explain that another recently pressed man, Bennett, has been asking after the Adventurers. He will explain to the Adventurers that Bennett is billeted with the rest of the Company, and will be joining up with them in the morning, that he has asked after them and has a message for them.

The Sergeant will ask the Adventurers a little about their previous lives, particularly fishing to find out about any potentially useful military skills. If the party includes any officers or women, he will shake his head at the madness, but stop short of criticising his superiors. He will chat a little longer to the Adventurers if they wish, although he has other recruits to reassure and assess, and other matters to settle with the rest of his men, so he won't stay with them all evening. At this stage he will not open up to his new recruits about the full extent of his hatred toward Jekyll, Alsop and Gell. He also won't discuss conditions at the front – he doesn't want to spread panic.

The next morning the Company will be roused early and expected to form up, ready to take its place in the line.

To the Front

The trip to the frontline involves a fairly rigid sequence of events, but once there you will need to decide how long you wish your players to remain in the trenches (see the notes on running this chapter on p.34 and the next section below). The Adventurers will not have an opportunity to speak with Bennett until they get to the front line. Read the following:

After a night spent with your new comrades, you are roused early. It wasn't the most peaceful of evenings, the rumbling sound of

cannon fire and the crackling of muskets was audible throughout much of the night. On waking, orders are shouted, and everyone is told to line up for breakfast, which appears to be some sort of rather suspect, and frankly disappointing, porridge.

After breakfast:

With breakfast still churning through the stomachs of those brave enough to endure it, fresh orders come to assemble outside the barn. As your fellow conscripts begin to file out, you are approached by Quartermaster Berry. He has bundles of equipment, containing a blanket apiece. Any weapons that were confiscated when you were apprehended at the Egg are returned to you. "You'll need these, chums," he smiles, as he distributes the bundles. Other conscripts are also being handed weapons as they assemble in front of the barn. Some of the arms look to be in quite a shoddy state, neither pike hafts nor musket barrels look as straight and true as they should – the craftsmanship is obviously poor, the work rushed.

Paine and some of his trusted men try to assemble everyone on a large green, just outside the barn. They attempt to get the Company in decent order. With one hundred men, of whom sixty have been soldiers for a just a scant few hours, this is no easy feat. While this is happening read the following:

As you are all scrambling, or idling, into position you have a chance to survey your surroundings. As ever dragoons and other men are also milling around. It seems various units are going about their business today, the place is a veritable hive of activity. To the east the land rises, and you notice, cut into the landscape, a path. The path seems to literally tear into the countryside, dipping down as the ground swells upward, a wide trench gouged through the earth. (It is one of the feeder trenches that heads into the main frontline network. See map, p.46.) Behind you, to the west, is Birmingham, and you can see, coming from that direction, yet more soldiers, marching toward various destinations. You can also see a strange

Chapter III: In the Trenches

mechanical, box-shaped device with wheels, rumbling up the road from north to south. You can just make out a figure, arms waving, sat atop the strange conveyance. Sergeant Paine nudges one of you and nods in that direction and mutters. "That's General Gell, inspectin' the troops. If he comes this way salute and say nothin'."

But the General does not come any nearer. The other hundred souls from the Companie do begin to arrive, many of them greeting their old comrades, who are already formed up with the Adventurers and new conscripts. The greetings are muted though – after all, the old hands know what's in store for them at the front.

As the rest of the Companie arrive, you notice that at their head is a young officer, riding a white stallion. "Looks like the new Colonel 'as been appointed," one of the Corporals mutters to Captain Paine, "I 'eard he was a lowly Cornet in the trotters till last week," the man finishes. "Now, now Benjamin," replies the Sergeant, "we're the leading Companie, so you know we has a Colonel by rights." But the Sergeant doesn't look too convinced as he eyes up the young man. "He's barely old enough to be an Ensign," the Sergeant shakes his head, "it's a poor do."

Ready to move out, the Adventurers should find themselves fairly near the front (if they lurk at the back a Corporal will chivvy them forward), in earshot of Sergeant Paine and Corporal Newton.

Finally, the Companie is assembled. It is a misty morning and visibility is pretty poor. It's still early and the weather is cold, but not cold enough to freeze the mud. Clods of sticky clay stick to your boots as you start moving along the feeder trench, which zig-zags west, toward the front line. All you can hear is the noise of bird song, the tramping of feet and the rattling of equipment, as you pick a slow torturous path through the mire. The other soldiers are mute in concentration, trying to keep their footing on the uneven surface, avoiding ruts, mudbanks and puddles, following in the footsteps of the person in front. Right at the head of your formation, back straight as if on parade is the new Colonel, evidently proud to be

leading his men into battle.

Before long the Companie approaches the rear line of the trench system:

The trench you are moving along begins to narrow, and you see, up ahead, an intersecting trench, moving across the front of your current path. Suddenly there is a crescendo of noise. The young Colonel wheels his horse, struggling to bring it under control. It is unclear where the shots are coming from or where they are falling. "Hold fast men! Hold fast! Stand your ground and walk tall!" commands the young officer. Then BOOM! A huge mortar shell falls smack bang onto the intersection ahead. The Colonel's horse lies spasming on its side, thrashing its legs, making a terrible noise. There are wet splattering sounds as the remains of the young, and short-lived, Colonel land amongst you. Under his breath Sergeant Paine resignedly mutters, "looks like it's me again then lads, looks like it's me."

Unless a quick-thinking Adventurer does it, then the Sergeant will put the horse out of its misery, before leading the Companie onward through the rear trench. Describe the sophisticated siegeworks – there are tunnels in the trench walls, heading down toward rooms in which men sleep. The Companie in the reserve trench is not a Prisoner Companie. They scurry around clearing the mess left by the dead Colonel (and their Quartermaster and Berry begin to negotiate over the horse carcass). Then Paine leads his Companie up the final passage, toward the front line trench that they are to occupy for the next fortnight.

As you walk up the meandering passage, you see a sign reading, "Welcome - Helle - Neare Birmincham". As your group arrive in the frontline trench, the current occupants leave, filing past you. To a man they look exhausted. Their eyes are deadened, and they move resignedly, rather than elatedly, to the rear. Some are bandaged, many bloodied. As they vacate, you get a better look at your new home. The trench they are leaving is less adequate than the one that you passed through before. Mud seeps up through the planks which have been laid haphazardly on the ground, forming a



perilous walkway. The walls are boarded, but lumpy mud is breaching the boards. To your dismay you realise that some of the lumps are actually human body parts, mangled limbs, some with hands outstretched, bizarrely integrated with the earthworks. The floor of the trench also seems to be strangely alive. You realise that you are to share a space with the corpses of the fallen and with scurrying, scavenging, rats, bloated with food, they are the size of small dogs. You shiver as you contemplate your situation, and reflect that there might yet be even more horrors to come...

Life In The Trenches

How long you wish to adventure in the trenches will depend on a combination of what kind of campaign you want to run and what attempts your players make to leave. The meeting with Bennett and the possible methods of departure are discussed in the section below, *Escaping The Nightmare*. However, there is no need for the final attack, discussed in the section after, *Over the Top*, to take place any time soon – you may wish to leave it until the end of the fortnight stint that the Companie must serve in the trenches, or even extend their stay beyond a fortnight.

The *Comrades-in-Arms* section below provides potential associations that the Adventurers may wish to develop during the course of their stay at the front. It will be all the more satisfying if they develop meaningful relationships with these characters, and they may even play a part in the finale later. The *Random Events Whilst In The Trenches* can also be used to provide action over the time spent at the front. Most importantly, the rest of this section describes the conditions in the front line trench and details some of the equipment employed in the course of the fighting. It is advised you use this material to develop a sense of life in the trenches for your players. They should be under no illusions about the grim, muddy, cold, wet, dangerous conditions that the Adventurers find themselves in.

It is Autumn (probably about halfway through September, a fortnight after the events described in the fiction at the start of this chapter). The weather is miserable – the often

torrential rain contributing to the sea of cloying mud; the coldness causes everyone to have a constant chill; and mist hampers visibility, adding to the eerie sense of isolation at the front (this mist becomes eerier still when it mingles with the smoke from musket fire and drifting miasmatic clouds). The poor weather hampers the firing of muskets and cannon, but sadly there are plenty of breaks in the rain – pauses which don't quite last long enough for the Adventurers to get properly dry.

The mud should be a major factor – it gets everywhere; continually hampering progress; and can even cause a slow and agonising death by drowning. The Adventurers will struggle to keep anything free from the mud – and have no access to running water (apart from the drizzling rain).

Rations are poor. Cooks run with giant lidded cauldrons from the rear lines, but the food is always cold by the time it reaches the front; often short in quantity, as it has slopped everywhere in transit; and often polluted, mud and rain having slipped in, despite the lid. Of course sometimes the food doesn't actually reach the front, the runners falling victim to one of the hazards of war. If it wasn't for Quartermaster Berry's creativity, the men would starve.

The trenches are alive with rats and lice – both constant companions for those at the front. When it is dry enough to light a candle, men sit for hours, catching lice with pins and singeing them in the flames. This is not done so much for hygiene, as for sport, and in an attempt to relieve the constant itching. The rats are foul, they seem to have no fear, and even approach the living, gnawing on the boots, or worse, of sleeping Soldiers. They especially like to gather in the corners of the rough shelters which are carved into the trench walls, shallow tunnels forming sleeping areas.

Parapets and firing platforms have been created, where Soldiers can stand sentry – watching out across no man's land, toward the enemy. By order of Gell, falling asleep on duty is an offence punishable by death. There are also tunnel heads which are used by engineers, who move up from the rear to dig down, attempting to undermine enemy positions and prevent the enemy doing likewise to themselves. There is



also at least one forward observation point, a small trench zig zagging further forward again, an unpopular station as the sentries within are often the first to fall in an attack, and the most vulnerable to enemy raiding parties.

And, of course, there are the various methods that both sides have developed in order to better murder each other. The actual statistics and descriptions of these various devices are given in the Appendix, but some of the main developments and tactics are mentioned here.

Both the Parliamentary “allies” of the Prisoner Companie, and the Royalists in the opposing trenches have been working on new methods of warfare, in the hope that they will find a breakthrough which will break the deadlock. In reality, all that has happened is that the carnage has increased. Both sides number in the tens of thousands, when all the conscripts, volunteers and mercenaries are added together, while at the front at any one time there are thousands, hiding in their trenches, sniping and waiting for orders to attack or defend where required. Engineers, Clockwork mechanics and Battle Alchemists are forever thinking of more inventive uses of their trades, and the trenches outside Birmingham are their testing grounds.

Battle Alchemists have been employing exploding dogs, sending bound animal familiars over no man’s land to be Ignited in the Parliamentary trenches. They have also experimented with the use of Air Elementals, as “bombers”, dropping potion flasks on those below. In response a series of large clockwork fans have been deployed by Gell’s forces. They have also proved effective at dispersing or redirecting Miasmatic clouds. Miasmatic clouds have become a routine feature of Alchemical warfare. At first Wagstaffe hoped the Royalists might be able to overwhelm the opposition in this way, and he amassed “Beak Masks” which he distributed amongst a first attack wave. This did not completely work however – disease Miasmas are not completely reliable, drifting on the breeze, and although claiming many victims, enough Parliamentarians survived the assault to mount a stiff and effective defence. Now some Parliamentarians have Beak Masks as well, the officers having expensive Physician-style models, the rank and file, rougher scratch-built affairs, manufactured and

sold by Camp Followers. The sight of men wearing their Beak Masks and fighting during a Miasma attack is truly chilling.

The Clockwork mechanics have developed rapid-firing trebuchets, which are wound back by Clockwork mechanisms. They can fire a lot of missiles in a short time, but take a long time to rewind (having to be moved slowly back to a Winding Station before reuse). Often these machines duel with their Alchemical counterparts, who use Earth Elementals as trebuchets, throwing potions into the enemy trenches. When such a duel takes place, often the conventional cannon chime in as well, and the effects are terrifying and often signal the beginning of an assault by one side or another. When assaulting the Royalist grenadiers often hurl Befuddle or Demoralise potions into the opposing trenches, just before engaging hand-to-hand, rendering their opponents vulnerable to being overrun. They have also been known to use “flamethrower” units, consisting of troops trained to use Dragon’s Breath potions! Alchemists also cast Golden Tongue on the Royalist commanding officers who are charged to deliver the orders to go “over the top”.

Night attacks have been used by both sides; sometimes small raids designed to scout enemy positions and gauge opposition numbers; other times deployed with the goal of seizing some prisoners; and sometimes as an attempt to make a surprise breakthrough. Royalists have tended to have the best of such night skirmishes – Alchemists casting Light spells onto musket balls, which are then fired into the air as flares, light up the whole front. Of course although the Alchemists have a plethora of spells at their disposal, Clockwork technology can be just as devastating. Aside from the trebuchets (which are often used to target Portable Alchemical laboratories, when their positions are known), Travelling Petards are sent toward the enemy – small clockwork mechanisms, on wheels, which can whizz across no-man’s land to deliver explosives into Royalist trenches. Most of these get bogged down in the mud, but a few get through. Other experimental weapons include Sycamore Grenades – grenades with clockwork propellers attached to their tops, which, when wound up, shoot up into the air, then drift down like a sycamore seed onto the enemy. These can only be used when the wind’s in the right



direction! But, most deadly of all are the Clockwork Repeating Muskets – these devices, if they could be produced in big enough quantities and their efficiency could be improved, could shift the balance of power, for good.

In addition to these innovations, there are more conventional, but just as deadly combat situations which occur on a daily basis. Troops with better muskets have begun to specialise as snipers, crouching still, on the firing platforms, waiting for an opportunity to take an aimed shot at an enemy. The mortars and cannon batteries are relatively extensive, both sides having amassed a fair number of pieces over the months. And when push comes to shove, both sides' commanders regularly test out the opposition, by sending troops "over the top", on assault missions to take possession of enemy trenches. Often such attacks end in bloody hand to hand fighting, with musket butts, shovels and whatever comes to hand.

Events have been provided in the section below, *Random Events Whilst in the Trenches*. You might find that aside from running these suggested events, you want to run your own – you may want to add in extra descriptive elements – perhaps describing events that slowly whittle down the down-trodden, but heroic, little Companie, until there are just a handful of survivors left. Or you might want to accurately record keep, playing a series of more detailed skirmish games, keeping track of events, casualties, the wounded, etc. The main thing is that you run events in accordance with your group's style of play. If your group is into dynamic relationship building then emphasise the interplay between the characters described below. Your imagination is the only limit, and if your players are enjoying their stay at the front (even if their Adventurers aren't) it would be a shame to deprive them of an extended time in Helle!

Comrades-in-Arms

The following characters are all members of the Prisoner Companie and (along with Quartermaster Berry, p.37) you might want to weave them into the story of life in the trenches, as it unfolds. If you are taking the option of developing this aspect of the

adventure then it shouldn't be long before the Adventurers become attached to the more dependable members of the crew. This will make it all the more poignant when they get hit by mortar fire, poisoned by miasmas, shot down in a mad dash "over the top" or slaughtered in any one of a myriad of other scenarios. Of course, it might be quite interesting if they don't all meet such a grisly fate. If there are survivors, then it may make a good twist having them assist the Adventurers in the finale!

Daniel Paine



Prisoner Regiment Sergeant

STR 16 CON 18 SIZ 13 INT 14
POW 14 DEX 13 CHA 15

SR 13 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Athletics 68%, Brawn 68%,
Evade 70%, Halberd 82%
1D8+2(+1D2), Insight 70%, Lore
(Regional - Debatable Lands) 80%,
Lore (Siegecraft) 60%, Lore
(Tactics) 67%, Perception 70%,
Resilience 60%, Survival 70%, Sword
72% 1D8(+1D2), Unarmed 73%
1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Loyalty to his Men RP: 70

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/7
4-6	Left Leg	0/7
7-9	Abdomen	1/8
10-12	Chest	1/9
13-15	Right Arm	1/6
16-18	Left Arm	1/6
19-20	Head	0/7

Sergeant Paine is a tough, professional Soldier. Rumour has it he fought in Europe, but he

refuses to talk about it. He was well respected in the New Model Army, and when he was transferred up to the Midlands, following his young Lord into Gell's army, he came highly recommended. The young Captain he came with was slaughtered in the defence of Birmingham, in a futile action that Paine advised his superiors against. Furious at being questioned, and by a Sergeant at that, Paine was consigned by Gell to the newly formed Prisoner Company, broken down to private rank once more. By virtue of his soldiering ability, luck and the sheer fact he has survived so long, he has found himself once more a Sergeant, and of the largest Company in the regiment, no less. Even Gell grudgingly admits that Paine has probably held together the Company, who would have no doubt deserted if it weren't for him. Paine prides himself on his abilities as a Soldier. But he is nearing breaking point, disillusioned with what is seeming an increasingly futile exercise. If the Adventurers can win him over (and it won't be easy as desertion is anathema to the likes of Paine) he will be a valuable ally in their escape.

Benjamin Newton



Prisoner Regiment Corporal

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 12
POW 11 DEX 17 CHA 12

SR 12 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Athletics 53%, Brawn 53%, Evade 60%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 60%, Lore (Tactics) 52%, Musket 92% 2D8+1, Pike 68% 1D8+1(+1D2), Resilience 50%, Survival 50%, Unarmed 60% 1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Loyalty to Paine RP: 65

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	2/5
4-6	Left Leg	2/5
7-9	Abdomen	2/6
10-12	Chest	2/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	3/5

Corporal Benjamin Newton is a solid Soldier. He had been demoralised; falsely accused of stealing, he was consigned to the Prisoner Company (on pain of death if he refused). He was doubly upset, as he would have volunteered for service, having already fought for Parliament earlier in the war, but he had returned home after his previous Regiment was disbanded. Paine managed to snap him out of his despondency, and he has found his calling as the Sergeant's number two. Corporal Newton is a crack shot, although he is uncomfortable with being asked to perform sniping duties and Paine avoids making such requests.

Anthony Fraser



Prisoner Regiment Corporal

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 12
POW 11 DEX 15 CHA 9

SR 13 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Brawn 48%, Evade 80%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 50%, Musket 60% 2D8+1, Pike 50% 1D8+1, Resilience 40%, Unarmed 43% 1D3

Faction: Self Interest (Survival) RP: 90



D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	1/6
10-12	Chest	1/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Anthony was once a good Soldier. But during the Battle of Birmingham something changed within him, and he bolted. His punishment was to be consigned to the Prisoner Companie, where he has remained dejectedly ever since. He is always on the look out for an opportunity to escape. He also spends much of his time feigning illness in the hope he will be sent to the rear. He is not a treacherous man and would not like to see others hurt through his actions, but he is wretchedly cowardly and extremely poor at hiding it. Sergeant Paine is unsympathetic, feeling that Anthony is letting his men down, but Corporal Newton does have some concern, suspecting that Anthony has lost his mind due to the horrors of war. When a musket is fired Anthony sometimes freezes in panic, if a cannon is fired he sometimes screams in terror – and his fears seem to be getting worse, not better.

Stanley Clarkson



Prisoner Regiment Physick

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 16
POW 12 DEX 16 CHA 11

SR 14 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 55%, Brawn 50%,
Evade 60%, First Aid 80%, Healing
(Herbalist) 50%, Healing (Paracelsan)

60%, Insight 59%, Lore (Regional -
Debatable Lands) 50%, Musket 48%
2D8+1, Perception 60%, Resilience
55%, Survival 70%, Unarmed 43%
1D3

Faction: Mohammedan RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/5
4-6	Left Leg	1/5
7-9	Abdomen	1/6
10-12	Chest	1/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	3/5

Stanley came to England to learn how to be a better Physician. He was apprenticed to a fine Physick in Birmingham before the war, but found himself rounded up and conscripted by Jekyll. He has not committed a crime but his original Regiment demanded to have him removed, superstitious that his dark skin might cause them ill-luck. Stanley does his best to look after the wounded, and also attempts to share his knowledge, aware that lives might be saved if others can perform some simple first aid techniques. He is constantly attempting to get fresh medical supplies – but they are seldom forthcoming, although Quartermaster Berry can occasionally be prevailed upon to acquire some. “Stanley” hasn't shared his real name with anyone, he adopted the name of his tutor in Birmingham for ease and it has stuck. He is indispensable to the Companie, as unlike the rest of the Regiments, the Prisoner Regiment has no Chirurgeons or Chirurgeon's assistants.

Reverend Spender Longthorne

Prisoner Regiment Chaplain

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 18
POW 16 DEX 10 CHA 15

SR 10 CA 2 DM -1D2

Skills: Beliefs (Catholicism) 70%,
Evade 50%, Lore (Gambling) 60%,
Lore (Theology) 60%, Oratory 68%,
Resilience 50%, Unarmed 30%
1D3(-1D2)

Faction: Catholic RP: 60

Chapter III: In the Trenches

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/4
4-6	Left Leg	0/4
7-9	Abdomen	0/5
10-12	Chest	0/6
13-15	Right Arm	0/3
16-18	Left Arm	0/3
19-20	Head	0/4



Reverend Spender feels he is too old to have been cursed with his assignment to the Prisoner Companie. He attempted to keep a low profile in his little parish, but was hounded out by his parishioners due to his Laudian sympathies. If only they had known the truth they would have been even more horrified – Spender is really Father Spender, an elderly Catholic Priest. Suspected by Gell, Spender was sent to the front – it being made clear, in no uncertain terms, that if he did not go he would be denounced. Spender does his best to minister to the men, and when not attending to their spiritual well-being he happily drinks and gambles with them. His down to earth, non-judgemental attitude has endeared him to the troops, who wonder why such a kind old man is being punished so.

Thomas Bennett

Messenger for Perkinson

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 14
POW 14 DEX 16 CHA 12

SR 15 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 78%, Evade 60%,
Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands)
40%, Resilience 50%, Ride 60%,
Survival 60%, Sword 52%
1D8(+1D2), Unarmed 53%
1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Self Interest (Loyalty to Ireton) RP: 50

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

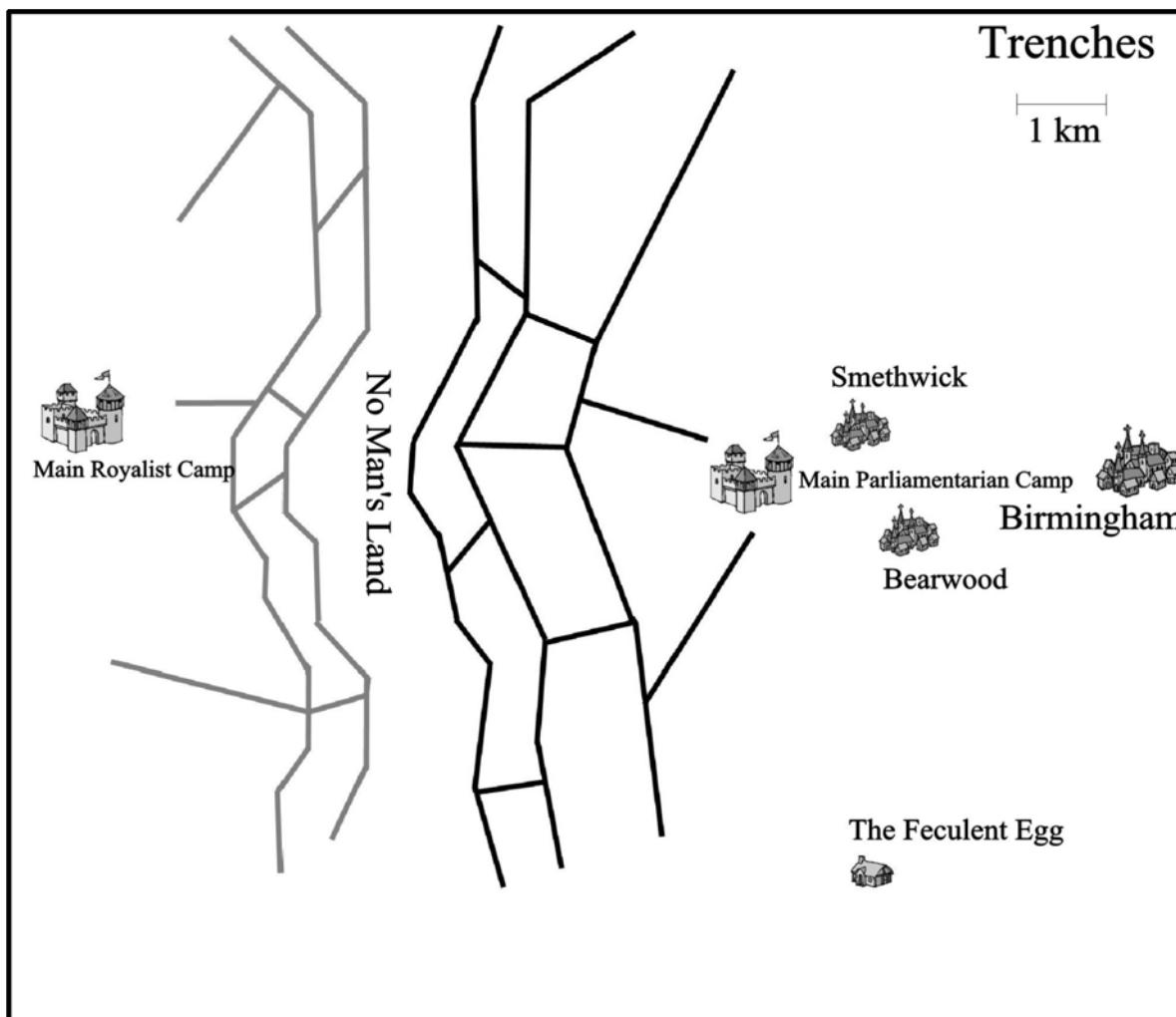


Thomas was rounded up by Jekyll, on his way into the Midlands, just a couple of days before the Adventurers. He explained he was acting on Ireton's behalf. He was immediately taken to Gell who demanded to know Ireton's business. Thomas refused, and Gell sent him to the Prisoner Companie in disgust (he is not alone, various agents from Ireton and Cromwell have taken messages to Gell, or attempted to find out what Gell is up to and ended up sent to the front). Thomas will want to escape with the Adventurers and will be able to give them some information from Ireton (see, *Escaping the Nightmare* below). Thomas is a loyal and brave messenger, but he is appalled by the situation he has found himself in.

As long as the Adventurers can convince Bennett that they are working for Ireton (which will be easy if they are long-standing fellow employees of the Parliamentarian, more difficult if they are a party of Royalists) then they can learn the following:

Thomas Bennett - "I have been in Master Ireton's employ for these past two years. I can't believe that Lord Gell has done this. If my master finds out he will surely act against the rogue. Oh what shall I do, I need to get back to Ely and the household."





Henry Ireton - "A more honest master you couldn't wish for. He has always treated me and mine well enough, and is loved by the army. He wouldn't have time for this dirty fighting. It is on his business I am here – he sent me to meet you at the Feculent Egg."

Sir John Gell - "A Lord, but no gentleman. He just stopped short of putting me to torture. I will report his behaviour to my master, if I ever get out of here. He seemed quite mad to me...and his guards, have you seen them?"

Sir John Gell's Guard - "They are strange creatures. Men, I think – but changed. He has doctored them and they are not right – with arms of metal, odd whirring things, in constant pain. He threatened me, but I told him I would not serve him and my master would cut his heart out. I thought he was going to kill me then, but he simply laughed and said "send him to the front!"

The Trenches - "We must escape. So many die

here, but they don't die for Parliament and peace, but for that madman Gell. I am convinced that he is not loyal, or he would not have threatened me and sent me here. I have since heard that I am not alone, the front is littered with the corpses of those that brought orders to Gell, from Cromwell and my master."

The War - "Our cause is good and just. But this is no way for men to fight. Rather we were out in the open. If it weren't for the cursed warlocks yonder we would have swept the field at Naseby and the war would be over."

The Feculent Egg - "I was sent to meet you there, but I never arrived at the inn. I was assaulted on the road by that rogue Jekyll. He took my horse, and his men bound me and transported me to Gell."

The Adventurers' Mission - Checking first, to make sure no-one is in earshot, Bennett says, "*<whisper>*I was to warn you that my master's scouts had declared the lands too unsafe for

them to travel. There are Iron Horse riders, working not for Parliament, some not even for Gell, roguish devils on the business of Lady Silver. You were to find out their mission, and also find out what goes on in these lands. I suppose you have succeeded in the latter, you have found this mad war, but not the former. You must investigate, and find out what Lady Silver is up to.”

Lady Arabella - “My master and his friend (Bennett refers to Sir Reginald, but will not make the connection explicitly) suspect the Lady is up to no good hereabouts. She has been seen, and it is thought she has recruited servants to do her bidding. Some of the servants are skilled New Model men. My master would know what foul plot she is hatching, and have you foil it. Perhaps you should speak to William, he may know more.”

William Pennie - “William, William Pennie is a manservant for my master’s friend.” Any Adventurers who know Sir Reginald well will know who William is. “He was told to rendezvous with you at Wagstaffe’s camp, in case you made it there. For all I know he may have been seized like me, for Gell doesn’t seem to be concerned whether it’s friend or foe that he casts towards his enemy, all make good fodder for their muskets and devilish incantations. He might serve in a Companie like this, but a few yards up the line. But perhaps he is yonder,” Bennett points across to the enemy trenches and beyond. “I hope he’s found a more comfortable haven than I. Try to find him, he might have more recent orders.”

Wagstaffe’s Camp - “Pennie headed for Wagstaffe’s camp. You need to find him there. He’s probably got more information for you. Wagstaffe is meant to be a tyrant, so beware!”

Escape - “They say that if caught deserting, Gell will have you shot or strung up, and there are thousands of his men behind us. But I’m not so sure – I think we could find a way through, but we would have to take care not to be seen, by our fellows here as much as by anyone. I can’t think Paine would be pleased at our leaving. Of course it would be quicker to go the other way, and cross to the enemy. We would not be the first, but I wonder, might we find ourselves in a similar position? I suppose if Wagstaffe is as mad as Gell, we could be

jumping out of the pot just to fall into the fire.”

Random Events Whilst in the Trenches

The following table can be used to generate random events to be played out while the Adventurers are in the trenches. Roll 1D12 or select the event that you feel would suit your group’s style of play. Obviously adapt descriptions to reflect the system you are using to record events (so you might just describe and record casualties, or you may decide to roll dice to determine hits, damage, etc.).

1. An almighty barrage starts up from the enemy lines. The sides of the trench shake as mortar shells and cannon balls are hurled in your direction (the trench will require 1D4 hours maintenance work to ensure it remains navigable, and to shore up the mud, etc). Before long the Parliamentary artillery joins the fray as well. The barrage only lasts for a few minutes (to conserve ammunition and because the rate of fire is so slow). Then an attack begins. For ease describe how – *A wave of men, rising out of the enemy trenches, come towards you. They seem to move slowly, as if hampered or dazed. As you look from north to south along the line, you realise that there must be several thousand in all, a substantial attack. They advance and you hear Paine bellowing orders to aim your muskets.* Then simply run an encounter in the Adventurers’ section of trench – they are attacked by twice the number of Royalists (for statistics use Soldier in the Appendix p.95). If you wish, describe reinforcements coming from the rear trenches, setting up Clockwork Repeating Muskets, which knock down the enemy like pins, demoralising them and causing them to break and run.
2. The trench suffers a direct hit from a mortar shell. 1D6 Soldiers are hit directly (4D10 damage), 1D6 for half damage, 1D6 for a quarter damage. The scene is one of carnage, men screaming due to their horrific wounds (assuming they are not all just dead).
3. A mortar shell lands near to where the party are gathered. The Adventurers should make



Evade tests, to dive down, out of the way of the shrapnel. Any failing to evade receive 1D6 wounds to 1D3 hit locations.

4. There is some firing from a battery of cannon (visible if anyone wants to risk getting bowled over by a cannonball), then silence. An attack is imminent. The cannon cause little damage, just causing the defenders to duck down. Then an attack begins, men gathering outside the trenches opposite. At the last minute the attack is abandoned, the men retreat back into their trenches, and all returns to normal.
5. The Adventurers are asked to assist engineers, mining down, attempting to dig a tunnel under the enemy trenches. Describe the gloomy conditions, the earth falling from the ceiling, then the sound of digging, elsewhere, underground. Perhaps the Adventurers come across an enemy party (2D4 diggers and 2D4 Soldiers as guards) where the tunnels meet! Of course this could be an opportunity to escape – but far more likely it will result in a maddened underground battle.
6. There is a Miasma attack – enemy Alchemists have imbued musket balls with Miasmas, and they have been fired in several places along the line. Then the Adventurers see, from the opposing trench, a few dozen figures, wearing crude leather beak masks, advancing across no man's land toward them. You might decide that a Miasma is near. (Luckily it is a minor one. Roll **1D10 - 1**: Direct Hit. Adventurers must roll to see if effected by Fever Miasma. Onset Time - 1D6 rounds; Duration - 1D6 hours; Resistance - One roll at start; Potency 60; Conditions: Nausea; Fever. Once duration expires a full recovery is made. **2-4**: Miasma lurking (same as above but Potency halved to 30). **5-9**: No effect **10**: Miasma floats back toward enemy). The event should emphasise the creepy masked attackers, but actually they are outnumbered badly and should prove no challenge – unless everyone is too busy vomiting to resist.
7. There is a huge explosion which collapses one of the sleeping pits carved out under the Adventurers' trench. It causes 2D4 casualties (GM to determine severity) and it will take 1D2 days to dig out 1D3 further survivors (all wounded). The explosion was caused by enemy engineers who planted a barrel of gunpowder in a tunnel below the chamber.
8. In the night 2D6 Companie members have disappeared. Rumours abound – some say they have been captured and killed by Gell, but there is no physical proof of this so many doubt it; others that they have been abducted by raiders, but they weren't all on sentry duty; some say that they succeeded in deserting, sneaking back through friendly lines; others that they headed to the Royalist lines, bearing a white flag of truce.
9. After a particularly noisy mortar attack one of the young Soldiers, Boyce Spallings, begins to sob uncontrollably. Then the sobs turn into louder cries, and then before anyone can stop him he climbs out of the trench and runs into no-man's land, screaming. There is the sound of musket fire, but it takes quite a few potshots before the lad is struck and falls. He continues making distressed noises, although over time they become more muted. Will anyone rescue him?
10. (Night time only) *The enemy are launching a massed attack. Along the stretch of front before you, it seems a whole Regiment are beginning to advance – they will overwhelm your Companie for sure. They seem to be bizarrely illuminated, a phosphorescent light enabling you to make out every feature. As they come nearer you realise that many of them seem to be grievously wounded, limbs dangle uselessly, faces are sunk back into shattered skulls, bloody ribs push through tattered clothes. It is a Ghost Regiment.*
11. One of the Adventurers (the one with the most martial ability) is summoned to Sergeant Paine. He explains that he is making the Adventurer a Corporal, and putting him/her in charge of a small squad of men (20 in all, including the Adventurers).
12. The Adventurers find themselves on sentry duty, when an enemy raid (2D10 raiders) takes place. They will need to make

successful Perception rolls (average difficulty – the night obscures the raiders, but the raiders have to navigate difficult territory) or they will be surprised. They will attempt to capture the Adventurers and take them back to the Royalist lines.

No Man's Land

Whether you decide to run a long adventure set in the Midland trenches; or if you intend to bring forward the orders for the Prisoner Regiment to go “over the top”; or if the party decides to sneak away over the parapet; at some point it is probable that the Adventurers will experience the grim conditions in No Man's Land – the thin strip of contested territory that lies between the Royalist and Parliamentary lines. The following events can be used at such a time. Remember the advice, given in *Life In the Trenches*, when describing the grim and unforgiving conditions that permeate the front. The area is not completely blasted – but the effects of Alchemy, Sycamore Grenades and the intensity of the fighting have led to mudslicks and pitted areas and trees have been exfoliated or destroyed. In addition to the actual events below, there will be other obvious consequences if the Adventurers are spotted in no man's land (i.e., being attacked by the inhabitants of the enemy trench). These additional consequences are at the Games Master's discretion and should reflect a well defended and hotly contested frontline. Roll 1D6 or select the event that you want to run.

1. As the Adventurers traverse a shallow dip the ground starts to fall away beneath their feet. Evade rolls should be made. Anyone failing falls twenty feet, landing in a disused tunnel, dug by one set or the other of engineers. Aside from being covered in soil and needing extracting any such unfortunates will take 1D6 falling damage to a random location.
2. It seems that the whole enemy trench opens up at once on the Adventurers. They manage to drop into a shallow pit but the suppressing fire lasts until nightfall. The party are pretty much stuck where they are, unless they want to risk a dash or crawl through a deadly hail of bullets.
3. As the Adventurers progress they come to a

clump of bristling, impenetrable, stakes. They miss a round's movement and on a failed Evade roll become tangled up (their clothing, straps, etc.) and fail to free themselves for a further 1D3 rounds.

4. As the Adventurers are moving across no man's land they hear somebody crying out. There is a wounded Parliamentary scout, lying on the ground. He begs for assistance. His leg is broken, and twisted in an odd fashion. He will need medical attention (successful First Aid roll as a minimum, and proper Healing later) if he is to survive. He will be extremely grateful if helped, and if the Adventurers are deserting will help them get through the Parliamentary trenches to Wagstaffe's camp in safety.
5. There is a shallow trough, possibly a former trench that has fallen into disuse, stretched across this strip of no man's land. A successful Perception spell is required to avoid the Miasma lurking at the bottom of the ditch. (Roll 1D4 - 1: Ague; 2: Bloody Flux; 3: Black Death; 4: No effect).
6. The Adventurers find that they are sinking into the ground itself. They are actually becoming trapped in a mudslide, which as it shifts reveals a mass open grave. The rotting corpses and tainted mud cause the Adventurers clothes to stink (even more than they probably already do).

Escaping The Nightmare

At some point the Adventurers will decide they have had enough of life in the trenches. Either they will be urged to get back to their mission by Bennett, or, more likely, they will just wish to escape the death and insanity that surrounds them. How they leave can be handled in multiple ways. They might decide to sneak away, in which case they would probably be best going by cover of darkness, perhaps at night time. If so then they may decide to try to cross no man's land and surrender, holding a white flag in order to be granted a truce, and then ask for an audience with Pennie. In this case, as long as they succeed, they will probably be taken to Wagstaffe first. Or, they may decide to try to escape during the confusion of an assault, in which case, see *Over the Top* below. Any of these ideas will be



Chapter III: In the Trenches

suggested by Bennett, and possibly even Paine – if the Adventurers win the Sergeant's trust and convince him they are going to put the situation in the Midlands right on behalf of Cromwell or Ireton. The other option is for the Adventurers to come up with a scheme to take them back, through the rear of the Parliamentarian lines, and then somehow find a way to flank either end of the trench network and arrive at the Royalist camp that way. This should not be impossible, but should be extremely difficult. In this case you also might want to have the Adventurers encounter Denburgh (see p.59).

Over the Top!

The Adventurers might find themselves commanded to join in a general assault. On the bright side they will be reinforced by hundreds of regular Soldiers. On the less bright side, these reinforcements will be cut down in swathes as they attack. Describe:

Sergeants and Captains encourage everyone to line up, and wait in readiness by ladders. After a few minutes of mortar fire, and the

launching of some strange missiles that seem to float down upon the enemy lines before exploding, you are commanded to climb the ladders and advance into no man's land.

It is probably best to dynamically describe:

Despite the support of strange Clockwork guns that pour fire onto the enemy trench, the musketry, cannon and Alchemical assault against your lines is ferocious. You see soldiers fall all around you as your little party stands into the danger, inching forward toward the enemy lines.

The Adventurers will eventually stumble toward the enemy trench (although you should make 1D6 attacks against them as they cross over – unless they are waving a white flag, in which case make the same number of attacks against them, but from their own side instead). Either way, if this is the option you have chosen to use to move the adventure on, they will inevitably find themselves dragged into the enemy trenches by an overwhelming number of Royalists as the Parliamentarian attack falters and finally peters out entirely.



Chapter IV

In which our heroes enjoy the hospitality of the Sir Joseph Wagstaffe

"An army of asses led by a lion is better than army of lions led by an ass."

– George Washington

The Adventurers will probably want to make their way to the Royalist army camp, in order to meet with William Pennie and find out if they have any more instructions from their patrons. While at the camp they will encounter the peppery commander, Sir Joseph Wagstaffe, and possibly become embroiled in various other schemes. They may well make some useful contacts, and by the end of their stay find that they are tasked with an assassination mission – one way or another, both the Royalist and Parliamentarian authorities agree, Sir John Gell must be stopped, by any means necessary.

Arrival

There are two main ways that the Adventurers might find themselves reaching the Royalist camp. Firstly, they might come as deserters or prisoners, taken from no man's land, or even the Parliamentarian trenches, and marched back through the Royalist trenches to the camp; or, they might have avoided crossing no man's land, deciding to skirt around the edge of the frontlines, traversing the Debatable Lands north or south of the main fighting – in which case you might want to run the Denburgh encounter below, earlier, before the party arrive at the Royalist camp, rather than after (if they've taken the more roundabout route to Birmingham).

Through the Royalist Trenches

If they give themselves up, or are taken prisoner, they will be taken first to see the nearest Royalist Captain (who may be familiar to the Adventurers, see Lord Percy "Dasher" Cansdale, below) at the front. The Royalists can be just as brutal as the Parliamentarians, but the local Captain believes in chivalric and romantic ideals (and, as can be imagined, is therefore in a state of horrified shock at the way the battle has developed). As long as the party aren't especially confrontational, he will explain that if they denounce their oaths to Parliament they will be freed – although Wagstaffe has ordered that any prisoners be taken before him prior to being let go. Dasher will immediately accept the word of any Gentlemen or Lady (Middle Class or above) Adventurers, and if there are any superior ranking Royalist military types, Dasher will defer to them in all matters, other than his insistence that they must report to Sir Joseph as soon as possible.

Lord Percy "Dasher" Cansdale

Royalist Captain

STR 14 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 9
POW 11 DEX 13 CHA 13

SR 11 CA 2 DM +1D2



Chapter IV: Wagstaffe's Hospitality

Skills: Athletics 60%, Brawn 50%, Carbine 67% 2D6+1, Evade 45%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 30%, Resilience 55%, Ride 64%, Sword (Sabre) 68% 1D6+1 (+1D2), Unarmed 50% 1D3 (+1D2)

Faction: Royalist RP: 50

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	6/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5



Dasher may be familiar to some of the party (he appeared in *The Alchemist's Wife*. If some ill fate befell him then, simply replace him with another noble Royalist type). Despite being more jaded, he will be, as ever, extremely polite to any female Adventurers.

Dasher Cansdale is the archetypical Cavalier. He is fully committed to Rupert's cause, but steadfastly disinterested in politics; he always tries to be fair and courteous; and is always happy to aid a damsel in distress. Once a friend of Dasher he will offer assistance, as best he can, and be a loyal ally. Dasher had seen the recruitment sheets, seeking volunteers to fight for Wagstaffe, and when a Courtier, working on Wagstaffe's behalf, slyly suggested that any who did not join up were cowards, Dasher immediately offered to fight for the General. The conditions in the trenches have appalled Dasher, who believes war should be a noble sport, fought between Knights astride mighty chargers. He regrets having come to the Midlands, but this conflicts with his

impassioned view of loyalty and honour.

If the party are known to Dasher, and either previously got on with him, or have female members: *"Ah, my good friends, so frightfully good to see you again. If there is anything I can do for you don't hesitate to ask. I will take you to meet the General, and then we can see about getting you a fine meal and a clean billet."*

If the party are prisoners: *"Oh I say, I am so pleased to meet you. Frightfully embarrassed that you must be guarded a teensy bit longer, just to take you back to Sir Joseph for a chitterchat, regulations you know."* And, if there are women present, *"Oh, dash it. How inhumane, the barbarians. Consider yourself under my protection. I will escort you back to Sir Joseph, and then find you a befitting billet. Don't fret, it's a teensy formality."*

If the party are deserters: *"Well you're not the first this week – it's wretched enough here, but I believe that things are worse in the enemy trenches. You must first go and see the General, my Sergeant will escort you, and then I am sure you can acquire some fresh clothes and a decent meal in our headquarters camp."* And, if there are women present, *"Those scoundrels. I should give them a bloody nose, if only they would fight like men. I shall protect you now. I will escort you to the General, and then make sure you are well looked after."*

About Lord Percy "Dasher": *"I miss Oxford, truth be told. I miss the feeling of horseflesh twixt my legs and running at the gallop. Still, one must not grumble, I fight for Rupert and our traditional way of life, and if God requires me to fight here, then fight I must."*

About the war: *"I have been trained for war since a boy. Fought my first duel at sixteen. But this is not what I prepared for. This is no noble art, there is little room for valour in these mud-sodden climes. Campaigning should be summer sport, yet we sit here in these trenches."*

About William Pennie: *"I am afraid the name doesn't mean anything to me. I suppose he might be about the camp, 'tis a large place. I must visit there soon. I have pressing business that I have been putting off."*

Dasher's business at the camp: *"I would rather not say. It is a private matter, a mix up concerning one of my men."*

So either Dasher, or one of his men (he really is very trusting) will escort the Adventurers to Lord Wagstaffe's headquarters, where they will be put under a more formal guard. Due to security fears at the camp, Wagstaffe's personal guard are concerned there maybe an attempt made upon his life.

The Long Way Around

The party may have arrived at the Royalist camp (which is but a mile directly behind the Royalist front lines) having skirted around the trenches. If so, they will be greeted by the guards on the gate, and led to meet the General, who has given instructions to have any new arrivals of note (so he may be avoided if the party are all Peasants) shown to him. If you wish, you could have the party meet Dasher on the way to the General's headquarters, as a passing encounter. If the party enquire about William Pennie they will be told that questions must wait until they have met with Wagstaffe.

Running Events in the Royalist Camp

There is no strict timetable for running the events described in this section. It is possible that the party might have had a tough, combat-heavy time, while in the Parliamentarian trenches. If so, you might want to give them a little time to draw breath, heal wounds, and collect themselves, before they head back out toward the hell that is Birmingham. There are no Random Events in this section; however, the events described in *Tearing It Up*; *Treachery!*; and *Pollution!* below, are designed so they can be run, pretty much, in any order. The *Camp Personalities* section describes some of the main characters that the party might encounter – and a little of their various agendas. It is important to read through this whole chapter, to get a feel of both the personalities and potential events herein – be prepared to be creative in mixing them together.

Locations in the Royalist Camp

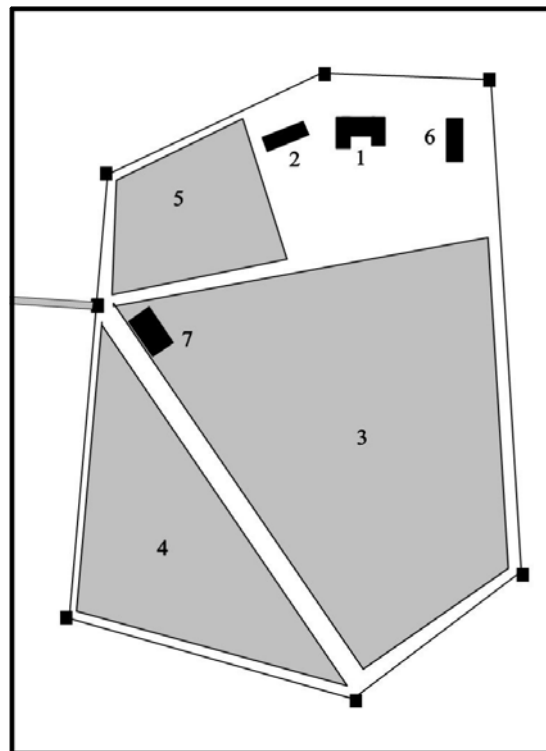
The main locations in the camp are as follows:

1: Wagstaffe's Headquarters – Wagstaffe's small fortified manor, which he has commandeered to be used as both a residence and the centre of his military operations. He has

converted the large dining hall into a command centre – maps and models of the trenchworks dominate the long central table, around which he, the Battle Alchemists and his senior officers sit to discuss strategy and plan attacks. His private stables are attached, as are private kitchens, all staffed by his personal servants. This area is well guarded and access is by arrangement only (established by Wagstaffe's standing orders regarding greeting significant arrivals to the camp, conducting military tribunals, hosting military dinners in the ballroom, etc.).

2: Officer's Quarters – The command structure of the Royalist army of the Midlands is top heavy – there are an abundance of Cavalry officers residing here. They spend most of their time planning a large scale flanking attack by the Royalist cavalry, to be directed against the flanks of the Parliamentarian positions. Sadly they can't pluck up enough courage to lobby Wagstaffe with their ideas. There is a large cookhouse – most of the officers privately employ cooks and personal servants who sleep in the Camp Follower area and come to the Officer's Quarter's to work throughout the day.

3: Soldier Quarters – These large barracks house the ordinary soldiery, when they are not



fighting in the front lines. There is a large cookhouse – where rations are supplied, prepared and cooked by the Camp Followers. Many of the Soldiers supplement their official ration and equipment with other goods, available for purchase from the Camp Followers. Fighting between regiments is not uncommon – particularly between locally recruited forces and foreign Mercenary units.

4: Camp Follower Tents – Effectively a town in itself, the Camp Followers who provide the goods and services for the camp live here. There is a large laundry area; forges worked by weaponsmiths; a marketplace; brothels; and all the trappings one would expect to find in such a settlement. There are certainly shortages, but most things are available for the right price (typically between two and three times the standard listed price).

5: Stables – This vast stabling area has had to be built to house the large number of Cavalry mounts that a Royalist army of this size. (This is currently, effectively, the largest mustered Royalist army in the country. Rupert could probably gather a comparable force, but it would take time for him to do so).

6: Gunpowder Stores – A large gunpowder store. The powder is kept in large converted furnaces, formerly used for industry, the already strengthened walls further reinforced due to their volatile contents.

7: Field Hospital – On the edge of the camp, this large field hospital contains most of the Royalist Chirurgeons (Physicians who specialise in surgery) and hundreds of wounded. It is a hellish place.

Wagstaffe's "Hospitality"

The Adventurers (unless they seem a really unthreatening bunch of Peasants, in which case they will probably just be seen by a Royalist Sergeant, who will be allowed to make the decision to let them go, recruit them, or refer them to his superior for punishment) will probably be led to Wagstaffe's residence, a small (for a manor) country house, the estate of which has been subsumed by the large army camp that has sprung up.

You are led up sweeping steps, into the lobby of a country house. The decor is

sumptuous, although not well maintained, the bustling traffic preventing the staff from keeping the corridor clean. There are lots of guards and other menials scurrying about between various rooms in the manor. You are told to sit and wait on a bench, until Sir Joseph has time to see you.

Sir Joseph is concerned about Spies in his camp, keen to make sure the Adventurers haven't been sent to check up on him (he has heard that it is rumoured about the country that he is a maverick, and wants to set matters straight) and that they won't be trouble.

You are ushered into the room. A cavalier sits upon a grand plush chair, flanked either side by dragoon captains and sergeants of the foot. He looks up, grunting as you are led in front of him. "Hmm, what have we here, then? Come on, spit it out, I haven't all day. There's a bloody war on, you know."

If he is satisfied that the party pose him no threat he will order they receive billets. If they agree to stop Gell, he will support them, short of offering any people to assist – he needs all his men for the front! Accommodation will be offered according to social class and military usefulness (e.g., military officers in the Officer's Quarters, Townsmen in the Camp Followers' area). Any Noble Adventurers, and their servants, will be offered rooms at the manor. Any Parliamentarian gentlemen will be asked to take an oath not to take any hostile action while in camp (such an honourable offer will only be extended to those openly admitting their allegiances – any suspicion of a hidden agenda will result in an arrest).

The party may, depending on how they handle the peppery Wagstaffe (statistics p.58) find out the following:

Sir Joseph Wagstaffe: *"It doesn't matter who I am. You just have to remember in this camp, what I say, goes! Any arguments and it'll be the rack for the lot of you!"*

The War: *"Well, given the choice I would fight in the open, but my men have been fighting since Christmas last, and so I must make my strategies. Hmmph!"*

Sir John Gell: *"Ah, well, my counterpart for the traitors. Well, it's war, and he fights like a devil. But I don't like him if I'm to be honest*



Chapter IV: Wagstaffe's Hospitality

with you. He isn't the right sort. Mad, they say."

Prince Rupert: "Well, he's not a bloody King is he? Still, no-one can say I don't believe in deferrin' to me betters, so God Save Prince Rupert! Eh, toast him with me, you buggers or I'll put you in irons and be damned with it!"

The Camp: "The place is a bloody nightmare. Riddled with Spies and intrigue, filthy and full of commoners. If it didn't house my bloody army I'd burn it bleeding well down!"

William Pennie "Ah, yes. Solid enough chap. Why do you want him?" If Sir Joseph can be persuaded that the party are working for Sir Reginald, Sir Joseph's attitude will change. "Ah, Sir Reginald is a good friend of mine. A bit too genteel for me liking, but sincere enough. If you work for him you might work for me. Talk to Pennie, and if you need help afterward, come and see me again." This is the Adventurers' way in to getting Sir Joseph to sponsor their attack on Gell.

Tearing It Up

In the distance, on one of the broad hills above the camp, a strange sight can be seen. Iron Horse riders are fighting a pitched battle, against one another. Royalist Cavaliers, itching for action, call for their mounts, determined to get in on the fight.

You could either allow the Iron Horse Gang members to leave before the cavalry get there, or you could have the Adventurers be near the stables and able to join 2D4 Cavaliers (statistics Appendix p.95, Cavalry) in pursuing 1D6 Holy Hammers and 1D6 of Gell's Demons.

Wagstaffe's Justice

Read the following:

Outside the Manor, scaffolding is being hastily erected. A bell sounds, and everyone nearby stops working and begins to assemble. Someone reads from a sheet of paper, death sentences – five men are to go to the gallows for "cowardice and treason", by order of Wagstaffe.

Any who know him (whether from this adventure or *The Alchemist's Wife*) will see Dasher (p.52) pacing up and down by the

scaffold. Five of his men have been sentenced to death – but Dasher explains he has been petitioning to have the sentences dropped, the men merely froze due to a Sycamore Grenade attack – he is convinced they aren't cowards and that it would not happen again. If any of the Adventurers could take his petition to Sir Joseph (who has refused Dasher an audience on the grounds that "he is a bloody fool, in command of a load of bloody cowards") he will be most grateful – if the Adventurers can persuade Sir Joseph to drop the charges, they will have Dasher as an indebted friend for life.

Treachery!

Read the following:

You see that there are a large number of Soldiers moving through the army camp. Every so often they duck into a tent, seizing an occupant. Someone mutters, "They're after Spies."

Wagstaffe has ordered a raid throughout the camp. Anyone who is either fairly new, unpopular or otherwise suspect is to be held and questioned. Any documentation is also being seized. It is up to you whether any actual Spies are found. If the party aren't on good terms with Wagstaffe they may find themselves rounded up along with the Camp Followers. If so they will be held for a few hours, threatened with torture, and then let go.

Pollution!

The whole camp is in uproar. People have begun to get sick (Bloody Flux, *Clockwork & Chivalry Worldbook* p.92). One of the wells in the Camp Follower section has been polluted. Martha Shaw has been pouring offal and effluent down the well which has caused people to become ill. There are rumours abounding about Spies, sabotage and plots, others think that it is a disease – until the offending well is identified, some people will panic, thinking that an invisible Miasma is causing the illness.

Seeking out Pennie

William Pennie is staying in a large tent, which is basically an inn. He will greet the Adventurers cordially, but unless he is already known to them via Sir Reginald (very likely)



will want some confirmation they are who they say they are. Once reassured he will take them to a quiet table and offer the following:

"Ah, friends, I am so pleased to see you. It appears that none of us has had as easy a mission as we were hoping, eh? I had to hide in the woods, Gell's men were ahunting, so I arrived late. I feared you weren't acoming at all."

Sir Reginald: *"Sir Reginald is perfectly safe, but he was advised not to risk his life in coming here. As you have no doubt found out, it is not safe hereabouts. I believe he met with his friend, then returned to Oxford. He sent me to find you and relay his orders."*

The Mission: *"It appears that all parties agree upon your task. It is threefold – get into Birmingham and see what ills afflict the place; try to find out what Lady Silver is doing in Birmingham, she has been sighted there and is likely up to no good, I believe one of the Iron Horse Gangs, holed up in a Winding station at Digbeth have been working for her, or at least that is what our informants have come up with. Then, thirdly, the most vital part of your mission – break into the Steel House Works and stop Sir John Gell. All parties agree that he has become quite mad and must be...removed. By any method, Gell must be stopped."*

Sir Joseph Wagstaffe: *"He is certainly a difficult man to get on with, but I found him bearable when we met. Ask him, and he will support your mission to remove Gell. He will have you escorted to the front line if you choose to go that way, and offer you supplies and maybe even horses, if you decide to go around the lines."*

Birmingham: *"Nothing good is going on there, that's for sure. They say they have a Saturday market still. That would be a good place to start seeking more information about Gell, Lady Silver and how to get near Gell's workshops."*

Steel House Works: *"It is where Gell is building Clockwork monstrosities. Some say he is building an army of machine-men, in order to enslave the whole of England. Go to the Saturday market – you may find a guide able to take you into Gell's compound."*

Camp Personalities

The following characters are all present at the camp. They all have a mission, which is noted along with their general description.

Martha Shaw



Camp Follower and Gell's Spy

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 14
POW 12 DEX 10 CHA 11

SR 12 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Commerce 46%, Dagger 50%
1D4+1, Evade 50%, Insight 50%,
Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands)
50%, Perception 50%, Resilience
45%, Sleight 50%, Stealth 60%,
Survival 40%, Unarmed 30% 1D3

Faction: Defence of Son RP: 80

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Martha is a Spy, for Gell. She is being blackmailed – her son is being held by Gell who has threatened to kill him if she does not do as she is told. Martha works in Wagstaffe's manor as Lady Emma's maid, and hears most of the goings on about the place.

Mission – Spy for Gell and carry out his orders.

Lady Emma Harrington



Courtier and Spy

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 17
POW 15 DEX 16 CHA 17

SR 17 CA 3 DM -1D2

Skills: Courtesy 65%, Dance 60%, Evade 50%, Insight 62%, Lore (Noble Families) 60%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 47%, Perception 75%, Resilience 40%, Sleight 48%, Stealth 60%, Survival 70%, Unarmed 35% 1D3(-1D2)

Faction: Catholic RP: 80

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Lady Emma Harrington is one of a small clique of Courtiers who are the elite social grouping in the camp – attending dances in Wagstaffe’s ballroom, conducting charitable visits to the hospital, organising morale boosting events, etc. Lady Emma stays at the manor, as befits her station. She is also a practising Catholic, working subtly to convert those Royalists who may be sympathetic to the “Old Religion”.

Mission – Convert people to Catholicism.

Standaloft Finst

Camp Follower and Spy

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 12

POW 10 DEX 12 CHA 10

SR 11 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 50%, Brawn 50%, Dagger 60% 1D4+1, Evade 50%, Insight 40%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 50%, Musket 45% 2D8+1, Perception 40%, Resilience 48%, Sleight 50%, Stealth 50%, Survival 50%, Unarmed 43% 1D3

Faction: Loyal to Arabella RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	1/7
10-12	Chest	1/8
13-15	Right Arm	1/5
16-18	Left Arm	1/5
19-20	Head	0/6



Standaloft is ostensibly a gardener at Wagstaffe’s manor. He will be skulking around the front of the building, attending to flower beds, keeping an eye on those coming in and out. He will (if Arabella is aware of, or knows what the Adventurers are up to) try to sabotage the Adventurers. He will stop short of actually attacking them, wishing to survive to be able to send a message to Arabella (via a dropped message to Sawyer’s Slayers) warning her that the party are alive and in the area.

Vera Grigson

Camp Follower and Spy

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 12
POW 12 DEX 12 CHA 12

SR 12 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 40%, Evade 50%, First Aid 50%, Healing (Herbalist)



Chapter IV: Wagstaffe's Hospitality

50%, Insight 62%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 50%, Perception 50%, Resilience 50%, Stealth 60%, Survival 50%, Unarmed 30% 1D3

Faction: Parliamentarian RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5



Vera Grigson is ostensibly a Camp Follower, in charge of a small laundry service, supervising a dozen girls. She often goes gathering washing, and will approach the party, offering a discounted laundry service and fresh linens. She is actually a Parliamentarian Spy. If she finds out that any of the party are Parliamentarians, she will approach them and offer her services, and deliver some orders. She will say that the authorities (and she will hint at Ireton and Cromwell, but try to avoid saying their names) agree to the assassination of Gell – and that they wish the party to carry out the action.

Mission – Spy on Royalists and assist any Parliamentarian sympathisers.

William Pennie

Sir Reginald's Messenger

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 12
POW 12 DEX 14 CHA 11

SR 13 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 35%, Brawn 40%, Evade 50%, Resilience 55%, Sword 50% 1D8, Survival 60%, Unarmed

45% 1D3

Faction: Royalist RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5



William is a messenger for Sir Reginald Perkinson. He is loyal to the Royalist cause (and at times a little concerned that his master seems to waiver in this regard) and always tries to fulfil his duty.

Mission – to give the Adventurers their message and then return to his master.

Sir Joseph Wagstaffe



Field General of the Royalist Army of the Midlands

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 13
POW 13 DEX 16 CHA 14

SR 15 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Athletics 65%, Brawn 65%, Carbine 65% 2D6+1, Evade 65%, Insight 39%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 50%, Perception 60%, Resilience 75%, Survival 70%, Sword 90% 1D6+1(+1D2), Unarmed 60% 1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Royalist RP: 66

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

General Sir Joseph Wagstaffe is a bundle of contradictions. Personally courageous, quick to anger, but good to his friends, he finds himself in a difficult position. A position that his temperament is not ideally matched to cope with. Originally a Parliamentarian, earlier in the war, Sir Joseph was captured by the Royalists. While in captivity he switched sides, and was made a Major General. He doesn't like to be reminded of his change of heart – and any who call him a turncoat can expect to be challenged to a duel – which, due to his position a succession of his officers would insist on fighting for him. He is responsible for leading the Royalist forces in the Midlands – and decided to move on Birmingham in the new year, knowing that it was a base for weapons manufacture. He was astonished at the defence of the town that Gell conducted, but rather than admit defeat and retire, the irascible Lord pushed for more and more recruits; sent calls for assistance to all the Battle Alchemists in the country (many declined, on orders from Rupert, but many outside of Oxford rallied to the request); and ordered his engineers to build a defensive line, as he realised that his forces might be forced from the town, but he had no wish to be completely vanquished from the field, or besieged in one of the Midland towns.

Mission – to beat the Parliamentarian forces in the Midlands.

Time To Go

Eventually it will be time for the Adventurers to leave the Royalist camp. They will hopefully have received their mission – go to Birmingham, assess the situation there; visit the Saturday Market and find out how to get into the Steel House Works; discover exactly what Gell and Arabella are up to; and stop Gell, by any means necessary. Before leaving, hopefully, the Adventurers will have managed to resupply, recover wounds, etc. The party will have to decide how to proceed to Birmingham. They may decide to try to sneak back across no man's land, or they may decide to take a more circuitous route around the battle lines, in which case they may encounter Sir James Denburgh and his Clubmen (see below).

Sir James Denburgh's Army

The party may meet Sir James and his Clubmen, either as they escape from the Parliamentarian forces at the end of Chapter III, or after they leave the Royalist camp on their way to Birmingham. Read the following:

As you scout around the battle lines, you see you are probably going to have to ride through a small coppiced wood, sunk into the floor of a shallow valley. The coppice looks clear, but behind you, there are riders in the distance. They seem well armed, but their colours are not familiar. The lead rider sees you, and waves, attempting to hail you.

There are a dozen riders in all, half of all the horseman in the whole Clubman army (for statistics use Dragoons from the Appendix – all the other Clubmen, apart from Sir James, use the Clubman statistics. The other half of the mounted force will appear on the incline opposite, sandwiching the party. If the Adventurers don't yield, they will attack. If the Adventurers yield, they will be led down into the small wood, concealed in the centre of which is a small camp, where scouting Clubmen (fifty+ on foot) are hiding out. Sir James is waiting to ambush some supply wagons which have been seen heading this way. He does not know, or care, whether they are Royalist or Parliamentarian. He will ascertain whether the Adventurers are a threat; if persuaded they are not, he may give them



some helpful advice and then try to encourage them to move on quickly so he can get back to laying his ambush.

Sir James Denburgh



Commander of the Clubmen of the Midlands

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 16
POW 13 DEX 16 CHA 14

SR 12 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Athletics 60%, Brawn 60%, Carbine 70% 2D6+1, Evade 70%, Insight 79%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 70%, Perception 70%, Resilience 75%, Sword 90% 1D6+1(+1D2), Survival 80%, Unarmed 85% 1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Clubman RP: 74

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/6
4-6	Left Leg	1/6
7-9	Abdomen	1/7
10-12	Chest	1/8
13-15	Right Arm	1/5
16-18	Left Arm	1/5
19-20	Head	0/6

Sir James Denburgh was an influential landowner, who spent the early years of the war attempting to remain neutral. He was eventually forced into making promises of loyalty, to both sides, purely to prevent his lands being taken from him, as the power in the region slipped back and forth. Such an experience, and an old fashioned paternalistic regard for the local villagers, meant he was sympathetic when his tenants complained to him of having supplies

requisitioned at the beginning of the Battle of Birmingham. He looked into it, and found that for miles around similar depredations had been taking place, but aside from sympathy, felt there was nothing he could do. Eventually though, his hand was forced – he received a note from Wagstaffe, who aimed to requisition Sir James' manor. Sir James refused. The next day he was out riding, when he saw smoke coming from a nearby village. He rode down to the village, and found that all the men had been seized, and most of the women ravished and slain – just a handful of women and children had managed to hide. They explained that Wagstaffe's recruiters had come the day before, and they had become rowdy, raided the stores and been lewd with the women. Later the same day Gell's recruiters arrived – furious that there were no more supplies to steal, they snatched some of the men, ravished the women, and then gathered the villagers who they didn't wish to enslave into a barn, which they set fire to, killing everyone inside. Sir James swore that he would have revenge on Royalist and Parliamentarian alike – he left his manor, joined the Clubmen, and has forged them into an army, ready to take revenge on any oppressors.

Assuming the Adventurers have been rounded up, or willingly escorted to Sir James, read the following:

The mounted troopers lead you down into the coppice, and as you near the centre, you glimpse out of the corner of your eye movement, and realise that there are men all around you. More visible, sat on a large stump, is a man who looks up at you enquiringly.

"What have we here?" He asks.

"Spies, Sir James," answers one of the troopers. "King's men or Cromwell's lickspittles for sure."

"Now, now, let's not be rude to our guests." Sir James smiles at you, "what my man is meaning to say, is that we would know your business in these parts. But have a care, the business of some has been the destruction of others' livelihoods hereabouts, and my men are itching to even some scores."

If the Adventurers can come up with a plausible story (the truth will do) Sir James will be

Chapter IV: Wagstaffe's Hospitality

friendly enough and enter into discussion. If they act extremely partially, he will be less pleased and order them stripped, robbed and tied, leaving them in the woods while he goes off to conduct his ambush.

Sir James: "Hmm, well some say I used to be a gentleman. But I gave that all up when I realised what that meant – if a willingness to mindlessly slaughter those all about is what makes a gentleman, well, you can keep it. Now I'm an honest-to-goodness rogue, and I have never felt more honest."

Sir Joseph Wagstaffe: "The man's an imbecile. He thinks if he shouts enough he can win a war – he is deluded. The war will go on forever if we don't stop it, and every scrap in England will be eaten and we shall all starve."

Sir John Gell: "The man is as mad as an eel. Completely doo lally bonked. He is obsessed with making metal monstrosities, loves the things, even tried to give himself a metal eye. He is a menace."

The Clubmen: "Everyone wants to rule the country, but they don't care how many people they hurt in the process. None of them understands that the country is the people."

Well, they are in for a shock."

The Royalist Camp: "It's over there. Why do you want to know, hmm?"

The Iron Horse Gangs: "Evil. They have committed atrocities of which I wish not to speak. I will pay you if you wish to kill them for me – just bring me proof."

Birmingham: "We steer clear of the place. Everyone there is diseased or damned. Shame, but that's this pointless bloody war."

The Steel House Works: "That's where the madman Gell creates his metal monstrosities, isn't it? I am not sure how to get into the place. I would try the Saturday Market in Birmingham, you might be able to find information, or even a guide who would be willing to show you the way. Good luck – and if you get near enough to Gell, punch him once for me."

If the Adventurers have got on well enough with him, Sir James will then make excuses, and wish the party well on their way, making it clear it is time for them to leave. If the Adventurers made a *really* good impression on Sir James, he may even crop up later in the adventure, assisting them in the finale.



Chapter V

In which our heroes discover that Birmingham is dead, except on a Saturday

“It would not be easy to believe that the corpses of the dead should sally (I know not by what agency) from their graves, and should wander about to the terror or destruction of the living, and again return to the tomb, which of its own accord spontaneously opened to receive them, did not frequent examples, occurring in our own times, suffice to establish this fact, to the truth of which there is abundant testimony.”

– William of Newburgh, *History*, c.1190

Birmingham is a grim place. Once a sprawling market town with a population of about 5,000, dominated by smithies turning out weapons, it is now a blighted ruin, haunted by Revenants – the staggering undead victims of the Wandering Sickness, a foul miasma cooked up in the Alchemical laboratories of Oxford. A few sad and desperate civilians still live in the ruins, many of them convinced that the whole of England is the same; unable to venture out for fear of the shambling corpses that prey on the living, they huddle in ruins and cellars, hoarding food and praying for a deliverance that never comes.

The only sign of civilisation in this awful place is the Steel House Works, Sir John Gell’s headquarters, where increasingly bizarre and unwieldy Clockwork mechanisms are designed as Gell’s sanity deteriorates into madness. The Steel House Works and the grand finale of the adventure will be covered in the next chapter; this one deals with the inhabitants of Birmingham itself.

The Risen Dead

Of the many unpleasant vapours and miasmas

deployed by the Alchemists in Sir Joseph Wagstaffe’s forces, none is more feared than the Wandering Sickness (see Appendix, p.90). It manifests as a pale grey mist which gathers in low-lying areas and is indistinguishable from an autumnal dawn fog, save for a slight whiff of decay. Anyone who contracts the disease by breathing the miasma will, within 24 hours, begin to show the symptoms. It begins with a fever and a high temperature; this is followed on the second day by lethargy and a desire to sleep. On the third day, the victim rises from his or her bed and wanders outside, their gait unsteady, their eyes dreamy and staring as though sleep-walking, their arms outstretched as if reaching for something just beyond their grasp. This phase of wandering lasts for about six hours, and then the victim suffers brief spasms and dies.

But that is not the worst of it. Within twenty-four hours of dying, the corpse of the victim rises as a Revenant (see Appendix, p.90). Though slow and shambling, the undead creature seems to be able to home in on the living, and will often return to its home and family, knocking on the door and calling out the names of those within. If admitted, it will

immediately attack, attempting to bite its victim; anyone bitten in this way stands a good chance of catching the Wandering Sickness themselves, and so the cycle perpetuates itself. If not admitted, the Revenant will attempt to batter its way in, often doing its undead body serious damage in the process, but it will, eventually, give up and wander off and attack any other living humans it meets instead.

The only way to prevent a Revenant rising from the dead, or to stop it once risen, is to decapitate it, or destroy its head.

Getting into Birmingham

There are two ways of getting into Birmingham:

Across the battlefield: The Adventurers can attempt to get across the battlefield from the Royalist lines, infiltrate the Parliamentary lines and continue through into the town. If your players decide this is the best way, use the Random Encounter Table (p.49) to create incidents while crossing the battlefield. This route is not an easy one, but it is a relatively long front, so taking this option will save time when travelling from the Royalist camp. One advantage the Adventurers do have is that neither army has a standardised uniform (although individual regiments do, at least theoretically). So as long as the Adventurers are not wearing a uniform which is especially identifiable with a particular regiment, they will not have to worry too much about disguising their clothes. Of course once they reach the opposing lines they may encounter someone they have previously met on their travels which could be advantageous or disadvantageous depending on prior events. Quick thinking Adventurers might decide to wear beak masks, which provide some protection as well as being an excellent disguise.

Through Clubman territory: If the Adventurers pass round the end of the trenches, avoiding the battlefield, and travel through Clubman territory, it will take them an extra day to get into Birmingham, but they are less likely to be shot, gassed or blown apart. Use the Random Encounter Table (p.13) to create incidents along the way.

Current Situation

Not including the people in the heavily-guarded Steel House Works, there are probably about 300 living people left in Birmingham, together with about two thousand Revenants. The Revenants are largely inactive by day; though they have no fear of daylight, and come to no harm in the sunshine, they prefer to assemble in the dark. Perhaps they have enough innate cunning to know that they are easier to kill by day. They certainly have the advantage at night when their Dark Sight and Night Sight make them far superior to humans. Or, maybe their nocturnal nature is just another aspect of their condition. That is not to say there are *no* Revenants about during the day; there are always a few shambling in the ruins, who will attack anyone foolish enough to get too close. But it is only at night that they come out in overwhelming numbers. Throughout the daylight hours they mostly hole up in ruined buildings, indistinguishable from the corpses of the dead.

The humans living in the ruins can be divided into two categories; those who cannot leave, and those who will not leave. The first group consists mostly of people who are unable to travel due to illness or infirmity and their families who will not abandon them. The second group includes a number of types; those who still hope that the troubles will soon be over and life will get back to normal; those who will not leave their valuables and houses for which they have perhaps worked hard all their lives; and those who have become convinced that the whole of England is a Revenant-haunted wasteland, and that one god-forsaken place is as good as another. There are also the visitors; Iron Horse gangs, troops and spies, and the Adventurers themselves.

Occasionally, when the Revenants have been particularly troublesome in the immediate vicinity of the Steel House Works, Gell will send out a patrol to try to decapitate a few dozen. These patrols will also be on the lookout for spies and any strangers in the area. Some of the soldiers in these patrols (which generally consist of six Dragoons on horseback) will sneak food out of the Steel House Works and take it to any people they meet living in the ruins; this must be done without Gell's



knowledge, as he considers it wasteful to feed people who are of no use to the war effort. Patrols used to go out on Iron Horses, but after a few failed to come back, this practice has been abandoned. Iron Horses are sufficiently valuable that desperate people will risk their lives to steal one, in a way that they wouldn't for a horse. While Gell's Demons are theoretically working for Gell, they are effectively an independent force who only occasionally venture into Birmingham.

The people left in Birmingham are living in the ruins; some buildings are still standing sufficiently to provide shelter, and others have usable cellars. They will venture out daily to scavenge among the ruined shops in the hope of finding food and other items necessary for their existence. Those who have managed to get hold of Beak Masks (see Appendix, p.94) will wear them, wary as they are of pockets of miasma left from the fighting. Occasionally fights will break out between rivals over choice finds; these are rarely lethal, though people have been killed for a barrel of salt beef.

The only people who readily move into and out of Birmingham are the Iron Horse gangs. There is a Winding Station in Birmingham (see p.72) outside Gell's control, which is a focal point for contention between the rival gangs. It is currently under the control of Sawyer's Slayers (see p.20), who took it from Gell's Demons (see p.18) after a pitched battle a few weeks ago. Sawyer's Slayers have taken up residence there, and are prepared to hold it against all-comers.

The only break in the daily routine of scavenging by day and hiding by night is on Saturday afternoons, when large numbers gather at the Bull Ring (see p.68) for the weekly market. Then, many people from the ruins come together to barter the items they have scavenged during the previous week, as well as to obtain valuable food and clothing which the Iron Horse gangs bring from outside.

Atmosphere

Birmingham is a town in ruins. Broken walls and the dead black trunks of twisted trees are all that stand above the surface. Mist lies in low-lying pockets of land, much of it tainted with the Wandering Sickness miasma. Lean dogs

scuttle across the open spaces, on the lookout for food; flocks of rooks move in flurries down the empty streets or sit cawing on broken chimney-pots. What little grass there is grows in diseased yellow clumps.

Occasionally a heavy autumnal shower will lash the landscape, damping down the miasmas, and distant figures will be seen scurrying through the rain, poor inhabitants of this blighted settlement, taking the opportunity to look for food while the chance of stumbling into a miasma is at its lowest.

At night, things are different. Then, the darkness comes alive with the shuffling of feet as thousands of Revenants rise from their resting places and wander, occasionally moaning out the names of their loved ones, seeking more victims, driven by an insatiable hunger to infect the living with their dread disease.

Running Birmingham

The Adventurers will be aiming to get to the Bull Ring in time for the Saturday Market, to find out information about how to get into the Steel House Works. It will probably take them at least two days to get to the Bull Ring. Use the Random Encounters Table and the Environmental Hazards table below to generate events on the way to the Bull Ring and for any subsequent travel in the ruined town. These encounters can be placed anywhere on the map of Birmingham so that the Adventurers come across them no matter which route into the town they take. After such an encounter has been run, the Games Master should keep a track of where it happened, so that if the Adventurers pass back that way later, they can possibly interact with the same characters, (where relevant), again.

Note that any characters with whom they have friendly contact will be able to tell them the way to any of the Fixed Locations: the Bull Ring, the Winding Station and the Steel House Works (see pp.68-75).

Revenant Encounters

On top of the encounters described below, the Adventurers have a 25% chance of encountering 1D6 Revenants for every 4 hours



of daylight, and a 50% chance for every 4 hours of night spent in the ruins. Revenants will always attack if they notice targets, and will always fight to the death.

Birmingham Random Encounters

Roll 1D8 or choose encounters to suit your party. In the following encounters, use the statistics for Ruin-Dwellers (Appendix p.95) and Revenants (Appendix p.90) where suggested.

1. The Adventurers come across a ruined building, the cracks in its walls are hung about with rosaries, crucifixes, tattered pictures of the Pope, slips of paper with prayers written on them, all fluttering and tinkling in the wind. They notice a thin, starved-looking boy of about nine years old watching them from the shelter of the building. He calls out to them: "Are you angels or demons?" Inside the ruins live a Catholic family (the Walsh family, parents, a grandfather, and seven children), who are all convinced that these are the Last Days, that the whole world is in the same state as Birmingham, and that sooner or later someone will come to judge them. Whether the family think that the party have come to take them to Heaven or Hell will depend on how they treat them. A Catholic Adventurer stands a chance of persuading them that they're wrong about the situation on a Righteousness test (+20% to Righteousness rolls), members of other Factions will be less able to do so (-20% to Righteousness rolls). (Family members are Ruin-Dwellers; they are all Catholics with 50+4D6 RPs).
2. (Daytime only). The party see a group of 1D6 Revenants in the distance. The Revenants see them too, and move in their direction. They are slow compared to the Adventurers, so they can be outrun, but once the Revenants spot potential victims they will carry on tracking them and if the Adventurers stop for the night, they will catch them up and attack. It is in the Adventurers' best interests to ambush the Revenants with the advantage of daylight on their side, but do they know that?
3. A group of 1D10+4 thin and starved-looking female Ruin-Dwellers come rushing out of one of the buildings, calling piteously for food. Two of them have small babies with them. The women will pester the party, even going so far as to offer their sexual services for a meal. They are a mixture of war-widows and abandoned Camp Followers – they have no weapons or fighting skills and are too scared of the Revenants, Soldiers and Iron Horse gangs to think of leaving the area. If the Adventurers are not careful, they will find themselves with a large number of extra mouths to feed as the women attach themselves to the party.
4. As the party are travelling through the ruins, a haggard looking middle-aged woman comes rushing out of a crumbling building. Are any of the party healers? Her son is terribly ill. Even if none of the Adventurers have healing skills, she will insist they at least come and give their opinion of what is wrong with him. She takes them to the makeshift home that she and her husband (a weaponsmith) have made in their cellar. Her son (who is twelve years old) is a Revenant; he is tied to a bed with stout ropes, his skin is obviously rotting from his bones; he will screech hideously and attempt to bite anyone who gets too close. His mother will explain how he was ill and feverish, then wandered off one night. When he came back, he wasn't quite himself. "*He will be all right, won't he?*" If the Adventurers can provide any solution (even if it involves explaining that their son is dead and needs beheading), the couple will be very grateful, and will insist on giving them each a new sword, dagger or other bladed weapon – all are extremely well crafted and add +5% to weapon skill and +1 to damage.
5. Revenants aren't the only hazards in Birmingham. A pack of 2D6+3 wolves has been scavenging in the ruins since the battle of Birmingham. These may be seen (on a Perception -25% roll) lurking in the ruins in the distance, but will wait for nightfall to attack; they will come upon the Adventurers, attempting to grab the weakest member of the party (the most



A Birmingham Campaign

The information here is intended for Games Masters running the Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign, and more specifically, this adventure; but there is enough information for anyone wanting to run a seventeenth century “zombie apocalypse” *Clockwork & Chivalry* campaign entirely within Birmingham. In such a game, Adventurers could be members of the same family, holed up in the ruins and struggling to survive; gang members with their own Iron Horses, fighting for territory and access to the Winding Station; or perhaps a squad of Parliamentary Dragoons patrolling the area and dealing with the increasingly erratic orders of their leader, Gell.

badly wounded, or the one with the lowest SIZ) and drag him away from the others. Use Wolf statistics from *RuneQuest II Core Rulebook* p.181.

6. The Adventurers come upon a group of four of Gell’s Parliamentary Dragoons (see Appendix, p.95 for statistics), on horseback, fighting ten Revenants. If the Adventurers do not intervene, all but one of the Soldiers will be pulled from their horses and bitten; the fourth horseman will manage to break through the ring of Revenants and get away, heading back to the Steel House Works, while his companions lie on the ground, already growing feverish with the Wandering Sickness. If the Adventurers intervene in the fight, afterwards one of the Dragoons will introduce himself as Captain William Warrington (use Dragoon statistics p.95) – he will thank them for their help, and though he will not invite them into the Steel House Works, he may well be a useful contact once they get inside.
7. A group of 1D3+3 male Ruin-Dwellers, all armed with clubs, spot the Adventurers while they are travelling through the ruins. They are determined to rob the Adventurers of their belongings, either for their own use or to sell at the Bull Ring Market (see p.68). Have the Adventurers make Perception rolls against the NPCs’ Stealth

of 50%. If the Adventurers notice them, the Ruin-Dwellers will attack immediately; otherwise they will follow until the party camps for the night, and attempt to attack the Adventurers while they are sleeping. They will try to grab any of the Adventurers’ belongings they can get their hands on, and will fight until half their number are incapacitated, and will then flee. If they manage to steal anything, the Adventurers will find them trying to barter their goods at the Market when they visit, which may well lead to another confrontation.

8. There is the noise of Clockwork gears, grinding in the distance, and the clunking of machinery. Those who have heard them before, will recognise the noise as probably that of at least one Clockwork Iron Horse. If the Adventurers investigate they will turn a corner and see several buildings reduced to rubble. From a narrow passage, between two of the larger derelict residences (once probably large tenements), an Iron Horse emerges. It is moving very quickly, and behind it there is the sound of musket fire. The Iron Horse circles. As it does so the Adventurers will see the rider stand up, behind the driver. Despite having such a precarious perch he begins to swing an almost impossibly large chain, in a sweeping arc, that only just misses the edge of the alley as his driver hurtles back down it, away from the Adventurers, toward the musket fire. If the Adventurers investigate they will find a couple of dead Parliamentary foot soldiers (slain by the Iron Horseman), and little else.

Birmingham Environmental Hazards

Any time the Adventurers are investigating ruined buildings (perhaps looking for a place to sleep, or scavenging for food, equipment or treasure), this table can be used to spice up their lives a little! Choose a suitable event, or roll 1D3:

1. **Falling masonry.** A relatively tall building, damaged by cannon-fire (and perhaps disturbed by the Adventurers’ activities), finally collapses. The Adventurers must



Birmingham

Note that only major routes are shown on the map. There are many more small streets in the ruined areas (black) but some will be blocked by rubble or otherwise impassable.

- 1. The Bull Ring
- 2. The Digbeth Winding Station
- 3. The Steel House Works
 - A. Barracks
 - B. Officers' Quarters
 - C. Stables
 - D. Gell's Quarters
 - E. Gunpowder Store
 - F. Workshops



make a successful Evade roll, or take 1D6 damage to a random hit location from the falling stones.

- Hole in the ground.** A wooden floor, hidden by stone dust and rubble, has rotted with damp; one of the Adventurers falls through it, plunging 2 metres into a cellar. On a failed Athletics roll, this causes 1D6 damage to a random hit location. Roll 1D4 to see what is in the cellar: 1 – 1D4 Revenants (once these have been defeated, roll again, ignoring 1s, to see what else is in the cellar); 2 – a small cache of firearms (1D6 assorted guns with ammunition, at Games Master's discretion); 3 – A small chest containing someone's savings (10D6 shillings) and 3D6 bottles of good wine, worth 1 shilling each; 4 – a secret Alchemical Laboratory, fully equipped and with all the ingredients necessary for creating Philosopher's Stones and Potions. There may also be 1D6 assorted Potions, at the Games Master's discretion.
- Pocket of Miasma.** The Adventurers wander into a low-lying pocket of miasma left over from the battle of Birmingham; Roll 1D6 to see what disease it is: 1 – Ague; 2 – Black Death; 3 – Bloody Flux; 4 – Gaol Fever; 5 – Small Pox; 6 – Wandering Sickness.

Fixed Locations in Birmingham

The following locations are all shown on the map of Birmingham (see p.67).

1. The Bull Ring

The Bull Ring, before the Civil War, was the commercial and social centre of Birmingham. Home to large commercial markets (such as a corn market, a leather market, a cloth market) and early "industrial" processes such as smithies and tanneries, it was also home to a regular market for food, clothing and household items, etc. There was also entertainment in the form of bull baiting, in which a chained-up bull was set upon by dogs, in much the same manner as bear baiting (See *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* p.98) – this is what gave the area its name.

All that is gone now. The public buildings which once graced the area are in ruins, the markets and smithies silent, only a faint waft of stale urine from the tanneries hints at the industry of days gone by.

But once a week, that changes. Every Saturday at about noon, people creep warily from their ruined hovels and holes in the ground. They gather in groups, for safety against the wandering Revenants. They bring their meagre scavengings to trade with others in the Bull Ring. Iron Horse gangs come into the Bull Ring area too, the unearthly roaring of their Iron Horses splitting the air. Some of Gell's soldiers will be here too, ostensibly to keep the market safe from Revenants, but mainly to try to pick up information about the movement of Royalists and goings-on in the outside world generally.

Barter

Inhabitants of the ruins are mostly after food, the most scarce commodity in the town. While there are still some items left in the form of preserved meat (dried, smoked or salted) and pickled vegetables, and a few enterprising people are growing fresh vegetables on cleared wasteland, there is far too little food available for the number of people in the town, and they rely on food brought in from outside to survive.

Iron Horse gangs are mostly after Clockwork machine parts left over from battles in the area. Most of these have been found now, and the search for them is increasingly desperate. The gangs will also take money, which is of no use at all to those living in the ruins; consequently, food bought from gangs for cash can cost up to ten times the usual amount, depending on the greed of the gangs and the desperation of the resident in question.

Gell's Soldiers are mostly after information, particularly on Royalist troop movements in the area (or more usually, as Birmingham lies behind the Parliamentary frontline, on Royalist Spies who occasionally infiltrate the town). They are authorised to trade a small amount of food (from the Steel House Works' ample siege supplies) for such information, but are strictly forbidden to trade in Clockwork parts. That doesn't, of course, prevent a thriving black market in Clockwork machine parts



between the more shady Soldiers and the Iron Horse gangs; Soldiers are Soldiers, after all!

The Adventurers will, of course, be after information on how to get into the Steel House Works; below are a number of NPCs who can help with information.

Games Masters running a Birmingham campaign who want to add barter rules to their games should refer to Mongoose Publishing's *RuneQuest II Arms and Equipment* p.26.

The Market

The Bull Ring Saturday market is a sorry affair. Among the shattered ruins of once-grand buildings, on muddy ground between the craters left by cannon-balls, ragged men and women lay down dirty cloths, on which they display their meagre wares: an earthenware jar of pickled cucumbers; a rusty Parliamentarian helmet; a dagger with a nicked blade; a slightly charred copy of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*; three tiny cog-wheels; a bunch of herbs of dubious medicinal value; three "lucky" pebbles; a rook's feather suitable for decorating a hat; a crudely whittled wooden cross "guaranteed protection against Revenants" – such are the sort of items available at the Bull Ring market. Despite the fact that Birmingham was one of the biggest weapon-manufacturing towns in the country, there will be no decent weapons available at the Saturday market – the locals know only too well the value of weapons against the Revenants, and keep anything they have for their own defence.

Asking Around at the Market

The Adventurers are going to be asking around at the Market, trying to find a way of getting into the Steel House Works. There are a number of opinions:

Agatha "Aggie" Mowbray: A plump, raggedly-dressed woman, selling diseased-looking eels from a rickety barrow. *"Ooo, you don't want to go in there. They say that Gell feller is nutty as a plum duff. Clockwork parts, 'e 'as. Some say he's got a Clockwork you-know-what. 'As to wind it up afore 'e can piss!"* She laughs uproariously. *"Now, oo'd like some nice fresh eels? Caught in the river this mornin'. Lovely flavour, an' some's got two*

'eads for the price o' one!"

Jim Hill: A one-legged soldier on crutches in the soiled remains of a buff Parliamentary uniform. He's got a small selection of cogs and other Clockwork parts in an oily sack, which he's willing to barter for a week's food (they're worth about £10 (200 shillings) in the outside world.) *"You want to get in there? Easy, just get yourself drafted! You'll wish you hadn't, but you'll be inside. That's what happened to me. Got away in the end. Deserted when I was on patrol. Captain shot me an' left me for dead, an' the sawbones had to take me leg off to save me life. No, you don't want to go near the place."*

Robinson Perkiss: An old man, trying to sell three live, scrawny chickens. *"The Steel House Works? They've got that place sewn up as tight as a... well, tight, if you get my meaning. An' they don't like spies. They got some Clockwork machine in there, for torturing people, they call it the Mincer. Cause it... you know... minces you. Literally. A bit at a time. And I'm not trying to cast aspersions on Sir John, I wouldn't criticise my betters... but they do say he likes a nice casserole..."*

Being Watched

While the Adventurers are making their way around the market, anyone making a Hard (-40%) Perception test will notice that they are being discreetly watched by a Soldier in the somewhat gaudy costume of one of the Iron Horse gangs. She is wearing brown leather trousers and a brown leather jacket with the red and white flag of Saint George (the English flag) painted on the back; but her obviously shapeliness and the red and white ribbons in her long dirty-blond hair make it obvious that she's making no attempt to hide the fact that she's a woman. She has a couple of flintlocks in her belt and a mortuary sword at her side, as well as a bandoleer of what could be gunpowder flasks, but are in fact Alchemical potion jacks. This is Lady Samantha Holdstock, known as Mad Sam to her friends.

Mad Sam Holdstock

Iron Horse Maiden

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 15 POW 17
DEX 15 CHA 17





SR 15 CA 3 DM +0

Skills: Athletics 62%, Brawn 43%, Courtesy 59%, Craft (Clockwork) 55%, Dance 42%, Drive 74%, Evade 60%, First Aid 61%, Influence 67%, Insight 65%, Lore (Regional – Debatable Lands) 58%, Lore (Tactics) 50%, Persistence 78%, Resilience 63%, Streetwise 43%, Survival 41%, Sword and Pistol 91% (Mortuary Sword 1D8, Flintlock Pistols (2) 1D6+2), Unarmed 51% (1D3)

Faction: Lady Silver RP: 56

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/5
4-6	Left Leg	1/5
7-9	Abdomen	1/6
10-12	Chest	1/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Potions: Sam has six potions given to her by Lady Silver, as follows: Boon of Night (Magnitude 3), Elemental Fog (Magnitude 3), Heal (Magnitude 4), Mindspeech (Magnitude 4), Multimissile (Magnitude 4), Roving Eye (Magnitude 2).

Lady Samantha “Mad Sam” Holdstock was born into a Gentry family in Staffordshire. An only child, her mother died in childbirth, and she was brought up by her father, Sir Mervyn Holdstock, a retired Mercenary who fought in Europe. Disappointed at not having a son, Sir Mervyn taught his daughter the art of war, and when the Civil War began, actively encouraged her when she decided to disguise herself as a man and join the Parliamentarian army. It was while disguised as a man that she gained the nickname “Mad Sam”, for her wild and daring

exploits in combat. While in the army, she attracted the attention of “Lady Silver”, who recruited her to join Sawyer’s Slayers. Seeing through her disguise and sensing a kindred unorthodox spirit, the renegade noblewoman sounded out the female Soldier and found she didn’t share the usual Puritan antipathy to magick, believing that “the means justify the ends.” Lady Blackwood has equipped Sam with a number of Alchemical Potions (see above). Now that Sam is part of an Iron Horse gang, she sees no need to disguise her gender, and she is something of a talking point in the area. Initially, Sam is very loyal to Lady Blackwood, but when she realises that she’s been deserted by the renegade at the finale of this adventure, she will become her implacable enemy. She is likely to become a useful ally of the Adventurers, and assuming she survives this adventure (she has two Hero Points), will be returning in the next adventure in the campaign, *Quintessence*.

Meeting Sam Holdstock

Once Sam realises that the party have noticed her, she will approach them directly. Swaggering up to the Adventurers, armed to the teeth and smoking a clay pipe of tobacco, she will hold out her hand to be kissed in the manner of a fine lady, which will probably be a little disconcerting.

“Lady Samantha Holdstock, at your service, though my friends call me Sam, or even Mad Sam. And I hope we’ll be friends. [She winks lewdly at the male Adventurer with the highest CHA.] Who do I have the pleasure of meeting?”

Anyone making a Hard (-40%) Perception roll will spot that she is wearing a discreet pendant in the form of a silver mask. Once introductions have been made, Sam will get straight to the point.

“I’ve seen you asking a lot of questions. Asking questions can get you in trouble around here. Now, perhaps if you ask me those same questions, I can tell you if you are in trouble.”

Presumably, the Adventurers will ask questions. Here are some answers.

About Sam *“There’s those that say a woman*

can't fight. But I say poppycock, they just haven't met Mad Sam."

What does that silver mask signify? "This? Oh, just a little trinket my boss gave me. Nice, isn't it?"

Who's your boss? "Well, I take orders from the Giant. Who do you take orders from?"

How do we get into the Steel House Works? "There are ways. I might be able to help you. You'd have to come and meet the Giant. If he likes you, we'll take it from there."

Who's the Giant? "You know, the Giant! Gerald "the Giant" Sawyer, leader of Sawyer's Slayers. We're based at the Digbeth Winding Station."

Allow the conversation to go on for a little while, then interrupt with the following event.

Terror in the Tannery

Unbeknownst to anyone, the Adventurers have chosen the same day to visit the Bull Ring as the Revenants have chosen to attack en masse. Perhaps "decided" is too strong a word when applied to Revenants; but somewhere in the inner recesses of their dried and shrivelled brains, they have figured out that there are an awful lot of people all in once place, and they begin to converge on the Bull Ring area about an hour after the Adventurers arrive. (NB: This scene should not be run until after the Adventurers have found out about the secret tunnel into the Steel House Works, or at the very least have picked up some leads which will allow them to find out about the tunnel).

Read or paraphrase the following:

You notice cries of dismay coming from the east end of the market, and a surge of people pressing toward you. This is immediately followed by a similar surge from the west. A cry goes up and is echoed from all directions. "Revenants! Revenants! We're surrounded!" Women begin to scream, men cry out to God; over the heads of the crowd you can see a mass of shambling undead, their arms outstretched, pressing in on the frightened people. The Parliamentary soldiers leap onto their horses and attempt to push their way out through the groaning throng, the Iron Horse gangs do the same

with their machines, engines clanking, knocking down and crushing any who stand in their path. The crowd are being pushed back toward the walls of the old ruined tannery, which seems to provide the only defensible position.

Mad Sam looks in the direction of the departing Iron Horses. "Bugger! The bastards have gone without me!" She shrugs. "Well, looks like we're in this together." She grins at you, and in a practised, cross-armed motion, draws her flintlock pistols. Prithee, let us pulverise some pustulent posteriors!"

There are double doors in the wall of the tannery facing the market area, as well as a number of window holes which can be entered by climbing onto the sill, about a metre high. As the Revenants close in, people from the market will abandon their "stalls" and scramble to get into the building. The Adventurers are likely to be the most heavily armed people left after the rapid departure of the Dragoons and Iron Horse gangs, and people will look to them for help.

Inside the tannery

Anyone passing through the doors of the tannery might be tempted to turn back and fight the undead outside. The interior of the building consists of a number of clay-lined pits, each about three metres square, with walkways about a metre wide between them. The pits are filled with a mixture of stale urine and dog faeces, which is used in the process of tanning leather; this has been festering untended through the summer, and the stench is beyond belief. (Anyone entering must make a successful Resilience roll or retch and cough for 1D3 rounds).

The pits aren't just unsavoury, they're also unsanitary; anyone who falls in one stands a chance of catching anthrax; a disease which, in its first day, bears symptoms remarkably similar to Wandering Sickness (see Appendix p.90).

The main tannery building is about 30 metres long by about 12 metres wide; at the back of the building is a room without windows which used to be a store-room for lumber. Most of the lumber is long-gone, stolen to shore up people's ruined homes, but the room has only one door



and is therefore defensible.

It is assumed that the women, children and old people in the crowd (who form the vast majority of those present, as able-bodied men tend to get conscripted by Gell) will be placed in the safety of the store-room (either by the Adventurers, or at the suggestion of one of the more forthright NPCs – perhaps Sam Holdstock), while the Adventurers and a few of the locals defend them. There will be a minimum of 1D3+2 locals joining the Adventurers in combat, but this can be raised to 2D6+3 on a successful Oratory roll to encourage people (modified by what the player actually says, of course).

Combat in the tannery is a difficult business; there are many holes in the roof, so many of the pits have overflowed with the rain, making the walkways slippery and dangerous. Each time a character takes an action in combat (be it attack, defence or movement) they must also make an Athletics roll; on a failure, they slip and cannot take their intended action; on a Fumble, they fall into one of the pits. Anyone falling into a pit must make a Resilience test to avoid swallowing any of the foul concoction in the pit; if they fail the roll, they will be retching and coughing for 1D3 rounds; they must also make another roll to see if they contract Anthrax! (see Appendix, p.90). The Revenants must also make Athletics rolls to stay upright, but are immune to retching or Anthrax, since they're pretty smelly themselves, and already dead.

It is up to the Games Master how many Revenants he wants to throw at the Adventurers; this could be a fairly quick fight, in which the party kill off ten of the undead and the rest retreat. Or it could be an epic slaughter-fest as wave after wave of Revenants climb in through the windows and the Adventurers sword arms grow weary with fatigue (see *RuneQuest II* p.61) before the last foul head is sundered from its rotting shoulders.

Sam Holdstock will fight alongside the party. If you can arrange it, try to have her intervene to save the life of one of the Adventurers at some point (in as stylish a way as possible); this will encourage them to trust her. She will save her Potions to be used as a last resort, but will use them if things look dire for the party.

After the Fight

Once the fight is over, and assuming the party didn't jump ship, the inhabitants of Birmingham who didn't join in will be very grateful towards the Adventurers, showering them with praise (though not, sadly, rewards). Even Sam Holdstock will admit that they "...didn't do too badly."

Following the party's heroics, Sam will be happy to take them to meet her leader, Gerald "The Giant" Sawyer, leader of Sawyer's Slayers (see p.20). It will be half a day's journey to get there, and the Games Master should probably roll on (or choose from) the Birmingham Encounter Table (p.65) at least once along the way, as well as the usual Revenant attacks. Events may happen differently with Sam travelling with them, as many people in the area know her (by reputation at least) – what this means in practice is left to the imagination of the Games Master!

2. The Digbeth Winding Station

This winding station, converted from a corn mill on the River Rea, is currently controlled by the Iron Horse gang known as Sawyer's Slayers (see p.20). It changed hands only three weeks ago, having previously been used by Gell's Demons. While the majority of Gell's Demons were away on a raid, Sawyer's Slayers attacked in force, killing several of Gell's Iron Horse riders and forcing the rest to retreat before their Iron Horses could be captured. Sawyer is now in something of a difficult position – his group is smaller than either Gell's Demons or Heaven's Hammers, so he must keep the majority of his forces at the mill or risk losing it again. While he is doing so, his usefulness to Lady Silver is limited; but if his gang leave the mill, there is no other Winding Station in the immediate area they can use to charge their machines, without entering territory firmly controlled by Gell's forces. Luckily, Lady Silver's plans have almost come to fruition (see next chapter), so the gang has not much to do at the moment; they have a plentiful supply of food and can withstand a siege if necessary. What they don't know is that Lady Silver has



no further use for them, and is intending to abandon them as she puts the next part of her plan into action. This will mean not only are they going to have to decide what to do next, but that they are going to miss out on a final payment which they are owed, which Arabella has no intention of settling.

There are two ways the Adventurers can come to the Digbeth Winding Station; either they come across it on their own, while travelling in from the south-west; or they are brought to it by Sam Holdstock (see p.69) after their meeting at the Bull Ring market.

Whether they arrive on their own, or with Holdstock, as they approach the Winding Station, read or paraphrase the following:

As you turn a corner, you come across a building, which has obviously been renovated and repaired since the Royalist bombardment of Birmingham. It is a long, low, yellow-brick construction beside the river, and from behind it you can hear the distinctive splash and rattle of a water-wheel at work. The windows of the building have been bricked up. In front of it, five Iron Horses are lined up, obviously being rewound. A couple of guards stand outside, dressed in leather coats and lobster-pot helmets, armed with muskets and swords.

If the Adventurers are with Holdstock, the guards will stand aside and let the group into the Winding Station; if not, the group will find muskets pointed at them as they are asked to identify themselves. The guards are under strict orders to let no-one in, but on a successful Difficult Influence roll (-20%) (and assuming they have a story which would likely interest Sawyer) one of the guards will turn and go inside the mill to consult with Sawyer.

As the guard turns to go inside, you see that on the back of his leather coat there is a painting of a silver mask.

Many, though not all, of Sawyer's Slayers wear an image of a silver mask somewhere about their person – but none will discuss what it signifies, save saying that it is the emblem of Sawyer's Slayers.

Once inside the entrance of the mill, the Adventurers will be asked to leave their weapons on a rack by the door before being

allowed inside. If they refuse to do this, they will be allowed no further. If they foolishly decide to try to get in with their weapons, they will be facing twenty heavily armed gang members who will ask no further questions but will attempt to kill them.

Assuming the Adventurers give up their weapons, they will be allowed inside. The Slayers are honourable men, and their weapons will be untouched when they return for them later.

Meeting Sawyer

The inside of the Winding Station is a noisy, gloomy place. There is the constant rumble of the water-wheel and the clattering of the wooden cogs as they grind against each other, causing the various gears to turn the winding spindles which are recharging the Iron Horses outside. Light only comes in through a few cracks in the brickwork. There are no lights in the main part of the building because the Slayers know, as does everyone with any sense, that naked flames in mills cause explosions – they haven't quite cottoned on to the fact that it's the danger of igniting the flour in the air which causes the danger in a mill, so they are very strict about it despite the absence of any actual flour! The Adventurers are led through the gloom (either by the guard or Holdstock), occasionally being told to duck their heads to avoid churning cogs or other bits of whirling machinery, until they come to a door leading into what was the miller's office, back before it was a Winding Station.

You are taken into a small room off the main mill area. It is lit by a single oil lamp hanging from a hook in the ceiling. Behind a desk, is a huge man with a big bushy black beard and curly black hair spreading across his shoulders. He is sat with his chair tipped back and with his booted feet up on the large desk in front of him. When you enter, he is whittling a fist-sized piece of wood with a knife, but he quickly puts it in one of the desk drawers when you enter.

The guard/Holdstock explains the Adventurers' presence, and is sent off by Sawyer to get some chairs for the party.

Note: Sawyer is whittling a recognisable



figurine of Arabella Blackwood. He will not mention it again, and if the Adventurers ask about it, he will tell them to mind their own business, unless he is drunk, in which case he will show it to them with pride.

Sawyer speaks with a lower-class Cambridgeshire accent; but despite his fearsome appearance and uneducated accent, it is quickly apparent that he is by no means stupid. When the chairs arrive and Adventurers are seated, he brings a flagon of French brandy out of another desk drawer, takes a swig from it, and offers it round.

He will question the party about what they want with him and why they are in Birmingham. If they are honest, and tell him that they wish to get into the Steel House Works, he will question them further, and if they admit to wanting to kill Gell, he is immediately very helpful. If, on the other hand, they are evasive, or try to pump him for information without saying why they want it, he will quickly see through their subterfuges:

“Look – you be honest with me, an’ I’ll be honest with you. But if you carry on like a bunch of cavaliers at a diplomatic party, you’ll be out of ‘ere on yer arses. Now, stop gallopin’ round the mulberry bush an’ tell me what yer really ‘ere for!”

If the Adventurers continue to be vague or untruthful, have Sawyer make an Opposed roll of his Insight (70%) against the most talkative Adventurer’s Influence – if Sawyer wins, he will lose patience. Standing up suddenly, his massive bulk looming over the Adventurers (he’s not called “the Giant” for nothing), he will roar “Get out of my sight!” The interview is over, and the Adventurers will be escorted off the premises by a large group of armed Slayers. They must find another way of getting into the Steel House Works.

If, on the other hand, they admit that they’re here to kill Gell, Sawyer will immediately become more friendly. He has been working for Lady Silver, but work for her is drying up, and this has given him time to brood on Gell’s actions, and the fact that several of his men have been killed by Gell’s Demons. In addition to their own losses, Sawyer and his men have encountered innocents who have been tortured by Captain Haines. Sawyer wants revenge and

to punish those involved, but knows he can’t take his men out of the mill, or they will lose control of the only Winding Station in the area to which they have access.

Sawyer will pass the brandy round again, each time taking a large swig himself. He is slowly getting drunk. He admits that he can’t help the party directly – *“The boss wouldn’t like it!”* – but does know a way they can get into the Steel House Works. Suddenly, he bellows *“Sam?”* at the top of his voice, probably half-deafening the Adventurers. In comes Mad Sam Holdstock. (See p.69. If the Adventurers have not met her before, Sawyer will make introductions).

Sam will arrive and (again) wink at the character with the highest CHA. Sawyer asks her to tell all she knows about getting into the Steel House Works. Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

“Well,” she says, “It’s like this. A few weeks ago, I had the misfortune to be captured by Gell’s Demons. I took two of them down before they got me, but I shudder to think what would have happened to me if we hadn’t been within sight of the walls of the Steel House Works. That Captain Haines is a complete bastard, but he knew he’d get reported if he had his fun so he says, all holier-than-thou, “We must take her in for questioning.” I won’t go into detail, but I was introduced to this man they call the Mincer – and it’s not because he walks like a Molly-boy. Suffice to say, I’ve got a few less toes than I was born with. They didn’t get anything out of me, and in the end they decided to draft me into their army – shows how desperate they are. Well, I saw a few sights there – machines you would not believe. Some seriously sweet cogger. There was this one...”

Sawyer interrupts: *“Get on with it, lass.”*

“Sorry. Right, to cut a long and very entertaining story short, some of the conscripts had dug an escape tunnel. They’d started in a cellar under the Works, dug it until it hit another cellar, and so on, out to some ruins beyond the walls of Gell’s Compound. Only a few people knew about it, and I’m damned sure Gell doesn’t.”

Sawyer says, *“And would you be willing to*



lead them in there?”

“Oh, please! Anything’s better than being stuck in this noisy hole all day!”

Sawyer grins. “Settled, then.” He looks at you. “Just be sure you get that bastard Gell.”

A little inebriation

Once this has been agreed, Sawyer is keen to celebrate this new alliance. He gets the brandy out again, and if that bottle’s almost empty, produces another from his desk drawer. Sam refuses to join in the session gracefully: “*I still need to have a word with the bastards that drove off and left me.*” Sawyer won’t take no for an answer from the Adventurers though; even if they refuse any more to drink, he will insist they stay and discuss tactics, and he will carry on drinking even if they don’t.

At first, he will discuss tactics; he will offer the Adventurers Parliamentary uniforms if they want to blend in at the Steel House Works, and point out that they will have to be very careful, as Gell has his spies everywhere in camp, since he trusts no-one. He suggests they might either assassinate Gell from long range with a musket if they are good enough shots, or at short range with a pistol hidden in their clothing – but in the latter case they are likely to be cut down by Gell’s bodyguards. Or he could give them a Chronometrical Petard – an explosive charge attached to a small timepiece which will go off at a set time (see Appendix, p.97).

As time goes on, Sawyer will get more and more drunk. He will begin waxing lyrical about how beautiful Sam is – “*though don’t tell her I said so.*” Then he leans forward over the desk, his pointing finger wavering, his eyes slightly blurry.

“I’ll tell you what, though. The most

beautiful woman I’ve ever met... the most bea-ooo-tiful woman I. Have. Ever. Met. Is... Lady Silver. Lady Arabella Blackwood, that is. We all wear her badge. She’s beautiful; charming; clever. She’s a genius. She could rule the world if she wanted. <hic> Well, she does. Want to, that is. <hic> And she rules my world. An’ she’s very brave. Even now she’s in... she’s in... <hic>...” Sawyer’s head hits the table with a thud as he falls unconscious.

Sawyer will sleep all night, and wake up in the morning with a dreadful hangover and no recollection of mentioning Lady Silver. He will deny all knowledge of her, and say “*I talk all sorts of rubbish when I’m drunk. You mustn’t pay it any mind.*”

The Adventurers, once Sawyer is out for the night, may go looking for someone else. Sam will offer them blankets on the floor in another side-room, together with a lot of other members of Sawyer’s Slayers, who are friendly enough but not willing to talk about anything to do with their mission in the area.

The following day, the Adventurers will be able to rest up at the Winding Station, getting ready for their trip to the Steel House Works. Sam suggests they set off in mid-afternoon so that they can travel across Birmingham during daylight, then approach the ruins where the tunnel starts under cover of darkness, since it is in sight from the walls of the compound. Allow the party to do what they like – it’s the last time they’ll have any time to themselves for a while!

3. The Steel House Works

This is the heavily-defended area inhabited by Gell, and the home of his Clockwork workshops. It is described in detail in the next chapter.



Chapter VI

In which our heroes find their way into the Steel House Works and witness a wonder

“Kepler doubts not, but that as soone as the art of flying is found out, some of their Nation will make one of the first colonies that shall inhabite that other world.”

– John Wilkins, *The Discoverie of a World in the Moone*, 1638

The Steel House Works grew from a group of independent steel-making houses which existed in this area before the war. Commandeered by Gell when he took command in Birmingham, they soon grew into a major centre of Clockwork production. Staunchly defended during the Royalist attack on the town, they are now surrounded by a high wooden palisade, and form a haven of safety (if not sanity) within the Revenant-haunted wastelands of Birmingham.

The Adventurers are tasked with assassinating Gell, but before that they must get into the compound. They may attempt to volunteer, or may get themselves drafted, but neither way will be successful. The only successful way to get beyond the palisade is by befriending Sam Holdstock and using the deserters' escape tunnel.

What's going on?

There have been rumours of a big event about to happen in the Steel House Works. This event will occur a the day after the Adventurers arrive, and will give them a good chance of assassinating the renegade Parliamentarian.

Quite what this event is to be, no-one is saying. Most of the people in the Steel House Works don't know what it will be, and those who do (mostly Mechanical Preachers) are sworn to secrecy on the promise of a painful death if they let the news out.

The truth is that one of Gell's agents has stolen plans for John Wilkins' Clockwork Moon-ship (see *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* pp.129-30) – a small ship with huge feather-covered Clockwork-powered wings – and Gell has had one built in his workshops, planning to use it to scout out enemy forces and drop explosives on them. The big event is the launch of this vessel, which Gell is planning to call the *Seagull*. (He thinks of this as a sort of pun on his own name, which will endear him to his troops – sadly, his behaviour to his troops has been so unpleasant that even his own mother, were she still alive, would not be endeared).

What Gell doesn't know is that the group of Mechanical Preachers working on the *Seagull* are all loyal followers of Lady Silver (aka Arabella Blackwood, see p.76) and they are planning to steal the *Seagull* from under Gell's nose and fly it to the Moon, where Blackwood hopes to discover the basis of a new magick

based upon the fifth element, known as Aether, or Quintessence.

When the Adventurers arrive in the Steel House Works Compound, Gell is away from the area; he has taken his Self-Impelled Cannon Carriage (see p.92), together with an escort of Gell's Demons (see p.18) on Iron Horses, to meet Lady Silver and bring her back to the compound in time for the launch. Like most people (apart from the Adventurers, if they have been through the previous adventures in the campaign) he is unaware that Lady Silver is seemingly working for both sides in the Civil War, and in fact has an agenda of her own. To Gell, Lady Silver has been a godsend (literally, in Gell's eyes), since her experience with Clockwork has greatly helped the building of the Moon-ship. She has visited the Steel House Works several times, each time introducing new engineers into the project.

Getting Into the Steel House Works

There are several ways the Adventurers might attempt to get into the Steel House Works, but only one of them will be ultimately successful. These methods are described below.

Volunteering/Getting Drafted

Anyone attempting to join Gell's forces in order to get into the Steel House Works will find to their dismay that their old "friend" Captain Edwin Jekyll of the Prisoner Companie is currently in the compound. He will recognise them immediately, threaten to have them shot as deserters, then relent and instead march them back to the front. The Adventurers will be forced to escape all over again!

Sneaking In

The PCs may decide to try to sneak into the Steel House Works, but this is not at all easy. There are watch-towers on the three corners of the compound and these are manned day and night – especially at night, when Revenants have been known to attempt to scale the palisade. While the Parliamentarians do not have bright lights to shine on potential invaders, the top of the palisade has a series of almost-invisible wires running along the top of the wall

which will set off alarm bells if touched. Any attempt to use a grappling hook will alert the guards as to which of the three walls is being climbed; the same is true of anyone climbing without the aid of a grappling hook – only if they avoid touching the top of the palisade at all could people get into the compound unannounced. Getting over the wall successfully without a grappling hook will require Difficult (-40%) Climb, Acrobatics and Stealth rolls. Anyone who *does* get over the wall undetected, is likely to be discovered long before they find Gell – and if they are, they will be questioned by the Mincer (see below) and (if they survive) returned to the Prisoner Companie on the frontlines.

The Tunnel

A tunnel has been dug by deserters from a cellar beneath a large store-room in the barracks block, south-westward via a series of cellars, to the cellar of a wine merchant's shop about 500 metres from the Steel House Works compound. The ruined wine merchant's is within sight of the compound's watch-towers, so deserters have been careful only to leave at night, even though this puts them at more risk of Revenant attack – to anyone who's spent much time in Gell's army, Revenants seem like the easy option.

The Adventurers are unlikely to find this on their own, but will need to be led to it by Sam Holdstock (see p.70). What Sam doesn't know is that, since she was last in it, the tunnel has been taken over by a group of Revenants, who have been ambushing deserters on their way out, so that now there are thirteen of the undead horrors in the linked cellars.

When Sam and the Adventurers get to the wine merchant's shop, read or paraphrase the following:

Moonlight ebbs and flows through fleeting clouds, making the broken walls around you seem to loom and retreat in the darkness. Off in the distance, you can just about make out one of the wooden watch-towers of the Steel House Works, silhouetted against the sky, and the sails of the compound's windmill turning in the breeze. Sam is feeling around in the rubble at her feet. "There's an iron ring here somewhere..."



she whispers. "Ah, here it is!" She pulls open a trapdoor with a creaking sound which seems unnaturally loud in the silence. She peers down into the darkness. "This is the place – we'll need lantern...aaah!" She gives a screech as four arms grab her and pull her head first into the cellar. A waft of the charnel house rises up from the hatchway, and you can hear the muffled sounds of a struggle coming from below.

Fight in the Tunnel

The Adventurers must fight their way through a series of cellars connected by low crawlways to get into the Steel House Works. Remember that the Adventurers will be fighting in total darkness unless they bring a light with them, and that the Revenants can see in the dark.

The First Cellar: The cellar below the wine merchant's shop is rectangular, 10 metres by 20 metres, and filled with rows of ceiling-high wine racks, holding earthenware bottles (glass wine bottles haven't been invented yet!). Many of the shelves have fallen over, and the floor is littered with shards of broken pottery and mouldering puddles of wine. There is a wooden ladder leading down from the trapdoor above, and at the far end of the cellar, a roundish tunnel about a 1.5 metres across has been hacked into the next cellar, about five metres away. When the party first enter this cellar, Sam Holdstock is struggling in the grip of two Revenants, while four more wait to ambush the Adventurers as they come down the ladder.

The Second Cellar: Once the Adventurers have crawled through the linking tunnel, they will find themselves in a second cellar. This one is a coal cellar belonging to a large smithy. A square, 10 by 10 metre room, it is piled high with coal which fans out from a chute on the left wall. The coal shifts and tumbles underfoot, making it impossible to sneak across the cellar. There are actually no Revenants in here, which might lull the Adventurers into a false sense of security as they head into the next tunnel, this one 1 metre in diameter (something of a squeeze with equipment), and this time ten metres long.

The Third Cellar: The penultimate cellar, this was once the crypt of a small church, and contains numerous coffins in niches in the

walls, their lids removed, and desiccated bodies and loose bones scattered over the floor. The room is five metres wide and sixteen metres long, with a coffin alcove every two metres. There are seven Revenants in this room, who are lying on the floor among the bodies and bones. They will stay still until all the Adventurers are in the room, then attack from all sides. At the far end of this cellar, another 1.5 metre diameter tunnel slopes up slightly for six metres, before opening into the final cellar.

The Fourth Cellar: This cellar is smaller than the others, being only six by six metres. It is empty but for some bare, dusty shelves, but anyone making a Perception roll can detect the sound of conversation from above. A damp and sagging wooden staircase leads up to a door opening into the room above. Assuming Sam is still alive and well, read or paraphrase the following:

Sam Holdstock goes up the rickety stairs and listens at the door, then indicates that she recognises the voices – she raps in a complicated rhythm on the door, and it is opened by a slim young man with a moustache who, on seeing Sam, grins widely and envelops her in a bear-hug. Sam turns and beckons you up the stairs. "Come on, we're among friends!"

Among Friends

In a small back room behind the kitchen of the barracks, the disaffected soldiers of Gell's command meet to plan escapes and plot the downfall of their hated commander. The ringleader of this gang of mutineers is Jonathan Aubrey, the cook for the barracks. This is the man who greets Sam with a hug as the Adventurers climb out of the tunnel. There are another seven soldiers there too, and among them (at the Games Master's discretion, and assuming they survived their time in no-man's land), may be any or all of: Daniel Paine, Benjamin Newton, Anthony Fraser, Stanley Clarkson, Reverend Longthorne, and/or Thomas Bennett. The Prisoner Company has been pulled back to the Steel House Works in time for the launch of the *Seagull* – Gell is convinced that anyone seeing this wonder of righteous Clockwork will become a convert to his cause. This is likely to annoy the



Adventurers something rotten, since they've had such trouble getting here, so the Games Master should probably make sure that at least *some* of the people they befriended in the Prisoner Companie died horribly; they will thus feel their chances of survival were increased by running away when they did. (If the Adventurers have been badly injured on their way through the tunnels, it might be an idea to have Stanley Clarkson on hand to administer to their wounds).

Jonathan Aubrey



Rebellious Cook

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 14
POW 14 DEX 16 CHA 12

SR 15 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 78%, Craft (Cook) 75%, Evade 60%, Lore (Regional) 40%, Resilience 50%, Ride 40%, Survival 60%, Sword 62%
1D8(+1D2), Unarmed 53%
1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Leveller RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Jonathan began the war as an idealist, a staunch Leveller, convinced of the rightness of the Parliamentary cause. When Gell put out a call for troops to defend Birmingham against the Royalists, he left his home in Wolverhampton,

(where he was the cook at a coaching inn) to fight the good fight. He was soon disillusioned by Gell's increasing madness. His skills as a cook were recognised, which got him out of duty on the front line. Unfortunately, the appalling quality of ingredients he has to work with have beaten even his culinary skills, and he has given up trying on the cookery front, instead putting his energy and idealism into getting frightened and shell-shocked soldiers out of the Steel House Works. Work was begun on the tunnel at his instigation, and so far Gell has not even begun to suspect that people are being smuggled out from under his very nose. The one bright spot for him in the current darkness is his meeting with Sam Holdstock, on whom he has something of a crush. In the days after her torture by the Mincer, he nursed her back to health, before helping her escape from the Steel House Works, and fell head over heels in love with her during that time – in fact, it was only his strong sense of duty to those poor Soldiers unable to cope with the death and madness in the trenches which made him stay behind rather than leaving with her. It will be obvious to anyone on a successful Insight roll that Jonathan dotes on Sam – whether she feels the same about him is rather more difficult to tell, as she flirts with almost everyone.

Questions

The Adventurers are likely to have questions for the Soldiers they have just met. They will probably ask some of these questions on arrival, while others may be asked when they've had a look round the compound. These will probably be answered by Aubrey, though others in the group know more or less the same things.

Where is Gell? - *“Not sure. He went away in his Clockwork carriage a couple of days ago. But he's due back tomorrow for some big event – lots of the troops have been pulled back from the front just to be here. Some sort of morale builder, apparently.”*

What is this big event? - *“No-one knows. But they've been working like hell in the Workshops, so we reckon its some new invention that Gell thinks is going to win the war. Mind you, he said that about Clockwork limbs, and look what a fiasco that was.”*

What is being built in the Workshops? -



"Well, the usual weapons of war, you'll have seen those. But there's something secret going on – they've got a whole section of the workshops fenced off and no-one's allowed in apart from a few of Gell's most trusted engineers. But there's a lot of gunpowder going in there. And feathers! Sacks and sacks of feathers! I reckon Gell's lost it good and proper this time."

Will you help us kill Gell? - *"There was a time when the thought of killing a Parliamentary officer would have made my blood run cold. But it's got to be done. Gell's lost it, he has. Don't know if he's mad, or possessed, or cursed, or away with the fairies or what, but we need to get rid of him. Then perhaps we'll get a decent commander. Course, the bigwigs down in London don't know what it's like up here – I mean, the man's gouged his own eye out and stuck some Clockwork travesty in its place. How can you follow a man like that? Course, we get rid of Gell, we might lose Birmingham but... Christ on a crutch, you've seen the place. The Royalists can have it and welcome to it, as far as I'm concerned."*

What's the best way to kill Gell? - *"He's always guarded, them "elite guards" of his; their Clockwork arms might be useless, but they more than make up for that in viciousness. Apparently, when this big event happens tomorrow, he's going to be up on a podium in the Workshops, giving a speech. That's the time to get him, when everyone's watching. Right now, people are scared of him and his guard – if they see he's not infallible, they'll rise up. Otherwise, he'll just get replaced by another of them fanatic Tinker bastards." (If Aubrey gets the chance, he will take the Adventurers aside). "Look, I suspect you're not all sworn Cromwellians. If any of you happen to be able to do that magick stuff, making Gell's head explode or something spectacular like that might be the way to go. Our lads'll protect you, don't worry about that."*

Who are these weird men with the Clockwork arms? - *"That's Gell's "elite guard" as he calls them. All fanatical Tinkers, loyal to him. Some of them had already lost a limb in the war, and got it replaced with one of them Clockwork monstrosities, but some of them volunteered to have an arm lopped off! I mean, how mad is that? It wouldn't be so bad if*

the things worked, but they just hang there, whirring, and don't do anything useful. Gell reckons they're not sufficiently faithful, aren't praying hard enough to God the Engineer, but I reckon its all bollocks, if you'll pardon the Anglo-Saxon. Vicious bastards though, the lot of them. Kill you soon as look at you. And that Mincer, he's the worst."

Who's the Mincer? - *"He's a demon, and no mistake. Not an ounce of compassion in him. He'll torture anybody if he thinks he might get information out of them that'll help the war effort. Makes you wonder what we're fighting for, if we use men like that. But Gell seems to attract that sort, look at Haines and Jekyll, they're just as bad. Keep away from him, that's my advice."*

Can we get about the compound safely? - *"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. There are that many people coming and going, no-one will notice a few extras, as long as you don't draw too much attention to yourself. Just don't try to get behind that barricade in the Workshops, they'll string you up just for looking at it funny."*

Inside the Compound

The Steel House Works compound is a hive of activity. From inside the Workshops sounds of hammering, the clanking of Clockwork and an occasional deafening series of bangs (like a continuous rattle of very precise musket fire) continue day and night. (Adventurers are likely to imagine the "musket fire" as some sort of rapid fire weapon, but it is in fact Wilkins' Deflagration Engine being tested – see *The Seagull*, p.93). Soldiers are constantly passing to and fro, carrying messages, delivering gunpowder (and more gunpowder) to the Workshops, drilling, rushing to the cookhouse for dinner, and so on.

A. Barracks

This building has bunk-beds for a hundred soldiers, as well as a cookhouse, where the majority of people in the compound eat their meals. Behind the kitchen is a disused store-room, which has become a *de facto* meeting place for the disaffected of the army (among whom is numbered the cook, Jonathan Aubrey). This back room leads to the cellar from which



the deserters' tunnel has been dug (see above). The barracks are draughty and unheated, and the roof leaks in several places, which is unfortunate for those poor souls whose bunks are directly under the drips. Though there are a number of Levellers among the soldiery, there are no official Agitators in the ranks, as the last two who took the job were taken out and shot.

B. Officers' Quarters

Gell's officers are quartered here, two to a room, and enjoy relative privacy and comfort compared to the men. This is where Gell's dreaded "Information Officer", Michael "The Mincer" Muldoon, lives.

Michael "The Mincer" Muldoon



STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 10
POW 10 DEX 9 CHA 7

SR 7 CA 2 DM +1D2

Skills: Brawn 50%, Craft (Torturer) 65%, Evade 40%, Resilience 40%, Sword 50% 1D8(+1D2), Unarmed 53% 1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Tinker (Gell Heresy) RP: 80

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	6/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	3/7
19-20	Head	3/6

The Mincer, as he is known to everyone, is the most ruthless of Gell's elite guard. Although his Clockwork arm is of no practical use as an arm,

it's whirring gears are a fine tool of intimidation, especially if the victim is tied up at the time. Once a lowly butcher's apprentice in Birmingham, the Mincer has become fanatically loyal to Gell, and will do anything to further Gell's cause. His tortures are infamous throughout the Steel House Works and beyond – he has been known to kill an innocent man in cold blood (usually in a particularly grisly and unpleasant way) just to persuade another to talk. His punishment of deserters has often left them alive and in agony for days. Muldoon is the only man in the Steel House Works compound more hated than Gell.

C. Stables

The horses of Gell's personal Dragoons are stabled here; sixteen horses in all, though a few are poor specimens (overworked, injured, etc.) and are likely to end up in the cooking pot one day soon. Also stored here are the Iron Horses of Gell's Demons – they will not be present when the Adventurers arrive in the compound, but will have been parked up there after the Iron Horse Gang escorts Gell into the compound around noon on the day of the *Seagull's* launch.

D. Gell's Quarters

Gell has his own little house in the compound, consisting of an office, a sitting room and a bedroom. When he is in residence it is constantly guarded by six soldiers, though in his absence, just one is on duty and shutters are locked over all the windows. Gell visit his quarters only briefly in the time that the Adventurers are in the compound. If they manage to break in, they will find nothing of interest save a journal of increasingly paranoid ramblings:

Cromwell not to be trusted – he may be the Antichrist...

My new Clockwork eye shows nothing but the darkness – surely God punishes me for those things I have left undone. When I have conquered England and brought it back into the path of righteousness, then will the light enter in once more.

Lady Silver comes to me like a ministering angel. With her by my side, surely our day of victory can not be far away.



Gell's Elite Guard



STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 9 DEX 10 CHA 9

SR 7 CA 2 DM +1D2

Skills: Athletics 40%, Brawn 40%, Evade 40%, Lore (Regional - Debatable Lands) 30%, Resilience 40%, Sword (Sabre) 50% 1D6+1 (+1D2), Unarmed 50% 1D3 (+1D2)

Faction: Tinker (Gell's Heresy) RP: 70

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	6/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	3/7
19-20	Head	3/6

Gell's madness is nowhere more manifest than

Wings, like the wings of angels. Soon we we will fly overhead and rain fire and death upon our enemies, the vile sorcerers of the upstart princeling...

E. Gunpowder Store

This small building, heavily guarded at all times by six soldiers loyal to Gell, contains hundreds of barrels of gunpowder.

F. Workshops

The Workshops are the heart of the Steel House Works, churning out Clockwork mechanisms

in his Elite Guard. Convinced of the righteous power of Clockwork, he has had some of his more fanatical followers fitted with Clockwork devices. All have had one arm amputated and replaced with a Clockwork limb. Sadly, these limbs are of little practical use, being mere lumps of dead metal attached to the stumps of their real limbs - their cogs whirr and spin if wound up, but the most they can do is unnerve people; as limbs, they are useless. A couple of his guards had Clockwork legs fitted, but these soldiers are not seen in public as they can no longer walk. Gell is convinced that the reason these Clockwork limbs (and his own Clockwork eye) are not working is that God is angry with him for not yet having removed Cromwell from command of the Commonwealth, and that once Gell himself is in command, the limbs and eyes will spring to life with the power of their divine righteousness. Most of the elite guard are sufficiently fanatical to believe the same, although anyone more sensible looking at their metal appendages can easily tell that they are never likely to be functional. As a consequence, his Guards are somewhat hampered in their ability to fight, though what they lack in skill they more than make up for in ferocity and fanaticism to the cause.

The statistics are for a typical member of the Elite Guard, with one Clockwork arm (usually the left). Some members of the Guard also have a Clockwork eye, which decreases Perception by -40% and gives a penalty of -20% to any skills in which eyesight plays a part (such as combat).

day and night. It is a huge, barn-like structure, on one corner of which is a windmill to provide winding power. It's huge double doors open directly out into Birmingham itself, with only a smaller, person-sized door opening into the compound.

About a hundred Mechanical Preachers work in the Workshops, many of them devout Tinkers (though they would be considered heretics by the Tinkers in Cambridge, since they think Gell is the True Mainspring, not Cromwell). Most sleep under their workbenches on straw pallets, there not being enough bunks in the bunkhouse for this many people. At any one time, there

will be over fifty people working on building and repairing Iron Horses, and the numerous Clockwork Devices mentioned in the Appendix (p.91). The noise is deafening, the bustle unceasing, and it will be very easy for the Adventurers to wander about at will, as long as they are dressed in Parliamentary uniforms. The Mechanical Preachers are all very excited by the opportunities afforded them in the Steel House Works, and will talk animatedly about the project they are currently working on to anyone who will listen – their philosophy of spreading knowledge of the new Clockwork science is somewhat at odds with Gell’s paranoia and secrecy, but he is forced to put up with it, as he would probably find himself without any engineers at all if he tried to enforce a lockdown of Clockwork knowledge.

There is only one part of the Workshops which are out of bounds to the Adventurers, and almost everyone else too. It is screened off by a six metre high wooden barricade from the rest of the Workshop area, and guarded night and day by Gell’s elite guard (see p.82). Only a few engineers are allowed behind the screen, and they keep themselves to themselves. Sounds of whirring Clockwork come from behind the screens, and an occasional deafening rattle, as though dozens of muskets are being fired in constant one-second bursts. This is, of course, where the engineers loyal to Arabella Blackwood are building the flying Moon-ship, the *Seagull* (see p.93 for full details); the apparent rattling of gunfire is the gunpowder-powered Deflagration Engine being tested.

Because the Workshops are in use day and night, there is never a time when it would be possible to attempt to sneak into the barricaded area without being seen; there is only one small door into this area, and the guards know everyone who is allowed in or out; no amount of persuasion or bribery will get them to change their minds on this score.

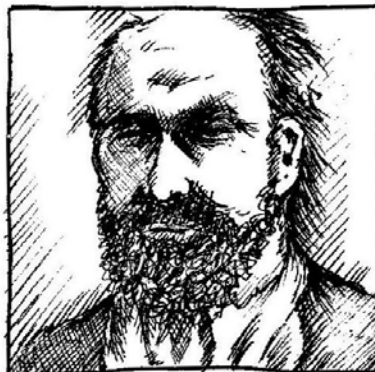
If the Adventurers visit the Workshops, they will be able to see Mechanical Preachers working on various devices (see the Appendix, p.91 for some ideas). The Workshops are hazardous places, where large pieces of equipment are being swung about on overhead gantries, hot forges are spitting sparks, molten metal is being poured into moulds, and the like. The noise is tremendous, the heat

overwhelming, the air eye-watering, and the people so busy that they are unlikely to say anything to the party other than “*Get out of the way, you idiot, before you cause an accident!*”

There is one exception to this, a man so enthusiastic about his work that any stranger hoving into view will cause him to stop what he is doing and engage them in conversation:

The Workshops are a huge, barn-like building, divided up into many smaller working areas. One section, close to the big double doors which open out of the Steel Yard Works into the ruins of Birmingham, are cordoned off with a tall wooden barricade, guarded by stern-looking soldiers with the Clockwork arms of Gell’s infamous elite guard. Everywhere is cacophony and a kind of controlled chaos; huge plates of metal swing overhead on gantries, furnaces spit sparks, rivers of molten metal are poured into moulds, men hammer red hot cogs into shape on anvils, Clockwork engines whine and clank. Busy workers glare at you as you walk by, or wave you out of the way as some mad machine careens past, striking sparks from the floor before crashing into a workbench. Out of this confusion of noise, light and acrid smoke, a man in dirty overalls, with big heat-resistant gloves on his hands and a pair of glass goggles pushed up from his soot-stained face, rushes toward you, a grin splitting his face. “Welcome to the workshops!” he shouts, “Isn’t it wonderful?”

The-Lord-Giveth-and-the-Lord-Taketh-Away “Giveaway” Gordon



Obsessed Mechanical Preacher

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 19
POW 14 DEX 14 CHA 12




Chapter VI: The Steel House Works

SR 17 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Art (Clockwork Design) 103%,
Craft (Clockwork) 105%, Evade 70%,
Lore (Mechanical Philosophy) 96%,
Oratory 40%, Resilience 40%,
Teaching 40%, Unarmed 40% 1D3

Faction: Tinker RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5



Giveaway Gordon's nickname comes partly from his Puritan first name, but mostly from his attitude. He will give away anything – military secrets, bits of Clockwork, design plans. He takes the Mechanical Preachers' message of sharing the bounties of Clockwork to their extreme, and will share with anyone, no matter how inappropriate. If he weren't such a talented engineer he would have been thrown out of the Steel House Works (or, more likely, hanged for treason) months ago – but he has a way of seeing through mechanical problems and coming up with workable solutions that is the envy of most in the Steel House Works. Originally a coal-miner from Newcastle, he attended a Mechanical Preachers' meeting in a local pub and became hooked on all things Clockwork, taking up the chance to enlist with Gell at the earliest opportunity. While working, he is very stern-faced and dour, but once he gets talking his face lights up with enthusiasm and he will go on for hours about differential gearing and spring winding thresholds if you let him. If it weren't for his inability to keep his mouth shut about the devices he is working on, he would have been recruited for the Moon-ship project by Lady Silver long ago.

As soon as the Adventurers come in sight of his workbench, he will rush toward them and engage them in conversation. He invites them over and proudly shows them his latest invention:

“Look at this little beastie!” The man pats a cylinder, about half a metre long, with a

conical drill on one end. “I call this a Mole Mine. Drills through the earth until it gets to the enemy lines, then up it goes to the surface and “BOOM!” Fantastic, eh? Oh, but I must introduce myself – The-Lord-Giveth-and-the-Lord-Taketh-Away Gordon. Known as Giveaway to my friends. See this? Clockwork Nasal-Hair Remover. Works a treat. Take it, it's yours. No, I insist. You look like you need it! You see the clever thing about this? It's all in the torsion. Not enough and it doesn't cut the hair, too much and it'll go up through your nose and have your eye out. Got it right, now. Think so anyway – you have any problems, just bring it back and I'll have a look at it.”

Gordon is likely to go on like this for hours, unless the Adventurers get a word in edgeways. When they finally do, they'll be able to ask some questions.

What do you think of Gell? - *“Gell, Gell? Oh, Gell! Well, he's been very encouraging of my projects – he was particularly fond of my Submersible Leviathan, though it proved less than useful in the immediate conflict – but he does go a little too far. Eyes? Arms? Quite impractical. Though God moves in mysterious ways, they say. Perhaps on a sort of tripod device, like a giant walking milking-stool. Hang on, let me make a note of that...”*

When's Gell coming back? - *“Tomorrow. No, the day after. Hang on, Friday already, is it? Tomorrow then, like I said. Dying to know what's behind that screen. They won't even let me peep, say I talk too much. Do I talk too much? Do you think I talk too much? I did think of making a sort of Clockwork talking monitor, that would walk behind me and ring a little bell if I talked too much, but then I'd have to calibrate it against someone who doesn't talk too much, and no-one volunteered.”*

What are they building behind the barricade? - *“Oh, wouldn't we all love to know. Lots of barrels have gone in. And lots of feathers. I'm imagining some sort of giant tarring-and-feathering machine, that can do a whole regiment at once. Oh, gunpowder in the barrels, you say? In that case, I really don't know. Can't see that firing feathers at the enemy would be much use, though they do make some people sneeze. Perhaps it's a big cannon*

Chapter VI: The Steel House Works

that will fire soldiers wrapped in nice soft goose-feather mattresses into enemy territory. Or soldiers with wings! Yes, that makes sense – fire soldiers with wings out of a cannon, and they can glide over enemy territory, dropping petards on the enemy. They'd have to hold them with their knees, of course, their arms would be controlling the wings. Hmm, quick-release mechanism for knee-mounted petard. Hang on, let me make a note of that..."

What about these Clockwork arms and eyes?

- "Well, quite impractical, of course. They whirr and buzz – full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. No connections you see, to the nerves and humours of the human frame. They would have to be made with the help of a physician, or maybe an Alchemist. Oh dear, no, you must think me awful. Can't mix Godly Clockwork with Satanic Sorcery. Although, some of the applications could be fascinating. Hang on, let me make a note of that..."

Will you help us kill Gell? - "Kill Gell? Oh dear me, no, that's not my job at all, I just blow people up. Oh, I see what you mean. Well, there's this Clockwork Bat-bomb I'm developing, flaps to the target and explodes. Not got the guidance sorted out yet, goes round in circles. But a lot of potential there, I think. And there's my Telescopic Assassination Rifle, can accurately hit an apple over a mile away. Currently the barrel's fifty yards long, but I'll get that down eventually, I'm sure."

What Now?

The Adventurers have a day to plan what they are going to do in the Steel House Works before Gell returns. Attempts to see what is behind the barricades in the Workshops will come to nothing. Thankfully, there are so many people coming and going in the compound that they are unlikely to be challenged unless they try to get into places where they aren't welcome – behind the Workshop barricades, into Gell's private quarters, or into the gunpowder store. If they are caught attempting any of these activities, they will face the Mincer (see p.81).

Players may have elaborate plans for the assassination of Gell, or they may just want to play it by ear. Whatever they plan, let them go with it, so long as it doesn't interfere with Lady Silver stealing the *Seagull* in the finale – it is

important that she gets away, so that the Adventurers can follow her to the Moon in the next part of the Kingdom & Commonwealth campaign, *Quintessence*. (Of course, if you're not planning to run that adventure, you can let the finale go any way you like!)

Sir John Gell



Field General of the Parliamentary Army of the Midlands

STR 10 CON 8 SIZ 15 INT 14
POW 16 DEX 11 CHA 14

SR 13 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Art (Clockwork Design) 45%,
Craft (Clockwork) 40%, Evade 60%,
Lore (Mechanical Philosophy) 100%,
Resilience 40%, Sword 42% 1D8,
Unarmed 33% 1D3

Faction: Heretical Tinker RP: 100

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Sir John was born to wealth, generated from his father's interests in lead mining and smelting. As a young man he was appointed Sheriff in Derbyshire, where he raised revenue for Charles I with a ruthless zeal. Sir John didn't concern himself with the many enemies he was making (he was at least egalitarian in his impositions - he taxed his peers as officiously as those beneath him). He spent his "free time" training and commanding the trained bands of



Derbyshire, meticulously paying attention to every aspect of command, drill and detail – determined to be an excellent military leader. Meanwhile, he was so good at his revenue raising duties, including gathering the hated Ship Monies (which helped spark the Civil War), that he was made a Baron by Charles.

When war came, despite his patronage, Gell could not support the King – due to his Presbyterian religious sensibilities he joined Parliament, campaigning in the Midlands. He was so dictatorial that many of his men complained to Parliament. He ignored such complaints, punishing the dissenters, but did deign to visit Cambridge for a counsel of war in 1643. While there he witnessed the development of the New Model Army Clockwork Regiment. One of the senior Cambridge engineers noted his fascination with the devices and gradually sounded out Sir John, securing financial patronage in the process. Ever the controlling mentor, Sir John insisted on “hands on” patronage, wanting to learn all he could from his engineers and the Mechanical Preachers who ranted in the workshops. Rather than finding their teachings heretical, he was hungry for more knowledge on the philosophical basis for the Clockwork revolution. Something about the mathematical symmetry inherent in Clockwork design struck a deep chord with Gell – he had found perfection.

Sir John’s enthusiasm came to the attention of the Tinkers, who recruited him to their number. This turned out to be another pivotal point in the madness that was to befall Sir John. He was struck with wonder at the Tinker philosophy, and began to search for a practical way of perfecting a bridge between man and machine, taking their teachings regarding a mechanical universe to literal extremes. He took his amassed writings and those engineers he could tempt away from Cambridge, back to Birmingham, and began to build up his own workshops, financed with money he acquired by selling all of his father’s assets, selling his own property and by using his army to extort all the wealth from the surrounding counties.

He built the Steel House Works to be impenetrable, paranoid that his fellow Tinkers would hunt him down (in fact they are not aware of Gell’s plans, and even if they were,

would not all necessarily move against him). Ensnared with an army, workshops, and stolen resources, he began his insane plan to build an army to rival Cromwell’s and the King’s. While they were fighting at Naseby, Gell was in Birmingham making his first tentative experiments in synthesising man and machine – commanding Physicians to amputate his Soldiers’ arms, and replace them with Clockwork limbs. He even had his own eye struck out and replaced with a metal one. It doesn’t function, is a mass of suppurating sores, and causes him burning pain, but Gell claims he can see out of it, better than ever before.

He fetishises Clockwork, believing it to be the most beautiful thing in the world and the path to perfection – modelling a perfect world with himself as it’s leader is Gell’s ultimate goal. He is working on a most wondrous device which he can’t wait to unveil to his, no doubt, adoring followers – a fantastic aerial machine – it will change the way wars are fought and make him unstoppable! He hopes that when he finally rules over the world, Lady Silver will be at his side – she seems to be the only one who understands him and his dreams.

The Launch of the Seagull

Around noon, on the day after the Adventurers arrive in the compound, people begin to pass on the message – Gell has returned! Reliable rumour has it that he swept through the main gates in his Clockwork carriage with an escort of Gell’s Demons on their Iron Horses, and accompanied by a woman wearing a silver mask. It is not long before the officers are telling the men that they are to gather in their Companies at 2pm in the Workshops. If the Adventurers wish to mingle with the troops, their immediate “commanding officer” (one of the characters who they met in the store room when they first arrived) will turn a blind eye to the fact that he has extra troops in his ranks – higher-up officers have so little contact with the men that they won’t notice the new faces, or just assume they are new conscripts. Otherwise they will have to stay out of the way while the troops are lined up.

At precisely 2pm, with the Soldiers lined up in neat rows at one end of the Workshops, and all the machinery silent for the first time in



months, Gell will enter the Workshops.

The soldiers are standing in neat ranks in the workshop, which is silent for the first time in months, its machines temporarily switched off for Gell's great day. A makeshift podium, made of barrels and planks, has been set up before the barricade at the end of the workshop. As you watch, the Parliamentary commander strides into view, escorted by four of his elite guard, their Clockwork arms whirring and whining uselessly. Gell himself looks fat and unhealthy; one of his eyes has been replaced by a crude Clockwork mechanism, and the flesh around it looks inflamed and swollen. He mounts the podium, puffing and wheezing, and the guards take up a position before it, glaring at the troops lined up before them.

It is, of course, possible that the Adventurers will find some way of assassinating Gell at this point. The following description assumes they don't strike immediately, but let him get at least a little way into his speech; if this is not the case, adjust accordingly.

Gell begins speaking. "Men of Parliament! Men who fight for freedom from the tyranny of Royalist absolutism! Today is a great day. Today we will show Rupert and his royal poodles the superiority of Parliamentary science, the science of God the Engineer! For the Lord has smiled upon our endeavours. For centuries, since Icarus took to the heavens, it has been the dream of mankind to fly through the air and smite our enemies from above. Now that day is here! Behold!"

A flurry of men rush forward, and begin unfastening the panels of the wooden barricade and moving them away. As they do so, an unexpected sight meets your eyes. You are looking at the stern of a small ship, a single-masted pinnace, apparently resting in a wheeled cradle. Its sail is set and a number of figures can be seen moving about the deck. But the most astonishing thing about the ship are the two mighty wings which extend from either side of the vessel – massive, articulated like the wings of a swan, and covered in white feathers, the wings are attached by complicated pulleys

and gears to a Clockwork engine which sits on the deck. Beyond it, the double doors of the workshops are open to the blue sky of a beautiful autumn day.

"Praise the Lord!" cries Gell. "For a miracle is born unto us. I name this ship the Seagull! God bless..." Without warning, the ship's wings rise majestically and fall again. In the enclosed space, the wind is enormous, knocking Gell from his makeshift podium, and scattering the ranks of soldiers like skittles.

The Adventurers must make a Hard Athletics roll (-40%) to stay on their feet.

The wings beat again, and again, and the vehicle moves down the smooth roadway prepared for it, out of the Workshops and across the ruined Birmingham landscape, gathering speed. It seems that it will carry on rolling until it runs out of road, but then a gap opens between its trundling wheels and the ground. It rises slowly into the air, it's wheels clip the top of a ruined wall in a shower of stone dust, then it is away, rising higher into the blue afternoon, where a pale crescent of daylight moon hangs in the sky. One of the figures on deck turns and looks back, and the sunlight glints briefly on her silver mask. She raises a hand in farewell salute and then the flying ship is lost in the distance, a receding speck, just another carrion bird floating above the ruined land.

Confusion

With the unexpected departure of the *Seagull*, all is thrown into confusion. If the Adventurers have not killed Gell yet, now is their best opportunity. He is apoplectic with rage, and has broken his arm falling from the podium – his elite guard are trying to get him to his feet, all the while trying to calm him down, as he rants in righteous anger and blames everyone but himself for Lady Silver's betrayal. They think the worst that could happen has already taken place, and are not even thinking about an assassination attempt.

Many of the prisoner conscripts are taking the opportunity afforded by the open doors of the Workshops to make a break for it; a few officers scream at them to come back, and take



ineffectual pot-shots with their pistols at the retreating men.

Sam Holdstock, if she is with the Adventurers, is spitting with fury about Lady Silver's departure too. *"The bitch! To think we trusted her, and she's abandoned us!"*

Big Fight

No adventure is complete without a big fight at the end, but quite who the Adventurers will be fighting at this stage is difficult to predict; Games Masters will have to tailor the grand finale to the previous actions of their players. Here are a few suggestions, based on what the Adventurers might do:

Assassinating Gell

In attempting to assassinate Gell, the Adventurers come up against six members of his elite guard, attempting to protect him. They will fight to the death unless Gell is killed, in which case they will retreat – all except the Mincer (p.81) who will go into a killing frenzy if his leader is killed.

Stealing Mounts

If the party attempt to steal horses, or even Iron Horses, from the stables, they will meet Gell's Demons heading for their Clockwork mounts. There will be eight gang members (as there are four two-man Iron Horses in the stables). If the Adventurers manage to defeat the Demons, they will be able to steal the Iron Horses, though they will only have about an hour's charge left in them – enough to get them out of Revenant territory, but not much further. They may also be spotted by one of the other Iron Horse gangs and mistaken for Gell's Demons, in which case an Iron Horse chase through the ruins may ensue, with Revenants occasionally getting in the way and pistol shots being exchanged between moving vehicles.

Sticking with Sam

If Sam is with them following the assassination (if it happens), she will suggest that they get away from the Steel House Works. She needs to warn Sawyer that they have been abandoned by Lady Silver, so that they can get away from Birmingham and make their way back into

Parliamentarian territory, where there are more Winding Stations. She suggests that the Adventurers join her. If they have managed to steal Iron Horses (see above), she will ask them to go to the Digbeth Winding Station and drop her off there, or maybe head south-east with them, back to Parliamentarian territory. If they do so, they will meet with another group of Gell's Demons, and another fight will ensue.

Stealing the Clockwork Carriage

The Adventurers may decide to steal Gell's Self-Impelled Cannon Carriage (see p.92). If so, they will find it parked in a corner of the Workshops, guarded by six of Gell's elite guard, who will not let it go, even if Gell is dead. In fact, if Gell is dead, they will be planning to steal the Carriage themselves, as they know it would fetch a pretty penny if sold to Cromwell's regular forces in Cambridge. (The Adventurers may also, of course, decide to steal some other Clockwork devices on their way back through the Workshops. Smaller items like Sycamore Grenades are easily portable, but bigger things such as Self-Propelled Petards are more difficult to carry. If they have stolen the Carriage, they will be able to load a fair amount of equipment into it, but if they pile too much in, it will break down before it gets out of Birmingham, stranding them in Revenant territory with night coming on...

The End

Whatever the Adventurers decide to do, the majority of people in the Steel House Works will flee and Gell's power base will collapse. If they do not manage to assassinate Gell, he will die of Apoplexy the following day at seeing the ruin of all his plans. Commanders on the front line of the trenches, when they realise they are no longer being supplied from behind the lines will opt for a strategic withdrawal, which will quickly turn into a rout as Royalist forces push their advantage. There will be days of bloody fighting, ending with the Royalists capturing Birmingham, only to discover that they are now owners of a Revenant-infested ruin created by their own Alchemists. The Workshops of the Steel House Works will be burned to the ground, it's machinery destroyed as an abomination, and Alchemists will set up laboratories as they desperately try to find a



Chapter VI: The Steel House Works

cure for the Wandering Sickness.

By this time, the Adventurers should be long gone, perhaps to report back to their patrons in Oxford (127 km away) or Cambridge (160 km away).

Rewards

If the party have successfully survived *No Man's Land*, they should be treated to lashings of Improvement Points (8), some Hero Points (5 if they killed the Gell, 3 if they merely escaped with their lives). If they get back to Ireton or Perkinson, they will be given a reward of 1,000 shillings each for their troubles, and

they will also be paid a finders fee for any Clockwork equipment or plans they manage to rescue from the Workshops. (Parliamentarians will be interested in new devices not previously seen in the Cambridge workshops, while Royalists will want to know what they may be up against so they can devise counter-measures).

Arabella Blackwood has escaped again! But fear not, a new flying ship will soon be built in London, and our intrepid heroes will be joining its crew as they give chase to the renegade noblewoman in the next volume of the Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign, *Quintessence*.



Appendix

New Creature

Revenant



Revenants are the dead victims of the Wandering Sickness, who have risen again. They appear to have little purpose, other than seeking to infect the living (particularly their own relatives) with the Wandering Sickness. Four days after contracting the Wandering Sickness, and a day after death, the body of the victim will rise (digging itself out of its grave if necessary) and seek out its home and family. It will knock on the door and call out the names of loved ones within, in a plaintive moaning voice. If admitted, the Revenant will make an all-out attack on the nearest person (making no attempt to defend itself), attempting to grapple and bite its victim. Anyone bitten by the Revenant must make a successful Resilience roll against the Wandering Sickness' Potency of 50, or contract the disease.

A Revenant which is not admitted back into its home will bash itself against doors, windows, etc., until it has either gained admittance or lost a total of 10 Hit Points from self-inflicted damage, at which point it will wander off and attack other targets of opportunity until killed.

A Revenant can only be killed by a fatal blow to the head. Damage to limbs may cause it to lose those limbs, but it will

keep attacking to the best of its ability. Blows to the torso or abdomen may reduce Hit Points to 0 but no further, and as long as the head is still attached to the body, the Revenant will keep attacking.

A Revenant takes only half damage from impaling weapons and guns; arrows and crossbow bolts inflict only 1 point of damage (after penetrating any armour the Revenant may be wearing).

Characteristics

	Dice	Average
STR	3D6+12	(22)
CON	1D6	(3)
SIZ	3D6	(11)
INT	1D3	(2)
POW	1D3	(2)
DEX	1D6+3	(7)
CHA	1D3	(2)

Combat Actions: 1

Damage Modifier: 1D3+1D4

Movement: 4m

Strike Rank: +5

Traits: Dark Sight, Night Sight

Armour: None (unless worn previous to death)

Skills: Bite 40% (1D3+1D4+disease (Wandering Sickness)), Evade 20%, Resilience 20%, Persistence 70%

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/3
4-6	Left Leg	-/3
7-9	Abdomen	-/4
10-12	Chest	-/5
13-15	Right Arm	-/2
16-18	Left Arm	-/2
19-20	Head	-/3

New Diseases

The following new diseases can be caught by Adventurers and NPCs within the war-torn areas of the Debatable Lands.

Anthrax

There are three forms of anthrax, all of which are caught from animals; the presence of many animal skins in the tanning pits of the Bull Ring Tannery has left a disease miasma there, which can manifest in different ways, depending whether the miasma entered via the lungs, the stomach or through a wound (Games Master's choice, depending on circumstances). Anthrax is not, of course, limited to the Bull Ring, but could be caught in any tannery, or if in close contact with diseased animals.

Application: Inhaling, Ingested, through open wound

Onset time: 1D2 days.

Duration: 1D5 days.

Resistance Time: once, at onset.

Potency: 55

Resistance: Inhaled or ingested, Resilience -20%; through open wound, Resilience +20%

Condition: Inhaled – flu-like symptoms, followed by collapse of the lungs and death; Ingested – vomiting of blood, severe diarrhoea, followed by death; Through open wound – itchy black skin lesions around the wound, sometimes followed by flu-like symptoms and then death.

Antidote/Cure: Healing -50%, Cure Disease Potion or spell.

The Wandering Sickness

Begins with fever and ends with the victim turning into a Revenant.

Application: Inhaling (Miasma) or Bite of a Revenant

Onset Time: 24 hours

Duration: 3 days+

Resistance Time: One Resistance roll at the beginning of the onset time.

Potency: 50

Resistance: Resilience

Condition: Day 1, fever (-25% to all skill rolls). Day 2, Sleepiness (gain one level of Fatigue per hour until unconscious). Day 3, wandering (victim

shambles off away from home – Adventurer characters should become NPCs at this point, out of the control of their player); after 6 hours, sudden convulsions followed by death. Day 4, rise from dead as a Revenant.

Antidote/Cure: A successful Healing roll before death in days 1-3 (once per day) will allow another Resistance roll. A Cure Disease spell or potion in the first three days will also affect a cure. Once the victim is dead/risen, the only “cure” is decapitation.

Weapons of War

The concentrated nature of war in the Debatable Lands has led to an acceleration of both Clockwork technology and creative ways of using Alchemical spells. Below are some ways in which Alchemy and Clockwork have changed the face of English warfare; in some cases, new Clockwork items have been developed to counteract Alchemical devices, and vice versa, in an arms race such as the world has never seen before.

Clockwork Technology

The following are new Clockwork Devices which have been designed and built in Gell’s weapon shops in the Gun Quarter of Birmingham.

Anti-Air Elemental Flabellum

- Cost: 15,000 shillings
- Complexity: 1
- Size: 15
- Hit Points: 10
- Speed: N/A
- Armour: 0
- Weapons: See text

These hand-cranked fans, with 1m blades, are mounted on 10m telescopic poles, and can quickly be erected along a trench-line. Their powerful Clockwork-augmented propellers generate enough wind to disrupt the structure of an Air Elemental – one fan will dispel a SIZ 2 Sylph, with each

extra fan in the array disrupting an extra 2 SIZ points. When an attack is not imminent, the Flabellae are retracted to prevent them being hit by cannon fire. The cry of “Raise the Flabellae!” along the front lines is the signal that a Royalist bombing raid has begun. Of course, Sylphs can fly higher to avoid the maximum height of the poles, but their accuracy at dropping Potions is thereby compromised and many Potions go to waste, making the technique less effective – in areas where Flabellae have been deployed, air-raids have almost ceased.

Chronometrical Petard

- Cost: 500 shillings
- Complexity: 1
- Size: 1
- Hit Points: 6
- Speed: N/A
- Armour: 6
- Weapons: See text

A Chronometrical Petard consists of a wooden backplate, a metal container containing a chronometer and ignition device and a few pounds of gunpowder. The wooden backplate is attached to a door, wall etc., and the device can be set to explode at any time from 1 minute to 120 minutes after the internal chronometer is set in motion. It takes five combat rounds and a successful Mechanisms roll is required to set the chronometer; on a failure, the timer is not set, though the character may try again. On a Fumble the chronometer is set incorrectly; roll 1D10, on a 1-9 it will go off in that number of minutes, on a 0, roll again; if another 0 is rolled, the device goes off immediately, otherwise add the number of minutes to those from the first roll. Anything to which the petard is attached will take 8D8 damage. The canister shoots out of the back with a range of 5m; anyone within range must make a successful Evade roll. Anyone hit by the canister takes 2D6 damage to a single random location. If the petard was not successfully attached, anyone and anything within 10m takes 3D6 damage to all hit locations.

Clockwork Grenadier

- Cost: 16,000 shillings
- Complexity: 2
- Size: 8
- Hit Points: 10
- Speed: 8m
- Armour: 0
- Weapons: Grenade (see *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook*, p.132)

This is a refinement of the Travelling Petard (see p.93). A small trolley, about a metre long by half a metre wide, with wide spiked wheels, the Grenadier can be set to trundle across the battlefield for a fixed distance, lob a grenade ahead of itself, then trundle back to its starting point. It can only travel in a straight line, so can easily be stopped by obstacles, and if knocked off course it will not return to its starting point, since it just goes in reverse when it has thrown its grenade. Grenades are set off by a clockwork mechanism which strikes a spark after a set number of seconds; some Parliamentarian forces have been killed by malfunctioning Grenadiers which failed to throw their grenade at the far point of their journey, but instead returned it to its starting point before exploding it.

A Clockwork Grenadier can travel up to 300m in a straight line in one direction, before throwing a grenade 15m ahead of itself and then retreating 300m backwards in a straight line. The Device requires a Mechanisms roll to get it going in the right direction – on a failed roll, it will set off, but fail to reach its target due to hitting an unexpected obstacle, falling in a hole, etc. On a Fumble, the Games Master should roll on the table below, as though the device had malfunctioned.

There is a 10% chance of the machine malfunctioning: if this happens, roll 1D4 to find out the result:

1. The grenade is thrown but fails to explode.
2. The grenade is primed but not thrown; it explodes when the device returns to its starting point.

3. The return mechanism fails; the device is lost in no-man's land.
4. The device gets stuck sometime during its journey. Roll again; on an odd roll it gets stuck on the way to the target and consequently explodes in no-man's land; on an even roll it gets stuck after it has delivered its payload and never gets back to its starting point.

Rapid-Firing Trebuchet

- Cost: 90,000 shillings
- Complexity: 3
- Size: 30
- Hit Points: 20
- Speed: N/A
- Armour: None
- Weapons: Trebuchet does 12D6 damage and has a Range of 300m.

A trebuchet is a massive catapult which uses a huge counterweight to slingshot a large stone toward the enemy lines. While effective at destroying enemy fortifications, its main disadvantage is that it is slow to reload, requiring a lot of brute force to return the counterweight to the right position to fire again. The Clockwork Trebuchet solves this problem by having a series of Clockwork gears and a powerful spring to wind the counterweight back into position, at the same time lifting the next rock into place in the sling. With a properly trained crew, it can fire a rock every ten seconds for two minutes before it needs rewinding. (This compares with a speed of one rock every fifteen minutes for a normal trebuchet of the same size). The fact that it then takes thirty minutes to rewind at the nearest Winding Station, and must be hauled there by a team of four horses, means that it is more of a "shock and awe" weapon than a regular piece of equipment. Operators generally take one or two ranging shots (assuming all their ammunition is approximately the same size), then hammer away at a single location until it is completely destroyed.

Repeating Arquebus

- Cost: 80,000 shillings
- Complexity: 4
- Size: 20
- Hit Points: 18
- Speed: N/A
- Armour: 8
- Weapons: see text

A complex machine only recently perfected by Gell's Tinkers, this is a potentially devastating battlefield weapon when used against advancing troops. Built on the back of a cart, it consists of three cylinders in a row. Each cylinder is made up of twelve gun barrels, with a percussion cap on each. When the mechanism is started each barrel is in turn fired by having its percussion cap struck by a hammer, before the next barrel is rotated into position. Each barrel is usually loaded with three balls, so once it is activated it will fire a hail of 108 bullets within ten seconds, decimating enemy cavalry and infantry. Unfortunately, it then takes about fifteen minutes to reload and rewind (by hand cranking) before it can be fired again. It needs a crew of four (one to reload each cylinder and one winder) to operate it, as well as a competent horse-master to keep the horses attached to the cart from panicking at the awful noise it makes. It is usually pulled back behind the lines between firings, as the crew is very vulnerable to enemy attack while reloading, making the turnaround time even longer. Like many of the novelties coming out of Gell's workshop, it is effective as much for its terror potential as for its destructive capability.

Self-Impelled Cannon Carriage

- Cost: 103,500 shillings
- Complexity: 5
- Size: 20
- Hit Points: 20
- Speed: Low gear 8m per round, high gear 40m per round

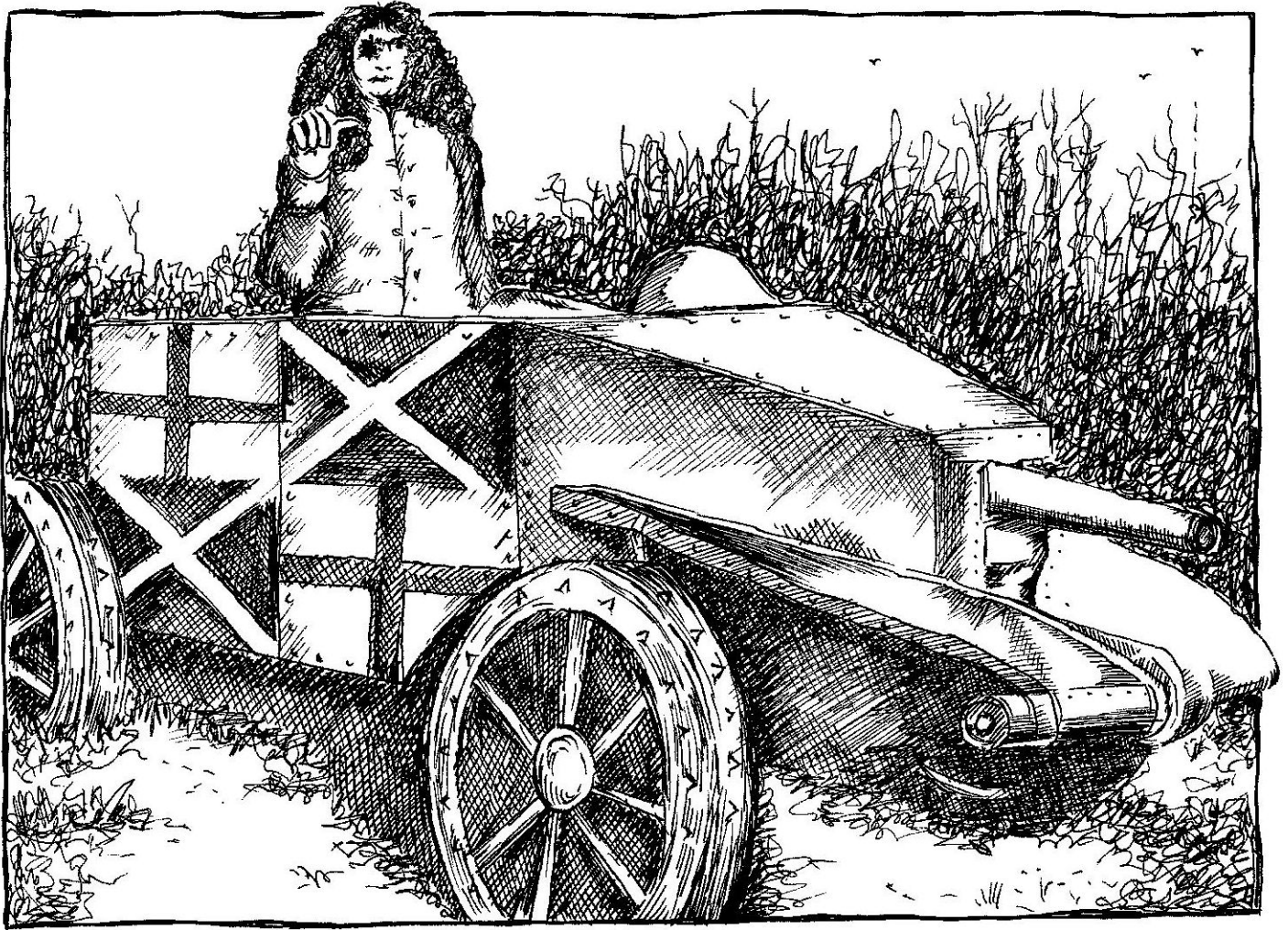
- Armour: 15
- Weapons: Heavy Arquebus, 4D6 damage

This machine is, so far, a unique vehicle, of which Sir John Gell has the only one. It is a Clockwork-powered, four-wheeled, open-topped horseless carriage with a single heavy arquebus mounted at the front. Despite having been designed as a weapon of war, it has been taken up by Gell as a status symbol, and he rides everywhere in it, even though he rarely leaves the Gun Quarter where everything is within walking distance. It could be argued that its uses in trench warfare would be limited, as it could not cross a trench and its wheels are not big enough to cope with thick mud, but the truth is that no more have been made because Gell doesn't want anyone else to have one.

Sycamore Grenade

- Cost: 1030 shillings
- Complexity: 1
- Size: 1
- Hit Points: 6
- Speed: Depends on wind speed
- Armour: 6
- Weapons: 3D6 damage

This latest device from the Gun Quarter is something of a double-edged sword as far as the troops on the ground are concerned. It is a grenade with a small clockwork mechanism on top, above which is a propeller which resembles the twin seeds of a sycamore tree. Wound up by hand, it is released into the air – it flies upwards to a distance of 20 metres, then drifts down in the manner of a sycamore seed, exploding on contact with the first thing it touches. The problem with this, of course, is it will only head toward the enemy lines with a wind behind it, and a sudden lull in the wind, or a change of direction, can have devastating effects on the person who launched it. Commanders are currently experimenting with combining the Sycamore Grenade with the Flabellum described on p.91 to make sure grenades have a breeze behind them, but they are no match for an Elemental Wind spell,



and it seems likely to be one device which will not catch on in the long run.

Travelling Petard

- Cost: 16,050 shillings
- Complexity: 2
- Size: 8
- Hit Points: 10
- Speed: 8m
- Armour: 0
- Weapons: Damage as Petard (see p.95)

A small trolley, about a metre long by half a metre wide, with wide spiked wheels, it carries a large explosive charge across the battlefield to the enemy trenches. It includes a simple device which detects the angle at which the Travelling Petard is resting. If the angle tips beyond 85 degrees, a steel ball

rolls along a track, setting off a trigger which strikes a flint and ignites the gunpowder charge. This means the Travelling Petard will (hopefully) carry on going until it gets to an enemy trench, then fall in, setting off the explosives. However, Royalist soldiers have realised that a simple wooden board a few inches high will prevent the Travelling Petard from exploding and allow the device to be disarmed (when enemy fire is at a minimum!). Parliamentarians are beginning to realise that the Travelling Petard has become a device for delivering supplies of valuable gunpowder to the enemy, and has begun development of the Clockwork Grenadier (see above).

A Travelling Petard can travel up to 300m in a straight line before exploding. A Mechanisms roll is needed to set the device going – on a failed roll, it will set off, but fail to reach its target due to hitting an unexpected obstacle, falling in

a hole, etc. There is a 10% chance that the petard will fail to explode when it reaches its target.

The Seagull

- Unknown
- Complexity: 5
- Size: 32
- Hit Points: 30
- Speed: 140 kph
- Armour: 6
- Weapons: none

The *Seagull* is a flying ship, built to designs stolen from the Cambridge workshops of John Wilkins. In design, it resembles a small pinnace, with a single mast and sail and clinker-built wooden hull. The biggest difference which will be noted is in the massive articulated wings which extend on either side of the

ship; made on a light framework of wood, with “sinews” of rope and complex gears within, they are covered over with canvas onto which thousands of swan feathers have been sewn.

The wings are, of course, powered by Clockwork. However, on a long voyage, such as the trip to the Moon for which Wilkins designed the ship, there would be no sensible way to rewind the Clockwork powering the wings, were it not for Wilkins’ other invention – the Deflagration Engine. This massive engine (3 x 2 x 2 m) works by feeding carefully measured quantities of gunpowder into cylinders which, when ignited by flints, drive a camshaft which in turn rewinds the Clockwork mechanism. The Deflagration Engine is very noisy, and produces vast quantities of noxious smoke, and is – it goes without saying – incredibly dangerous in the hands of an untrained operator! But, if fired up for an hour, once a day, it can keep the *Seagull’s* Clockwork engine wound up for a whole day’s travel, allowing it to stay aloft for weeks if necessary.

The top speed on the *Seagull* in sustained flight is 140 kph, though it is obviously slower on short flights.

The *Seagull* is basically an 18m long, single-masted pinnace adapted to flight. Much of the internal space is taken up with the Deflagration Engine and the Clockwork Engine, and any remaining cargo space is taken up with the gunpowder used for fuel and space for food and water for several months (Wilkins has estimated that it will take approximately four months to get to the Moon). There is a cramped cabin for the captain, and the other seven crew must sling their hammocks in the Engine Room, next to the constant clanking of the Clockwork Engine which powers the wings.

The ship is attached to a cradle with wheels on so that it can be launched from land, though this could be removed (an hour’s work) for use at sea – with its wings folded, it is a perfectly sea-worthy sail-powered vessel, although it does tend to lie rather low in the water, and would probably not cope well with heavy seas.

The *Seagull* has no weapons, though there are plenty of casks of gunpowder aboard, which, with fuses attached and lit, could be dropped on enemy forces – which is what Gell intends to use the ship for.

Alchemical Warfare

The following does not include any new spells, but shows the way in which standard Alchemy spells have been utilised by Wagstaffe’s Battle Alchemists:

- **Sylphs:** Air Elementals have been used to fly over enemy lines and drop harmful potion jacks on Parliamentary forces. These have been counteracted by powerful Anti-Air Elemental Flabellae (see p.91).
- **Befuddle** and **Demoralise** Potions have been dropped into enemy trenches just before a Royalist attack, to “soften up” Parliamentary troops.
- **Create Miasma (Disease)** has been used extensively to create clouds of disease over enemy trenches; the most notorious of these is, of course, Wandering Sickness (see p.90).
- Wagstaffe has a special unit called the Dragon Dragoons, who have been specially trained to use **Dragon’s Breath** Potions from horseback. They are, in effect, a “flamethrower” unit, drinking Potions and breathing plumes of fire at enemy forces, causing as much consternation and panic as injury. Of course, someone occasionally fumbles and set’s fire to his horse’s head, but that’s the nature of warfare!
- **Gnomes:** Earth Elementals are sometimes created behind Royalist lines and tasked with throwing explosive grenades or heavy stones into Parliamentary positions, as a sort of humanoid trebuchet.
- It is standard practice on the Royalist side for Sergeants to have **Golden Tongue** cast upon them before they go “over the top”, thus increasing their ability to persuade

the sensibly cautious to do something recklessly dangerous.

- Powerful **Light** spells are often cast on musket balls which are then fired up into the air to illuminate the battlefield at night.
- Forward scouts and spotters often carry **Mindspeech** potions, which they can drink in order to be able to send back information to central command; this communication is, of course, one-way, but allows commanders behind the lines to obtain a picture of the current battlefield situation.

Other Equipment

This equipment is neither Alchemical or Clockwork, but is extensively used in the war in the Debatable Lands.

Beak Mask



These peculiar masks, which resemble nothing so much as the head of a bird, are based on masks worn by Physicians treating plague. There are two types; those created by the Royalists, and the simpler and less effective versions employed by Parliamentary forces. Both provide protection against the disease miasmas created by Alchemists, though the Royalist version contains a magickal preparation within the beak which helps dispel miasmas.

Royalist Beak Mask: provides +40% bonus to Resilience rolls made to resist inhaled disease miasmas.

Parliamentarian Beak Mask: provides +20% bonus to Resilience rolls made to resist inhaled disease miasmas.

Petard

A Petard is essentially an explosive charge which can be attached to a target (often locked doors etc.) and then exploded. A petard consists of a wooden backplate, a metal container with a hole for a fuse and a few pounds of gunpowder. The petardier's assistant is expected to run through the enemy's fire (which is often horrendous) and attach the thing (by screwing in a hook to the surface to be blown, then suspending the petard), light a fuse (with a slow match lit at both ends), and, if still alive, retire to a safe distance. The petardier himself is not expected to make the dash; as a gunpowder expert, he is far too valuable. Any would-be petard setter should note that it is better to run back to one's own lines in a zig-zag – the metal container tends to fly toward the defenders' lines as the gunpowder (hopefully) takes its toll in the opposite direction.

Rules: The fuse of a petard takes 1D3+3 Combat Actions to burn through (secret Games Master roll). Anything to which the petard is attached will take 8D8 damage. The canister shoots out of the back with a range of 5m; anyone within range must make a successful Evade roll (+20% if the player has already stated his intention to zig-zag). Anyone hit by the canister takes 2D6 damage to a single random location. If the petard was not successfully attached, anyone and anything within 10m takes 3D6 damage to all hit locations.

NPCs

The following statistics use the general hit points rules from *RuneQuest II* p.96. *Games Masters wanting all NPCs to have individual hit locations can calculate them in the usual way using the table in RuneQuest II, p.10.*

Cavalry

This profile covers **Parliamentarian Dragoons**, **Royalist Scouts**; and **Heavy**

Cavalry, Cuirassiers and **Harquebusiers** for either side.

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 10
POW 10 DEX 11 CHA 10

SR 11 CA 2 DM 0

Hit Points 11

Skills for all: Evade 40%, Mortuary Sword 40% (1D8), Persistence 50%, Resilience 55%, Ride 60%, Unarmed 50% (1D3)

Skills for Dragoons and Scouts: Carbine 50% (2D6+1)

Skills for Heavy Cavalry and Harquebusiers: Sword and Pistol 55% (1D8/1D6+2)

Armour for Dragoons: Breastplate and Lobsterpot Helmet. 6AP to Head and Chest, -3 to SR

Armour for Scouts: Breastplate. 6AP to Chest, -2 to SR

Armour for Heavy Cavalry and Harquebusiers: Breastplate, Lobsterpot Helmet and Leather Coat; 6 AP to Head and Chest; 1 AP to Arms and Abdomen, -3 to SR

Armour for Cuirassiers: Full Plate. 6AP all locations, -9 to SR

Infantry

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 9
POW 11 DEX 12 CHA 11

SR 11 CA 2 DM 0

Hit Points: 11

Skills: Evade 50%, Flintlock Musket 60% (1D8+1), Persistence 44%, Pike* 56% (1D8+1+1D2) Resilience 55%, Sword (Short Sword) 56% (1D6+1D2), Ride 64%

* Note that pikes will only be carried by troops in battle, not for everyday patrol!

Armour is very variable, as there aren't always official uniforms and soldiers sometimes use what they can get their hands on. For instance, all wear hats or

caps, but not all are armoured. For ease, here are three different selections.

Armour Set 1: Leather coat; 1 AP to Abdomen, Chest, Arms: -1 to SR

Armour Set 2: Leather Coat, Leather Trousers, Lobsterpot Helm; 1 AP to Legs, Abdomen, Chest, Arms; 6 AP to head: -3 to SR

Armour Set 3: Leather Coat, Breast-and Back Plates, Lobsterpot Helm; 1 AP to Arms, Abdomen; 6 AP to Chest, Head: -3 SR

Ruins-Dwellers

STR 9 CON 7 SIZ 10 INT 9
POW 9 DEX 10 CHA 6

SR 10 CA 2 DM -1D2

Hit Points: 9

Dagger 40% (1D4-1D2), Evade 39%, Perception 55%, Persistence 48%, Resilience 39%, Survival 56%, Unarmed 45% (1D3-1D2)

Iron Horse Gang Member

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 10
POW 10 DEX 11 CHA 10

SR 11 CA 2 DM 0

Hit Points: 11

Drive 65%, Evade 36%, Perception 55%, Persistence 38%, Resilience 29%, Sword 50% (1D8) Survival 56%, Unarmed 25% (1D3)

Club Gang Member

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 9
POW 9 DEX 11 CHA 7

SR 10 CA 2 DM +1D2

Hit Points: 12

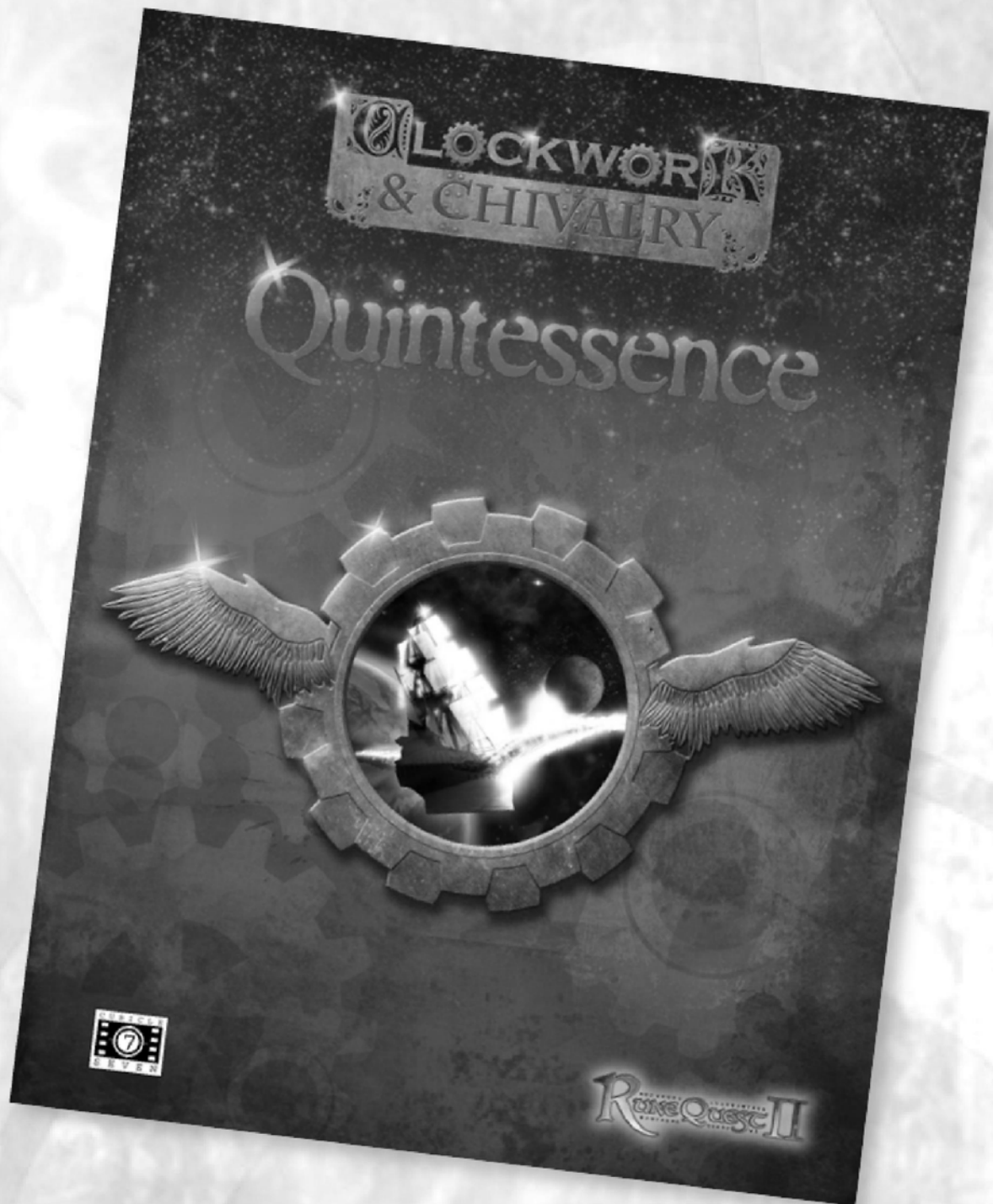
Club (1D6+1D2) Dagger 35% (1D4+1D2), Evade 46%, Perception 55%, (1D6+1+1D2) Persistence 38%, Resilience 56%, Survival 56%, Unarmed 45% (1D3+1D2)99

*Volume IV of the epic
Kingdom &
Commonwealth
Campaign*

It's the talk of the town in the London coffee houses – how everyone's buying shares in the Company of Gentleman Adventurers Trading into the Moon! In the London docks a ship is being built, designed by Clockwork genius John Wilkins, a ship that can fly. It will be the first vessel ever to leave the shores of Earth and venture to another world – whatever it brings back, the profits are sure to be enormous.

When the *Enterprise* flaps its mighty wings and ascends into the empyrean, it seems like a perfect example of the superiority of Parliamentarian Clockwork over their Royalist rivals' Alchemy. Only the Adventurers, their mission aboard the moon-ship a secret at the highest levels, know that they will not be the first to visit the Moon – their nemesis is ahead of them, and up to no good as usual.

As the party face ship-board skullduggery, meet wonders between the worlds and face first contact with an ancient civilisation, the race is on to find the secret of the fifth element – Quintessence.



Requires the *Clockwork & Chivalry Worldbook* and the *RuneQuest II Core Rulebook*, available from Mongoose Publishing.

Quintessence

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