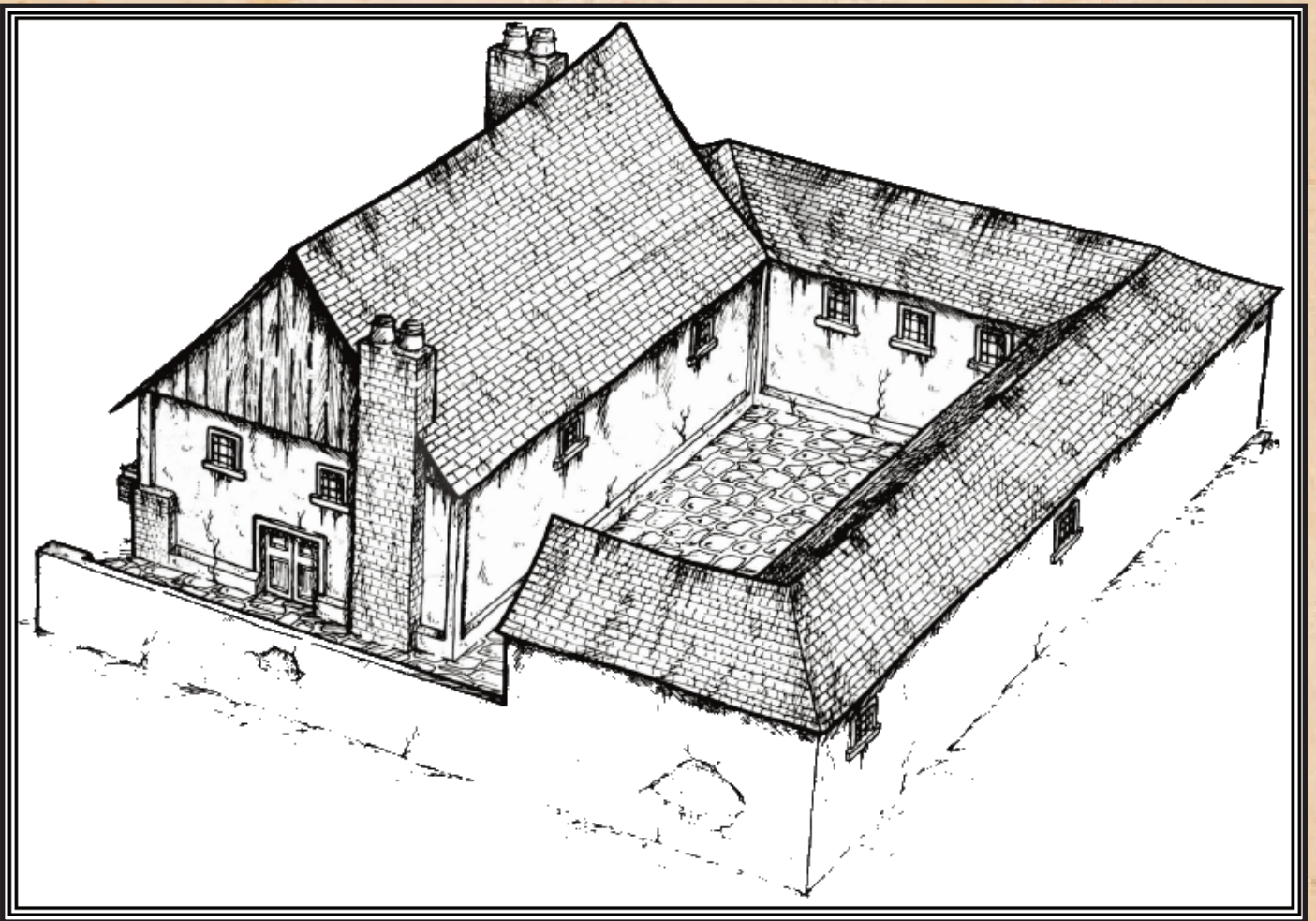


A detailed City Based Inn of the Empire for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

THE GRAF MANFRED INN

AN INN AND COLLECTION OF NPCs FOR SECOND EDITION WFRP



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A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

WELCOME TO THE GRAF MANFRED!

This booklet gives you a complete, fully detailed and ready-to-use city location for your adventures. Inside the card cover of this character pack, you will find a detailed plan of the Graf Manfred Inn. This booklet gives you a complete map key, twenty-two colourful and detailed NPCs making up its staff and regular customers and a range of adventure ideas and outlines based around the inn and its personalities. It can be the base of operations for a group of adventurers who have just arrived in a big city, or it can be the location for a number of exciting adventures based on the outlines in the back of this booklet, or completely of your own design. The Graf Manfred is a large inn in a big city somewhere in The Empire. Precisely where is up to you. In fact, if you change a few names, it could be anywhere in the Old World wherever you need to set it for your adventures. Moreover, you can use it again and again a few name changes, a slight alteration to a couple of the staff, and you have a new inn, ready to provide the backdrop for new adventures. The staff and regulars of the Graf Manfred will provide you with a stock of colourful and fully developed NPCs, ready to use when you need them. This need not be at the inn itself – if you need an NPC Charlatan, Gambler, Beggar, Rat Catcher or any of the twenty-two personalities featured here, they are ready and waiting. On the other hand, if your adventurers decide to talk to some of the locals in an inn, here they are with no need for you to prepare minor NPCs in advance. In addition, each has the potential to lead the party off into new adventures, as you will see. So pull up a stool and fill your tankard, but keep a hand on your purse and an ear open for gossip. There is always something happening at the Graf Manfred.

LOCATION

As we've already said, the Graf Manfred can be located in any of the big cities of The Empire and if you don't mind changing a few names it can be anywhere in the Old World. Nevertheless, like everything else in the world of Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay, it does not exist in isolation. It is part of a city, with streets and buildings all around it. In order for you to use the Graf Manfred to its best effect, you have to know a few things about the area of the city in which it is situated. The Graf Manfred is within a couple of streets of one of the city gates. As you can see, it relies on travellers for a lot of its income, so it needs to be one of the first welcoming places a traveller sees when he arrives in the city. Not far away is the city's coach depot, run by the expanding nationwide Four Seasons coaching line. The general district in which the Graf Manfred is situated may best be described as



middle-class, and most of its clientele are drawn from the middle classes.

The streets outside the Graf Manfred are generally bustling with activity at most times of the day and early evening. Travellers enter and leave the city by coach and on horseback; wagon trains come in with goods from elsewhere in the Old World; townspeople of all kinds go about their daily business; and there are several street entertainers, pickpockets and others who make a living by separating the unwary from their money. The area is visited by a patrol from the City Watch from time to time, but their presence is not especially noticeable. There are both upper and lower class areas within a few minutes' walk, giving you easy access to all levels of society. In the city of Middenheim, for example, the Graf Manfred might well be situated in the Westor-Sudgarten district, not far from the Temple of Shallya.

GETTING THERE

There are several ways you, the GM, can steer your adventurers towards the Graf Manfred once they arrive in the city. Like many of the larger inns, the Graf Manfred employs 'scouts' to meet incoming coaches and boats and lead people to the inn, as the adventurers arrive, they are greeted with a scene similar to that described in the Arriving in Altdorf section of Mistaken Identity in The Enemy Within. Perhaps the only 'scout' around is Harald Kellner, business at the Graf Manfred is slow, and he's done a deal with the 'scouts' from the other inns to make sure they stay away today. He will spin the characters a fine line about the virtues of the Graf Manfred, quote them a price 10% above normal, and then wink and promise to get them a 10% discount. Alternatively, the Graf Manfred might be recommended to the adventurers by a trusted acquaintance; Gerhard Kamm the Coachman, for instance, who has driven them all the way to the city, or Heini Unsittsmann the Bawd, who has shown them a rattling good time and promises them the finest lodgings in the city, or Old Fritz the Beggar, who leads them to the Graf Manfred in the hope of a free drink.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

THE GRAF MANFRED

You will find a map of the Graf Manfred on pages 4 and 5. Here is a general description of the inn's rooms and layout; feel free to amend or ignore any details that do not suit your purposes.

THE MAIN BUILDING

The ground floor consists of an entrance lobby, a large and well-appointed lounge with a discreet private booth, a smaller bar, a dining room and a kitchen. This is all that most patrons will see. The bar and lounge are open from noon to midnight, and Good Craftsmanship Meals are served at 6-7 am (3 pence, guests only), 12-1 pm (6 pence), and 7-8 pm (1 silver).

Milli may rustle something up at other times, for example, if guests arrive late after a long journey. She cannot bear to think of anyone going hungry. There are seven guest rooms on the ground floor; each sleeps two people. A room costs 30 silver per night, whether one or two people are using it. A third person may use a room at Dieter's discretion, a spare bed can be moved in for another 10 silver per night. Stabling costs 30 pence per mount per night, including fodder and grooming.

Milli has a comfortable room next to the kitchen. On the dresser is a statuette of Esmeralda, the Halfling goddess of hearth and home, there is another in each of the kitchens. Under the bed is a small chest locked with an Average Craftsmanship Padlock. In here are Milli's valuables, her life savings of around 75 gc, and about 50 gc in jewellery.

Stairs from the bar lead up to a private drawing room, and the family's bedrooms lead off from here. A small private pantry is connected to the main kitchen by a narrow staircase, and the Kellners even have the luxury of an upstairs bathroom, most people use a tub or half-barrel in front of the parlour fire. Water is brought up via a pump designed and built by Grim. The bedrooms contain most of their occupants' personal belongings, most of which are not particularly valuable.

Catarina keeps her jewellery behind a false panel in the back of the top drawer of the dresser; it amounts to four or five rings, a couple of bracelets and a necklace, totalling perhaps 40 gc. Helga has 7 gc in cheap, bright jewellery in an old biscuit-box under her bed, and Magda has no jewellery apart from the little she wears. Volker has no valuable belongings and Harald wears all his jewellery whenever he is awake; at night, it is kept in the second drawer of his dresser, under a couple of shirts. The inn's strongbox is in the master bedroom.

The sides of the bed are solid, with no way to get underneath; the strongbox is set into the bed-frame, beneath the mattress. It is an iron box 18" high and 12" square, with a Challenging (-10%) locked lid and usually contains about 250 gc in mixed coin.

There are seven more guest-rooms on the upper floor. At the end of the upstairs passage, a secret door leads to a small gaming-room, which is opened on request; Harald acts as croupier, with Ludo Greenberry helping out if he doesn't want to play. While gambling is not illegal, Dieter has found that a secretive and illicit atmosphere adds a certain something to a gaming session.

You can alter the attic to suit the plotlines you use (see Adventure Ideas). If there is a Chaos Cult at the Graf Manfred, you will probably want to use the secret rooms in the attic; if not, the whole of the attic is a storage area, piled with junk.

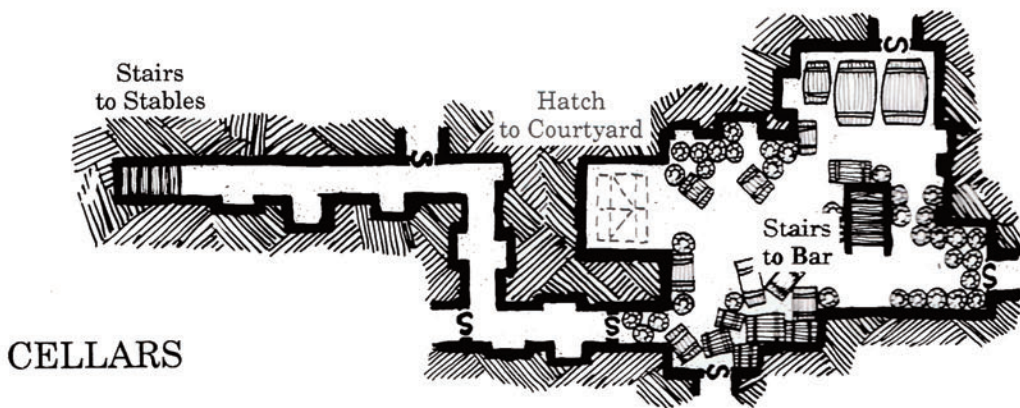
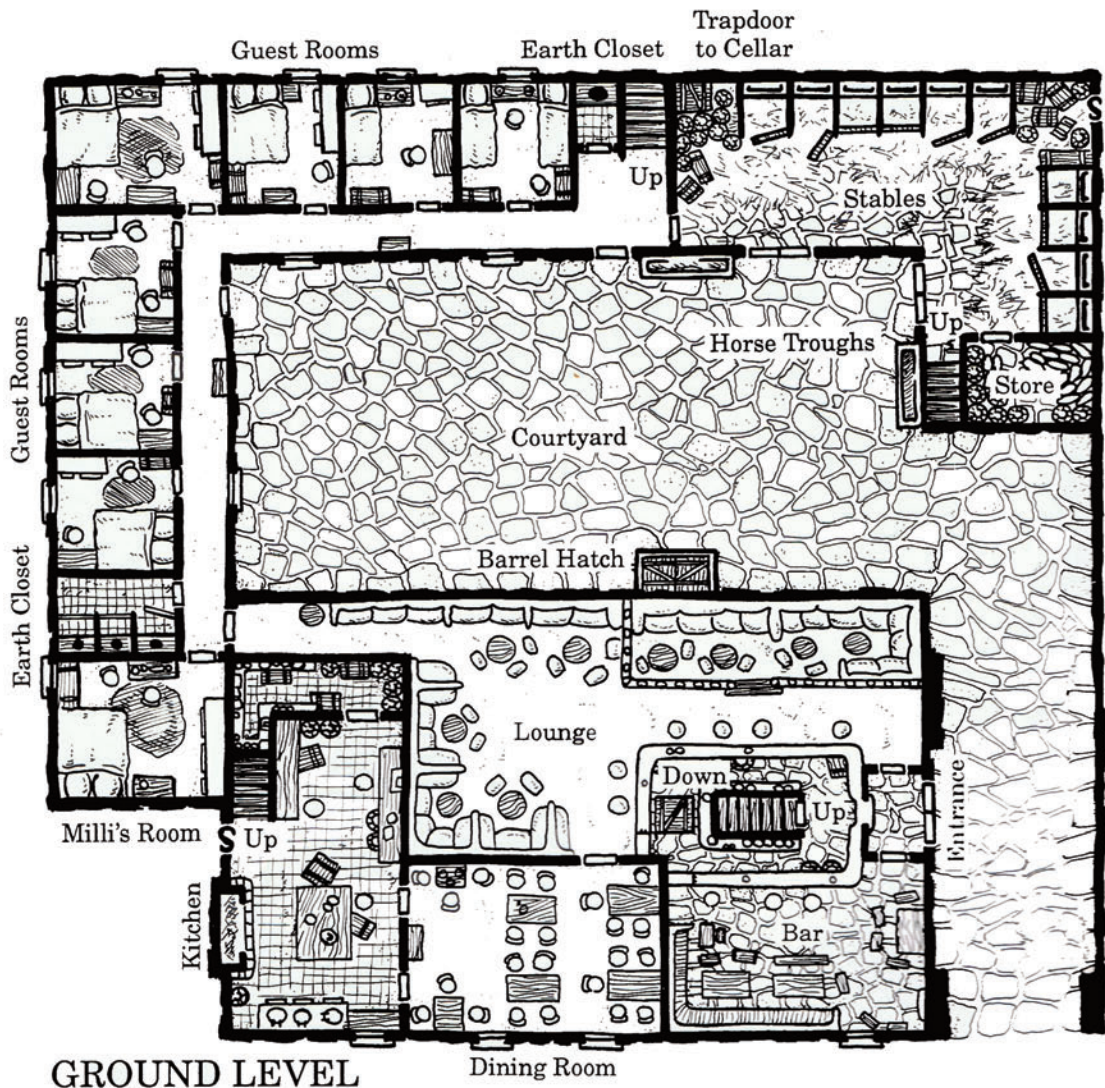
THE STABLES

The stable-block has stalls for ten horses, a feed store and a large hayloft with a room for Erika at the back. She has no valuables, apart from an elaborate Spur made of silver left behind by a traveller (this is worth around 15 gc). She keeps it partly for good luck, and partly in case she meets the stranger again. In one corner of the stable is a pile of crates, barrels and sacks; a careful search will reveal a kind of passage between them, which can be negotiated by an Elf or a slim Human. Right in the corner is a trapdoor, normally covered by an empty crate, which leads down into the cellars.

THE CELLARS

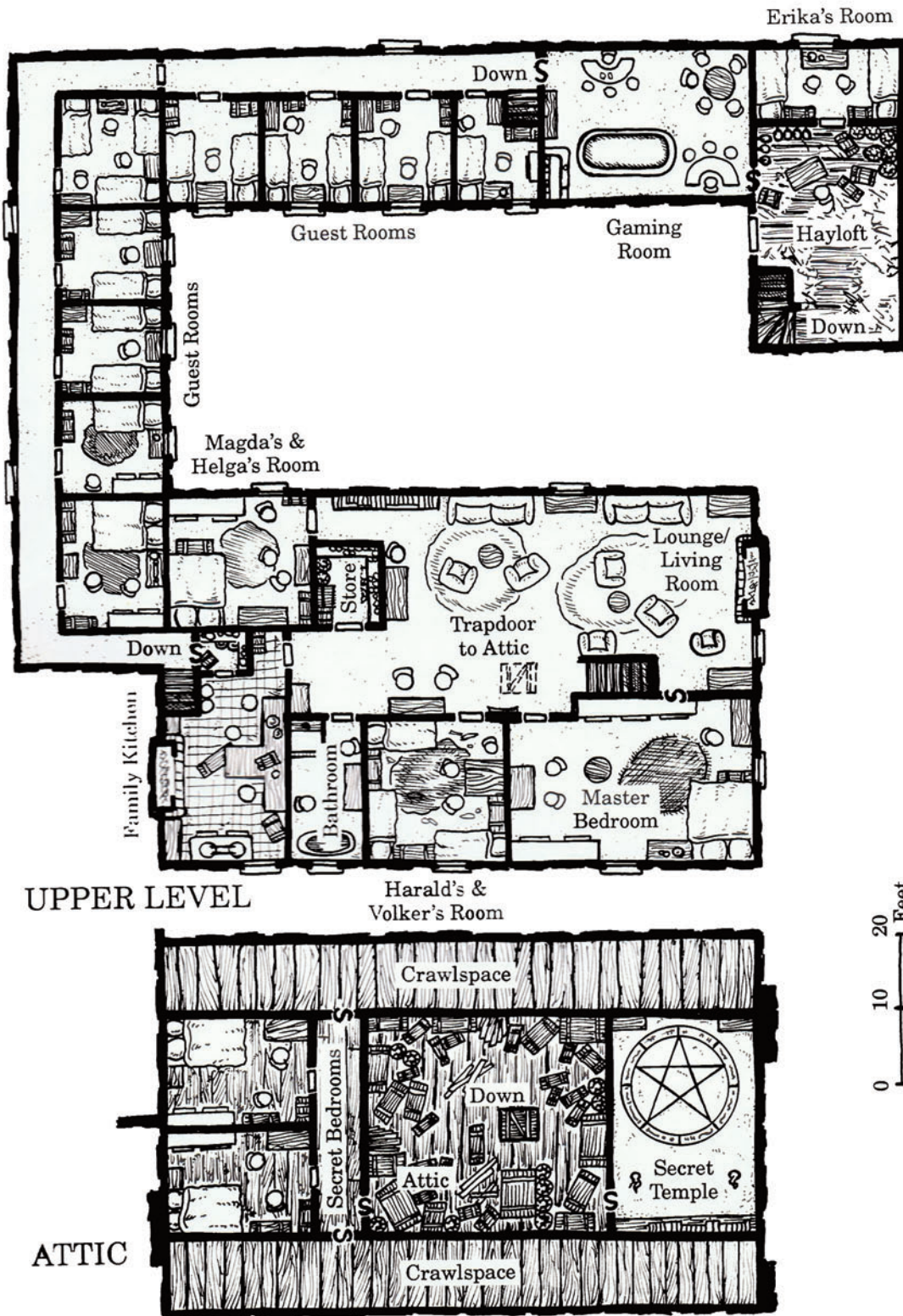
Grim has made a few alterations to the cellars. He put in the passage to the stable, and built three more secret entrances. You may decide to have these passages lead to other parts of the inn, to the city's sewer system, or to a network controlled by the local Thieves' Guild. More normal entrances to the cellar consist of a barrel-hatch from the courtyard and a set of stairs from the bar. Grim spends most of his time in the cellar, and has even decorated one wall with traditional Dwarf carvings. He has built a bunk in one corner, and has carved a small safe into the wall. It has an iron door with a Challenging (-10%) lock, but it contains little of value, just a few mementoes, like Grim's old Engineers' Guild badge.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay



THE GRAF MANFRED INN

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay



A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

DIETER KELLNER – LANDLORD

Innkeeper (ex-Burger, ex-Tradesman)



‘Welcome, welcome! Come in! Where have you travelled from? Really? Well, they say it’s nice there, although I’ve never been myself. Far too much to do here, looking after travellers like your good selves. Now then, you’ll be wanting rooms, won’t you? I can tell, you know. Well, no one carries luggage around for fun, now do they? Well, you’re in luck! First, you came to an inn which is, after all, the best place to find

rooms! And second, I’ve got rooms free, all ready and waiting! Top floor, too, so you won’t be bothered by people walking about on your ceiling all night! VOLKER! VOLKER! Take these good people’s luggage to Eight, Nine and Twelve, please. Two people to a room, thirty shillings per room per night, dinner at eight, breakfast at seven, but the rest of your time’s your own, ha ha. So, how long are you staying?’

Dieter is a tall and somewhat overweight man in his forties, with bushy brown hair sprinkled with grey, twinkling brown eyes, and a permanent and somewhat overwhelming air of jollity. He talks all the time and very quickly too, with words rushing out like water from a broken dam. Occasionally he will pause to allow another character to get a word in edgeways usually as an answer to one of his questions but they will probably be cut off midway through the first syllable as the avalanche of words engulfs them again. He wears a long white apron reaching almost to the floor, and always seems to be in a hurry. Those who know him well will confide that for all his scurrying about, the rest of the staff do all the actual work. Dieter never forgets a face and, although names sometimes elude him, he will recognise anyone who has stayed at the Graf Manfred before, even if he last saw them years ago. Because he is continually bustling to and fro, it will be very difficult to actually talk to Dieter, and in fact he knows very little of what actually goes on in his inn, he’s always too busy greeting guests, shouting at the staff and generally looking busy to notice much else.

Note that Dieter’s has a blunderbuss that is kept loaded under the bar in case of emergencies.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32%	28%	41%	37%	32%	38%	32%	47%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: Gregarious, Never Forgets a Face

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel), Trade (Brewer, Cook)

Talents: Dealmaker, Etiquette, Strike to Stun, Suave, Super Numerate

Combat:

Armour (Light): Good Craftsmanship Clothing with Leather Jerkin

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

Weapons: Dagger (1d10+1), Blunderbuss (1d10+3, Special, Unreliable)

Trappings: Keys to all areas except the Safe in the Cellar, Abacus, Lantern, purse with 4 gc, Inn and Staff

QUIRKS

Some NPCs detailed in this document have an additional list of qualities called Quirks. Quirks essentially act as additional Fortune Points, but are restricted in their use by the descriptor. Therefore, an NPC with the Quirk ‘Ice Cold Eyes’ could use that fortune point only to an effect to do with staring someone down or avoiding having his emotions read.

For more information, including how to allow the PCs to have quirks and a wide selection of examples, see the unofficial ‘Character Quirks’ document.

These rules are entirely optional. Groups not wishing to use them should simply regard the listed Quirks as a guide to the character’s reputation and personality.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

CATARINA KELLNER – DIETER’S WIFE

Burger (ex-Servant)



‘Oh, don’t you pay Dieter any mind; he’s always rattling on about something or other. Or nothing at all. I don’t know how I haven’t gone mad with it all over the years. Dieter Grim wants a word with you, down in the cellar. Something about the beer, I think, he was standing over a barrel, shaking his head and muttering to himself in his own language. I’ll look after these gentfolk for you. Dear me, that’s all we need, for the

beer to go off. I think we’re just about full, with you gentles arriving. Still, rather too full than too empty, that’s what I say. VOLKER! Luggage! If you please!’

Catarina is a plump and matronly looking woman in her late thirties, with blue eyes and dark brown hair worn in a bun. Like her husband Dieter, she always wears a floor-length apron. She is jolly and welcoming, with a smile and a word for everyone as she bustles through the inn supervising the staff. She and Dieter have been married for nearly twenty-five years, and together with their sons Volker and Harald and their daughters Magda and Helga they have built the Graf Manfred into a thriving and profitable inn. One day, she hopes, they will be able to hand the Graf Manfred over to the children and retire; she is trying to persuade Dieter to consider moving to the country to keep bees and chickens, but so far without success. Catarina supervises the staff of the Graf Manfred, dealing with most emergencies herself and referring things to Dieter only when necessary, ‘Or when it’s something to do with the beer. They all think that’s man’s business, and a woman shouldn’t be allowed near it. They’re just like little boys playing soldiers sometimes, no girls allowed. I don’t think men ever really grow up, bless them.’ Catarina also deals with the local traders and artisans who supply the Graf Manfred with food and other essentials, and if she takes a liking to a character, she can provide introductions for would-be apprentices, or negotiate small discounts. You may wish to treat her personal recommendation as a +10% modifier to a Character’s Gossip and Haggle Skill Tests when dealing with local tradesmen.

She has a sister, named Marianne, who is a priestess of Shallya in the city. Marianne runs a small hospital and orphanage in one of the poorer areas and Catarina might be persuaded to provide an introduction.

Catarina is well disposed towards followers of Shallya herself, as well as having a soft spot for Halflings ‘I think they’re the only ones with any common sense, sometimes; good food and a quiet life, do a good turn when you can and try not to do a bad one.’

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
37%	29%	36%	41%	36%	44%	38%	47%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	4	4	0	0	0

Quirks: Adaptable, Well Connected

Skills: Blather, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Suave, Very Resilient

Combat:

Armour (None): Good Craftsmanship Clothing

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

Weapons: Dagger (1d10+0)

Trappings: Two Gold Rings, Keys to all non-secret areas, Abacus, Storm Lantern with Lamp Oil, Pewter Tankard, Tinderbox

THE MERCHANT’S LEAGUE

Most Old World cities have a Merchant’s League, where shop owners, market stall owners, barterers, pedlars and merchants meet to exchange news and goods, and tales of financial and economic interest with each other. As The League is theoretically independent of any of the guilds present in a city, it allows different traders to mingle and swap investments; purchase shares in various businesses, or simply indulge in the finer things in life while chatting to other traders. The League Headquarters is always a sumptuous building, managed by a Worshipful League Master, who invariably becomes one of the wealthiest and most powerful merchants in the city.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

VOLKER KELLNER – BARMAN AND POTMAN

Servant



‘All right, I’m coming.’

‘Just give me a moment, will you?’

‘I’ll be there as soon as I finish this.’

Volker is Dieter and Catarina’s elder son, and presents a strange contrast to his fat and cheerful parents. He is a lanky, lugubrious figure of about twenty, with lank black hair framing a narrow, pinched and miserable-looking face. There is no colour in his face at all; the blue of his eyes is so pale that it seems to drain all the colour from his cheeks. His clothing is not of poor quality, but no matter what he wears, he always looks shabby. He speaks very little (indeed, he seldom acknowledges anyone’s existence) and his voice, when he uses it, is low-pitched and slow. Volker works very much in his own time. After a lifetime of his parents bustling about and shouting orders at him, he has developed a knack of letting it all flow over him. He does one job, at his own pace and then he does the next job; no amount of shouting or impatience will make him move any faster. Actually, Volker is a hard worker despite his slovenly and lugubrious manner, and his refusal to rush things is tempered by the fact that he never stops to take a break or to talk to a customer. He just gets on with what he has to do, in his own way and in his own time.

Like his brother and sisters, Volker was brought up an innkeeper’s son, and despite appearances, he has a good grasp of all aspects of the operation. There is little he doesn’t know about the Graf Manfred and what goes on there, although it may be difficult to get information from him because of his sullen and uncommunicative nature. Adventurers may also find that Volker has an almost supernatural talent for being around at the wrong time. Whenever anyone does anything which they do not want anyone to see, the odds are that Volker will appear. When somebody is trying to break into a room, Volker will probably come clanking along the corridor with a broom and a bucket. When someone sneaks into the stables for a quick getaway, Volker will be mopping the cobbles in the yard. People have been known to get quite paranoid about Volker, for all that he does not seem to notice or care about what goes on around him.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
37%	29%	31%	37%	33%	36%	34%	26%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: Always in the Way

Skills: Animal Care, Blather, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Hardy, Sixth Sense, Very Resilient

Combat:

Armour (Light): Best Craftsmanship Clothing with Leather Jerkin

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

Weapons: Dagger (1d10+0)

Trappings: Pewter Tankard, Tinderbox, Storm Lantern with Lamp Oil, Mop and Bucket (most of the time)

SLIPPERY FLOORS

A freshly mopped area is treacherous ground; characters moving at faster than cautious rate must make a successful Agility Test or fall over.

ROASTED TRINKWORT

Also known as Sober-root, or Corrylliamid among the Elves, Trinkwort is a bitter-tasting onion like plant that grows among the roots of trees deep within the forests of the Old World. Although not pleasant to eat, the bulb of this plant may be oven roasted for several hours until it becomes soft. If consumed in this form it goes some way to neutralising the effects of any alcohol in the eater’s system, allowing them to sober up. When consumed, a Roasted Trinkwort has the effect of neutralising half the number of drinks the Character has consumed up to that point. It has no effect on any further drinks consumed.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

HARALD KELLNER – BARMAN AND POTMAN Rogue (ex-Burger)



‘Same again? Certainly. And how about a little drop of brandy as a chaser? Got some great stuff, just in – genuine Bretonnian, but don’t tell the excise. Three shillings a shot normally, but to you, two and six. No? Sure? Don’t know what you’re missing. Got some vodka just in, all the way from Kislev, thanks to a friend in the trade, two bob a shot, to you. No? Go on, treat yourself. You only live once. What’s the point of being the richest corpse in the graveyard?’

Harald is the younger son of Dieter and Catarina, and is almost the complete opposite of his elder brother Volker. He is about nineteen, of medium height and build, with light brown hair and light brown eyes. He is always well dressed, and wears several gold rings and a chunky gold chain bracelet. Harald is a go-getter, always trying to talk the customers out of that extra couple of shillings. He is determined to get on in life, and works very hard at being cheerful and encouraging the clients of the Graf Manfred to part with their money. ‘Painless extraction,’ he may confide, ‘Just like teeth. They come here to spend money, have a few drinks and a good time, and it’s my job to make sure they do just that.’ Harald considers himself to be witty, charming and generally fatal to the opposite sex, and any attractive female character that comes into the Graf Manfred will certainly have to suffer several minutes of his sparkling conversation. Very little short of outright violence will discourage him, although he will be quick to back down from a male character who asks him to go away and leave the lady alone.

Harald has a few contacts on the shadier side of the city, which is generally how he comes by the cases of spirit that he is always trying to press on customers. The brandy may or may not be genuine Bretonnian, but almost certainly made its way to the Graf Manfred by a circuitous route avoiding Excisemen; as for the Kislevite vodka, it was probably made in a kitchen somewhere out of mashed barley and potato peelings. Harald is on particularly good terms with Heini Unsittsmann and Kurt Quacksalber, and they sometimes go out on the town together when Harald has a night off.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45%	35%	32%	31%	36%	43%	38%	47%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: Free Marketer, Silver-Tongued Devil

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Drive, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle +10%, Perception, Performer (Actor), Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Dealmaker, Luck, Public Speaking, Streetwise, Suave, Warrior Born

Combat:

Armour (Light): Best Craftsmanship Clothing with Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Sword (Hand Weapon; 1d10+3), Dagger (1d10+0)

Trappings: four Gold Rings, Gold Bracelet, Abacus, Lantern, Purse with 8 gc

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE GRAF MANFRED

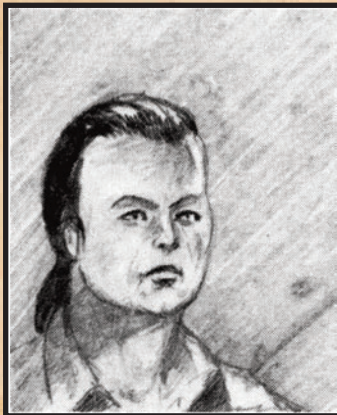
While Gilellion the Minstrel often provides song or storytelling in the Bar, other entertainers will often arrive to do a quick ‘set’ for their supper, varying in variety from Jesters mimicking the infamous Gruenliebe the Greasy to up and coming musicians trying to emulate Sergeant Pfeffer’s Fiery Hearts Club Band. Smaller acts such as clowns and jugglers simply wander through the Bar or Lounge, collecting money as they go. More formal entertainers, such as puppet shows or serious musicians, may erect a simple stage in the Dining Room or Gambling Den, and charge admission at the door.

Characters wishing to use their perform skills at the Graf Manfred will typically have to impress either Dieter or Harald, either through a favourable reputation or a successful Charm Test.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

MAGDA KELLNER – BARMAID

Servant (ex-Camp Follower)



‘All right, all right! Who’s drinking, then? You can’t stop here nursing empty mugs! Ooww! You do that again, mate, and I’ll put that hand of yours somewhere you won’t like! Let me give you a clue you’ll be able to pick your teeth from the inside! Oh, I’ve heard that one before. Ha, ha! Would you, indeed? Not with all that beer in you, you wouldn’t you’d either throw up or

pass out. Even assuming I didn’t break both your arms first. And what about your wife and four kids at home, then, eh? I expect you’ll remember them when you sober up! Look, gents, I think your little friend here needs a bit of fresh air, so why don’t you take him for a nice long walk before I do him some permanent damage?’

At twenty-two, Magda is the eldest of the Kellner children, but she looks five or ten years older than her real age. In fact, she has often been mistaken for her mother’s younger sister. She is tall (around 5ft 8in) and medium to plump in build, with black hair tied tightly back and dark eyes. An adolescence spent as a barmaid, fending off the harassment of male customers, has made her harsh and scornful, and the regulars at the Graf Manfred know her as ‘the Dragon’, although anyone she hears calling her that can expect a pitcher of ale over the head. Actually, Magda is not as fearsome as the regulars paint her. She is a professional barmaid, used to the pranks and comments of drunken male customers, and well able to repay them in kind. While she is not actually a man-hater, she is mildly contemptuous of the male sex because, as she points out, they seem to do nothing but get drunk and make fools of themselves. She has also heard every smooth line that has ever been invented and any male characters suffer a -10% modifier to their Charm Skill when dealing with her.

She is not yet married because, by her own admission, she has never met a man who impressed her. Beneath her harsh exterior, Magda has a (well-concealed) compassionate and generous nature. She is particularly fond of animals and children, but she has no patience with fools or smooth talkers.

She has little time for either of her brothers: ‘One idle fool and one who thinks he’s gorgeous, I wouldn’t give houseroom to either of them.’ She is fiercely protective of her younger sister Helga; any male character who treats Helga with anything but respect had better know a good physician.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	37%	36%	39%	38%	46%	37%	42%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: Practical Manner, Temper of a Dragon

Skills: Blather, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel), Trade (Cook, Merchant),

Talents: Acute Hearing, Hardy, Resistance to Disease, Savvy, Street Fighter, Very Resilient, Warrior Born

Combat:

Armour (Light): Good Craftsmanship Clothing with Leather Jerkin

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

Weapons: Dagger (1d10+0)

Trappings: Silver Bracelet (counts as a Lucky Charm), Pouch with 2 silver, Pewter Tankard, Tinderbox, Storm Lantern with Lamp Oil

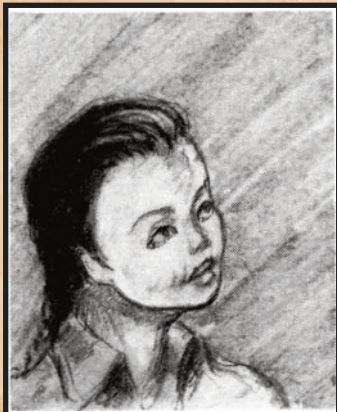
ARM WRESTLING

Both contenders in an Arm Wrestling Contest should make a Strength Characteristic Test each round. If one Character succeeds and the other fails, the successful Character has won the Match. If both characters Succeed or Fail, nether has won and the match proceeds to the next round. Optionally, if both characters make successful Strength Test in a given round, they add the amount by which they made the test as a bonus in the following round only.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

HELGA KELLNER – BARMAID

Servant



‘Giggle ...’

Thirteen-year-old Helga is the youngest of the Kellner family, and was something of a surprise to her parents, who had not expected to have any more children. She is slim and tall for her age (around 5ft 6in), with black hair worn in a pigtail and dark eyes, and generally wears hand-me-down clothes from Magda,

roughly altered to fit her slimmer figure. Helga has a dreaming and romantic nature, and is easily dazzled by the dashing adventurers and other travellers who pass through the Graf Manfred. She also suffers acutely from adolescent shyness. While she works hard, especially when Magda is keeping an eye on her, as she generally does, almost any word from a male customer is enough to send Helga flying from the room, blushing cherry-red and unable to speak for nervous giggling. She only serves in the bar when things are particularly busy, spending most of her time in the kitchen helping Milli.

Helga is very attached to her elder sister Magda, whom she sees almost as a second mother. She is rather terrified of her, though, and wishes her sister were not so bitter. Secretly, she thinks that Magda was disappointed in love at some time in the past, and longs for her to find the right man. Helga dreams of finding the ideal man herself, as well, perhaps one day a rich and handsome merchant or a dashing and handsome adventurer will come into the Graf Manfred and sweep her off her feet. Secretly, though, she knows that her dreams are nothing more than dreams, and that real life is far less romantic and interesting, but she is determined to hold onto her ability to dream and never to end up as cynical as her sister is. Helga herself is unlikely to be directly useful to a party of adventurers, and indeed, any character paying her too much attention is likely to get the sharp edge of Magda’s tongue, at the very least. However, rescuing her from a troublesome fellow-guest would earn any character the gratitude of the entire family.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	23%	27%	32%	37%	28%	26%	32%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	2	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: Sweet and Innocent

Skills: Blather, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Perception, Search, Slight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)

Talents: Etiquette, Flee!, Lighting Reflexes

Combat:

Armour (None): Somewhat worn Good Craftsmanship Clothing

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

Weapons: None

Trappings: Pewter Tankard, Tinderbox, Storm Lantern with Lamp Oil, Helga keeps a small collection of bright, cheap jewellery (worth a total of about 7 GCs) in an old biscuit-box under her bed. She may occasionally wear a few pieces while serving in the bar.

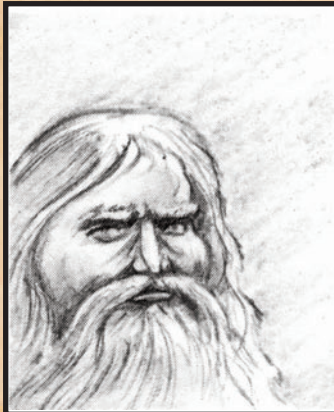
Peasant Jewellery

While the Old World Armoury sourcebook provides extensive information on solid metal jewellery, these pieces are often only for the more wealth segments of society, with a Poor Craftsmanship solid copper Ring being worth 5 gc. Peasants and other lower class citizens wear much cheaper accessories, such as wire and bead rings, necklaces of painted wooden beads and fragments of bone, typically carved into the shape of skulls. Alongside these is a blossoming trade in imitation gemstones, such as alchemical imitation pearls and stones carved from coloured glass.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

GRIM RAGNISSON – CELLARER

Tradesman (ex-Engineer, ex-Student)



‘Barman coming through! Come on, come on, shift yer spanners, there’s some here’s got work to do. You’ll be quick enough to complain when the beer runs out or goes cloudy.’

‘I don’t care how thirsty you are, that beer needs another two weeks to settle. Always got to have a full month after it comes in, or else it’s not fit for Goblins. Look, you drink

here because the beer’s good. That’s because I don’t spoil a good brew for you or for any other eager and tasteless manling.’

Grim is a Dwarf, whose 110 years place him in early middle age. He is 4ft 9in tall, with a powerful build and long, iron-grey hair and beard. His eyes are the colour of a stormy sky. He wears a leather jerkin and breeches, with heavy calf-length boots, and always carries a hammer and a few knock-in brass barrel taps looped onto his belt. In his youth, Grim was a member of the secretive and powerful Dwarf Engineers’ Guild, and thirty-odd years ago he was part of a team sent to the city to supervise the refurbishment of the gates and walls. A few months later, he was expelled from the Guild for fitting a water-pump to his aged Human landlady’s well. After a succession of the notorious Guild ceremonies, Grim was a Wetback, an outcast. **‘Where was the harm? The poor old dear with her poor old bones, hauling buckets up from that well when a simple force-pump would do the job. But would they listen? More chance of Karaz-a-Karak caving in. And they even came and took the pump away! Pahf.’**

After drifting through a succession of odd jobs, Grim heard that Dieter needed a cellarer. He knew next to nothing about the job but as he told Dieter with pride, his family was related to the Bugman Clan, the brewers of the most renowned beers in the Old World. He has been at the Graf Manfred ever since. Using a mixture of trial and error and plain Dwarf common sense, Grim has taught himself about beer, and keeps a very good cellar, which has enhanced the Graf Manfred’s reputation. He has also used some of his old skills to modify the cellar, adding a couple of secret passages that have proved very useful in various clandestine operations. Grim is content to stay at the Graf Manfred for the time being, and gets on well with most of the staff and regulars.

One day, he promises himself, he will move on and make a name as an engineer somewhere else, perhaps in Lustria where the Guild cannot interfere, but most of his Human acquaintances firmly believe that this is no more than a pipe dream.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
53%	34%	34%	46%	37%	55%	55%	25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	4	3	0	0	0

Quirks: Problem Solver, Stubborn, Thick Skulled

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering+10%, Science), Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical, Khazalid+10%, Reikspiel), Trade (Brewer, Cooper, Gunsmith, Smith)

Talents: Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Linguistics, Master Gunner, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Stout-hearted, Sturdy

Combat:

Armour (Light): Studded Leather Jack

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 0

Weapons: Solid Steel Hammer (Hand Weapon; 1d10+3)

Trappings: twelve cask taps, six Spikes, Purse with 5 gc, Keys to cellar and cellar safe, two Textbooks on Brewing, Engineer’s Kit, Writing Kit, defaced Dwarf Engineers’ Guild Badge (kept in safe)

EXPATRIATE DWARFS

Humans (and Halflings) are not the only citizens of the Empire, as many Dwarfs have chosen to leave their ancestral realms and dwell under the Emperor’s Rule. Such Dwarfs settle in cities, buying man-made houses where they settle the basements, constructing small self-contained underground communities known as Grottos.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

MILLI GORSEDOWN – COOK

Halfling Tradesman



‘Out of the way, out of the way, or the pies will spoil!.. Phew! Just caught them. I’m sorry I shouted, but I’m not serving pies that are black on top, not for anyone. Just give that pot a stir, will you? No, no, the other one. Just a couple of times round, to stop the soup burning at the sides. Thank you. Now then, I’m sure I’ve got some cooking sherry about somewhere ... ah, here it is. Reach down a couple of mugs from the top

shelf there, save me getting a stool. Five minutes rest while the pies are cooling. Ah, that’s better! Good health to you!’

Milli (full name Miallasmira Gorsedown of the Puddinghill Gorsedowns) was actually born in the city, part of a small but growing Halfling population that has always been here. She is plump and homely, but not unattractive by Halfling standards, and stands about 3ft 6in tall. Her hair is mid-brown, and piled on top of her head in a bun, and her eyes are cornflower blue. She wears a floor-length dress and apron, her sleeves are always rolled up and she always seems to be covered in flour. Milli is a cheerful soul, and has served as cook at the Graf Manfred for as long as Dieter has been running it. She has attended the births of all four Kellner children, and has appointed herself as a kind of godmother to them. She is particularly fond of Helga, who spends most of her time helping in the kitchen ‘Such a sweet nature, she has. I do hope she doesn’t turn out like her sister, not that I’ve anything against Magda, you understand. I love them all, but let’s face it, nobody likes a sharp tongue. Harald’s a fine boy, if a little wild, still, I expect he’ll settle down in a few years. And then there’s Volker. The others all think he’s a bit strange, but he’s all right in his own way. He just carries on, and nothing much bothers him. He’s a quiet boy, I expect he’s got hidden depths, and one day he’ll surprise us all.’ One of the major topics of gossip at the Graf Manfred is if and when Milli will marry Ludo Greenberry, but she cheerfully (if blushing) pours scorn on the idea. ‘Oh, get on with you! He’s too much of a scoundrel to settle down and marry! I’m sure he does it just to make fun of me, anyway. Those clothes of his, and his gambling, I swear he gets taller every time I see him, and one day he’ll wake up and find he’s Human! We just enjoy getting together once in a while for a good old natter, that’s all.’

Milli has always hoped to visit her relatives in the Moot, but has never achieved this ambition. She will be particularly happy to see a fellow-Halfling among the guests, and will do her best to lure a Halfling visitor into the kitchen for a gossip and a few mugs of cooking sherry.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
22%	34%	26%	31%	53%	36%	45%	47%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	2	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: Chatty, Esmeralda’s Pride

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Common Knowledge (Halfling), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip+10%, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Halfling, Reikspiel), Trade (Cook+10%, Herbalist)

Talents: Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Savvy, Suave, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling)

Combat:

Armour (Light): Leather Jerkin

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

Weapons: None

Trappings: Silver Ladle-shaped pendant of Esmeralda, purse with 3 gc, 75 gc in cash and 50 gc in jewellery contained in a chest under the bed

Typical Meals at the Graf Manfred Inn

Peasecod - 1p

(a burger made of figs, raisins and flour)

Mutton Pottage with Oatmeal - 2p

Lamb’s Head with Pertinence and Feigensenf - 5p

(a filling meal of lamb’s organs with fig mustard)

Goose with Sorrel Sauce and Manchet Bread - 1 silver

(goose with herb sause and fine white bread)

Warden Pie of spiced Pears and Bindleberries - 3p

Furmenty – 1 gc

(luxury dessert made of wheat, cream and sugar)

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

ERIKA STALLER – STABLE-LASS

Servant (ex-Peasant)



'Don't mind the horses, they won't hurt you. Horses only hurt people when they're, frightened or when they've been treated badly, see, so if you just treat 'em gentle-like, an' don't frighten 'em, they're good as gold. Just need to be quiet round 'em and don't get behind 'em where they can't see you. I don't mind the horses, fact is, I get on with 'em better'n I get on with people. Some folks don't like the smell of a stable, but I'd

rather sleep in the hay up there than on any of your fine feather beds. You know where you are with horses, 'cause they tells you all in the way they looks at you, an' the way they holds their heads an' pricks their ears up. Whoa, boy! See, this'n's taken a shine to you, just reach up and pat 'is neck, gentle-like.'

Erika is a tall, raw-boned young girl of about sixteen, who came to the city two years ago to seek her fortune. Her tangled hair is the colour of straw, and her eyes are a startling shade of blue. She is soft-voiced and slow of speech, with a definite rustic accent. Erika always seems uneasy in the presence of other people, and is telling no more than the truth when she says she prefers the company of horses. She is marvellously gifted with horses, and Dieter may privately admit that he got a real bargain when he agreed to take her on in exchange for bed and board and eight shillings a week.

Erika could be very useful to a party of adventurers who have a sick or injured horse. She also remembers the condition and distinctive markings of every horse that has been in the stable for the past couple of months, and if a horse has been in particularly bad condition (sick, injured, ridden to exhaustion) she will remember it for a year or more.

THE ANCIENT SPIRITS

Much to the disgust and fear of Witch Hunters and civilised Priests alike, the ancient spirits still abound in rural and wilderness of the Old World. In many places the appeasement or even worship of these spirits continues, though in a much reduced and secretive form. Educated and civilised folk regard these practices as primitive superstition, but the peasants and other rural dwellers retain a healthy respect for the ancient beliefs.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36%	32%	37%	43%	38%	36%	34%	24%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	4	5	0	0	0

Quirks: Horselord

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Blather, Charm Animal, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Performer (Dancer), Ride, Row, Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Fleet Footed, Hardy, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Very Resilient

Special Rules:

Blessed by the Horse Spirits: Any Characters who use the Magical Sense skill on Erika will realise the secret of Erika's success with horses. She was one of the fortunate few to have been born with an animal spirit familiar, in this case, a horse. It is visible to characters with Magical Awareness Skill as a dim, smoky outline of a Horse standing beside her. Erika is not aware of her familiar's existence, but has always felt an affinity with horses. In game terms, Erika has a +10% bonus to any Test involved with dealing with Horses and counts as having the Ride Skill.

Combat:

Armour (None): Good Craftsmanship Stable-lass Costume

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

Weapons: Dagger (1d10+0), Sling (1d10+3)

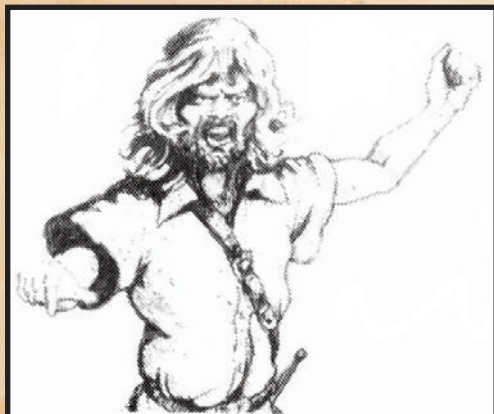
Trappings: assorted Brushes and Combs for grooming horses, bent Horseshoe Nail (for removing stones from hooves), Leather Flask, Pewter Tankard, Tinderbox, Storm Lantern with Lamp Oil, Silver Spur (Lucky Charm) kept under mattress



A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

HANS RUHRER

Agitator



'Just take a look around you! The government is supposed to serve the people, but what are they doing? Looking after themselves and their rich friends, that's what! And the rest of us –

whose taxes keep them in a fat living, I might add – the rest of us can go hang! It's time for us to act, my friends! Take a leaflet home, read it, and judge for yourselves!'

There is no mistaking Hans Ruhrer's profession, for he is always holding forth about some injustice or cause. Hans is in his mid to late twenties, medium height with a wiry build, with lank, shoulder-length dark brown hair, a sparse but tangled beard and light brown eyes afire with the light of fanaticism. He dresses simply, in drab colours and there is an almost studied lack of care about his appearance. He seems to have an almost unlimited supply of inflammatory leaflets, on any subject from state oppression of the masses to the oppressive state of the drains, and, no matter what the conversation, he can always turn it to a political point and produce a leaflet to support his argument. During the day, Hans can be found at any number of street corners in the area, handing out leaflets and haranguing anyone who will listen. Self-interested councillors, corrupt merchants, profiteering landlords, none escapes his watchful eye and eloquent denouncement. In addition, of course, contributions to The Cause, any Cause, are always welcome, particularly at Hans' regular **'open meetings'** after dark in the back bar of the Graf Manfred. More than anything else, Hans is looking for like-minded souls to help him, leafleting, holding rallies, and above all, **'organising'**. He does not seem to have a very dear idea of what this entails, but is sure that it is vitally necessary to any cause. **'We must organise'** is something of a catchphrase with him. Characters that are interested, or can feign interest, in his causes can get almost anything from him, since deep down he lacks shrewdness and can be convinced of almost anything by an argument that sounds politically well reasoned.

Hans sees himself as a visionary leader, however and would never give up his rightful place at the head of **'The Movement'** whatever that movement might be. As well as knowing all the regulars in the Graf Manfred, Hans has contacts with a couple of cheap printers, and knows a few prominent underworld figures. He has a tendency to romanticise the underworld, believing that it has arisen from the Common people banding together to protect themselves from the oppression of the rich and powerful.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	25%	31%	33%	41%	31%	31%	41%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	1	0

Quirks: Idealist

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Concealment, Gossip, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Tilean, Reikspiel)

Talents: Lightning Relaxes, Street Fighting, Flee!, Public Speaking

Combat:

Armour (None): Good Craftsmanship Clothing with Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Sword (Hand Weapon; 1d10+3)

Trappings: assorted Inflammatory Leaflets

Fear the Reaper!

Does it unnerve you to know that men with unknown goals are communing with forces beyond the veil of life? Good citizens, rise up among the Necromancers in our midst! The foul Amethyst Magister's and Priest's of the so-called carrion god Morr are no more than servants of the unwholesome Fly Lord!

Join the Citizens League Against Wizards and Sorcerers today and fight the enemy within!

We must protect ourselves from the Walking Dead!

- Printed at the Van Damneg Print Works of Marienburg -
 - Reasonable Rates Offered -
 - No Job too Small -

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

HEINRICH 'HEINI' UNSITTMANN – BAWD

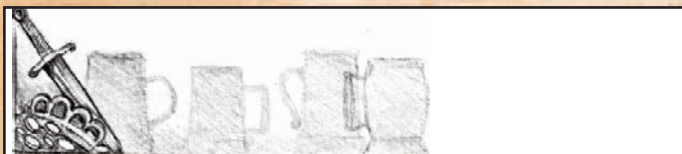
Rogue



'Hello, hello, hello, you're new here, aren't you? Well, look no further. Anything you need to know, about anything, I'm your man. You're staying here in the Manfred, I suppose? Hm. Well, it's not a bad base, I've known Dieter here for years, but if you're going to be around more than a week or two, come

and ask me about accommodation. Cheap rooms, fancy rooms, out-of-the-way rooms, accommodating landladies, anything you need. And suppose you fancy a night on the town, I mean, the Manfred's a good place for a quiet drink or two, but if you fancy painting the town one evening, you come and have a word with me. I can tell you where to avoid, where the best beer is, where the best entertainments are, whatever your tastes. Anything you need to know, you just come to me. I'm in here most nights, just ask for Heini.'

Heini is a shortish man in his late twenties or early thirties, with a slim-build, mid-brown hair and piercing blue eyes. Wherever and whenever he is encountered, he always gives the impression that he is on his way somewhere else, and can only stay a few minutes. His clothes are always expensive, immaculate, with a careful blend of high fashion, and personal taste that makes Heini quite the most stylish of the Graf Manfred's regulars. Heini is little seen during the day, but as soon as night falls, he can be found propping up the bar in the Graf Manfred, sometimes making two or three visits in a night. Heini is a fixer he knows everyone who is anyone in the business of having a good time, and his expertise, knowledge and contacts are open to anyone for the price of a few drinks. His contacts also make him a bad man to cross, for he knows more heavysset barmen, bouncers and bodyguards than you would believe could live in just one city. Affability is his middle name, though as he will be happy to tell you over a drink or two and he would much rather get on with people, point them in the direction of a good time, and get a free meal or an evening's drinking for his trouble.



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	25%	31%	34%	41%	31%	31%	41%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: King of Cups, Resourceful

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip+10%, Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Public Speaking, Sixth Sense, Streetwise, Suave

Combat:

Armour (None): Best Craftsmanship Clothing with Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Short Sword (Hand Weapon; 1d10+3), Dagger (1d10+0)

Trappings: Purse containing around 10 gc (which he hardly ever spends)

BAWDs

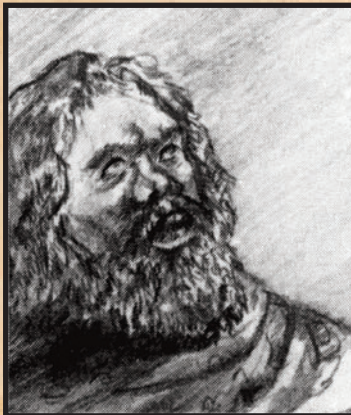
Bawds act as procurers of services and guides to towns for both the Nobility and visitors to the area. Such men – and they are usually male humans or Halflings – not only know all the best drinking houses and gambling halls, but also where to find Black Lotus dens, houses of ill repute and establishments catering to the full range of illegal and immoral establishments and services to be found.

Bawds offer their services to any reveller who appears suitably wealthy. Reputable Bawds are well known throughout the city they operate in, and can help gain access to facilities catering to all manner of vices. Bawds can also supply information upon which establishments are safe, which are under official scrutiny and which make a practice of robbing or murdering clients. Disreputable Bawds often operate as petty con men, luring their newfound companions into 'sucker traps' or gangs of ruffians, in exchange for a share of any pickings.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

OLD FRITZ THE BEGGAR

Vagabond (ex-Soldier)



'Spare a copper, chief? I ain't eaten in so long, me stomach thinks me throat's been cut. Oh, I see you're a military type, chief. Senior Trooper, First Company, Baron's Rangers (retired), at your service SIR! You'll pardon me not standing, chief, but the old leg's been giving me gyp, what with the cold and damp. See that? Beastman gave me that scar, back in '98.

Aaah, a shilling. Bless you, chief, I knew you were a good sort right from the first moment I clapped eyes on you. Thank you, SIR!

Nobody knows whether Old Fritz ever had another name. He seems to be in his late thirties or early forties, although it is difficult to tell his precise age. While he is not a regular customer of the Graf Manfred, he can very often be found outside it, slumped against one of the walls with his begging bowl in front of him. Regardless of the weather, Fritz is always wrapped in a thick bundle of tattered blankets, other people's cast-off clothes and other scraps of material. His hair and beard are black as far as can be seen and are thick, matted and filthy. His eyes are dark brown, and usually unfocussed. He seems to be of medium height, but may well be taller, as he walks with a perpetual shuffling stoop. His build, beneath the rags and blankets, is anybody's guess. Although he presents the first impression of being a pitiful wreck of humanity, Old Fritz can move with remarkable speed if he has enough money for a drink or a meal, or if someone is chasing him. He sees and hears a great deal of what goes on in the neighbourhood, as well no-one pays a beggar any heed and can be a valuable lookout or source of information in exchange for a hot meal and a drink or two. He can also put you in touch with some interesting people, as well; his years of scraping a living from the city streets has gained him a wide circle of friends and protectors, from kind-hearted Watch officers to underworld leaders. His value as a lookout and source of information has not escaped the leaders of the city's underworld, and Old Fritz reports back regularly on any strange goings-on or interesting new arrivals at the Graf Manfred and in the surrounding area. Adventurers indulging in criminal activities while at the Graf Manfred could well receive a visit from a few heavy-set gentlemen, who would like a quite word about the evils of poaching on another man's turf...

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	35%	33%	42%	32%	29%	29%	29%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: Old Soldier, Scrounger

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Kislev, the Empire), Dodge Blow, Drive, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Disarm, Mighty Shot, Orientation, Rapid Reload, Rover, Seasoned Traveller, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Very Resilient

Combat:

Armour (None): Ancient Tattered Uniform surrounded in Blankets and other scrounged Clothing

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

Weapons: Quarterstaff (1d10+1, Defensive, Pummelling), Dagger (1d10+0)

Trappings: Water Skin, Begging Bowl, 3d10 pennies, fleas

REGIMENTS OF RENOWN:

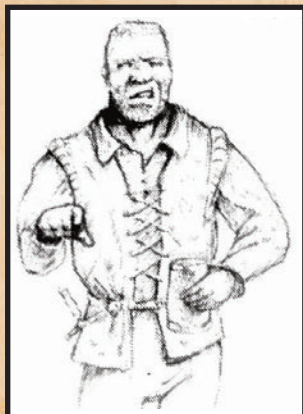
Vannheim's 75th

Siegfried Vannheim's Free Company of Imperial Mercenaries has a long history of fighting throughout the length and breadth of the Old World, including in Kislev, the Empire and the Border Princes. It was here, when hired to guard tombs that lay below the World's Edge Mountains, which Vannheim realised that the loot he was guarding was potentially far greater than anything he could loot from the invading Greenskins. Since then Vannheim's Free Company decided to add 'Archaeology' to their repertoire of charted activities. Due to this charter, there are many Tomb Raider and Mercenaries that claim membership of the 75th, indeed, far more than the number who ever actually served within it. Each wears the distinctive yellow-banded uniform and has an Imperial Eagle Tattoo upon their right arm.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

KLAUS ACHTHABER

Protagonist (ex-Bodyguard)



'Shut your mouth before I tear it off the bottom of your face.'

'Talking to me or chewing a brick, either way you lose your teeth.'

'You got a strange liking for pain or something?'

Klaus is a professional tough guy, and lives the role to the limit. He is just over six feet tall, and is solidly built, with close-cropped iron-grey hair

that is no longer than the stubble of his beard. His eyes are ice blue, and very steady; he has never met anyone who can stare him down. Klaus dresses in scuffed leather jack and breeches, with heavy calf-length boots, and appears to be in his mid to late thirties. He speaks little, but has an extensive collection of threats, like those above. Klaus has worked for a number of Merchants as a Bodyguard and it is said that he has also worked as a 'frightener' for a gang of Racketeers on the other side of the city. Between jobs, he may be found sullenly propping up the bar in the Graf Manfred, where he is a kind of unofficial bouncer. He works so hard at being unfriendly that most people leave him alone. Klaus can be hired as a Bodyguard, or to do almost any kind of work that involves looking mean.

For work where no real risk is expected like most kinds of Bodyguard work, or visiting people who are slow paying their debts, Klaus charges 15 silver in advance. If the job lasts more than one day he charges 15 silver per day, payable at the start of each day. He can be Haggled down to 10 silver, or 7 silver if times are hard. For more exacting or dangerous work, involving fighting or other kinds of danger and inconvenience, he charges 1 gc per day, but can be Haggled down as above. He is experienced and far from stupid, and on a successful Intelligence test he can usually work out if he is being sent into a trap or being set up to take a fall for someone else. He makes sure that those who cross him regret it, as much for professional reasons as because of his unforgiving nature. Because of the nature of his work, Klaus has a wide range of contacts at all levels of society, but his sullen and uncooperative nature will make it difficult for characters to take advantage of him unless he sees a profit for himself in the deal.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	25%	43%	36%	40%	29%	35%	29%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	13	4	3	4	0	2	0

Quirks: Grew up on the Streets, Ice Cold Eyes

Skills: Common Knowledge (The Empire), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Heal, Intimidate+10%, Perception, Ride, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Menacing, Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying, Throwing), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Very Strong

Combat:

Armour (Medium): Mail Shirt and Leather Jack and Leggings

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

Weapons: Knuckle-Dusters (1d10+2, Pummelling), Pair of Throwing Axes (1d10+3), Dagger (1d10+2), Buckler (1d10+1, Defensive, Pummelling), Shield (1d10+3, Special)

Trappings: Purse with 1d10 gc, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness

A BLOODY NOSE AND TWO BLACK EYES

One of the problems of running the bar room brawl in Warhammer is that critical hits are pretty deadly, rapidly leading to an inn full of corpses. Due to the generally non-lethal nature of the weapons used in bar fights, Groups wishing to avoid this could adopt the following optional rules. Any time an attack is made either Unarmed or with an Improvised Weapon, after determining the result on Table 6-3: Critical Hits, deduct 3 from the result (to a minimum of 1). Therefore, the maximum critical result that can be inflicted is a 7. Characters with the Street Fighter or Arts of Silent Death Talent should be able to choose to ignore this rule, and Characters with Strike to Injure can choose to add their +1 bonus after the result has been reduced.

A detailed Imperial City Based Inn for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

THE STREET BRATS

Adolescents



‘Oi, mister! Gi’s a shillin’ an’ I’ll look after yer ‘orse for yer! You don’t want to leave it there all alone, mister, not in this part of town. Begone in a minute if you’re not careful. Now, normally, I’d be ‘appy to do it fer nuffink, but my sister’s very sick, an’ I need to get ‘er some medicine. We’re orphans, y’see, so we ‘ave t’look out for each uver.’

Brats, urchins, guttersnipes – call them what you will, and they will probably call you something worse. Most of their parents are dead, or moved away, or do not care; they will tell you whatever seems most likely to separate you from a few coppers. They band together in the face of a hostile (and taller) world, looking after themselves and each other, and throwing a stone through a window whenever they can get away with it. You can tell they will come to no good, but if you want information, unobtrusive scouting, a bit of pilfering or even some first-stage underworld contacts, then it can be very useful to have the confidence of a gang of brats. A small gang of half a dozen brats haunts the streets around the Graf Manfred, getting by with a mixture of begging, pick pocketing and confidence trickery. There are four boys and three girls, although it is difficult to tell the difference beneath the ragged clothes and caked dirt. Their names are Uli (the leader, aged about 10), Hans (about 8), Jan (perhaps 7 or 8), Berni (between 8-9), Uschi (8), Hanna (7) and Lise (around 7-8 years).



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29%	29%	31%	31%	35%	25%	25%	25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	8	3	3	4	0	0	0

Uli has all the skills listed across; roll randomly for the others, or assign skills as you wish.

Quirks: Artful Dodger

Skills: Dodge Blow, Gossip, Speak Language (Reikspiel), 25% chance of Slight of Hand

Talents: Flee!, 25% chance of Lightning Reflexes

Combat:

Armour (None): Tattered Clothes

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

Weapons: Sticks and Stones (Improvised; 1d10-1, Special)

Trappings: Bag of Marbles, Dirty Handkerchief, 1d10-4 pennies secreted in grubby pockets

SIZE MATTERS

or ‘Ludo Shortshanks pins down the Mighty Lugg!’

Children are small, much smaller than Adults are. As WFRP lacks any hard and fast rules governing size, this means that the GM should adjudicate according to the rules on page 197 of the Core Rulebook.

These rules are not just limited to children either. A Halfling trying to pin down an Ogre should not find the task Easy, he should find it Very Hard (-30%) if it is even possible at all. A Human trying to win a game of Tug of War with a horse is going to find it Hard (-20%) while a Horse may well find Disengaging from a relatively insignificant Goblin Very Easy (+30%).

Smaller Characters generally find tasks such as sneaking around and squeezing through gaps easier than larger ones, but find it harder to apply leverage to move items or indeed have the frame to carry larger objects.

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NIKLAS ODENTHAL – BUNKO ARTIST

Gambler



'Roll up, roll up, my friends, you'll never get an offer this good again, not if you live to be a hundred. Observe, three cups, one pea. I shuffle them around like so - now, sir, where do you think the pea is? Under that one? Are you sure? How sure? Shall we say a Gold Crown? Very good, sir. This one, you say? Let's see... Well, how about that? My sincere congratulations, sir, you have a keen eye. I'll match your Gold Crown.

Now, then, double or quits? Ah, you are a sportsman indeed, sir. Back goes the pea, and shuffle the cups again... That one? Let's see now... No! Well, you can't win 'em all, sir. Still, one game each is even, that's what I always say. Now – anyone else like a go?'

Odenthal 'Call me Nikki' appears to be about 30 years old. He is about 5ft 8in tall, and slim built, with a gaunt face framed by lank, straight straw-coloured hair. His eyes are blue, and always sparkling. Odenthal sometimes sets up his games in the streets around the Graf Manfred, fleecing a few gullible passers-by in order to pay for a hot pie and a few beers later on. He very rarely sets up his games actually inside the inn, because the regulars know him too well. No local would ever get involved in a game of chance with Nikki, except possibly Ludo Greenberry. However, on a rare occasion, he may start a game in the bar, with the co-operation of the staff and regulars, to clean out a particularly wealthy and stupid-looking stranger for the entertainment of all concerned.

Strosser, a pet rat named after a particularly unpopular local Watch Captain, invariably accompanies Odenthal. Strosser is mainly brown with white patches on the head and underside, and is almost permanently dosed with a powerful stimulant. Odenthal uses the rat for racing and will occasionally make a bet with Rudolf the rat catcher, pitting Strosser against Rudolf's dog Ferret. So far, Strosser has survived every encounter.

STROSSER THE RAT

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	0%	10%	10%	50%*	10%	14%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	2	1	1	5*	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception

Talents: Rover

Special Rules:

Drugged Up!: Strosser's Agility and Move score have been boosted by his almost continual use of stimulant.

Combat:

Armour (None): -

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

Weapons: Bite (Unarmed, 1d10-3, Special)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	25%	31%	36%	46%	31%	31%	41%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: Convincing Manner, Slick Operator

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Perception, Secret Signs (Thief), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Streetwise

Combat:

Armour (None): Leather Jerkin

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

Weapons: None

Trappings: three Wooden Cups and three Coloured Balls, Pair of Dice, Pack of Cards, Purse with 25 gc

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'PROFESSOR' KURT QUACKSALBER

Charlatan (ex-Dilettante)



'Introducing, on open sale for the first time anywhere in the Old World, Doctor Corioli's Peerless Elixir! As supplied to the crowned heads of the world, and the nobility throughout The Empire, Bretonnia and Estalia! Guaranteed to cure coughs, colds, flu, migraines, gout, headaches, backaches, toothaches, foot rot, gut-rot, wet rot, dry rot and

Neiglish Rot! It puts hairs on your chest and keeps rats out of your barn! Guaranteed to drive off damp, mildew, fleas, woodworm, unwanted guests, evil spirits, door-to-door salesmen and the neighbour's cat! And, my friends, for this week only I am able to offer the Elixir for the bargain price of five Gold Crowns a bottle! Don't push, there's enough for everybody!'

Kurt is a colourful character, of medium height and build with red hair and narrow green eyes. He has an extensive collection of brightly coloured doublets and shirts, and always wears a dark red broad-brimmed hat topped off with a bright blue feather. He is never seen without a large travelling-bag full of his homemade remedies, potions and salves. Kurt works the streets around the Graf Manfred and the nearby coaching depot, but when he drops into the Graf Manfred for a drink in the evening he is normally 'off-duty'; all the regulars know him, and he knows better than to try to sell them any of his wares. However, he is not above making a quick sale to a gullible-looking stranger if the opportunity arises.

Some of his mixtures and preparations actually do have some effect, although this is rarely the effect advertised. Something he sells as a hair-restorer may turn out to be a powerful laxative, for instance, or one of his wart-removing creams may be just the thing for cleaning silver. He sometimes buys ingredients from Thomas Schwartzerde the apprentice alchemist, but they are not partners in any regular sense.

You might like to roll a d10 twice for any potion or preparation that Kurt sells the Characters – once for what he thinks it does, and once for what it really does. See the Doctor Corioli's Peerless Elixir sidebar on page 30)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	27%	36%	33%	41%	31%	31%	41%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: King of Liers, Resourceful

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Alchemy), Blather+10%, Charm, Common Knowledge (Tilea, the Empire), Disguise, Evaluate, Gossip, Navigation, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Signs (Thief), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel), Trade (Calligrapher)

Talents: Etiquette, Lighting Reflexes, Mimic, Public Speaking, Suave

Combat:

Armour (None): Good Craftsmanship Clothing

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

Weapons: Sword (Hand Weapon; 1d10+3)

Trappings: Clothes for various guises, Outrageous broad brimmed Hat, forged University Diploma, sheaf of forged Unsolicited Testimonials, four fake Military Medals, Purse with 30 gc, three Printed Books on alchemy, large Travelling-Bag, Writing Kit, Trade Tools (Apothecary), twenty-odd Bottles of Coloured Water, twenty-odd Jars of Coloured Powder, various Odd Concoctions

ALCHEMY AND APOTHECARY

Academic Knowledge (Alchemy) covers knowledge of chemicals and compounds, as well as knowledge of simple tests such as determining the acidity of a compound, the presence of metal ore or even if a compound is attuned to the Winds of Magic.

Trade (Apothecary) on the other hand covers the more practical side of the trade. Allowing the actual manufacture of Draughts and other compounds (this can include creating Magical Potions if the Alchemist is magically aware, see Realms of Sorcery).

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THOMAS SCHWARTZERDE Alchemist's Apprentice Tradesman (ex-Raconteur)



'Dear, oh dear, what a day. You can say an adventurer's life is hard, but you don't know what danger is until you work for an Alchemist. The Boss had one of his bright ideas today, so it was 'THOMAS! Fetch the aqua mordans! THOMAS! Set up the sublimating bath next to the furnace! THOMAS! Five pennyweight of transfixed mercury in the calcination chamber!' He was skipping around the furnace like a

Lustrian witch-doctor, babbling about fixing the tinctures in the seventh degree, when suddenly, BOOM! I don't know how he lived, I really don't. He came groping out of the smoke, blinking like a concussed owl and muttering about the white sulphur of the trine circle or some such. So, as usual, it's a stiff brandy for him and a mop and bucket for me. There wasn't a piece of glass unbroken anywhere, and some very peculiar mixtures were forming, I can tell you. So ... anyone got a use for three gallons of something that turn's iron bright green?'

Thomas is a short, lean youth of about eighteen, with dark brown eyes and short, curly black hair that is always singed. His eyebrows are missing altogether. His clothes are spattered with stains of various colours, and his face and hands are grimy with ingrained dirt. He is an affable, chatty individual, with an inexhaustible supply of stories about 'The Boss' local Alchemist Leopold Goldsucher and spectacular laboratory accidents. His storytelling, and the hilarious impression he does of Goldsucher's crow-like voice, make him a popular figure at the Graf Manfred, where he entertains an audience with tales of new disasters. While ready to enjoy a joke at his master's expense, Thomas is a fairly conscientious apprentice. He enjoys his work, and hopes to set up on his own one day. He is down-to-earth: 'Not like You-Know-Who. He's not in the same world as the rest of us, really he isn't...' His agile mind can often find a use (and a market) for the results of Goldsucher's mistakes. He can sometimes be persuaded to obtain basic alchemical or magical ingredients, although he always charges a fair price: 'The Old Boy may not know half the things he's got, but I'm not going to rob him.' He also has a couple of tricks of his own, and is not averse to doing the odd simple alchemical job on the side.

Thomas could be useful to a party who need the skills of an Alchemist, or the occasional ingredient or piece of equipment. Some of his 'discoveries' might be useful to imaginative characters, although their effects are often unpredictable. He can also provide an introduction to Goldsucher himself, if the Alchemist can use the services of a group of adventurers: monster-hunting for ingredients, for instance, or recovering vital notes (or dangerous substances) stolen by a rival, etc.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28%	33%	31%	32%	48%	42%	36%	37%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: Hard Worker, Resourceful

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Lustria, the Empire), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip+10%, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Comedian, Storyteller), Read/ Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary, Brewing)

Talents: Dealmaker, Hardy, Lightning Reflexes, Mimic, Public Speaking, Seasoned Traveller

Combat:

Armour (Light): Leather Jerkin with chemical stained Best Craftsmanship Clothing

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

Weapons: Dagger (1d10+0)

Trappings: Purse with 7 gc, 10% chance of a strange alchemical substance

GONG FARMERS

Gong farmers are those unfortunate souls that travel around the city each morning with carts to take away the 'night soil' and 'foul water' that the inhabitants have gathered in buckets during the prior day and night. Some of this 'gong' is simply thrown in the nearest sewer, while others sell it as manure, dry it for fuel or sell to alchemists, who extract a substance known as saltpetre from it, used to create gunpowder and other substances.

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RUDOLF UNGEZIEFER

Rat Catcher



'GET DOWN, Ferret! Mind your ankles, matey, he's always a bit jumpy when he's just come off the job. No sudden movements, that's the trick. Proper little tunnel fighter, he is, just like them Dwarfs. Small but strong. Well, what about this weather, then, eh? Lovely for the time of year. I like it hot.

Good for business, too. All those little beauties down the drains, breeding away – just what we need, eh, Ferret?

Rudolf is a small man in his forties, with button-bright eyes, dark, slightly greasy hair and a narrow, lightly bearded weasel face. Some say he is related to his prey, but Rudolf does not mind. All he wants out of life is warm weather, rats to catch and a pint of ale in the evening. He is devoted to Ferret, his small mongrel dog – a shaggy, shapeless ball of fur and teeth. As befits a Rat Catcher, Rudolf wears a doublet and peaked hat made of rat-skin, made for him by a tailor he knows in exchange for keeping rats out of the storeroom. It adds to his slightly disreputable appearance, but, as usual, Rudolf does not mind, after all, it is the sign of his profession. His biggest customer is Muhler's Flourmill, not far from the Graf Manfred, and he is on good terms with most of the local shopkeepers and the servants of a good few upper-class houses. He has a wide range of acquaintances and contacts at all levels throughout the city, which, as he points out, is not surprising, since everyone has rats to be caught. Rudolf's wide range of acquaintances can make him very useful to a party of adventurers, as can his intimate knowledge of the city streets he knows every yard, alley and drain, everywhere a rat can go. Sometimes, he finds other things than rats in the city's hidden places.

People still talk about the time Ferret cornered a rat-like Beastman in the cellar of a baker's shop. 'Horrible great thing, it was. Almost as tall as a man, with a rat's head, and fur and all. But he smelt rat, and that was good enough for old Ferret. I shouted upstairs to call the Watch, and kept whacking it with my pole until they turned up. Don't ask me how it got in there, but it caused a right old flap, I can tell you.'

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
34%	45%	32%	37%	39%	30%	28%	27%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	3	0

Quirks: Cheerful Soul, Stands out in a Croud

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Trainer, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Concealment, Gossip, Perception, Search, Set Trap, Silent Move, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Tunnel Rat

Combat:

Armour (None): Stained Clothing with rat-skin hat

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

Weapons: Dagger (1d10+0), Sling (1d10+3)

Trappings: Ratter's Pole, six Animal Traps, Dog

FERRET – SMALL BUT VICIOUS DOG

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38%	0%	21%	31%	46%	14%	43%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	6	2	3	6	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Perception+20%, Swim

Talents: Flee!, Frenzy, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Resistance to Disease, Tunnel Rat

Combat:

Armour (None): -

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

Weapons: Bite (1d10+2)

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GERHARD KAMM

Coachman



'Hello, hello! Nice to get back again friendly faces and familiar places. There you go, Dieter - one case of Wastelander Rum, as ordered. It was fun getting it past the excise at the border, though. They had a new chief on! Just out from Altdorf and still doing everything by the book! I thought he was going to look down my throat and charge me import duty on my breakfast! Not a bad run, though, all in all. Roads

aren't too bad lit this time of year, and it was all peaceful enough. So... what's been going on while I've been away, then? Where's all the gossip?'

Gerhard is a tall, big-built man in his thirties, with blue eyes, short, dark brown hair and a magnificent set of moustache and side-whiskers. While off-duty in the Graf Manfred, he normally wears a leather jerkin and a thick woollen cloak, and carries a dagger as his only weapon. He is a bluff and jolly man, always quick with a laugh and a joke, and always ready to help a friend in trouble. Gerhard is a driver for Four Seasons coaches, who have a small but growing depot in the city. He is a frequent visitor to the Graf Manfred while he is not away on long trips, and has been a close friend of Dieter Kellner, the landlord, since childhood. When he returns from a trip, he nearly always brings something back for Dieter. Like most Coachmen, Gerhard knows a few 'fiddles' and 'special arrangements' which might allow characters to jump the queue if they have to get out of the city fast, or to travel cheaply if they are short of money. He is also not above a little innocent smuggling, like the case of rum he has just brought Dieter from Marienburg, but he would only do this for a friend and would not consider smuggling on a regular basis, 'Best not to push your luck,' as he always says. Gerhard might be useful to a party who need to travel quickly, cheaply or discreetly, but he is naturally a cautious man, and the party would have to be introduced to him by Dieter. He will also know whether Four Seasons are taking on any additional staff, and which parts of the Imperial road system are suffering most severely from Outlaws, Highwaymen or monsters. Through the grapevine of the coaching industry, he will know which of the most notorious Outlaws are operating where, and what the current rewards are on offer.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
43%	46%	31%	42%	39%	36%	47%	35%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	4	4	0	1	0

Quirks: Carefully Cautious, Resourceful

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Drive, Gossip+10%, Navigation, Perception, Ride, Secret Signs (Ranger), Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel),

Talents: Coolheaded, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Very Resilient

Combat:

Armour (Medium): Mail Shirt and Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Blunderbuss (1d10+3, Special), Sword (Hand Weapon; 1d10+3), Dagger (1d10+0)

Trappings: Instrument (Coach Horn), Purse with 3 gc

COACH FARES

At a cost of 7 gc per 10 miles travelled, coach travel in the Old World can seem to be very expensive, but there are a few factors to keep in mind. First of all it should be noted that Coaches operate as taxis rather than busses. It does not matter if there is one passenger or ten, the Coach will still charge the same amount in total for the trip.

Secondly, remember this price is for an Average Craftsmanship Coach, with plush seats and refreshments provided. While this is suitable for Nobles and rich merchants, itinerant adventurers may well wish to opt for a cheaper Poor Craftsmanship alternative.

Finally, on troubled routes, especially in the aftermath of the Storm of Chaos, a Coachman may offer anyone a discretionary discount of up to 10% of their fare if they are deemed to be both able and willing to defend the Coach in the case of any trouble.

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LUDO GREENBERRY

Halfling Rapsallion (ex-Gambler)



'Anyone for an honest game of chance? Yes, even you, Odenthal, I feel lucky tonight! I'll be watching your hands, mind you! Shall we Say five Shillings a game? Good. Volker! Three more pints over here, please! And three pies! That'll do me, anyone else want anything? Cut for deal.'

Like almost all Halflings, Ludo (full name Ludovicus Greenberry the Fourth, of the Highdale Greenberrys) is perpetually and unsinkably cheerful. At forty-three, he is still almost an adolescent by Halfling standards, and he is well built (for a Halfling) and in the prime of life. He dresses in a black velvet doublet and breeches, with a white silk shirt and a rakish broad-brimmed hat with a large red feather. His curly dark brown hair is taken back in a Bretonnian-style queue and held at the back of the neck with a black silk bow. This style of dress is not unusual in the gambling houses of the city's theatre district, but the sight of a Halfling so attired never fails to turn a few heads. He certainly cuts a distinctive figure. Ludo drops into the Graf Manfred most evenings, on his way out to 'work'. Sometimes he will have a game or two there, and sometimes not, it depends on how he feels, and how he did the previous night. With typical Halfling practicality, Ludo seems to have made the somewhat precarious occupation of Gambler into a stable and fairly comfortable profession. As he will tell anyone, **'The trick is not to create bad feeling. Let people win some back, and always lose a few games in a row before you leave. Then your benefactors don't resent you nearly so much usually they're busy resenting whoever won the last few games. Greed is the thing to avoid. Make as much as you need to be comfortable, and keep that to one side. But never take too much from one person and always lose a few before you go. If you clean someone out and then leave with all their money, you're asking for trouble.'**

One of the major items of gossip around the Graf Manfred is when Ludo and Milli will get married. Whenever he visits, he always gets the very best of her cooking, and he jokingly pays her court just like a character from the worst kind of Estalian romantic novel.

Once, he woke half the street by borrowing a lute and serenading beneath her kitchen window. Nevertheless, there does seem to be more beneath his mock-swashbuckling manner, and the two of them have been known to spend hours gossiping about their families and life in the Moot. Ludo has friends throughout the theatres and gaming houses of the city, and can be an invaluable source of contacts in that area. He also has what he calls 'a business acquaintanceship' with many of the city's rich and powerful, and can wangle an invitation to some of the best parties.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
23%	45%	27%	33%	64%	46%	42%	58%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	2	3	4	0	0	0

Quirks: Dashing Disposition, Plucky

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Halflings, the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gamble+10%, Gossip+10%, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Slight of Hand, Speak Language (Halfling, Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Streetwise, Swashbuckler

Combat:

Armour (Light): Dashing Clothes with Leather Jack, Cloak and Outrageous Hat

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

Weapons: Silver-topped Cane (Hand Weapon, 1d10+2, Silver), Sword (Hand Weapon, 1d10+2), Dagger (1d10-1)

Trappings: Pair of Dice, Pack of Cards



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MAX BAUER – LABOURER

Anointed Priest of Ranald (ex-Tradesman, ex-Initiate, ex-Priest, ex-Foreman)



‘Now if you ask me, that building’s going to fall down afore it’s finished. It’s the same old story, an architect with big ideas and a head full of books, and no idea of how things work in real life. He’s trying to make a name for himself by throwing up this place, all spires and turrets and huge great windows, it is, and he’s got no idea about foundations. And who’ll get the blame when it falls down? The builders, that’s who. You

know what he tried today? Cutting down on the tea breaks. I ask you. Gives us all this rubbish about completion dates and costs and stuff. I tried to tell him, once you’ve put a course of stone on a wall, you’ve got to let it settle. You go piling them up one after the other, and when the mortar settles the wall comes down, like as not. But you can’t tell him anything.’

Max is a powerfully built man in his forties, the ‘ganger’ of a crew of labourers who are working not far away. He has deep-set blue eyes and close-cropped fair hair and beard, and wears scuffed leather working clothes. He often spends an hour in the Graf Manfred, with a couple of his men. He then goes home to his family in the city’s poor quarter. Max has no time for affectations. He sometimes has a heated debate with Hans Ruhrer, but dismisses him as a dreamer: ‘Ought to get his hands dirty and find out what it’s all about.’ Max is a great admirer of Dwarvern work ‘beautiful. Last forever and not rushed. Worst thing you can do, rush a building.’

He and Grim are great friends and often talk all night. Max Bauer is also a Cleric of Ranald, the patron deity of luck, the poor and the downtrodden. While he is a known member of the ‘Shrine Club’ near where he lives, only fellow worshippers know him as a Priest. However, he will be quick to notice a symbol of Ranald worn by a stranger, and will strike up conversation in order to check them out. Max can be a useful friend. He is well known in the city and the Labourer’s Guild. He even knows some of the City’s Racketeers and can sometimes ‘arrange’ things. He will not use these contacts to evil ends, nor will he help with any plan that harms the city’s lower classes.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35%	32%	44%	51%	54%	41%	46%	43%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	5	4	2	1	0

Quirks: Militant Leader, Slow and Steady

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, Engineering, Necromancy, Theology), Channelling, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, the Empire), Concealment, Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception, Performer (Singer), Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Silent Move, Slight of Hand, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical, Khazalid, Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Carpentry, Stoneworker)

Talents: Armoured Casting, Dealmaker, Divine Lore (Ranald), Fast Hands, Lesser Magic (Magic Alarm), Lightning Reflexes, Master Orator, Meditation, Petty Magic (Divine), Public Speaking, Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Suave, Very Resilient, Very Strong

Combat:

Armour (Light): Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Dagger (1d10+1)

Trappings: Religious ‘X’ Symbol, Whistle, Purse with 6 gc, Noble Vestments and Prayer Book hidden at the bottom of battered Backpack, Writing Kit

AMULET OF AVOIDING SCRUTINY

These small tokens come in myriad forms, although each is prominently marked with a symbol of Ranald, such as a cat or more typically a large ‘X’. The faithful believe that these help one avoid detection.

Once per day per charm worn, an Amulet has a 5% chance of giving someone a -10% penalty upon their Perception Skill Tests when trying to find the wearer. Elves, Dwarfs and Halflings gain no benefit from Human Religious Charms.

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GILELLION CALISSIENN

Elf Minstrel (ex-Entertainer, ex-Thief, ex-Raconteur)



'Thank you, thank you. Your applause is welcome, but to me, the highest accolade is the clinking of coins going into my hat. Now, what would you like to hear next? The Grieving of Thienandil? No too depressing. It loses a lot in translation, as well. This grunting thing you call a language is so limiting. You look like the kind of audience who'd prefer the seventeen unpublished verses of The Cleric and the Milkmaid.'

Gilellion is of average build for an Elf, being just under six feet tall and weighing around a hundred pounds. His hair is some indefinable shade between dark blonde and light brown, and his eyes are a startling light blue, with just a hint of silver. His skin is pale even for an Elf, almost an ivory colour. At 73 years of age, he is in the prime of life. He has a friendly, bantering nature and a keen sense of humour, and never misses an opportunity to slip in a light-hearted jibe at Human lack of culture and finesse. 'I'm wasted here,' is one of his favourite cries, 'I might as well read poetry to a snail!' He always manages to avoid giving offence, though he has an infectious laugh and a winning smile, and life among Humans suits him very well. He is well disposed to fellow Elves, but not especially so; chauvinistic Elves might conclude that he has become rather humanised by his city living. Born in Athel-Loren, Gilellion spent his early years travelling through Bretonnia and the Empire. He has drifted in and out of various cities, relying on his musical talents and the occasional less-than-honest deal to keep him alive. Gilellion spends a lot of time in the Graf Manfred, singing and telling stories in exchange for food and drink. He has a running feud with Grim, which Gilellion enjoys immensely and Grim does not enjoy one bit. Gilellion generally enters the bar by sticking his head round the door and looking around with exaggerated caution. 'Is the Misshapen One safely underground? Splendid. I don't want him popping up and biting my ankles all of a sudden.' On meeting a fellow musician, Gilellion will propose a friendly contest. He loves swapping stories with adventurers, and his own tales become outrageous as the evening wears on. Beneath his easygoing, raffish exterior, Gilellion is an acute observer, and knows more of what goes on than many would suspect. He can be a useful source of information, and a good ally.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
44%	41%	32%	35%	61%	48%	39%	53%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	5	0	0	0

Quirks: Master of Tales, Opportunist

Skills: Animal Care, Blather, Charm+10%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Elves, the Empire), Concealment, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Perception, Performer (Comedian, Musician, Singer, Storyteller), Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton, Eltharin +10%, Reikspiel)

Talents: Coolheaded, Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Lightning Reflexes, Night Vision, Public Speaking, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Streetwise, Super Numerate

Combat:

Armour (None): Best Craftsmanship Clothing with Leather Jerkin and Outrageous Hat

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

Weapons: Sword (Hand Weapon, 1d10+3), Dagger (1d10+0)

Trappings: Instrument (Lute), Purse with 18 gc

BALLADS OF THE OLD WORLD

There are many ballads sung in the Old World, of which the comic 'Ballad of the Bandits with Blue Blood' is but one example.

This bawdy Bretonnian Ballard is a distinctly unpatriotic work, as the hero is Adolphus Zwemmer, a noble of the Empire who forswore his Title in order to aid the oppressed peasants of Parravon. Set over the course of three years from 2132 IC onwards, the villain of the piece is the Duc de Parravon himself, aided by his bumbling sheriff and two incompetent men-at-arms (Gary and Graeme). In contrast to this the Ballad portrays Zwemmer's bandits as dashing moustachioed heroes, draw from the ranks of young Imperial Pistoliers and Bretonnian Knights Errant who cannot abide the corruption of the Duc's rule.

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ADVENTURE IDEAS

Here is a selection of ideas and outlines for short adventures involving the Graf Manfred and the NPCs featured in this booklet. They are not complete adventures in themselves, but can easily be developed to fill one or more sessions of play.

DANCING IN THE STREETS

The Graf Manfred is the headquarters of a Chaos cult: Dieter, Grim, Ludo, Harald, Heini and Thomas – six people, the favoured number of Slaanesh. For months, they have been conducting rituals in the hidden room in the attic. Thomas has supplied a drug which, added to the food of the staff and guests, ensures that everyone sleeps too soundly to be aware of what is going on.

The rituals have enchanted several hundred bottles of wine: anyone who drinks the wine and fails a Toughness Test against poison will suffer as if effected by the spell Pavane of Slaanesh (See Sidebar), as if cast by a sorcerer with Magic 3.

Over a hundred cases of wine now wait in the cellar, to be distributed throughout the city via the secret passages. Soon, there will be a great celebration in the city: a carnival, a religious festival or anything else that fits your calendar. The wine is to be distributed on that night, sending a whole district of the city into confusion while the cultists summon Daemons and creatures of Slaanesh in huge numbers.

OXLEAF

The sap of this herb can be rendered down to a fine powder, which can be dissolved in a glass of any alcoholic drink, such as beer or wine. It does however have a slight distinct odour, and so anyone with an Oxleaf laced beverage may make a Challenging (-10%) Perception Test to notice that their drink has been spiked. A skilled Poisoner will often add Oxleaf to a meal by adding it to a sauce or marinating the meat in drugged ale. In these cases, the Perception test becomes Very Hard (-30%).

Type: Natural (Ingested)

Effects: If a character drinks a full glass of any beverage laced with Oxleaf, they must succeed upon a Toughness test or after 1d10 rounds have lapsed, they will pass out for 1d10 hours exactly as if they had become stinking drunk.

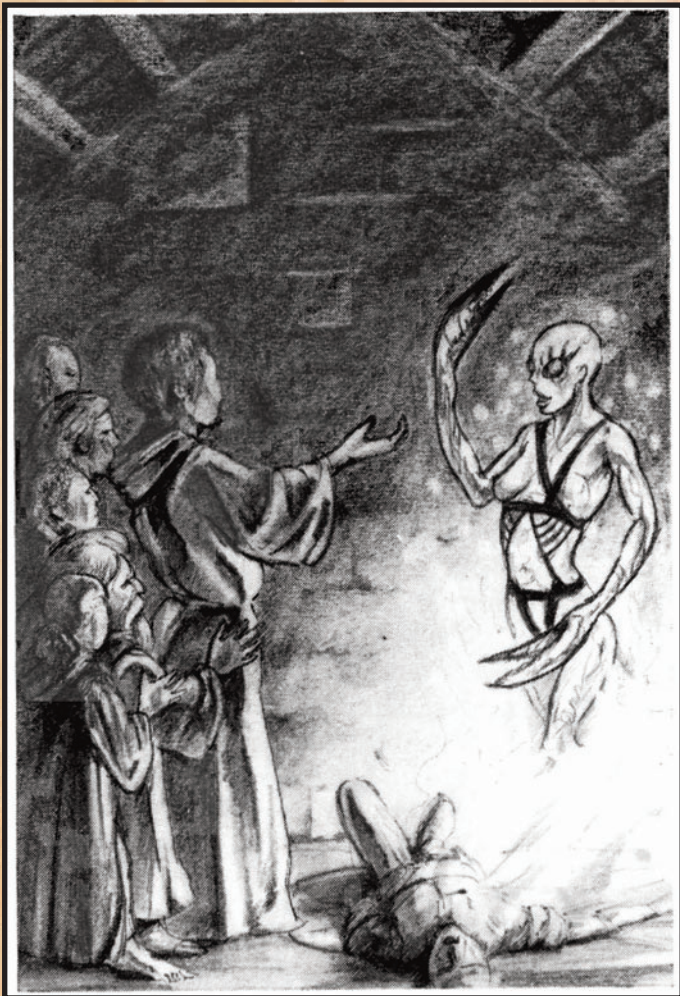
Price and Availability: 5 gc per dose (Rare)

Manufacture: Oxleaf grows wild throughout both the Empire and the Wasteland, although some traders cultivate their own plants. A character that spends 1d10/2 hours searching for this plant and who succeeds on a Routine (+10%) Outdoor Survival test discovers enough of the herb to provide a single dose. A Hard (-20%) Prepare Poison Test is required to render this plant into a useable dose of the drug.

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The adventurers happen to have booked into the Graf Manfred on the last night of the preparations and will be fed food laced with Oxleaf Poison (See Sidebar).

What happens now is up to you and the players. For a simple adventure, the cultists are now enchanting the last batch of wine, which will be stored in the cellar with the rest. The adventurers can stop the ritual, and then have several days to unravel the plot and destroy the wine. For a more spectacular and dangerous adventure, Tonight's The Night. The enchanted wine is in the process of being distributed, and the final ritual is about to take place. Adventurers come and go, and nobody misses them, which is why your adventurers have been chosen to provide some of the ingredients for the night's conjurations. The cultists plan to take them to the hidden room in the attic, and sacrifice them on the stroke of midnight in order to provide hearts as an ingredient for some dark summoning ritual. (See Tome of Corruption for example summoning Rituals). The cultists will carry on until they run out of adventurer's hearts. If necessary cult members will make The Final Sacrifice until only Dieter (the cult's wizard) is left.



NEW TALENT:

Extra Spell (Pavane of Slaanesh)

Slaanesh has rewarded your devotion with the ability to cast the spell Pavane of Slaanesh. You must be a follower of Slaanesh and have Divine Lore (Chaos) to take this talent, but if you do, you make take it at any time.

PAVANE OF SLAANESH

Casting Number: 18

Casting Time: Full Action

Duration: 1 Minute/Magic

Range: 24 yards (12 squares)

Ingredients: a flask of Wine (+2)

Description: All living creatures within range must succeed on a Channelling (-10%) Will Power test or do nothing but stand and dance lewdly to the Aethyreal sounds of Slaanesh's music for the duration of the spell. During this time, they can take no actions and are considered Helpless. If attacked, the spell immediately ends for the affected creature. As a side-effect of this spell, each minute a victim dances, he must succeed on a Hard (-20%) Will Power Test or gain 1d10/5 Insanity Points as a result of listening to that unearthly tune.

You will need to modify the information given for Dieter slightly. He will need to become a Cultist of Slaanesh with spell casting powers – he will have a Magic Characteristic of 2 or 3, according to the power of the party. If you have a really powerful party, give him a Magic Characteristic of 4. He should also have the Dark Lore (Chaos or Slaanesh), Petty Magic (Arcane or Chaos) and Dark Magic Talents, along with the Channelling and Magical Sense Skills. He should also have a couple of personal Chaos Attributes, but nothing visible – you might like to give the other cultists (apart from Ludo, who is immune) one non-obvious mutation each. Dieter will not have Daemonic followers, Chaos Armour or a Daemon Weapon, but apart from these restrictions, you should feel free to kit him out with any rewards or mutations from Tomb of Corruption that you see fit.

No one at the Graf Manfred will suspect the existence of the cult or the identity of its members.

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SWEET DREAMS

Dieter is in collusion with a band of Desperate Men, and the adventurers are on the menu. What happens to Our Heroes is the same, drugged food, as in the first outline, but the precise nature of the Desperate Men is variable, according to how mean you are feeling. If you're feeling very mean, then they are cultists who want to slaughter the adventurers and break them up for magical ingredients, or Grave Robbers who are short of fresh corpses and want to kill the adventurers, then sell their bodies to a Physician (a practice known as burking, after renowned grave robbers Burke and Hare). If you're just feeling mildly vindictive, the Desperate Men might be a press gang, a group of Slavers, or the owners of a string of Pit Fighters in which case the adventurers will wake up minus all their equipment, in chains, and far away. This is rather better than being dead and dissected, and allows you to start a new series of adventures with your players.

VIP TREATMENT

As they book into the inn, the adventurers will see Dieter fawning around a newly arrived guest. He does not appear to be wealthy or important, and does not seem to welcome Dieter's attentions. If the adventurers' curiosity is not aroused by this, have them overhear a few words between the two Dieter calling the visitor 'Master', and the visitor rebuking him with 'You fool! Do you want everyone to know?' The visitor will go upstairs shortly, and will not be seen again; however, the adventurers may notice a light shining through the boards of one gable end, because he has been put in one of the hidden rooms in the attic. The precise nature of the visitor is up to you: he might be a cult priest, a Vampire, a Foreign Spy or anything else you fancy. It could be that, later in the evening, a Bounty Hunter, Witch Hunter or Watch patrol turns up and starts asking about someone answering the visitor's description again within the adventurers' hearing.

MIDNIGHT CALLER

Inns are favourite haunts for Thieves of all kinds, especially Pickpockets and Burglars. Burglars in particular benefit from working in an inn, because they have the leisure to assess the layout of the place and they can loiter in the lounge and weigh up potential victims as they come in. If you want to relieve your adventurers of a little cash, or a magic item that you have regretted giving them, then now is your chance. Alternatively, it may be another guest who is robbed of cash, jewellery, vital documents or whatever you fancy. The adventurers are then hired to apprehend the thief and recover the stolen items.

DOCTOR CORIOLI'S PEERLESS ELIXIR

To determine what this marvellous concoction actually does, roll a d10 and consult the chart below.

Roll Result

- 1 Waahayy!** The Elixir acts as a powerful stimulant, granting the user a bonus of +1 to Move, +2d10 to Agility and +2d10 to Will Power for the next 3d10 Rounds.
- 2 I feel sleepy.** The Elixir is laced with a dose of some powerful sedative. The user must make a Toughness Test versus Poison or fall into a deep sleep. Even if the user passes this test, they suffer a -20% penalty to all tests for the next 3d10 Rounds due to their tiredness.
- 3 All Itchy.** The Elixir acts as a powerful hair restorative. The user will grow an inch of hair every hour for the next 1d10 Hours. This hair grows all over the user's head and body.
- 4 It Burns!** The Elixir becomes highly caustic after 1d10 minutes has passed. This causes a Damage 3 hit upon the user as his skin burns away.
- 5 To the drops!** The Elixir acts as a powerful Laxative. The user must make a Toughness Test versus Poison or be 'highly inconvenienced' for 3d10 rounds.
- 6 I don't feel very... blaough.** The Elixir is just not right, making the user empty the contents of his stomach in a noisy and disgustingly projectile manner for 1d10 rounds. On the plus side, this instantly cures the effects of any Ingested Poison.
- 7 I feel Better.** More through luck than judgement, the Elixir actually has a curative effect. If Seriously Wounded the user regains 1 Wound, otherwise the user regain 4 Wounds.
- 8 I feel Blue.** The Elixir contains Woad or some other blue dye. The user's skin is stained a bright blue shade for either 1d10 weeks or until they get to take a long bath with lots of soap or other caustic agent (Such as result 4 on this table). Being bright blue gives a -10% penalty to Fellowship tests at best and accusations of being a mutant or wizard at worse.
- 9 I feel... Invincible!** The Elixir calcifies upon the skin, coating it with a hard if somewhat inflexible skin of metal. The user gains a +10% bonus to Toughness and a -10% penalty to Agility for the next 3d10 rounds, at which point the coating harmlessly flakes off.
- 10 Ummm?** Re-roll twice on this chart, applying both effects but ignoring any further 10s rolled. If you roll the same number twice, the effects are cumulative.



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THE ENFORCER

The Dwarf Engineers' Guild has finally tracked Grim down, and decided to punish him further for the misdeed that led to his expulsion. During the evening, a well-armed and tough looking Dwarf turns up, wanting to talk to Grim about some private matter. The Dwarf is a Guild Enforcer (See Sidebar); his job is to take Grim (alive) to the local Guild House. The adventurers could make some good friends and some implacable enemies if they intervene.

GUILD ENFORCER

Dwarf Enforcer (ex-Bounty Hunter)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
66%	49%	46%	55%	32%	51%	50%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	5	3	0	0	0

Quirks: Relentlessly Resolute

Skills: Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Concealment, Disguise, Follow Trail, Gossip, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search+10%, Shadowing +10%, Silent Move, Speak Language (Khazalid, Reikspiel), Torture, Trade (Smith)

Talents: Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Marksman, Menacing, Night Vision, Quick Draw, Resistance to Magic, Rover, Schemer, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Stout Hearted, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Sturdy

Combat:

Armour (Medium): Chain Shirt and Leather Jack and Skullcap

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

Weapons: Hammer (Hand Weapon, 1d10+5), Crossbow with 10 bolts (1d10+3), Net (Special)

Trappings: Manacles, 10 yards of Rope

Graf Manfred Items

Jewellery	Cost	Enc	Availability
Armband (Wood)	1 s	–	Common
Armband (Carved Bone)	3 gc	–	Average
Bracelet (Wood)	8 p	–	Common
Brooch (Wood)	1 s	–	Common
Brooch (Carved Bone)	2 gc	–	Average
Brooch (Coloured Glass)	5 gc	–	Average
Earring (Wood Bead)	1 s	–	Common
Earring (Carved Bone)	2 gc	–	Average
Earring (Coloured Glass)	4 gc	–	Average
Earring (Alchemist's Pearl)	10 gc	–	Rare
Necklace (Wood Beads)	2 s	–	Average
Necklace (Carved Bone)	3 gc	–	Scarce
Necklace (Coloured Glass)	6 gc	–	Scarce
Necklace (Alchemist's Pearls)	15 gc	–	Very Rare
Ring (Carved Bone)	2 gc	–	Average
Ring (Coloured Glass)	4 gc	–	Average
Ring (Alchemist's Pearl)	10 gc	–	Rare
Item	Cost	Enc	Availability
Trinkwort Bulb	3 gc	–	Very Rare
Amulet of Avoiding Scrutiny	1 s	–	Scarce
Oxleaf	5 gc	–	Rare
Dr Corioli's Peerless Elixir	5 gc	–	Scarce

ALCHEMIST'S PEARL JEWELLERY

Alchemists can create artificial pearls from crystals of quartz coated in a mixture of Sigmar's Blood, Milk and saltpetre. While these would never fool a trained gem cutter, some unscrupulous folk may try to pass such jewellery off to the unsuspecting as real pearls, worth ten times the price.

Creating each such a Pearl is a Hard (-20%) Trade (Apothecary) Task and takes a weeks work. The required components cost 10 silver shillings.