

-Bartuk-

Where Ogres Dare



A scenario for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

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"Trouble, trouble, I try to chase trouble but it's chasing me, trouble, trouble, trouble with a capital T"

- Horslips, *Trouble (With a Capital T)*

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- Introduction -

Ogres breed trouble. When said Ogres turn to hedge wizardry, without the slightest idea of the consequences, you've got a recipe for disaster. Such recipes, however, double well for WFRP scenarios. So, meet Bartuk Caballa, an Ogre quite unlike the vast majority of his kin. Instinctively talented in the arts of sorcery, hopelessly naïve and ignorant of the workings of human society, though blessedly friendly of nature. His only wish is to be accepted into the Colleges of Magic in Altdorf, and pursues this quest with a determination only the complete ignorance of its folly could warrant. In **Bartuk: Where Ogres Dare** the unfortunate PCs encounter the friendly, sorcerous brute and will soon find themselves a travelling companion richer. All is not bliss though, as the Ogre has an uncanny talent for stirring up trouble. Through the course of the scenario, the PCs will have to fight off an angry troll, avoid fighting an even angrier innkeep, raid a Goblin tribe of its newly acquired treasure, and avoid the fiery end of a witch hunter's pyre. It is a short and simple scenario, emphasising roleplaying, in-character interactions and action, rather than an intricate plot. Due to the ease of its appliance, it is well suited as an intermediate adventure in a greater campaign. Details on locations are deliberately vague as to allow the GM to set it in any part of the Empire, as suits his needs. The scenario was written with characters ending their first careers in mind, though challenges are easily adjustable to fit the PCs' level of experience. No supplements are needed to run it; all necessary information is provided in this document. There are only two requirements for the scenario to be run: The PCs must be rather open-minded towards magic, especially illicit practicing of the art, and they must be travelling in the general direction of Altdorf. If these two criteria are met, the group is perfectly suited for **Bartuk: Where Ogres Dare**.

Alternate Outcomes

Throughout this document you will find a number of these boxed pieces of advice, regarding the possible outcomes of each chapter. The **Bartuk** scenario is arranged and described as a linear chain of events, focusing on what will happen if the PCs comply with the Ogre's wishes, but this chain can easily be broken, only to be rejoined at a later stage. The *Alternate Outcomes* sections attempt to predict the possible courses of actions of the PCs, and how it affects the scenario. Do not feel obliged to compel the PCs into any one path, but keep these helpful guidelines in mind should they decide to veer off the predicted road.

A Note on Tone

There are no hideous mutants, nor vile flesh-eating Beastmen to be found in **Bartuk: Where Ogres Dare**. Rather, it focuses on fantasy stock creatures such as Trolls and Goblins, though attempts to use these in creative ways. The scenario is a slight departure from the general madness and despair of a typical WFRP adventure. It is meant to be candid and humorous, though hardly light-hearted. In truth there is plenty of misery to be found in the scenario, but it is depicted using black humour and irony rather than the desolation of cold clarity. The Bartuk character in itself is actually quite tragic, being of a better heart than most in The Old World, but doomed to be hunted, hated and feared. The cruel irony of his good intentions ever turning to calamity is a major focus, and very much in key with the disheartening Warhammer universe.

- The Ogre Witch -

The trick of realising the scenario's potential is all in roleplaying the eponymous NPC. As much an enigma to the outside world as the world is to him, there seems no apparent explanation for his sorcerous powers, nor his personality, which only in his considerable appetite seems to reveal him an Ogre. Most of the time he seems akin to an overgrown child, with no real aptitude for anything save the instinctual magic he openly practices, oblivious to the dangers of Chaos manifestations and witch hunters alike. Somehow he has heard tell of the Colleges of Magic in Altdorf (a place he continuously refers to as "The Old Town"), and has made it his goal to seek it out in the hopes of receiving formal training. Swaying him from this sorcerous career path is impossible; he will stubbornly ignore any suggestions of it being a fool's quest, insisting that wizards are wise, and will therefore realise his potential. In this, and only this, is Bartuk's mind made up. On all other fronts he is at a loss – and here do the PCs have a crucial influence on him: His unbelievably naïve nature leaves him completely open to the characters, and how they choose to deal with him will have a significant effect on his future development. Morally conscious characters would want to teach and guide him, for the good of himself and everyone, while the more devious could find in him an easily manipulated tool (a tool that throws fireballs, not unlike a living piece of artillery). Academically inclined characters might even find an interest simply in his *being*. No matter how the PCs view Bartuk he makes a stout friend and ally if treated with kindness, no matter if it be genuine or faked.

Travelling with the Ogre is not exactly easy though. Trouble seems drawn to him like Halflings to a pie, his non-understanding of human society, himself, or anyone and anything else around him leaves him on a permanent collision course with civilisation, and most

characters would soon find him a burden. The emphasis is on making the *characters* find him a burden, and not the players. Interactions with Bartuk should be entertaining rather than exasperating, and an excellent opportunity for players to roleplay their characters to the fullest.

In countless ways, Bartuk is an enigma. He is as poor on personal information as he is on *Karls*. Where he came from, how old he is, where he heard of the Colleges of Magic - none are questions for which he owns a worthwhile answer. His name truly is his only identity. Of his magical talents, he knows little more. They are thoroughly instinctual, as the Ogre has never received any training, but how he came to possess them in the first place is unknown. The most obvious explanation would be a Chaos mutation, though he shows no outward sign of corruption. The theory is supported by the fact that Bartuk hauls around a large chunk of raw Warpstone, stored inside an old rusty cooking pot. How he came upon this is also unknown, but he's been carrying it around long enough to forget that it is even there. The actual truth of Bartuk's powers is up to the individual GM to decide. Or not – as the PCs will probably never find out for themselves, the matter can simply be considered an enigma, and be left at that.

Appearance

Bartuk stands near nine feet tall, and is almost six feet wide, and as such, is an intimidating sight. Except that he wears his goodness on the outside, plain to see – a seemingly permanent smile dominates his features, and the eyes that hide beneath his heavy brow are kind. An all-too-small hat is squeezed down over his head, and what at first appears to be brittle yellow hair turns out to be straw, for reasons unknown tugged under the hat, without which Bartuk is quite bald.

- Bartuk - Where Ogres Dare

The Ogre in Rules

Bartuk Caballa

Race: Ogre

Career: Witch* (ex-Hedge Wizard)

**This career is detailed in Realms of Sorcery*

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28%	26%	44%	58%	33%	27%	48%	45%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	26	4	5	6	2	2	1

Skills: Animal Care, Charm, Channelling, Charm Animal, Common Knowledge (Ogres), Consume Alcohol, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel, Grumbarth)

Talents: Disarm, Fearless, Frightening, Hedge Magic, Petty Magic (Hedge), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Witchcraft (*Fire Ball*)

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: None

Trappings: Sack containing instances of all equipment of an Encumbrance of 10 or less and a value of 10 *gc* or less; a chunk of raw Warpstone

Unrefined Warpstone: Raw Warpstone is dangerous. A Character who touches unrefined Warpstone with naked flesh must succeed on a Toughness Test or lose 3 Wounds, of which 1 never heals. Also, the Character must succeed on a Hard (-20%) Toughness Test or gain a mutation.

Warlock Engineers, Master Moulders, and other villains in the Skaven society treasure lodes of Unrefined Warpstone since they use it to create the most abominable creations, ranging from Warfire Cannons to Rat Ogres. Casting spells within 6 yards (3 squares) of unrefined Warpstone gives a +6 bonus to Casting Rolls;

however, casters must also throw an additional die called a Chaos Die. Do not apply this die towards the spell's Casting Number. Instead, it is used simply to increase the chances of Tzeentch's Curse. And, even worse, if the spell caster does roll doubles, he also gains a side effect as if he had used *Dhar*.

New Talent: Witchcraft

Description: You have managed to survive the perils of hedge wizardry and teach yourself more powerful techniques of magic use. This gives you access to spells beyond Petty Magic but since you must figure out each spell on your own, your progress is slower than that of a Magister. Witchcraft allows you to learn any spell from an Arcane Lore with a Casting Number of 15 or less, but you must pay 200 xp for each one. You can cast these spells without having the Speak Arcane Language skill. However, you must roll an extra d10 when casting one of these spells. This does not add into your Casting Roll but does count for the purposes of Tzeentch's Curse. Once you learn an Arcane Language and an Arcane Lore, you no longer have to roll the extra die.

Bartuk's Magic

The Ogre's repertoire of spells is limited to those of Petty Hedge Magic, and the one he has learned through the Witchcraft talent – the Lore of Fire spell *Fire Ball*. This spell serves as his sole offensive means (as it would not occur to him to simply whack someone on top of the head with an oversized fist...). As Bartuk knows nothing of restraint he will always use both his available Magic Dice when casting a spell. Taking into consideration the rules for Hedge Magic and Witchcraft, as well as the Warpstone he carries around, the number of dice rolled for the purpose of Tzeentch's Curse totals a whooping four. Bartuk is indeed a dangerous fellow to be near.

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- The Case for an Ogre -

First thing's first: Bartuk needs to be introduced to the PCs. The opening scene of the scenario takes place while the PCs are journeying towards Altdorf. A farmer comes running up the road towards the group, frantically shouting for assistance.

"Help! Help! You, you must help us! We're under attack! We're under attack! Ogres! We're under attack by Ogres! You must save us!"

Obviously distressed, the man is unable to convey much more than his initial plea. A short way up the road is located the village supposedly under assault. Approaching it, however, the PCs will notice naught but a single living creature. It's an Ogre alright, but it doesn't look particularly aggressive. Awkwardly bent over and shading its eyes with a ham-sized fist, it appears as if scouring the centrally located inn for life through the murky windows. The moment he notices the PCs he lets out a roar of relief.

"Ah! I thought I'd walked into some sort-a ghost-town. Where'd ev'ybody go?"

Unless the PCs are especially daft they should soon comprehend that he has no hostile intent. Should they show aggression for some other reason – they might simply not like Ogres – he will actually try to reason to a calm. Most un-Ogreish. He will explain in oblivious fashion that he approached the village for a good meal (slapping his gut in anticipation) and a keg of ale, but he hasn't seen a soul since entering the place. If the PCs suggest that the villagers may be hiding from him because they're afraid, he will be sincerely surprised. He doesn't understand why they would be afraid of him. In fact, he doesn't really understand the concept "fear" at all.

If the PCs choose to reason with the frightened villagers, they may be able to persuade them that he means no harm, and really is just looking for food and drink. If thus persuaded, the villagers will also be willing to sell the desired articles, though the PCs will have to pay out of their own pockets, as Bartuk owns no gold. If the PCs do share a meal with the Ogre, he will be appreciative, though the PCs might not when they discover the extent of his appetite. He *is* an Ogre after all. Asked for his name he will introduce himself as "*Bartuk Caballa, Ogre*". He also explains where he is travelling.

"I'm on me way to da Old Town. You wuldn't happen to know da way, wud you? I'm goin' dere to da school, da one where dey teaches wizards. I'm a wizard you see."

That should provoke some surprised stares. However, if asked to demonstrate his powers he will toss a fireball at a nearby tree, causing it to instantly burst into flame. That ought to settle the debate.

The result of this first encounter will be that Bartuk decides to join with the PCs. Whether they will it or not is irrelevant, he's made up his mind, and will brush any alternate suggestions off as nonsense. And besides, you just don't say no to an Ogre that throws fire.

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- On the Road -

Bartuk is a friendly soul, and travelling with him is not unpleasant. He will mostly just trot along humming to himself in a deep bass voice, though if spoken to, he will gladly keep conversation. The description found on page 4 should provide a sound base for what a conversation with him might be like, but feel free to be creative. Remember, though, that first and foremost a conversation with Bartuk should be *fun*.

Excepting perhaps his appetite, there are few inconveniences involved in his companionship. Even if the PCs are mounted, he will easily keep pace and without complaint. He's also handy when it comes to lighting a fire, although it tends to scatter with the blasts. If you feel like adding to the fun, let him catch something on fire that he ought not to. It'll also serve to underline his lack of control over his powers.

After a few days or travel – you can adjust it to the fit the locale – the following events take place. First, it starts to rain, though light still enough to get you drenched. Except Bartuk doesn't seem to get wet. The rain appears to simply evaporate as it touches him. Obviously, he's under the effects of the nifty *Protection From Rain* spell, found in the lore of Petty Hedge Magic. His casting of the spell is completely instinctual; he won't even have realised he's done it unless it's pointed out to him. If it is, he'll simply give a massive shrug and otherwise find it amusing.

Not long after, the rain still falling, two armoured riders will pass them on the road. With good reason, they make big eyes at the awkward ensemble, the odd water-shying Ogre in particular. Characters are allowed a Perception Test to notice that their horses do not bear proper saddle and harness, and do not appear suitable riding horses. If hailed, they will explain that

they are simple sellswords seeking employment. Depending on where in the Empire you choose to set the scenario, you should pick a logical destination for them – probably a major town or city. Unless the PCs should make it otherwise, the encounter is brief and not particularly noteworthy. The mercenaries continue on their way, and the PCs on theirs.

Approximately two hours later the PCs come upon a distressing scene. A coach stands in the middle of the road, robbed of its horses and all its values. Everything else lies scattered in the mud of the road, mostly (formerly) fine clothes. While the PCs won't notice him at first, the coach's owner has not gone far. They find him bound and gagged, tied firmly to a nearby tree. His mood is foul, and though he will appreciate a rescue, he does little to show it. His name is Felix Gotthart, and he is a merchant returning from a successful trading run to Altdorf, when he was most foully betrayed by his hired guards. They robbed him blind, stole two of his horses and drove the other two off.

"And they tied me! To... to this... tree! And gagged me! This is abhorrent! I pay them in finest gold and this is how they repay me? Abhorrent I say! You... you wouldn't have seen them, would you? But yes, yes! You came the same way, you must have seen them! Did they... uh, did they carry a large chest, per chance? N-no? What a... a shame. They must have hidden it... somewhere..."

And that's when he eyes Bartuk for the first time, a sight that promptly silences him. Afterwards he refuses to say anything else of any chest whatsoever. In fact, he makes a point of noting that he knows absolutely *nothing* of any chests.

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Gotthart is a pompous little weasel, who expects to be humbly served by anyone not of his 'high standing'. He underpaid his guards while continuously mouthing of his great earnings, and disloyalty was the price. He not so much asks, as commands the PCs to take him to safety. He distrusts the 'savage brute' that is Bartuk, and dare not try to recollect his lost gold with the Ogre around. He and his men passed through a small village not long past, and he'd rather return to that relative safety than stay on the road with the PCs. Inexplicably, the Ogre takes a strange liking to the man, and will actually obey his commands. Thus, even if the PCs do not wish to bring Gotthart along, Bartuk will.



While travelling with Bartuk is pleasant enough, travelling with Gotthart is not. He complains incessantly of the evil that has befallen him, the disloyalty of men, his lost profit, and his ruined clothes. He complains of the wet, of his ensuing cold, of his company, of the untidiness of his bushy blonde moustache. Of everything, basically.

Luckily, he won't last long.

"That ostentatious rascal Gotthart is lying through his teeth. We'll clobber 'im gud!" The PCs immediately eye a chance to get rich, and set after Gotthart's unfaithful guards. As Bartuk is fundamentally a nice fellow, he'll be against this course of action. However, a slick-talking character might convince him otherwise (*"We're just taking it back from the thieves, that isn't stealing"*, etc.)

If the PCs head straight back after the guards, bringing Gotthart along the way (he might prove useful, after all), simply run the *"Beware of Troll"* chapter as you otherwise would. Do not get tied up on geography – the Troll's lake is wherever you need it to be. If the PCs want to hunt the gold free of Gotthart they could either kill him or let him go. In either case, he might return at some later point for revenge, though it would prove less uncanny in the latter.

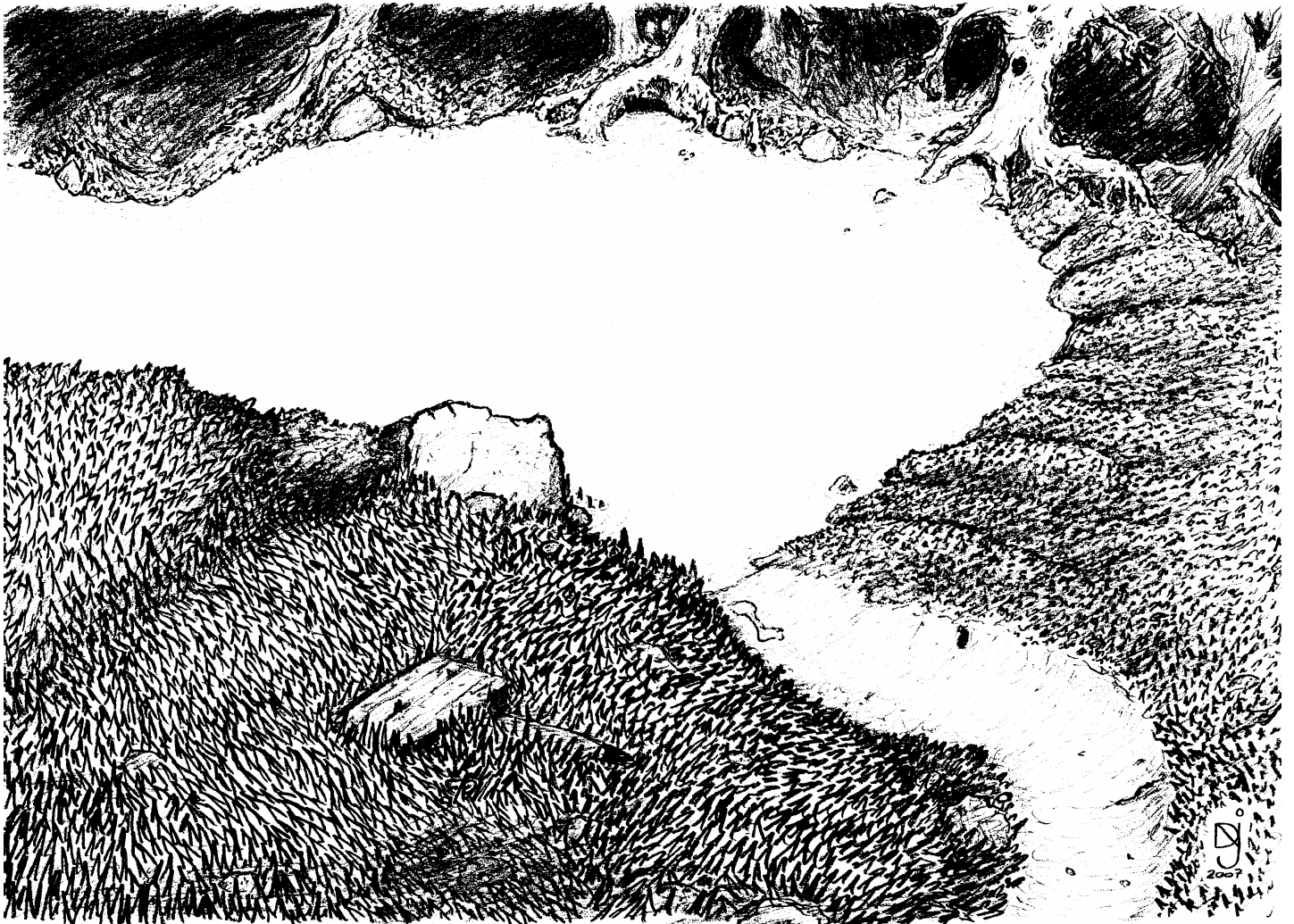
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- "Beware of Troll" -

At nightfall the same day, the odd assembly comes upon a small, stagnant lake, located just a little off the road. It's not a particularly pleasant site, but Gotthart (and thus the Ogre) like it well enough for a campsite. As the party collects wood for a fire, the following scene should be played out.

Gotthart refuses to partake in such dreary, manual labour, far beneath his station, and retires to the edge of the water. Bartuk, on the other hand, gladly lends a hand. At some point during the construction of the campfire, one of the PCs will notice an old wooden signpost tossed on the pyre. Bartuk's work – he found the wood lying in the grass. As he cares little for letters and their meanings, it didn't occur to

him that it might hold any importance. Any PC with the nifty Read/Write Skill (or Gotthart, should no one be so gifted) can immediately recognise it for a warning. It says, simply, "Beware of troll". Coinciding with the announcement of this warning, its subject reveals itself, to the fast dismay of Gotthart. A monstrous River Troll rises from the lake, and with a single decisive swing of its club ends the affected merchant's life. Heralded by the rolling of a very appropriate Fear Test, it comes for the remaining picnickers.



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A River Troll somewhat resembles the bottom of the river, if that riverbed is particularly coated in sediment, slime, rotting vegetation, fish carcasses, and various other smelly detritus whose precise nature and origin are too horrible to contemplate. In all probability the River Troll's stink is even worse than that of the riverbed, since one can add the Troll's personal miasma to the ill-omened mélange of odours emitted from the mucky smears of its skin.

- River Troll Statistics -							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36%	15%	51%	44%	22%	18%	27%	10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	29	5	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Intimidate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue), Swim +10%

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Special Rules:

- *Regeneration:* At the start of its turn each round, a Troll regenerates 1d10 Wounds. Wounds caused by fire cannot be regenerated. This ability ceases to function if the troll dies.
- *Stink Baaaad:* Due to the especially unpleasant stench of a River Troll, any opponents in melee combat have a -10% penalty to WS, unless they have no sense of smell or have some means of nullifying said sense.
- *Stoopid:* Trolls are quite stupid and they often forget what they are doing. Any time a Troll encounters something that might distract it, such as a fresh corpse to eat or a particularly ripe smell to investigate, it must make an Intelligence Test or stop whatever it was previously doing to engage with the new distraction (in the above examples, eat the corpse or investigate the smell). If the Troll is being attacked, it is far less likely to be distracted and the test becomes Easy (+20%).

"So... if he's dead, the gold is who's exactly?"
With Gotthart gone, it's finders-keepers for his lost chest of coin. It's not at all unlikely that some PCs would like to go on a little treasure hunt at this point. Bartuk, hardly understanding the value of gold, will think this a fool's errand (*"Let 'em keep der box o' gold, we'll find another one"*). However, he'll be easier convinced now that Gotthart's out of the picture.

- *Vomit:* A Troll can vomit on a melee opponent as a full action, spraying corrosive and ill-smelling digestive juices whose foulness defies description. The vomit attack hits automatically for Damage 5 and ignores all Armour Points. It may be dodged but not parried (for obvious reasons).

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Great Weapon

In fighting the Troll, Bartuk's help is crucial. His *Fire Balls* can greatly damage the beast, and the fiery assault negates its regenerative abilities, that otherwise makes it extremely difficult to kill.

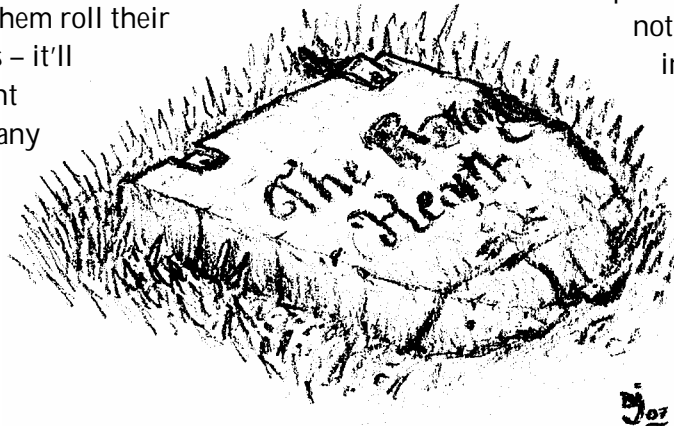
The point of this encounter is first and foremost for Gotthart to die. Morally conscious characters would have reservations going after his gold, stolen though it might be, while he is still alive to claim ownership. Having the Troll end his pompous existence is a fun way to avoid such an ethical conflict. The second, and lesser, point of the encounter is to place the PCs in a position of debt towards Bartuk – a Troll is a fearsome creature, they might not have survived without him.

- One Night at the Roaring Hearth -

The following evening the surviving members of the party make it to a small village (unless their initial course is broken, it is the same village that Gotthart and his men passed through). It's nothing more than a few humble dwellings and a coaching inn; a fine establishment by the name of *The Roaring Hearth*. A few weary travellers are welcomed, their coin even more so, and even the Ogre, once the innkeep's ensured that he's civilised. A few hardened mercenaries that happen to be staying at the inn have fought alongside Ogres before, and will back up the PCs.

"Ogres are all a-right, just as long they got a mug full o' ale and a bowl full o' meats. And they're not picky either; having an Ogre in is a fine excuse to get rid of a worn-out workhorse."

The Hearth's owner and proprietor is one Hans Rohrenglück, a stout man in his forties, whose red face is framed by a pair of thick brown side-whiskers. He'll happily dish up with food and drink aplenty, just as long as the pay's forthcoming. He'll be glad to hear of their dispatching the Troll – it's been a local scourge for years. The inn's got a good crowd that night, and the atmosphere is fine – all the finer as the night progresses, and mugs are drained. The sell-swords and Bartuk get along well, and the former soon start paying the latter's watering. If the PCs partake in the drinking, make sure you don't forget to let them roll their Consume Alcohol Tests – it'll actually prove important later on! (And besides, any player that does not cherish the prospect of using this, the most-overlooked of Skills, is no true WFRP fan!)



"We've got the gold! We're rich! Time to celebrate!" The PCs have already collected Gotthart's lost chest of coin, and have only now reached The Roaring Hearth. In this case, Joseph Schwartz and his henchman are already at the inn, minding their own business, but suspiciously eyeing the Ogre. They won't act, however, until their suspicion is confirmed, as it inevitably (and amply) will. See Page 18 for more details.

No matter whether the PCs are still drinking, passed out, or have called it a night and retired upstairs, disaster ultimately strikes. As the drink gets to his head, Bartuk eventually blurts out the fact that he is a wizard. His new best friends are sceptical, however, and he is required to prove the claim. Not a good idea. His demonstration turns towards the inn's smouldering fire, currently not doing its name justice, and to correcting the inconsistency. A bright flash of fire flies from the Ogre's hands, amply re-lighting the fires and sending red-hot coals flying across the room. Some of these slide calamitously over the floorboards to nestle in fagots arranged for later consumption, and the resulting conflagration has the establishment in flames before anyone has a chance to burp.

For the sake of storytelling, the flames cannot be put out. By all means let the PCs try, just as long as they don't succeed. However, unless the characters spent the evening drinking nothing but water and keeping a keen eye on Bartuk, they are in no fit state to extinguish the rapidly developing fire. Either they're asleep, horrifically awakened by shouts of *"Fire! Fire!"* with the stench of smoke in their nostrils,

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or they're blitzed out of their minds. In either case, you might deem the situation so disturbing as to warrant an Insanity Point, though a Will Power Test should be allowed to avoid this. The point is, however, that The Roaring Hearth is consumed in a roaring fire of its own, and there are several witnesses to attest that Bartuk is to blame.

Hans Rohrenglück is not particularly pleased with the situation. In fact, he is all but ready to assault the Ogre with his bare hands. The inn's all he had, and now it's gone, leaving him nothing. He considers the PCs guilty by association, and demands them to compensate for the damages done. Failing that, he will report them all to the authorities. Clever PCs will recognize that there are plenty of charges of which they are guilty, among which arson is the least – they are publicly trafficking with a witch, a crime made no less by the Ogedom of said witch. To avoid spending the rest of their days as outlaws, they should want to pay Rohrenglück off. However, an entire coaching inn with all its associated furnishings does not exactly come cheap. The price should easily be beyond what the PCs can hope to pay by themselves.

At this point, hopefully one of the PCs will remember Felix Gotthart and his stolen earnings. If they could collect this hidden cache of gold, it might serve to compensate for the inn. Rohrenglück will take some convincing of course, but since they can't pay right away, preventing them from leaving serves no purpose. He will give them a week, but no more. If they're not back at that point, he will alert the proper authorities of their threat.

"Taal's teeth! Let's get out of here, quick!" The PCs are unable to pay off the innkeep, and would rather run than attempt to settle the dispute. Bartuk will, once his head has cleared up, be against this. He may be daft, but not so much that he can't figure there is a problem, and he'd much rather deal with it than flee. Should the PCs be adamant, they may end up going their separate ways. If this should happen, Joseph Schwartz and his henchmen will track the PCs, and come upon them at a later time. They may not be practicing the art themselves, but their past dealings with the Ogre make them a threat all the same. This potential ending to the scenario is very much an anticlimax, and should be avoided.

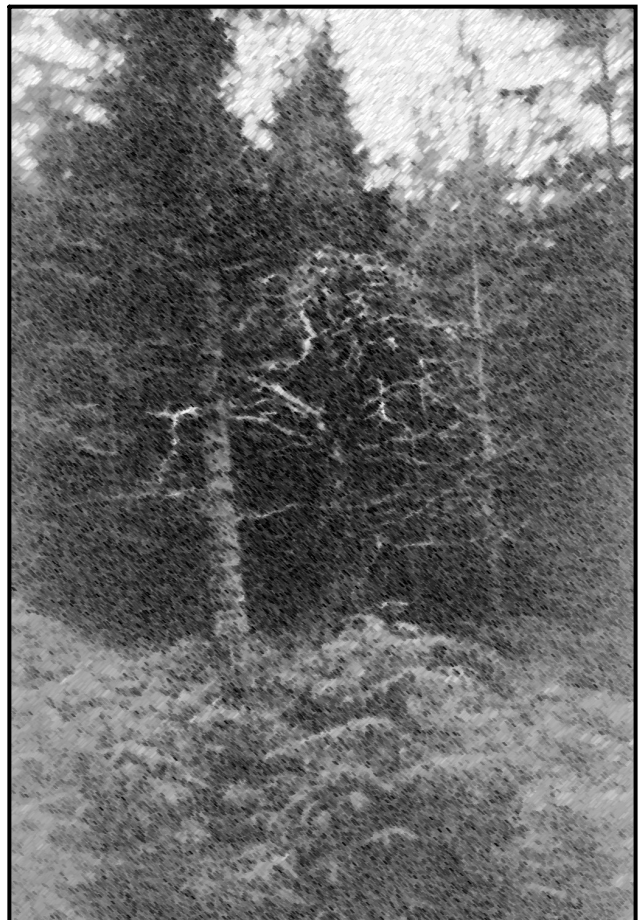
- Tracking the Gold -

Sooner or later, the PCs should decide to hunt down Felix Gotthart's men. The PCs know they stole a presumably large sum of gold from Gotthart, and it doesn't require a genius to figure they must have hidden it somewhere. But to find where that is, they have to find the guardsmen first. They know the general direction in which they travelled, so there's not much to do but head the same way.

Finding them is not hard, however. Neither of them possesses great intellects, and they've been drinking up the coin they did keep on their persons from the robbery. Ironically, they're now rooted down in the very same inn outside of which the PCs first met Bartuk. They won't recognise the PCs themselves, though the Ogre is hard to forget. They're both well in their cups and will fight if provoked... except if Bartuk is present, in which case they're easily coerced (you might also allow for a Hard (-20%) Intimidate Test to grant the same result). If a fight breaks out, use the generic statistics for Sell-Swords found in the WFRP core rulebook on page 235.

Whether by violence or by threat of the same, the PCs can find that the two of them hid the chest in a small cave they found in a roadside hill. It was not a long way off the road, though well-hidden behind rocks and vegetation. An unusually twisted old tree marks the point where they left the road; if the PCs do the same they should be able to find it well enough. While the guards are telling the truth, they might want to bring them along all the same – just in case.

"Those two are long gone; we'll just have to find it ourselves!" Not an unreasonable conclusion to reach, though in this case erroneous. Finding the gold unassisted is definitely harder, though not impossible – after all, they *do* know that it must be hidden somewhere between where they first encountered the robbers and where they did their robbing. However, that's still a large area to search when they hardly know what they're looking for. Let the PCs roll a Challenging (-10%) Search Test for each day of their search; only once someone passes it do they find the cave.



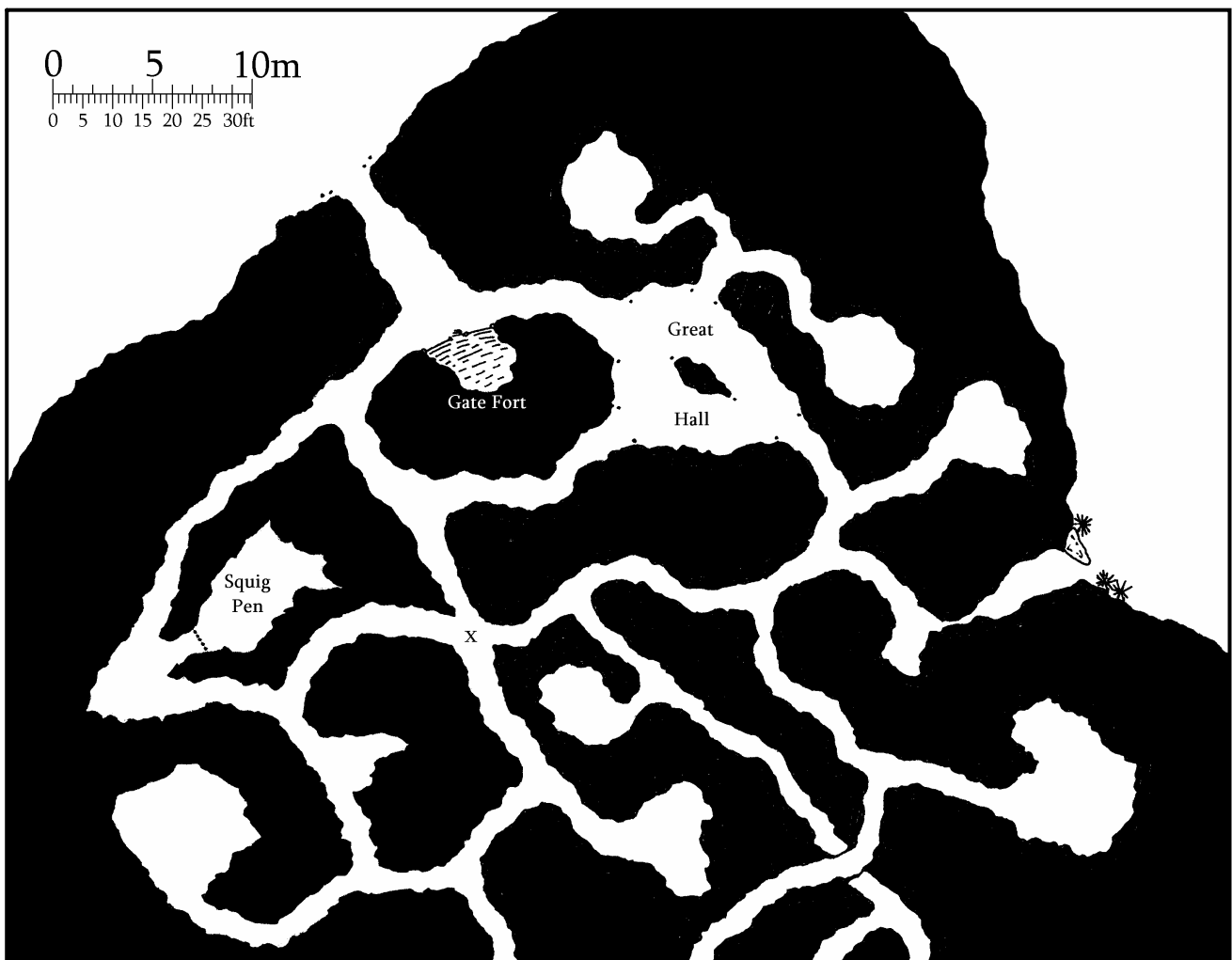
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- The Cave, the Gold and the Gobbos -

Whether from description, by guide or by luck, the PCs should at some point find the cave in which Felix Gotthart's two guards stashed his gold. The mouth is partly hidden by a large rock protruding from the hillside, and from the extensive growth of greenery framing it. It is thus no wonder that it was chosen as a hiding place to begin with. However, an ideal spot it was not, as the party find upon inspecting it. The chest *was* there, as evidenced by a few silver shillings found in the dirt of the floor, but is no longer present. If the PCs decided to bring the guards, they will be baffled at its disappearance, but hold no clue as to its current whereabouts. It doesn't take a particularly thorough search, however, to find that the cave is deeper than it seems. A small hole, only two feet across,

can be located at the back of the immediate cavern, and a successful Perception Test is all it takes to confirm that some kind of square object has been edged through.

As it turns out, there is more to the cave than meets the eye – in a cruel twist of fate the ignorant guards-turned-robbers landed their prize right on the doorstep of a Night Goblin tribe. Or, to be exact, right in the back entrance to the system of caverns the tribe inhabits. The passage is rarely used by the Goblins, partly due to its limiting dimensions, and partly due to them seldom leaving their caverns at all. Consequently, the chest has been allowed a good long rest there, before being found by some of the Goblins. For the sake of good storytelling, it has



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been found only just before the PCs arrived, no matter how long it took them to find the cave in the first place. This is not particularly realistic, but a necessary measure taken to ensure that the gold doesn't slip too far out of reach.

The meagre tunnel connecting the guards' cave to the caverns at large is a tight fit even for a Goblin. A Halfling can squeeze through on the same terms, and a Dwarf, though larger, should be so used to the underground environment as to not pay it much mind. A human or an Elf, however, will have to worm their way through on all fours, and bulky armour (i.e. plate) is impossible to bring. An Ogre can, no matter how hard he tries, *not* make the fit.

Once inside the main tunnels, all characters can walk upright. The mapped caverns (as shown above) are not the making of the Goblins and are spacious enough to allow unhampered movement. Where the tunnels veer off the map, they plunge downwards, assuming a more Goblin-sized capacity. Those are the caverns dug by the Goblins themselves, and attempting to record *that* bewildering mess serves no purpose. The point of the characters' entry is the much-disputed chest of coin and wandering off through uncharted tunnels seems somewhat irrational.

"Mh... Might be we should have a second look 'round the hill before we head in there." Your players are smart; good for them, bad for you. It doesn't take long to find the main entrance to the caverns, and the grisly trophies arranged outside it amply warns of the danger they present. However, a head-on assault might not necessarily prove wise. The Goblins will quickly be alerted to their presence, and fighting through the entire tribe is futile (as detailed on the right). Their only hope would be to quickly break through the Goblins, then grab the chest and flee, though they would have to locate it first. Truly wise PCs would still sneak in through the back, though now alert to the peril.

The passage of the gold is, luckily, not difficult to track. The chest is heavy, and the Goblins have found it easier to tow than lift, leaving unmistakable furrows in the dirt. The "X" upon the map marks the spot to where the Goblins have hauled the chest. Unless all the PCs (and any other characters they might have brought) use the Silent Move Skill, the Goblins automatically hear their approach. If they do attempt a silent approach, roll an Opposed Perception Skill Test for one of the Goblins against the highest (i.e. worst) scoring among the characters. Either way, if they are noticed, the Goblins quickly and quietly leave the prize and scurry off down one of the tunnels. As soon as the PCs approach the cross-section, they spring their ambush – there are only two of them, but the racket they make is enough to alert their tribe to the intruders.

Many more Goblins are quickly drawn to the scene, arriving from all available passages, quickly cutting the party off from retreat. Two rounds after a fight initially breaks out roll 1d10 and halve the score (rounding up) to determine the number of Goblins to appear that round. The unmodified score of the die is the number of rounds until you should roll again, and thus have more Goblins arrive. You want the PCs to feel desperate, which is exactly what they should be, being trapped underground with angry Goblins all around. The tunnels are not wider than as to allow two men to fight abreast though, which is to the definite advantage of the outnumbered PCs. If they're smart, they'll quickly flee the cross-section for the more defensible position of a two-way tunnel. If Felix Gotthart and/or his guards are still alive and with the group, here's also a fine chance to see them off to Morr's realm. Of Night Goblins there is an endless supply, but you could also throw in a Squig or two, if you really want your PCs put to the test.

If the PCs have not somehow managed to cut their way out after 30 rounds of combat, rescue

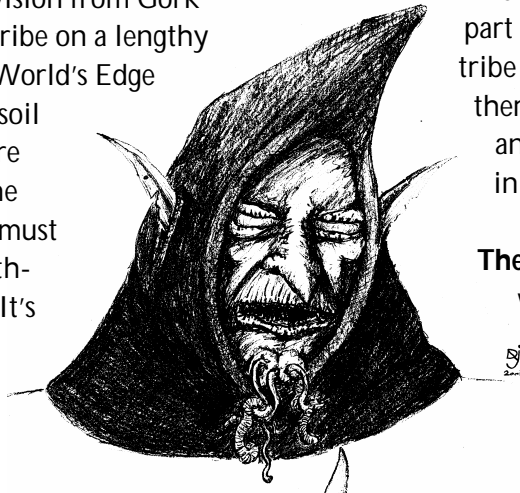
- Bartuk - Where Ogres Dare

comes from the outside. Bartuk, bored of his idleness at the postern gate, went looking around the hill, eventually finding the main entrance to the caverns. Approaching and hearing the sounds of battle, he dives into the tunnels to find their source. As the PCs fight, the Ogre comes barging through the caverns, setting Goblins alight as he goes. The Night Goblins, never known for their courage and here taken in the back, quickly fall back before his assault. This buys the PCs enough time to escape the tunnels (Bartuk can easily haul the chest), catch their breath and count their limbs.

"Ooh... something exciting down this way." For some reason, the PCs decide to wander off the path marked by the chest's passage. Every time the tunnels take a turn, there's a 50% chance that a Goblin comes upon them by chance, quickly ruining any attempts at stealth. Should they enter one of the cavernous rooms, there is a 75% chance that 1d10/5 Goblins are present there. Remember, the moment a fight breaks out, process it as described above.

The Wurmeata' Tribe

Countryside hills are not the most typical dwelling for Night Goblins, but the Wurmeata' tribe boasts not the most typical of Night Goblins. Their revered chieftain, big boss Wyzog Wurmeata', has always had a certain weakness for Mad Cap Mushrooms, and the (somewhat) controlled consumption of these has done strange things to his head. Positive that he had received a dream-vision from Gork (or possibly Mork), he led his tribe on a lengthy subterranean march from the World's Edge Mountains to lands where the soil is richer and moister, and where worms dwell. Worms, being the sacred creatures that they are, must be eaten, as to confer their earth-trekking gifts to the devourer. It's all very simple.



However, the damp earth is not so easy to carve, and a collapse of tunnels eventually saw the tribe stranded underneath the hill they now inhabit. Digging upwards, they found the natural caverns that already veined the rise, and these caverns, being rockier and more stable, became their prime dwelling. The Wurmeata' tribe counts about a hundred Goblins and a few squigs; they do not have an actual shaman, as the last one spoke against Wyzog and thus had to be put in place. The unstable chieftain is now spiritual as well as martial leader. Wyzog spends most of his time in the darkest pits of the Wurmeata' Tribe's lair, pondering the virtues of the common worm while high on mushrooms. He's hardly the ideal leader, but mad and brutal enough to hold the tribe in a green iron fist. The Wurmeata's rarely raid, or leave their hill at all, and thus few people know that the tribe even exists.

Cavernous Qualities

The natural tunnels of the Goblin-infested hill are mostly stony, and a Trade (Miner) Skill Test, or a Challenging (-10%) Trade (Stoneworker) Skill Test reveals that there's a certain amount of iron in the rock. The occasional cluster of mushrooms is all the vegetal growth to be seen in the upper levels. The lower Goblin-dug tunnels are quite damp in comparison, an underground river cutting through them like a knife, providing a lovely supply of slimy white worms. A few features of note:

The Squig Pen: Off in the rockiest part of the caverns is where the tribe keeps its Squigs, of which there are four. The hard walls and an iron fence serves to keep them in place.

The Great Hall: Located a short way from the main entrance is the "great hall" of the Wurmeata' Tribe. 2d10

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Goblins linger here at all times.

The Gate Fort: Located just inside the main entrance to the tribe's lair is a large, shoddily constructed "fort", built to defend the Wurmeata's from outside attacks. It is basically just a wooden platform raised 7 feet up, allowing only 5 feet to the cave ceiling - enough for a Goblin to comfortably stand and hail arrows upon intruders, but not enough for a man to stand and fight. A hempen ladder is used to reach it. There are 1d10+2/2 Goblins positioned here at all times, all armed with bows.

Dwellers in the Deep

- Night Goblin Statistics -							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	30%	30%	30%	25%	25%	30%	20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	8	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Greenskins), Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride *or* Swim, Silent Move, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue)

Talents: Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling)

Special Rules:

- *Animosity:* Goblins, like Orcs, are a fractious lot and they need very little reason to squabble amongst themselves or mix it up with other Greenskins. A Goblin offered any kind of excuse must make a Will Power Test or immediately attack the offending Greenskins, be they Hobgoblins, Orcs, or other Goblins.
- *Elves is Scary:* Goblins find Elves extremely unnerving. Whether this is because of the ancient animosity between the two races, or simply because of the Elves' superior mannerisms and smell of cleanliness, a Goblin must

make a Fear Test if it and its allies do not outnumber the Elves present by at least two to one.

- *Night Goblins:* Night Goblins hate Dwarfs so passionately that they gain a +5% WS bonus when fighting them.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon, Short bow *or* Spear, Net

Squigs

Squigs are bulbous round things with tiny eyes, huge mouths and fangs, and short but thickly muscled legs terminating in claws. They come in an enormous variety of colours and shapes and no two of them are exactly alike. Squigs are barely more intelligent than mushrooms. Night Goblins use them as both mounts and food.

- Squig Statistics -							
Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	0%	53%	35%	56%	5%	22%	5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	10	5	3	1-10	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow

Talents: Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Unsettling, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Roll 1d10 to determine the number of mutations: 1-4= 1 mutation, 5-8=2 mutations, 9-10=3 mutations. Then roll on **Table 11-1** (found on page 229 of the WFRP core rulebook) to generate them and modify stats as appropriate.
- *Random Movement:* Squigs are so stupid that they bounce about at random. Roll 1d10 to determine a Squigs Movement Characteristic each round it moves.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Teeth

- Goblins, Witch-hunters and Surviving the Night -

After the ordeal with the Goblins, the party ought to make quick way back towards The Roaring Hearth... or what remains of it, anyway. Fortunately, they see neither Trolls nor Goblins on their return, and at long last do their troubles seem at an end...

...except they're stuck in a grim world of perilous adventure, in which troubles rarely fade for long. Witnesses from that fateful night at the Hearth have been spreading rumours of a mighty Ogre sorcerer, bent on torching all inns in the Empire, and a witch hunter has come to investigate.

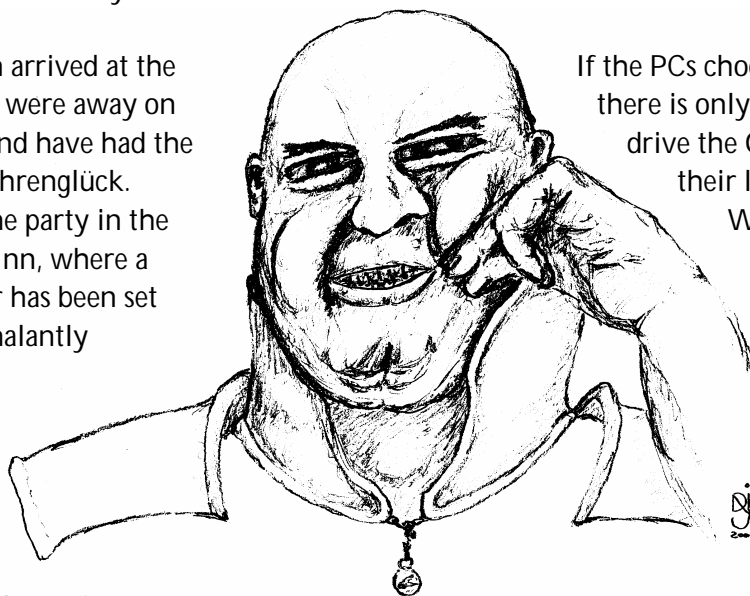
The witch hunter is one Joseph Schwartz, and he embodies the very worst traits of his kind. A former Knights Panther, Schwartz is a sadist whose "holy" crusade is no more than an excuse to torture and kill. He is as much a danger to the common folk as the witches and cultists he wars against. To the Sigmarites' credit, he is not a member of the Order of the Silver Hammer, but a renegade acting independently. Therefore, he does not have any truly loyal men at his disposal, only a dismal band of four mercenaries bought in the gold of those they murder.

Schwartz and his men arrived at the Hearth while the PCs were away on their treasure-hunt, and have had the whole story out of Rohrenglück. They're waiting for the party in the ashen remains of the inn, where a simple table and chair has been set up. Schwartz is nonchalantly seated like an obese mock-judge, his greatsword in front of him on the table. He'll fling his allegations at Bartuk – unsanctioned use of

magic and arson – and at the PCs – aiding and abetting in these crimes. He'll have Rohrenglück in hand as unwilling witness, and by his hesitant testimony judge them guilty, their penalty death. In their defence, he takes no interest.

Just as things are about to get ugly, they get even uglier. The Night Goblins are none too happy about the PCs stealing away their prize of *shiny stuff*, and they've come to take it back. Big Boss Wyzog Wurmeata' is taking the Wurmeata' tribe to war. As a swarm of Goblins emerge from the trees, Sigmar's justice is put on hold 'til they're driven off.

There are a number of ways the PCs might act in this situation. They could choose the honourable thing and help fight the Goblins, though it may well cost them their lives. They could choose the somewhat less honourable thing and help fight the Goblins, and "accidentally" plant an arrow in the back of Schwartz's skull during the *mêlée*. And then again, they could choose simply to make for the witch hunter's horses and flee the scene. At this point, they may very well be tired of *resolving* problems.



If the PCs choose to stay and fight, there is only one sure-fire way to drive the Goblins off – slaying their leader. Wyzog Wurmeata' is not difficult to spot; besides being bigger than the rest of his kin, his appearance is quite peculiar. Possibly due to a misunderstanding with regards to the purpose of fish-hooks, he has

- Bartuk - Where Ogres Dare

several of these imbedded into his chin. When going to war, he impales living worms upon them, their twisting and wriggling giving him quite the gruesome exterior. Should he be killed, the rest of the Goblins will lose their resolve, scatter and flee.

Afterwards, however, Schwartz will still want their heads. Roll a d10 to determine the number of Wounds he lost in the fight, and a d10 to determine how many of his men died. A 1 means they miraculously all made it, on a 2-3 one of them fell, 4-6 two, 7-9 three, and on a 10 they're all gone. For the henchmen, use the Sell-Sword statistics on page 235 of the WFRP core rulebook.

Villainous Personae

Joseph Schwartz

Race: Human

Career: Witch Hunter (ex-Knights Panther*, ex-Squire)

**This career is detailed in The Tome of Corruption.*

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
67%	31%	49%	55%	38%	40%	49%	38%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	18	4	5	4	0	2	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Animal Training, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire +10%), Dodge Blow, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel +20%)

Talents: Coolheaded, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Menacing, Public Speaking, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Sturdy, Very Resilient, Warrior Born

Armour: Heavy Armour (Breastplate, Mail Coat, Leather Jack, Leather Leggings)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 5, Legs 3

Weapons: Best Craftsmanship Sword, Good Craftsmanship Greatsword

Trappings: Destrier with Saddle and Harness, 10 Yards of Rope, Manacles, Symbol of Sigmar, 29 gc

Insanities: The Beast Within

Wyzog Wurmeata'

Race: Night Goblin

Career: Chief

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40%	40%	40%	40%	45%	35%	40%	30%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	12	4	4	4	0	6	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Greenskins), Command, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Swim, Silent Move, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue)

Talents: Menacing, Night Vision, Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling)

Special Rules:

- *Animosity:* See Night Goblins on page 17.
- *Elves is Scary:* See Night Goblins on page 17.
- *Mad Capped:* Wyzog has devoured such large quantities of Mad Cap Mushrooms that his system is satiated with the hallucinogenic drug. He counts as always being under the effects of Mad Cap Mushrooms, as described in the Warhammer core rulebook on page 122.
- *Night Goblins:* See Night Goblins on page 17.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack, Leather Leggings)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1

Weapons: Two Hand Weapons

Trappings: Three doses of Mad Cap Mushrooms

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- Concluding Notes -

If your PCs survived Ogres, Trolls, Goblins and witch hunters, they deserve a pat on the back. Some players have been known to want more, however, so here's an easy reference for awarding Experience Points.

Experience Points

Roleplaying	5-50xp
Recovering the gold	50xp
Slaying the Troll	25xp
Slaying Wyzog Wurmeata'	25xp
Slaying Joseph Schwartz	25xp

This guide is by no means definitive, but can be partly, wholly, or not at all used, as you see fit.

So, what's in a chest?

Essentially, whatever you need there to be. Gotthart's chest of coin is a plot device, and as such it should hold whatever amount you deem appropriate for your game. If the PCs are already well off, it would have to be a considerable sum for it to retain its magnetism (no point to go looking for it if they could just pay Rohrenglück off and be done with it). Some GMs do not like their players to have too much gold between their hands either, and should not feel compelled to give them such. It could prove ironic indeed, if the PCs walked through fire and water only to find the chest full of brass pennies! The end amount could be anything from fifty to a thousand gold crowns.

Adventure Wants *You!*

The end of **Bartuk: Where Ogres Dare** need not prove the end of adventures with Bartuk. By the scenario's conclusion, some PCs might have had about as much as they can take of the Ogre, but others might feel a certain amount of responsibility towards him. Whether as a steadfast companion or as an occasional ally, the Bartuk character offers plenty of possibilities for future adventures. Here are a few ideas, both tested and not.

A Dance in the Fire

A renegade Bright Wizard offers to take Bartuk into tutelage, but are his motives as innocent as they seem? Soon enough he has the Ogre running strange errands, and filling his head with even stranger ideas. Could it be that this wizard is merely using him as a tool to strike at his own enemies? And if so, how do they convince Bartuk not to obey him?

There's a *what* in my Ogre?

Bartuk's careless use of the arts has finally taken its toll – a daemon has found the Ogre an easy victim for possession, and the fiend now wields all his primitive powers and more. As the hapless Bartuk is used as an instrument of Chaos, the PCs must find if they can somehow drive out the daemon and save the Ogre, or whether he is beyond all help.

The Good Student

The PCs manage to escort Bartuk safely to Altdorf, but will the Colleges really take an Ogre? Tryingly manoeuvring the complex politics of the magical institution, they finally manage to get him in. But is he really to be trained, or merely examined, then "discarded"? Soon enough, the PCs may rather want they hadn't gotten him in, for will he ever get back out?

- Bartuk -
Where Ogres Dare

- Credits -

Bartuk: Where Ogres Dare is the creation of Daniel Niklas Jørgensen, based upon an idea by his identical twin who lives in a mirror. All text was written by this mystery pair, excepting relevant excerpts from Warhammer supplements *Realms of Sorcery*, *Old World Bestiary* and the *Tome of Corruption*. All artwork was done by Daniel Niklas Jørgensen, who, in a strange twist of fate, happens to be the same person come again.

This scenario was written in a horribly outdated version of Microsoft Word. I would gladly do battle with a daemon consisting entirely of fingers, if I can simply be excepted from having to struggle with this terrible, terrible piece of software ever again. It was converted with some difficulty to the PDF format using doPDF (www.dopdf.com).

All artwork was created using cheap pencils on cheap paper and then promptly scanned using a cheap scanner, in a process I heartily discourage anyone from approaching, be it physically or mentally.

The photograph from which the picture on page 13 is derived was taken in the Cairngorm Mountains, Scotland.

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I would like to extend thanks to the playtesters: Christian "Knights Panther" Jørgensen, Magnus "Jamen, jeg har ikke flere Fate Points" Jørgensen, and Peter "Jeg løber væk" Skadhauge. Their endurance in dealing with dim-witted, spell-casting Ogres is duly noted.

I would also like to thank Games Workshop for creating the coolest fantasy universe out there, and Black Industries for so graciously allowing us to loose ourselves in it.

Lastly, I would like to thank Steve Sumner and his Ultimate Podcast, without which the world would be a much drearier place, albeit a less geeky one.

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I recommend this scenario to be enjoyed with a Manilla Road album, as well as the grisly Critical Charts found at the Winds of Chaos website (www.windsofchaos.com).

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Questions, suggestions, admirations and conjurations can be sent to danielnjoergensen@hotmail.com or banesupper@gmail.com. I have gnomes working around the clock to answer all enquiries.