



Piotr Put the Kettle On, Khurgan Take it Off Again

Scenario by Dave Boulton

Long before the Empire, long even before Sigmar a warrior chief named Khurgan ruled over an area of what would become southern Stirland. His lands were a comparative oasis of calm in those chaotic and frightening times. In time, as he does to all the Lord of Dreams came to take Khurgan to dwell in the halls of his forefathers. His body was laid in a cave overlooking the most important of his halls so he could watch over his people in death as he had done in life. As his champions also joined their father's they were too laid in the cave to protect their lord for all eternity.

Centuries rolled past. People turned Khurgan into legend and gradually even as a legend he and his people were forgotten. Sigmar united the tribes into what would become the empire, trade replaced cattle rustling, a network of inns and hostelrys was formed to facilitate faster communications and peace took the place of fear and chaos. One of these inns, a famous place in some little way sprang up on the very sight of Khurgan's old hall. It is famous for its hot baths and it's sign: A huge copper kettle that constantly steams, both baths and sign are fed from hot springs in the surrounding hills, brought through yards and yards of copper pipe. The odd rumblings of the hills were taken as nothing more than the old Gods stirring in their sleep.

It is to the Steaming Kettle, as it is known, that one day Piotr Novgorov a Kislevian merchant adventurer finds his way. Amazed by the constant supply of hot water he was gripped by pangs of homesickness for the steam baths of his own country, something he had been unable to experience to his satisfaction in the Empire. Shrewd business man that he was he immediately saw the money making potential of the place and then and there entered into negotiations to buy the place, bar, baths and kettle. He intended to use the inn appropriately spruced up as a frontispiece for a resort of spa and steam baths for the rich and famous of the Empire.

From here it is to Nuln, the nearest major settlement to the inn he travels to find an old friend to help him. Finding a work crew is something he has no knowledge of, but is sure his old friend Baldin Goodlode; a dwarven engineer and gaffer of considerable standing can help him. Soon the pair have sketched out some plans, drawn up a list of materials and hired a street crier to get the word out to the workers of Nuln about the new project. Hopefully it is here the players will get involved.

The Set Up

This scenario was played as a follow up to the adventure published in the original Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay book "The Oldenhaller Contract". I had nothing to run one day and my group was clamouring for a game so I ran it, transferring old to new rules on the fly. At the end of that adventure the party had made enemies of both Albrecht Oldenhaller as well as the remnants of the Valentina gang; owing in the most part to their inability to return a valuable and Nurglishly corrupted gem. (They handed it over to the temple of Shallya in the hope that the taint could be removed and thus they could sell the thing themselves)

It is highly unlikely that the party you run this with will have them as enemies and as such you can freely substitute a nemesis of your own, or indeed assume that Albrecht and his lackeys the Valantinians are enemies of Piotr rather than the party. My party came to meet Piotr in this very role as a potential ally against Albrecht who was making their lives hard in Nuln. Also feel free to substitute any other local for the adventure, there are many coaching inns in the Empire and all that is really important is the name of the place, and that it is near a major population centre.

The Adventure Begins

Your first object is to get the players signed on to the work gang. In Nuln this is easily done using a flyer on the Deutz Elm or a walking crier who can be overheard as the party sits in a tavern relaxing or planning some other nefarious caper, all that needs doing is that they get to where they need to sign on. Signing on can be as simple or drawn out as necessary, there are many potential positions to be filled; builders, carpenters, woodsmen, teamsters, clerks, even a cook and of course the obligatory guards. It is also possible that many more skilled people will be able to find work on the sight; a healer would certainly be welcome and a spell user of some sort would very rarely be turned away from any situation. Any potential will have to present credentials of some sort or prove to be capable of a position.

This can be done by roleplaying, simple skill tests or whatever, the whole interview is carried out in any convenient area; a tavern, a field out of town, Baldin's house or wherever suits your party best by Piotr and Baldin and watched over by Piotr's bodyguard/hunter Khirgi. Wherever it is there is a general scene of chaos as many

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people have come to apply for work. I assume most players will sign on as guards but it is possible and may prove useful to have a clerk and a teamster, this may however, cause splitting of the party in certain situations: the teamsters will be constantly coming and going to and from the sight and a clerk will have little to do but keep the books. It is guarding that pays the best and leaves the party freest with their time and workload.

Once signed or marked on people are instructed to be at the city gate at dawn tomorrow with necessary tools or equipment, they are free to bring their own provisions and tents if they wish but food, ale and tented accommodation are provided on top of basic wages (which are average if not generous) anyway. Should they not deign to sleep under canvas they are also free to seek accommodation in the inn to which the work sight is attached.

Pay is dependent on not only job but also skill; ranging from 14p a day for a basic labourer's wage to up to 90p for a very skilled carpenter or stonemason. The Old World Armoury is of use here. As guards though the flat rate is 8s a day; high for a days wage admittedly but should the need arise they will be expected to fight and are also in charge of law and order on the sight, to stop squabbles between the workers and to make sure the workers are in fact working, the occasional (daily?) sweep of the surrounding forest to make sure no unwanted eyes are watching and run off any threatening wildlife is also a must. As guards, the players have a somewhat overseerial role. It is indeed possible they may well breed contempt amongst their charges and will have to work hard to maintain any friendships formed with workers.

Day 1 The Long Journey

Dawn at the city gates and all is chaos; teamsters try to control fractious draft animals, clerks try to confirm everyone who should be here is here, opportunists who didn't hear of the jobs try to get themselves signed on, while those who were turned away try again to get employment. Piotr and Baldin are keen to get off to the sight and do not want to dally with bookkeeping. If the majority of the party have signed on as guards it is too them that Piotr entrusts the convoy and expects them to see to its organisation and progress, with a polite but definite "Good luck!" Piotr and Baldin with Khirgi as an escort get on their way as soon as the players have arrived.

Gossip tests in the queue will turn up some

information should a player think to try: Success: the job is a building project out of town, 2 Successes: it pays very well for a building job and there are positions for other people not just builders and labourers, 3 Successes: the employer is some merchant from up north in Kislev he is said to be friends with a dwarven gaffer from the city and is always accompanied by a sinister bodyguard.

Depending on your party's preferences or time constraints you may want to play out this whole scene, if not a few simple intimidate, blather, charm or command (hypnotise?) rolls will work just as well. The players can commandeer seats on the wagons should they wish or are free to walk with the workers. The convoy itself is of six wagons and some forty pedestrians, it is slow moving and will attract quiet a bit of interest in anyone that it meets along the road, as guards the players are it's spokespeople (especially anyone who has their own horse). As it is so slow moving the convoy will have to camp for a night in the wilds as it will not be able to make it to the Kettle before dark.

The convoy is too large a prospect to be attacked by wild animals and all but the largest and best-organised bandit groups (who would be insane to operate this close to a major city anyway!) so is quiet safe, you need not tell the players this though! Do not let any combat actually start, as it will be very difficult to run forty odd NPCs plus a party of gung-ho adventurers through an attack on the camp sight. A good potential encounter for the night though is a simple badger.

Badgers while not any kind of a threat to a human (a halfling possibly) are to a small nocturnal woodland mammal something very dangerous indeed, when a badger is prowling around all local wildlife will become very quiet very quickly, so feel free to harass any night time picket walkers with ominous rustlings and sinister unexplained silences which they (unless superlative poachers or other very rural professions) are totally unable to discern the nature of.

During the day many road based encounters are possible and probable: A group of Roadwardens who will want to know what such a large group of city dwellers is doing on the road, a farmer bringing livestock to market may well see an opportunity of selling meat on the hoof to such a larger group of people, a travelling judge (Sigmar's Heirs page 28) who is liable to remember some archaic statute on maximum numbers of townspeople allowed to travel the road unescorted by the Emperor's troops,

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messengers riding to or from the city on business of import and secrecy, a tinker and his broken down cart or even should your players be a particularly violent lot a highwayman waylaying a coach (although it is suggested he flees rather than stays to fight). Of course you might simply gloss over the whole thing with a simple "the journey to the sight is uneventful".

At The Sign Of The Kettle

The convoy should arrive at "The Steaming Kettle" just about dusk on the second day of travel. Piotr, Baldin and Khirgi are already in residence here, Piotr has paid for places in the common room and a simple supper of barley porridge with blood sausage and onions and one mug of ale for everyone. Should this prove too common a fare for refined palets the inn offers better food and drink that players are free to purchase for themselves, there are also enough private rooms left for each player to have one should they want it and stabling for any horses is easily accommodated.

An average day at the work sight will follow a pretty standard routine:

0600 hrs: Breakfast. (Buttered porridge and toast with watered ale)

0630 hrs: Work

0630 hrs: Empty supply wagons return to city with new supply order (assuming that one arrived last night)

1100 hrs: Tea break (including a bun!)

1115 hrs: Work

1330 hrs; Lunch (hearty vegetable soup, cold meat sandwiches or bread and cheese with ale)

1430 hrs: Work

1600 hrs: Arrival of supplies from city by wagon (alternating days)

1800 hrs: Paid for the day

1805 hrs: Evening meal (pie, stew, sausages or soup with bread and ale)

After the evening meal everyone is free to do as they please, for most with a days pay in their pockets this means gambling (dice mainly but rarely some of the richer craftsmen indulge in cards) or drinking and singing or playing pub games. Use of clichéd sudden silences and furtive stares as the party enter are mandatory if the party have begun to abuse their minor positions of power. Baldin and especially Khirgi will keep themselves to themselves but Piotr will often be seen wandering around the worksite

handing out observations and jokes to keep up morale on the sight as well as eating with the workers as he thinks this will lift moral as well, to some extent this is true as the workers come to adopt him as a mascot. (he is also an easy mark at cards)

While it is not practical to play out every minute of every day key events should be played out and the players should certainly be made aware of the average daily schedule. Vignettes of the players' role could be played out to give a flavour of what is going on at the site; breaking up petty squabbles amongst the work force, punishment of slacking labourers, (nothing too heavy handed, just being in evidence at paytime so people will not try to intimidate the clerks who dock pay) confirming arrival of deliveries or making sure nosey guests of the inn do not stray onto the worksite and fall in holes or interrupt the work. Most of their daily duties can be run with a few relevant rolls or quick explanation.

Day 3 Arrival

If the players have not suggested it themselves Khirgi will after breakfast tell them it is probably a good idea to sweep through the local forest to dissuade any watchers or dangerous wildlife from getting any ideas. If the players are stealthy and do not stay too close to the worksite they might be able to bag some game (boar or deer) which the cook will be pleased with. Although there are plans afoot to disrupt the work, it is not by direct conflict they will come and are about to swing into action back at the camp.

On the first supply delivery an agent provocateur is smuggled into the camp, he has paid the teamster a hefty bribe to keep quiet and quickly mingles with the workforce assigned to unloading the wagon. He is of Tilean ancestry and has a slight accent but as a labourer can easily hide in the workforce. Over the next few days he will do his best to sabotage the work: Shifting marking lines, setting fires, spiking trees that are about to be felled, breaking tools, loosening scaffolding, even going as far as trying to stir up unrest in the workforce (near impossible as pay and conditions are very good, but a workforce harassed to excess by overly aggressive overseers may begin to listen to his lies) and any number of nefarious acts.

He is sneaky, careful and good with people so his acts should seem to be accidents and he should get away with a lot. Unless the players are really observant he will continue to wreak havoc till the end of the adventure. Any player employed as a

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clerk may however notice (with a routine academic knowledge mathematics or trade; clerk roll) a discrepancy in the numbers of people signed on and the number drawing pay and victuals, this could lead to an investigation and interrogation to find the culprit. Use him as a foil to liven things up with a fire or accident when things begin to slow down. He is not stupid however and should an investigation start will lie low or even try to leave the sight on a returning supply wagon.

While it is possible to keep careful note of the progress of the work it is probably better to have it more as a background feeling than keeping track of every minutiae of trees felled and bricks laid. On the first day work will consist of little more than erecting tents, establishing camp and a stock take of all the materials brought in the wagons, on subsequent days trees will be felled, lumber turned into timber, foundations marked out and dug, stones cut, scaffolding erected and many other industrious activities started. Remember to use the saboteur as often as he thinks he can get away with it to try and increase player paranoia and workforce unrest.

Day 5 Mysterious Figures And Short Rations?

A normal day until late afternoon, the expected supply wagon fails to arrive. (it has been intercepted and turned back by the Valentina gang who are camped half a days ride from the city) This will worry Piotr quiet a bit as it means there is only two days of food for the workers, and little building supply left on sight. Food isn't really the problem as he can pay to feed the workers in the inn at only slightly more money than in the camp, (although the workers would grumble as the fare they would get from the inn would be a lot less robust than from the camp's cookhouse) the problem is the lack of new materials, very little work beyond clearance of trees and scrub and digging of foundations can happen till more stone arrives.

That evening a worker who retires early (saving his money to feed a family) instead of drinking in the inn will come running into the bar shouting that he has seen figures moving around by the small pool that feeds the inn with hot water, he says they appeared to be watching him as he went to relieve himself in the forest. When he shouted at them to get lost and leave him be they did nothing just stayed watching, finally tired of their observation he picked up a bit of wood as a weapon and went to sort them out, at his approach they retreated into the forest and he

came running back to tell everyone.

Piotr (who is in the bar playing dice with some labourers) wants anyone employed as guards to go and see what they want. At the pool they will find nothing, no matter how they try and what their skill, there are no footprints or spoor of any kind, should they report this back to Piotr he despatches Khirgi to go and look assuming that the players are not as competent trackers as his bodyguard. (almost certainly true) Khirgi returns and confirms the players findings, at which point blame shifts to the labourer who saw the figures and he is accused of drunkenness, a fact he most certainly is not: He is well known for being sober and sensible. He returns to his tent followed by the laughter of the workers who now think he's going mad.

The reason there is nothing to find is that there is genuinely nothing to find, the figures the labourer saw were in fact the spirits of Khurgan's champions whom he had despatched to observe what was going on. The spirits are so intimately attached to the waters that play over their remains they can travel down it at Khurgan's will. Anyone with the sixth sense talent however will certainly feel very uneasy here and indeed anywhere they are close to the hot water of the cave, but it is an impossible feeling to define.

The figures will continue to appear at the pool each day, just after work has stopped and just before the sun has set, they will linger for ten minuets to observe the work of the day and, after that disappear into the forest. They will also leave if approached or interfered with in anyway, (missiles or spells) it will be difficult to stake out the pool as the spirits will not appear if anyone is nearby. An elf, dwarf, halfling or human with Night Vision if at its' extreme range from the pool can see the spirits materialise (and will need to pass a Fear check to stop screaming and running back to the inn) and watch what they do: The spirits do not stray beyond five yards from the pool, they could if instructed to travel along the path of the underground pipes from the pool to the inn, they will not do so yet however.

Piotr will approach the guards of the party to return to the city tomorrow to find out what happened to the supply wagon that failed to appear, he hands them an updated list of supplies for the transport company to bring the day after tomorrow (day 7) as well as a money draft to pay the company for them. Should the party lack horses he hires mounts for them from the spare horses kept by the inn.

Day 6 Return to the city

The journey from the worksite is uneventful and mounted characters can easily make it to the city by mid afternoon, giving them time to get to the "Rolling Spokes" transport company. The owner of the company (Gunter Schalt) will see them if they produce the note from Piotr, he will tell them that the order was despatched but the teamster was threatened by a gang of bandits on the road, they told him to return to the city and not to try and deliver anything more to the worksite. If anyone were to try then there would be violence. Gunter is now in some trouble as none of his teamsters will attempt to drive another supply run while the bandits are still out there and he does not want to loose reputation by failing on a contract.

Should the players not offer to he will ask them to accompany him, as he himself will drive the next wagon. Gunter is an ex coachman but not a real fighter and as such will go along with any plan the players come up with. There will be room for up to two characters to hide in the wagon with the supplies but any others (and their horses!) will either have to travel with or at a distance behind the wagon as reinforcements. Should any special equipment be needed they have two hours of shopping time to acquire any necessaries. Gunter will even allow them to sleep in the barns of his yard so they will be ready for the off in the morning.

Meanwhile back at the site the spirits will again appear at dusk and the saboteur will have started a fire in the meagre remaining rations spoiling them, the arrival of a supply wagon tomorrow is now even more important to Piotr's remaining funds.

Day 7 Wagon Roll!

After a hearty breakfast of eggs and bacon with plenty of strong tea, the wagon will leave early. Progress is good, but just as everyone is beginning to think about lunch (fortunately Gunter has brought enough game pies for all) the Valentines will attack. Three masked men with Tilean accents jump out into the road some distance ahead of the wagon, they are brandishing crossbows and demand the wagon stop. Gunter will immediately reign in the horses and throw his hands up. Though he has his old blunderbuss hidden under his seat (and enough shot and powder for three more shots) he will not initiate any combat, waiting for the players to try something.

As well as the three in the road there are enough Valentines concealed at the side of the road to make the encounter hard for the players. This should not become a bloodbath however! Any characters concealed in the wagon (hopefully with missile weapons) can leap up hopefully getting surprise on the bandits. The Valentines are an urban gang and not really comfortable doing this sort of operation; while very capable at following and mugging some poor sap in the back alleys of the city out here amongst all this fresh air and trees they are very nervous indeed and will fight ineffectually. For this reason should they come up against any serious resistance and especially if there is a fusillade of missiles from the wagon they will scamper off into the forest to hide, regrouping later.

As city dwellers they will not be too hard to track and as they have split up and can easily be captured individually (if outnumbered and alone they will surrender quiet happily) should the players try. If more than half of the bandits are heavily wounded and or captured they will stop the interception of the wagons entirely, just the fact that this wagon was guarded will certainly dissuade them from trying again for some weeks.

Should the encounter really go badly for the players then have a troop of Roadwardens ride to the rescue, also should you have particularly sadistic players have a troop arrive just in time to stop any executions or torture in exchange for small rewards for wanted criminals, (two gold per prisoner) that the Roadwardens conveniently recognise the Valentines as. If the players are civilised with any interrogation they make they may get the name Oldenhaller. Challenging Common knowledge rolls (easy for any resident of Nuln/the appropriate city) will remember the Oldenhaller family is an old noble family native to the city. Should the players tell the name to Piotr he will look somewhat surprised, but this will quickly disappear behind his usual jovial demeanour and no amount of questioning will get him to open up on the subject. Should the players continue to push he will storm off angrily shouting threats of dismissal. (He will not carry them out as he needs the players but the incident may sour employee employer relations briefly)

The rest of the journey will be uneventful and the wagon will roll into the Kettles' yard just in time for the nightly visit of the pool spirits. Because of them paranoia amongst the workforce is getting to be a problem; the camp has been moved as far from the pool as is possible and drunkenness amongst the workers is increasing. Piotr will be overjoyed the supplies have got through and that his guards have returned, immediately ordering

slap up suppers for everyone! Observant characters might even see Baldin smiling from the window of his room.

If anyone thinks to ask if there has been an accident or inconvenience that day which interrupted the work, use whatever you feel the saboteur could get away with, probably something quiet impressive with the guards out of the way. (possibly in some way injuring a worker) As a reward for good service Piotr offers everyone baths at his expense.

Isn't This A Private Bathroom?

While the players are relaxing in a tub or the steam room have the spirits materialise amongst them from the steam or water, Fear checks are a must here! This should give the players a good clue as to the fact the spirits are linked to the water. Anyone who by now isn't running through the inn, screaming, with a hastily wrapped towel to hide their shame can finally get a good look at the spirits, should anyone have History as a skill allow them to make an easy roll to recognise the spirits ghostly clothes and equipment come from long before the founding of the empire, a very hard Common Knowledge Empire roll will tell people the same thing. The spirits are not interested in fighting and should anyone actually be able to harm them in spirit form they will instantly disappear anyway.

If not threatened in any way they will begin to explore the inn, they do not speak and ignore attacks that cannot hurt them. Careful observation of the spirits (or the odd challenging intelligence roll) reveals they seem to be moving in the confines of a building that does not exist; they will sit on invisible benches warming their hands around fires that are not there, walk through walls even though doors are mere feet from them or walk the confines of a room that bares no resemblance to the plan of the inn. They are interacting with the hall that stood here many centuries ago. The spirits will remain for ten minutes or so and in that time will get around to scaring most of the people in the inn, then disappear; fading out of existence.

The workforce will leave the inn as a result of the spirits and be loathe to return. After work from here on the workers will stay in camp with drinks brought from the inn. An air of gloom will begin to settle over everyone, (assuming you haven't managed to get one already) Piotr will worry that the workforce is going to leave and the saboteur (if he is still here) will now increase his reign of terror hoping to make the workforce resign.

Day 8 Morale Improvements

The morning dawns grey and depressing with the promise of rain, breakfast is a solemn affair and there are mutterings amongst the workers the whole project is cursed. The rain holds off until mid morning but work progress is slow even whilst it remains dry. Khirigi will leave soon after breakfast to look for game as Piotr hopes a spit roasted deer or boar will lift spirits, he will return late in the afternoon empty handed and as depressed as everyone else.

Just before knocking off time something not heard in these parts for thousands of years will echo around the yard of the inn. In the last light of dusk, striding up the road comes a very improbable sight: In a cloud of scented red smoke, a one eyed (Thullaghent in an impressive papier-mâché' half Cyclops mask) fire breathing giant on his back, two half man sized imps (Rollo and Falno in costumes) capering at his feet, ribbons and streamers flowing from his impressive tusks and woven in to his long outer hair a mature bull mammoth in all his splendour marches into the centre of the yard, rears up on his hind legs and trumpets; loudly enough to shake a loose tile from the roof of the stable. The circus has arrived!

Everyone who has, heard, let alone seen his entrance will come running over to gawp at the spectacle. When a sufficient crowd has gathered the giant will leap down and chase the imps around the mammoth, eventually catching them and proceeding to juggle the insanely laughing creatures high into the air. Soon after the circus' train of wagons pulls into yard. A classic Victorian black moustachioed strongman in circus ringmaster clothes (The Great Fosten) leaps down from the head wagon and starts shaking hands and fielding questions from the wowed crowd. Piotr and the Great Fosten soon retire to the inns' snug and talk long into the night, even the workforce return to the inn for an evening's entertainment. Everyone will indeed go to bed a lot happier than any night for the past week.

Day 9 Roll Up! Roll ARRAGH, Run Away! Run Away!

The next day dawns sunny and bright, the air of gloom that has been hanging over the worksite these past few days seems to dissolve with the morning mist, the workforce are happy and singing again, any player who is still friendly with any of the workforce will pick up the rumour that

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Piotr to improve morale has engaged the circus for a special performance for everyone to night! (A rumour that will later turn out to be true!) The circus people will spend the day constructing a ring of seating on the only open ground large enough; the lawn behind the inn and in front of the pool. Usually around this a linen screen would be erected to stop non paying customers getting a free show, today as the only people coming will be the workforce and anyone in the inn they do not bother, also they are performing for a flat fee negotiated Piotr. Many members of the workforce will find excuses during the day to wander over to the arena to see what is going on.

The day's work goes efficiently and well, even the saboteur (assuming he is still at large) will not try anything today. The weather will stay dry and the afternoon (though drags terribly for excitable workers) is glorious, any daily sweep made by the players will be more a pleasant stroll in the woods rather than a nerve jangling potential ambush behind every tree kind of affair. Back at the worksite have Bob the mammoth be wandering around camp. (especially if there are one or more dwarfs in the party so he can play his joke!) To really have the players think everything is going well have nothing happen at the pool at dusk, the spirits it seems have given up.

The performance is scheduled for after the evening meal. The arena is designed for a larger audience so there will be no problem getting good seats, even though the workers will still push and shove excitably whilst in the queue to get in. Many torches on tall poles light the arena giving the ring a pleasant homely ambience. The inn at Piotr's request has provided mulled, spiced cider to fight the chill of the evening and with a bellow from Bob the entertainment begins.

Fosten in his ringmaster guise introduces all the acts giving time for various equipments to be brought on or taken off. The performance is a resounding success until the final act.

Khurgan Makes His Move

Khurgan, until now content to merely observe the comings and goings at the sight has finally had enough. The arrival of the circus has angered him and he finally decides to try and get rid of the inn, the workers and the circus folk for good! He will lead his spirits personally in an attack on the inn. Khurgan and his spirits materialise at the pool, this time however they are not being subtle and not hiding, they appear fully panoplied for war, shrouded in the blue fire of Khurgan's anger. They will pause for a moment beating their

shields in a quick rhythm till with a final shout of "Urrah!" to send them on their way, they charge through the circus arena just as Thullaghent and Bob arrive for their act.

Pandemonium ensues! Bob, panicked beyond restraint and trumpeting in terror charges straight out of the arena directly through the audience. Thulla more worried for his friend than scared tries to calm Bob but is swept out of the way with a swat from the mighty beast, he will land in an unconscious heap near the edge of the ring. The frightened bellowing of Bob starts Ingwald's collies howling, which panics Bruno the bear who will break free of his restraints and lumber of into the forest. Most of the audience will also by now be running in terror.

While all this is happening Khurgan and his champions still bellowing ancient war cries are hurtling along the line of the pipes to the inn intent on mayhem. They will still be unable to escape the confines of the water and the original hall that they lived in but they will do their level best to scare anyone still in the inn away permanently. This however, (assuming they made the required fear rolls) is not the main concern of the players. Bob in blind terror is charging madly about the workers camp and the worksite knocking things over, collapsing ditches, flattening tents, bringing down scaffolding and causing untold damage to the project. If no one has yet thought to do something about this Piotr (who is ministering to a wound on Baldin's forehead) shouts at them to go and stop the monster before he is ruined! Stopping several tonnes of enraged bull mammoth is no easy feat.

The best option is probably to awaken the unconscious Thulla (easily done by slapping him about the face a few times or a bucket of cold water) as he and Bob have a special bond. Thulla will find a large tarpaulin and throw it over his friends head in the manner of a bull fighter, this will eventually calm Bob down. The next option will be a charm animal roll (but as Bob is so panicked this will be Very Hard) Khirigi will be of use here. The waving of lighted torches will certainly make Bob at least change direction and with this method it will be possible to keep him away from causing any more damage until he calms down.

Eventually things will quiet down, most of the workers return somewhat shame facedly from where ever they ran too, Steffan and Lucie return from the forest with a calm Bruno, the dogs stop howling any injuries will be seen to as best as they can and the staff lead by a now furious looking Baldin tentatively return to see what the

terrible daemons have done to the inn. The camp is in tatters but even so most of the workers refuse, out of fear, the offered free nights accommodation in the inns' common room, instead choosing to bed down in the hayloft.

Day 10 The Day After The Night Before

Baldin is up very early wandering around the camp shaking his head in despair and contemplatively puffing on his pipe. Piotr buys everyone breakfast in the inn as the camps' cookhouse is gone, he despatched Khirgi on a fast horse last night with a letter instructing Gunter to augment the days supply run with additional supplies and food. The work force meander aimlessly about the camp dejectedly trying to salvage anything useful and the circus packs up as best it can and mournfully leaves down the road hoping for better in Nuln.

The players will be left largely to themselves. If a final clue is needed have them be wandering over the ring of the circus to note that much of it has been flooded, (due to the pipes bursting when trampled on by an enraged mammoth) should no one think to ask then have one of the inn's staff will come to see what is going on as the baths wont fill. If your players still don't get it Baldin will eventually wend his way over and make the connection between the spirits and the water for them, he will go up to the pool and start poking about to the north side of it with a piece of wood. After a few moments he will hurry back to his room in the inn, shouting after him at the players to be ready to move off when he gets back.

Baldin will reappear some five minutes later, to everyone's surprise he is arrayed in a fine dwarven sleeved scale coat, a stout shield on his arm, an impressive axe in his hand and a winged, face masked helm on his head. As everyone is standing open mouthed in disbelief (especially Piotr) he stumps determinedly off to the north looking back long enough to ask: "Are you so called guards coming or not?"

He will take the lead up a gully near the pool, stopping occasionally to make sure he is following the underground stream with dowsing rods. Should the players have got the idea to follow the watercourse by themselves, then an easy Outdoor Survival roll will tell them that any water is most probably to be running in a valley or gully whether they can see it or not, should they need more help have occasional wisps of steam leak up through the ground and mention how the vegetation looks particularly lush and verdant in the gully.

The Big Show Down

After some fifteen minutes of hard walking anyone with the talent Sixth Sense will begin to feel a presence of something, in fact the water itself has a distinct disconcerting air about it which gets stronger the further up the stream they go. Soon after the sound of running water can be heard, further still and steam will begin to be seen hanging in the air. The steam pervades from a pool in the mouth of a dank and dripping moss screened cave. The pool is formed from the boiling water coming from inside the cave.

Deeper than fifteen feet from the entrance there is not enough light to see by so unless someone is carrying some form of illumination, someone will have to run back to the inn to fetch one, as all the dead wood around is too sodden to make an impromptu torch. The passage itself is natural, irregular about seven feet wide and an average of five feet tall, so taller people will have to stoop. The passage is as full of steam as the steam room back at the inn which will make exertion hard and people in heavy metal armour very uncomfortable (-5% effective on all physical rolls including combat). Another problem is that running along the passage is a stream of literally boiling water. Halflings especially will have to watch where they step! After some fifty yards or so the passage will open into a large naturally formed chamber deep under the hill.

The chamber is of a roughly teardrop shape some sixty feet long and forty feet wide at its widest point; the passage enters from the thin end. The steam here is very thick indeed and the bubble and splash of the stream join the dripping of condensation from the roof to make an eerily beautiful natural music, the chamber is a wonder of geological beauty coloured by many different mineral salts with a fine tracery of stalagmites and stalactites growing from floor and roof. All of this of course goes a long way to hide the skeletons of Khurgan's champions who slowly animate the minuet anyone steps in to the chamber. They will take two rounds to reach the entrance of the chamber and surprise anyone without Sixth Sense. (who are allowed a Willpower roll to act, imminent combat negates the general but unexplainable feeling of dread quiet nicely)

The combat takes place on a slight slope in cramped conditions on a very wet and slippery floor, to simulate this have anyone in combat roll against agility at the beginning of their turn, if they fail this roll they will lose half an action just to remain on their feet, should they fail the roll by

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more than 30 they will fall over as well as loosing the half action (if you are feeling particularly sadistic anyone who falls over has a good chance of landing in the boiling water on the floor, a further agility roll will avoid this but should they fail they take a strength 0 damage roll from scalding) There are a number of skeletons equal to the number of players plus two, Khurgan will remain in the steam and observe what is going on, when the players and possibly Baldin have been engaged with the skeletons for two rounds Khurgan will join the attack, (no need for fear rolls this time) should Baldin be here Khurgan will target him unless there is a obviously much more capable looking warrior who he will then target instead. Both the skeletons and Khurgan are immune from the slipping rule.

The combat should be hard but not impossible, it is a slogging match with little or no room for cunning and manoeuvre, strength and steel are what will win this and as such should your players be rather more intellectually and socially as opposed to militantly inclined lower the number of skeletons or remove them completely, especially if Baldin is not here.

After the battle is over the players are free to explore the chamber, though there is very little in the way of treasure here. In fact the only things worth taking are Khurgan's sword, which is of best craftsmanship and has the Defensive quality and his torc. Baldin, if here (if not a dwarf may make a routine mining roll to get the same information) will note that the stream has not always run through this chamber and must have erupted through the wall due to some geological disturbance a long time in the past. Once Khurgan is defeated his soul will finally be allowed to rest and his spirit will no longer inhabit the chamber or the water or his old hall, without their lord the spirits of his champions will also go to their long deserved rest. Those with Sixth Sense feel the unexplainable presence they have been getting from the water slowly drift away, if here, even Baldin will begin to whistle a dwarven marching tune!

Back At The Site

There is little more to do here and the players are free to return to the inn. It will be a relief to get out of the sauna like conditions of the cave are breathe cool air again. Back at the work sight everyone will gather round curious to know where the party has been and why they are so damp. Baldin if here will remain tight-lipped returning quickly to his room to change into some comfortable clothes and leaving the players to

take all the glory, he will not worry if his part in the fight is downplayed. Later in the day he will come to the players and thank them quietly with a bottle of best quality Bretonnian brandy and Estalian Cheddar to share with them. They will have found a solid and dependable ally in him.

Piotr will come to them soon after and tell them of (should he still be at large) a saboteur who was caught trying collapse one of the remaining upright walls on the sight, he was tarred and feathered and run out of the sight. Piotr is now convinced with the defeat of the bandits, unmasking of the saboteur and the laying to rest of Khurgan that no more trouble will come to the project and he will allow the players to leave his employ should they want to do so. He will pay everyone five more gold on top of their daily wage and thank them most heartily. Should they ask he would even pay for tickets for them on the daily stagecoach to Nuln in the morning.

Further Adventures

While intended as a continuation to a published adventure, this could work as an introduction to a campaign should you have access to the original Warhammer Role Play book, indeed this adventure could lead into "the Oldenhaller Contract" as opposed to being played after it. It is possible the players will have turned up the name Oldenhaller in the course of the adventure and may stumble into it that way. A good follow up to "the Oldenhaller Contract" would be "Sing for your Supper" (from Plundered Vaults) as both concern Nurglish conspiracies in the city of Nuln.

The building project will take many more months to complete and many things could plague this, Khurgan might even rise again if his remains were treated particularly badly or a necromancer might stumble upon them while hiding out in the cave. Another crime lord from Nuln may try and muscle in on the operation once the project nears completion. Many things are possible and even if you do not specifically use the inn in any further adventures both Piotr and Baldin could make useful contacts or patrons for the party.

Experience Awards

While this may prove to be a long adventure not a lot of really experience worthy things actually happen, for this reason it may be better to use the abstract method of award, (rulebook page 211) but for those who want to use the dramatic method I suggest these awards:

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10 Points each for dealing with any road encounters when in charge of the convoy

30 Points each for unmasking the saboteur

10 Points specifically for anyone who gets to observe the spirits materialise

20 Points each for getting the wagon through,

Or:

30 Points each for getting the wagon through and capturing and interrogating the Valentines rather than killing them

5 Points specifically for anyone who works out what the spirits are up to in the inn after they materialise in the bathroom

Points each for calming down enraged Bob before he does too much damage

20 Points each for making the connection between the spirits and the water without Baldin's help

25 Points each for defeating Khurgan and his champions (35 without Baldin's help)

5 Points each for treating the remains of Khurgan and his champions with respect and laying them again to rest peacefully

5-40 Points each for role-playing, I suggest somewhat more than usual, as there is a lot of talking rather than action to this adventure

Appendix I NPCs

Piotr Novgorov: Kislevian Merchant Adventurer (Tradesman-Merchant)

"Dah Dah! Ov course I know how it operates, vhat did you cyall it aygain? Ahhh A reapeatink crossbow? Most ingenious, may I be trying it please? (SPROING! AAAARGH!) Perhaps you shoulduv been tellink me about da safety catch no?"

A Kislevian merchant adventurer. He is on a tour of the empire and something of a quandary; being a tourist as well as a businessman he wants to see everything and at the same time is still open to moneymaking opportunities. He affects the dress of a Tilean opera singer rather than the furs of his native land. He is gregarious and jolly but with a keen business mind behind it. During his travels he has found a particular interest in new technology and is keen to learn to shoot the new repeater weapons he has seen in Nuln. He will be drawn to anyone with any form of technological know how and for this reason is fond of dwarves even taking this to the extreme of having a distrust for elves.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41	30	37	40	41	68	51	59

Secondary Profile

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

Skills: Animal Care, Charm (+10 underworld), Common Knowledge: Kislev (+10), Empire (+10), Gossip (+20, +30 underworld), Drive (+10), Haggle (+20), Evaluate (+20), Perception (+20 estimation), Read/Write (+10), Ride, Secret Language: Merchant Guild, Speak: Kislevian, Reikspeil, Trade: Furrier, Merchant (+10) Talents: Dealmaker, Hardy (added to the profile above), Luck, Savvy (added to the profile above), Streetwise, Super Numerate

Armour: None, although if he expects combat he will change into a long Kislevian bear fur coat and hat, which provide the same protection as leathers.

Armour points: Head 0/1, Arms 0/1, Body 0/1, Legs 0/1

Weapons: He carries a best craftsmanship knife at all times but when expecting combat he will use a best craftsmanship sabre (hand weapon) and shield

Trappings: Best craftsmanship clothes, (Tilean not Kislev) LOTS of money, he has access with his money to most anything he cares for or needs.

Appearance: 5'3", 42 years old, dark brown hair and impeccably trimmed and maintained beard and moustache, intelligent green eyes, he is running somewhat to fat in his middle years though exercises seriously to try and assuage this, very rarely seen without a hat to hide his receding hair, always dressed in outlandish Tilean style (which does not look right on him) of not quiet up to date fashion.

Baldin Goodlode: Dwarven Overseer (Gaffer (from the Black Industries website)-Artisan Builder)

"Aye laddie, I agree, it is a very fine view (drags on a cigar and exhales) and the trees do indeed frame it perfectly, all I am saying is, if you want this new hunting lodge of yours to be standing instead of sunk three feet into the ground in a years time, (drag on cigar and exhale in general direction of the fop he is talking too) then you had probably better shift it thirty yards to the east."

A dwarf master builder. He is a very Empire dwarf as opposed to his mountainous kin. Gruff but impeccably honest and honourable he is not gregarious but once you get to know him he will

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be a friend for life. He dresses in practical work clothes with the only evidence of his heritage his dwarven work boots. He wears a reinforced hat that looks like a modern bowler and smokes a pipe (Arabian cigars only around people he wants to get rid of). He will keep himself to himself throughout most of the adventure but everyone feels his careful and efficient presence on sight. Once he knows he has a mission he will appear in full dwarven scale armour, axe and shield to the surprise of everyone especially Piotr.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42	34	49	48	48	54	42	37
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	4	4	3	0	0	0

Skills: Charm (+10 nobles), Command, Common Knowledge: Empire, Dwarfs, Drive, Evaluate (+10), Gossip (+10 nobles), Haggle (+10), Perception, Read /Write, Secret Language: Guild of Stonemasons, Speak: Khazalid (+10), Reikspiel (+10) Trade: Builder (+10), Carpenter, Stoneworker (+20)
Talents: Dealmaker, Dwrafcraft, Etiquette, Grudge Born Fury, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Savvy (added to the profile above), Stout Hearted, Sturdy, Suave (added to the profile above)

Armour: Hard hat, Leather jerkin, he also owns an impressive scale mail coat and face masked, winged helm but will only get these out when he expects combat

Armour points: Head 1/4, Arms 0/3, Body 1/4, Legs 0/3

Weapons: a good craftsmanship knife at all times but has a best quality fighting axe (hand weapon) and shield in a trunk with his armour he will get out when he dons his armour.

Trappings: draftsman's tools, Dwarven work boots, dungarees, bowler style work hat, pipe and tobacco and a leather pocket case of particularly foul smelling Arabian cigars. 14GC 8ss and 7bp

Appearance: 4'7" 94 years old, Black hair going to grey at the temples, salt and pepper beard and moustache (somewhat nicotine stained) with very impressive eyebrows over startling purple eyes. He dresses in working clothes and his favourite hat all the time, not even Piotr (a long time friend) has ever seen him in anything else, he always looks like he is thinking on something important, with people he does not know, this will extend to a some what malevolent air to get rid of them.

Khirgi: Kislevian Bodyguard (Hunter-Scout)

(Stooping to look at the ground) "Dah, three ov them, movink fast. Maybe five-six hours ago. Two are heavily laden carryink somethink heavy betwixt them, the third moves as if lightly loaded, (pause) a voman I think, she has a limp and is carryink a baby or small child. (Stands slowly) If you vant to catch them ve be going, dah?"

Khirgi was once employed as a hunter on Piotr's estate, he kept himself to himself and diligently did his job providing game for the master's table. One day he was summoned to the dacha and the next he knew was accompanying his master as his bodyguard on some crazy trip south. He is a taciturn man and awkward in the company of people, in the company of animals he is much happier and has an almost magical skill with horses. He will seldom be seen more than a few yards from his master; his eyes constantly on the move looking out for danger. Though seldom does he make connections with people he will be open to approach from elves, especially elves with outdoor skills as he has heard much about them and greatly respects their reputation as woodsmen and archers.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
52	59	46	47	59	58	47	39
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	19	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care (+20), Animal Training, Charm Animal, Common Knowledge; Kislev (+10), Empire, Concealment (+10 +20 rural), Dodge Blow, Follow Trail (+10), Gossip, Navigation (+10), Outdoor Survival (+10), Perception (+10), Ride, Search, Secret Language: Ranger, Secret Sign: Ranger, Scout, Set Trap, Silent move (+10 +20 Rural) Speak Kislevian (+10), Reikspeil (+10), Swim, Trade: Cook

Talents: Hardy (added to the profile above), Lightning reflexes (added to the profile above), Marksman (added to the profile above), Mighty shot, Orientation, Resistance to Poison, Rapid Reload, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group: Longbow, Sure Shot, Very Resistant (added to the profile above), Very Strong (added to the profile above)

Armour: Full Moot Leathers (Old World Armoury p18)

Armour points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1

Weapons: knife, skinning knife, best craftsmanship sabre (hand weapon) Composite Horse bow (A vicious implement of death crafted with much skill and effort from layers of horn and

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sinew, although it is the size of a short bow and thus useable from horse back, it has statistics as a longbow)

Trappings: belt with numerous pouches, spare bow strings, good craftsmanship boots, a quiver of 12 arrows and 8 heads to make more, rain cloak, best quality horse and tack including saddlebags, bedroll, several snares, 1 week of best quality rations, 2 1 gallon canteens of water, cooking pot, spices, salt, 6 pound sack of flour, small kettle, pound of tea, small tent, 10 best craftsmanship matches in a small water proof tin, flint and steel in a water proof packet of tinder, small bundle of high resin content kindling, currying brushes and combs for horse, 30 feet of best craftsmanship silken rope, 1GC 12ss 4bp
Appearance: 5'11" 32 Years old, light brown hair (although he keeps his head mostly shaved, what hair he does have, is in a long queue (ponytail) at the base of his skull) and an impressively long, droopy moustache of an almost copper colour, his eyes are pale grey, on his left cheek there are four small cuts in the position of a bear's claw marks, they were treated with pine ash when made and now show up a dark blue against his tanned skinned. He dresses in carefully dyed leathers specially made while on a trip to the Moot, when standing still (as he often does) with these he will often seem to disappear into the background scenery if in the wilds.

Clem (Vientori Madrianni): Agent Provocateur (Student-Agitator)

(Thumping table hard making pots jump) "Yes, yes, yes it is true he pays well and even provides food and lodging of a sort, but if we do not organise some sort of complaint or dispute, how long my friends, how long, do you think there will be soup and ale and tents for? (Another thump) Not long I tell you now, not long at all. Oh yes, there will be sweetly worded apoloogeoses and hexcuses but they will go, they will go, you mark-ah ma words!"

Vientori Madrianni or Clem as he is going by these days has been a thorn in the side of the authorities of Nuln for some time now. A Tilean national who found it expedient to leave his country for a while after some problems with more than a few of the fathers of a number of city states, he drifted north to the Empire. Here he was recruited by and now works for the Valentines in the false belief they are a trade union for the labourers of the city, he has noticed that his employers tend to want a lot of disturbances in very specific places at very specific times but sees this as more respect for his skills of organisation than anything untoward.

He has also noted that the watch are very quick to stamp on his little protest meetings and for this reason has found it clement to be out of the city for a few days. How convenient then, that his employers know of an out of city works project under a particularly tyrannical Kislevian exploiter?

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40	39	35	30	40	48	47	35

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4/5	0	0	0

Skills: Academic knowledge: History, Law, Charm, Charm, Common Knowledge: Empire (+10), Tilea (+10), Concealment, Gossip (+10), Perception, Read/Write, Speak: Reiskspeil (+10), Tilean (+10)

Talents: Coolheaded (added to the profile above), Flee! (added to the profile above), Luck, Mimic, Public Speaking, Streetfighter, Warrior Born (added to the profile above)

Armour: Leather Jacket

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

Weapons: Knife

Trappings: work clothes, bedroll with 42 badly printed pamphlets of a scurrilous and libellous nature concealed within, 37ss 4bp

Appearance: 5' 8" 27 years old, brown hair, brown eyes, very nondescript, he has a feint ghost of a Tilean accent (that tends to become a lot more pronounced the angrier he gets) though he generally conceals this very well. He works hard not to stand out in any crowds. With no real useful skill he makes his way on the sight as a labourer.

Gunter Schalt: Owner of a Transport company (Coachman-Tradesman)

"Yes love, I know I said them pies from that Rumster's place would be with you by noon, but all my lads is out on jobs for the city, look I'll tell you what I'll do; the boys' out the back 'ere rubbing down old Boxer after the mornings gong run, I'll have 'im take a barf and get the little hand cart out, run over the halfings' place and bring them pies to you quick sharp! 'Ows about that? No extra charge I swear. Now I can't say fairer than that can I?"

A friend to everyone, that's how many see Gunter, although doing his best to run a business (he acquired the coaching firm he formally worked for when it failed, sold off the coaches brought wagons instead and opened up as a transport firm) he seldom wants to charge people

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the right prices, having grown up around them, he knows how hard the lower classes of the city have to live. For this reason he tends to charge rich people or nobles slightly above the odds, this is not too much of a problem as though as due to good wages and a generally loyal workforce he can expect good work from his people. Since acquiring the business he has missed being out on the road and will be come very chatty and companionable when he is.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
34	41	34	36	44	44	47	42
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care (+10), Common Knowledge: Empire (+20), Drive (+10), Evaluate (+10), Gossip (+10), Haggle (+20), Heal, Navigate, Perception (+10 +30 noise), Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language: Teamsters Guild, Secret Signs: Rangers, Speak: Reikspeil (+10), Tilean (+10), Trade: Accountancy, Logistics

Talents: Acute Hearing, Dealmaker, Night Vision, Quick Draw, Savvy (added to profile above), Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group: Gunpowder

Armour: mail shirt and leather jacket

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

Weapons: sword, knife, blunderbuss and enough powder and shot for three more shots

Trappings: Schalt's Friendly Transport Company, wagon of supplies and team, wide brimmed hat, sack of game pies, flask of ale, 12GC 7ss 3bp

Appearance: 5'6" 37 years old, thinning light brown hair and several days growth of stubble, tanned with the scent of horses on him, he gets puffed quiet easily if he has to walk any distance as he is so used to cart travel. He is jolly and seldom is he seen without a smile on his lips, he makes friends very easily with the lower social orders but distrusts rich people and nobles.

Ruffians: Valentines out of their element (Thugs)

"Reigna ina dat cart, and a-puta dem hands where I can seea dem!"

The Valentines are pretty much average city thugs, with Tilean ancestry giving them a little more style than most, they all wear outlandish hats of a similar fashion and tend to dress in russet and red. When the party encounter them they will be unable to discern faces, as they are all wearing masks. (although a challenging Common Knowledge: Nuln or very hard Common

Knowledge: Empire roll will turn up the name of the gang from the gang colours they still wear) As city criminals they are nervous and out of their depth in the wilds and as such act far from efficiently and will be willing to flee or surrender at the slightest provocation. There are many more of them back in the city than those at this small ambush. Should they learn the names of the people who made them look stupid they may very well seek revenge on those who have wronged them, because of their latin blood machismo is a big thing with them.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33	26	43	31	32	25	36	30
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge: Empire, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Intimidate, Secret Language: Reikspeil, Theives' Tongue, Speak Language: Reikspeil

Talents: Disarm, Lightning Reflexes (*), Quick draw, Resistance to Poison, Strike to Stun, Very Strong (added to profile above), Wrestling

Armour: leather jacket

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

Weapons: hand weapons (mostly swords though a few carry axes and one a cudgel) three carry crossbows and six bolts for them

Trappings: outlandish hats, packed lunches

Appearance: Men in masks, large hats and urban clothes, all of them have some item of russet and or red in their clothing. They seem uncomfortable and out of place here as if they do not like to be in the wilds.

Khurgan: Long dead Hero (Wight)

"Urrrah!"

Khurgan was once a good king. Several thousand years of being stuck in a cave will affect anyone though. When a hot spring broke through into his cave after a minor earth tremor several centuries ago he and his champions came to be able to travel in a limited way as the essence of Khurgan's spirit infused with the stream that played over his bones. Years rolled past and an inn sprang up on the sight of his old hall, the inn began using the hot water and Khurgan was again able to see live people, he enjoyed this and would observe the comings and going of their daily lives, his spirit doing little harm beyond souring the odd pat of butter and scaring the inns cat, sometimes he has been known to scare the occasional drunk by metamorphosing the steam

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from the inn's sign into the shape of a man or animal but apart from this was content to leave things be. That was until the building project; he has taken this as a personal affront (and fears that with more and more demands on water use his spirit will be diminished) and intends to scare the workers off.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40	35	45	35	30	25	35	20
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Perception, Speak language: Ancient pre Empire

Talents: Frightening, Undead

Special Rules: Wight Blade: Wights wield ancient and deadly weapons infused with the power of undeath. In the hands of a Wight, such a blade counts as a magical weapon and inflicts SB+2 Damage. Furthermore when a Wight causes a Critical Hit, it makes two rolls on Table 6-2: Critical Hits and inflicts the deadlier result. In the hands of anyone else, a Wight Blade counts as a hand weapon (though in this case one of best craftsmanship)

Armour: Full Chain; although it, unlike his sword has not survived well under a few hundred years of boiling water, for this reason roll a D3 for each location that is how much armour protection has survived there.

Armour Points: Head D3, Arms D3, Body D3, Legs D3

Weapons: Wight Blade and a poor quality shield
Trappings: everything has dissolved away over the years except his torc being made of noble metals (silver and gold) it is valued at 100GC (a collector of ancient artefacts may pay considerably more for it however...)

Appearance: In his spirit form Khurgan appears as he did in life; tall, erect and mighty yet with a still kind face (though he is translucent), this is somewhat marred however as when angry he will be sheathed in ethereal blue fire which drips from him and burns briefly in his wake. In Wight form he looks like a mineral deposit encrusted, animated skeleton with the decaying remains of his armour draped over his stained bones.

Khurgan's Champions: Guardians of their lord (Skeletons)

"Urrrrh" (accompanied by the low clicking of bones)

Khurgan's champions in life were similar to their lord; strong, proud and tall. In death however they

are not nearly as impressive. While Khurgan's spirit kept his body in quiet a good condition those of his champions were not nearly as powerful. In fact it was Khurgan's spirit that kept a dull spark of unlife in their skulls. They are now little more than automatons at the lord's call.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25	20	30	30	25	-	-	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: None

Talents: Frightening, Undead

Special Rules: Mindless: Skeletons are animated bones with no mind or spirit of their own. They have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship, and can never take or fail Tests based on these Characteristics. Shambling: Skeletons are relentless but slow. They cannot take the run action

Armour: None (all washed and rotted away)

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

Weapons: swords (Hand Weapon) and shields both of poor quality

Trappings: They wear torcs like their lord, all except one had bronze which have dissolved away leaving green mineral stains and little more but one wore a torc of silver worth 45GC (again worth more to a collector of antiquities)

Appearance: Animated human skeletons, all are stained with mineral deposits and dripping in green slime. As spirits they appear as their lord, though their faces are somewhat mindless.

Appendix 2 the Circus

The circus originally was intended just to get a mammoth into the adventure (what can I say, I like mammoths), but gradually became an entity unto itself, please feel free to use it in any way you see fit, I have become quiet attached to it as a whole and plan to use it as recurring encounter, it would I feel make a good basis for a campaign and certainly answers the problems of why such a diverse group of people (as the average party of adventurers) are travelling together in a group with no real reason. A lot of skills characters seem to acquire have potential for some sort of circus act with a little imagination.

Fosten over the last few years has built up what has become known as an impressive little circus from friends he made while on the road. They are known throughout the Empire and constantly on the move, rarely spending more than two

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performances in any one place before moving off again. There is no specifically planned route but they do try to be in the south during the winter if only for relief from the cold. Fosten has considered travelling beyond the Empire but thinks it will be prohibitively expensive to go by ship and the overland routes are far from safe he does not want to make the decision by himself, but has yet to tell his friends of the idea.

The circus itself comprises seven wagons pulled by mules. Four are of gypsy caravan style for accommodation: Solla and Fosten, Lucie and Steffan, the Fullburrow brothers and Ingwald who formally had his own but now shares with Elthrilien while he is with the troupe. Thullaghent is too big to have a caravan so generally sleeps in a barn with his friend Bob or in good weather under a canvas shelter improvised from the screen for the ring. Of the other two wagons one is full of the seating and the screen, the other; the various props and costumes required for the show as well as Bruno the bears cage, (although Bruno is tame and gentle enough to generally follow along behind the Rein's wagon when in towns he is assigned to his cage) the pair of valuable, white, trained performing horses are generally tethered behind the Guth's wagon they are never used for draft purposes, Ingwald's dogs travel in his wagon. Bob and Thulla are very useful for pulling wagons out of holes or other problems.

The circus performs in a ring of benches. There are three rows the last two each higher than the one(s) in front. The highest row of benches at the back are in a circle with a diameter of approximately twenty yards, in front of the lowest benches is a small barrier fence surrounding the ring itself which has an approximate diameter of fifteen yards. A high linen screen supported on poles surrounds the ring; this is here to stop people who haven't paid the gate fee getting a free show. There is a brake in the both screen and benches to allow access for performers, this opens onto a corral of the circus' wagons and animals. Fosten will sometimes employ a militia or watchman to walk the perimeter of the ring to make sure no one sneaks under the screen. In bad weather the circus has been known to perform in a farmers barn or under a guild house or a covered market.

The gate price varies from place to place depending on the affluence and size of the venue; for small towns or large villages 3p right upto as high as 7p for a major city, there is no concession for minors. Fosten is prepared to do private performances but only for the circus as a whole, not specific acts. Everyone in the

company agrees with this. The price for a private performance again depends on what Fosten thinks he can get away with charging but he will not go lower than 12GC. The ring of seating can accommodate 400 in comfort but as many as 800 can be squeezed in. Fosten will allow vendors into the arena (entertainers will not be allowed in unless it is as an additional act and then only with the approval of the company) during a show for 15% of their take

The Circus' bill is generally as follows: (this is occasionally added to if other entertainers join the circus for purposes of travel safety. Should they, they will be expected to add to the bill but will also get a fair share of the gate receipt)

Act 1 Solla's trick riding act (a variety of acrobatic feats, tricks and leaps from the backs of two specially trained horses)

Act 2 Solla, Thullaghent and Fosten in a combined strongman act (lifts, pulls and throws with the finale of the piece the two of them juggling cannonballs between them while Solla provides eye candy)

Act 3 Rollo and Falno the halfling clowns (pratfalls, slapstick and paste throwing they will be chased out of the ring by the next act)

Act 4 Steffan and Lucie and their bear act (Bruno the bear dances and capers with Steffan while he juggles and Lucie plays accompanying music)

Act 5 Solla and Lucie's wire act (a now scantily clad Solla and Lucie perform walks, somersaults and rolls suspended on a tight rope slung across the arena)

Act 6 Elthrilien the troubadour (elven songs and stories in the bardic tradition of his people accompanied by his lyre, traditionally these would be in Eltharin but Elthrilien has translated some of his peoples more rustic works to Reikspiel)

Act 7 Ingwald and his dog act (four trained collie dogs dance, cavort and run through an assault course at the command of their master)

Act 8 Solla and Fosten's knife act (standard knife act)

Act 9 The halfling clowns return for more motley and chaos (with buckets of sawdust thrown into the audience for good measure, they are chased into the crowd by the final act, here they may well, along with attacks upon the audience with inflated bladders and more ribald comedie del arte style lampooning try and pick a few richer looking pockets. Rollo will distract the target with japes and pratfalls while Falno does the deed)

Act 10 The Finale: Thulla and Bob in their star turn (Thulla and Bob in a combined comedic and

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control routine with a finale of fire breathing from Thulla aided by Bob in the guise of a fire extinguisher)

The Amazing Fosten! (Guth) Ringmaster and Strongman (Jailer-Vagabond-Entertainer)

"H'Laaaay-dees and gennelmen, H'Roll up! H'roll Up! For the most ha'mazing spectacle h'you will h'ever 'ave seen! For today h'only and for the bargain price h'of a mere five pennies, yes that's h'right madam H'I did say five pennies you and the family will be witness to some of the most h'impressive physical feats you will h'ever 'ave seen! No; h'ever 'ave 'eard of! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Seats are sure to sell h'out fast, bring the family. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

Twelve years ago Fosten was depressed almost to the point of suicide, his impressive physic got him rail-roaded into a job he despised. The life of a Jailer was totally abhorrent to him and eventually one day he just up and left. He made a living doing odd jobs here and there wandering where his feet would take him. He was often approached by more seedy elements and offered work as a leg breaker, something his peaceful nature not to mention impressive right hook kept him away from. His life made sense for the first time, when while helping some itinerate entertainers repair their cart; which had had a wheel fall off he saw his niche in life! That day he joined the entertainers as a strongman. Twelve years later he is married into circus folk, has picked up another skill to use for an act, owns and runs his own show and couldn't be happier.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41	51	55	42	43	35	37	42
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	17	5	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Charm, Common Knowledge: Empire (+20), Command, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip (+20), Haggle, Heal (+10), Intimidate (+10), Navigation (+10), Outdoors Survival, Perception (+20), Performer: Strongman (+10) Search, Secret Language: Ranger Tongue, Secret Sign: Rangers, Sleight of Hand (+10), Speak Language: Reikspeil (+10), Silent Move (+10), Swim

Talents: Fleet Footed (added to profile above), Hardy (added to profile above), Marksmanship (added to profile above), Orientation, Public Speaking, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Rover, Seasoned Traveller,

Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group: Thrown, Streetfighter, Very Strong (+), Wrestling
Armour: none

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: generally carries none, he uses 6 best craftsmanship throwing knives in his act but they have never been thrown into human flesh, he also carries a bullwhip in his ringmaster guise but can not really use it beyond flicking a horse's backside

Trappings: the Amazing Fosten's Circus, big copper megaphone 21GC 14ss 6bp
Appearance: 6'6" 38 years old, bald as an egg, black eyes, barrel chested and massively muscled, he sports an elaborate waxed and curled jet black moustache and the merest hint of a equally black goatee beard, when working he wears one of two different costumes; the first is his ringmasters guise; shiny black high boots, tight jodhpur style trousers and an impressive shimmering scarlet satin tail coat, finished off with a foot high top hat. For his strongman act he sports a bear fur leotard, wide black weight lifting belt and thick black studded cuffs, over oiled and very tanned bare skin. When not in any kind of showmanship role he wears simple dungarees, shirts and comfortable boots

Falno and Rollo Fulburrow Halfling Clowns (Rogue and Thief-Entertainers)

"...rectum? It nearly killed 'im! (Ba-dump-BUMP! On the drums, two minutes of Three Stooges style antics follow) Ayezaay, ayezaay, ayezaay what is the difference betwixt a small, sweet, bread roll being sat on by two people and a confusing puzzle? I don't know what is the difference? One is a Bun-under-'em and the other is Conundrum!" (Ba-dump-BUMP! more Stoogery)

The Fullburrow brothers have always been close, they were close as children growing up and when they went to work for their fathers' catering business. They both very soon developed a distinct dislike of pie making and left home to seek their fortune. Eventually ending up in Altdorf with no more than their wits to survive on they very soon slipped (with the aid of a mickeyd drink and a rigged card game or two) into debt with the criminal classes. A debt only repayable by doing a few little jobs here and there, the pair took to the new life with relish, staying on with the gang even after the debt was eventually settled. After a small gang war the pair found it expedient to skip town quickly, they stowed away in a travelling circus. After being discovered and some very fast-talking the pair soon found themselves with more honest and equally enjoyable employment.

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The numbers before the / are for Rollo the rouge, the numbers after for Falno the thief

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
34	54	20	30	56	40	32	59
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	3	5	0	0	0

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
23	59	24	23	68	37	44	49
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	2	2	4	0	0	0

Skills Both: Academic Knowledge: Genealogy/ Heraldry, Animal Care, Charm (+10 +20 underworld) Common Knowledge: Empire, Halflings, Gossip (Falno +10 +20 underworld Rollo: +20 +30 underworld), Evaluate (Rollo +10), Perception (+10 Falno +20 locks) Performer: Acrobat, Clown, Search, Speak Language: Halfling, Reikspeil (Falno +10 Rollo +20) Trade: Cook

Additional Skills Rollo: Blather (+10), Evaluate (+10) Gamble, Performer: Actor, Storyteller

Additional Skills Falno: Concealment (+10 urban), Disguise, Pick Lock (+10 traps), Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language: Thieves Cant, Secret Sign: Thieves, Silent Move (+10 urban), Sleight of Hand (+10)

Talents Both: Nightvision, Resistance to Chaos, Specialist Weapon Group: Sling Streetwise

Additional Talents Rollo: Flee!, Fleet Footed (added to profile above), Luck, Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Sixth Sense, Sharpshooter

Additional Talents Falno: Alley Cat, Lightning Reflexes (added to profile above), Mimic, Trap finder

Armour: generally none but both own leather jackets they will don if expecting trouble

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

Weapons: knife and sling

Trappings: bladders on sticks, various comedic and acrobat costumes, Rollo keeps cards and dice around for old times sake but generally only plays for fun or pennies these days, Falno still has his picks and black clothes but hasn't used them since joining the circus. Rollo 3GC 4ss 8bp Falno 7GC 2ss 3bp

Appearance: 4'0" 27 years old, the pair are identical facially (although Rollo is a little jowly) with corn yellow hair and hazel eyes. However, their time in the gang has shaped them physically

in different ways. It saw them, for the first time in their lives choose differing paths, this shows in their body shapes: Rollo is sturdy going on fat from many nights sharing drinks and food in seedy bars, while Falno is (for a Halfling) down right skinny; its easier to squeeze through small gaps without an impressive belly in the way. The pair both love their new lives and are constantly smiling they are good friends with Thulla and Bob and are often seen with them. When not in costume they dress in comfortable but stylish clothes.

Thullaghent Bouncer and Strongman (Vagabond-Entertainer) (thanks to Andrew Law whose piece on ogres as player characters from the fan bit of the Black Industries site inspired Thullaghent)

" 'Ere you! Yers you! I'm fasta than yoo so don't go running off! Das better, now stay still yoo! Nah I a'int gonna eet chu, yur too skinny fer tha. I'm 'spost to tell people fings I am, naow 'ow can I tell you anyfink ifn you dun run off? Right are ya liss'ning? Are ya sure? Cos it looks like yur getting reddy to run off. H'ok right yoo, the fing wot I am tellin' yoo is dat deres a sircus in da town! I is in it too! It's a really grate nights en-ta-tain-ment go and tell all ov your mates, an get dem to tell dere mates! Oh, erm its in dat big em'ty place wot sometimes has dem lil shops made ov cloff in. Yers yoo can go, an I had best see yoo dere on opening nite!"

An Ogre currently employed by the travelling circus he is a rarity amongst ogres in that he is more interested in seeing things and travel than fighting, he still very much likes eating however. Somewhat of an outcast in ogre society: He is a classic gentle giant; somewhat shy but eager to please and of course fond of and very good with children. He likes his job in the circus of dressing up and performing in various guises and especially his own act with his best friend Bob. Thullaghent met Bob when he was wandering about in Norsca, after a small disagreement over which one of them was going to be eaten the two became fast friends and they continued their wanderings together, Thulla eventually got fed up of the cold and Bob followed him south. Short of funds for food Thulla joined up with a travelling circus. His skill at fire eating is actually an extension of a particularly bad case of indigestion caused by a barrel of radishes combined with an extremely devilled, devilled roast hog.

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Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
37	26	53	52	47	30	38	37
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	26	5	5	6	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Common Knowledge (+10): Empire, Norsca, Ogres, Consume Alcohol, Gossip (+10), Intimidate (+10), Navigation (+10), Outdoor Survival, Perception (+10), Performer: Fire Eating, Strongman (+10), Silent Move (+10 rural), Speak Language (+10): Grumbarth, Reikspeil, Swim (+10)

Talents: Fearless, Lightning Reflexes (added to profile above), Menacing, Orientation, Rover, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group: Two Handed, Very Resistant (added to profile above), Very Strong (added to profile above), Wrestling

Armour: none

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: none, in emergencies he has been known to grab a bench or signpost or small tree to use as a club

Trappings: special mouthwashes, torches, sack of cheap toys, which he gives to children who seem sad (most of the pay he gets that doesn't go on food goes towards toys), 3ss 47bp
Appearance: 10'10" 42 years old, red-brown hair and green eyes, for an ogre he does not have that vast a gut (another reason he does not really want to return to ogre society) and unusually smiles a lot. Clothes for some one this size are not cheap so he will be dressed in one of his costumes all the time, he prefers his mammoth act one (a considerably cheaper copy of Fosten's ringmaster outfit) as he feels it makes him look more dignified, it certainly gets him noticed; almost eleven feet of ogre wearing a two foot top hat is hard to ignore. He will most often be seen in the company of Bob and Rollo and Falno, he does not like his smaller friends occasionally lax attitudes to other peoples property and continually tries to stop them, keeping their hands in as they call it.

Bob Star of the show (Mammoth) (inspired by the mammoth entry in the bestiary of the 1987 (3rd edition?) Warhammer Fantasy Battle book written by Rick Priestly, Richard Halliwell and Bryan Ansell with stats extrapolated by me)

"FUH-oooooooo-huhluluff" (sound of a mammoth trumpet)

Bob is a mammoth from the frozen plains of

Norsca. Bob likes bales of hay, cabbages and especially buns! As he could never get any of these things till he met his best friend Thullaghent the two became fast friends and Bob followed Thullaghent south. Bob is a practical joker he likes to squirt people with water (especially dwarves who it seems to infuriate more than anyone else) but has recently found a new trick; he will hide in a tent and when someone comes into it trumpet the very loudest he can. He is clever and gregarious and likes to know what is going on, often wandering about where ever he happens to be to see if anyone has any buns. He like Thulla has a fondness for children mostly as they often prove to be a good source of buns and apples. The end of his long trunk can often be found in backpacks or satchels snuffling about for food while the rest of him remains cunningly hidden behind small trees or road signs, yes, Bob is a cunning creature indeed!

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42	35	61	64	47	19	29	32
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	47	6	6	8	0	0	0

Skills: Intimidate (+10), Perception (+20) (scent and sound as eyesight very poor) Sleight of hand/trunk, Swim (+10)

Talents: Keen senses, Menacing, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: thick skin and fur

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

Weapons: tusks and trunk

Trappings: none

Appearance: 10' 6" at the shoulder 29 years old, big and hairy with tusks, small ears and a trunk. He is of a deep orange-brown colour and his eyes are black. A noticeable slope of his back makes riding him difficult although Thulla can do so for brief periods, because of Thulla's size this is only done as a crowd drawing stunt when Bob, Thulla, Rollo and Falno do their ambassadorial performance upon arriving at a venue, Thulla soon jumps down after arrival. For this Bob will have ribbons woven into his fur and tied to his tusks and will have been brushed so his hair shines.

Solla Guth, Steffan and Lucie Rein, Ingwald Herz and Elthriren Whitelock The rest of the Company (Entertainers)

The rest of the company joined up with Fosten over the years, in deed one of them married him. They are a close almost family group (with the possible exception of Elthriren

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who can still be aloof even around them) always willing to help each other out. The circus as a whole is at first a little wary of strangers who wish to travel with them (even other entertainers) but soon after any travellers prove trustworthy they will open up and invite anyone temporarily to their "family". Proud and independent the circus as a whole does not like to be told what to do, with an ogre, a mammoth, not to mention Fosten himself in the caravan; seldom does this prove to be a problem.

The number before the / is for the humans after for Elthrilien

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32	34	32	30	54	32	35	47
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	0

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33	46	36	31	56	41	32	41
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	3	3	5	0	0	0

Skills All: Animal care, Charm, Common Knowledge: Empire (save Elthrilien), Drive, Gossip (+10), Perception (+10 Elthrilien: +20 (Vision) Solla: +30 (Sound) Speak: Reikspeil

Additional skills Solla: Performer: Riding Display, Tight Rope Walking, Ride

Additional skills Steffan: Animal Training, Performer: Dance, Juggle

Additional skills Lucie: Performer: Guitar, Tight Rope Walking, Scale Sheer Surface

Additional skills Ingwald: Animal Training, Performer: Dog Display, Drums, Read/Write

Additional skills Elthrilien: Blather, Common Knowledge: Elves, Performer: Lute, Sing, Speak: Eltharin

Talents Solla: Acute Hearing, Lightening Reflexes (added to profile above), Luck, Trick Riding

Talents Steffan: Ambidextrous, Lightening Reflexes (added to profile above), Mimic, Public Speaking

Talents Lucie: Lightening Reflexes (added to profile above), Luck, Public Speaking, Resistance to Poison

Talents Ingwald: Ambidextrous, Etiquette, Lightening Reflexes (added to profile above), Mimic, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group: Fencing, Parrying

Talents Elthrilien: Excellent Vision, Lightening Reflexes (added to profile above), Night Vision, Public Speaking, Savvy (added to profile above), Specialist Weapon: Longbow

Armour: Elthrilien, Ingwald and Steffan own leather jackets but more against cold weather than combat

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

Weapons: knives, Elthrilien keeps an elfbow and 8 arrows under his mattress, and Ingwald a good craftsmanship rapier and maine gauche under his. If combat is expected Ingwald and Steffan will use screen poles as quarterstaves

Trappings: personal affects, all equipment used in their acts belongs to the circus as a whole rather than too individuals. Elthrilien owns his lute and Lucie her guitar. Ingwald's dogs (Jess, Rhin, Brack and Bengy) came with him when he arrived but all the company like them and they often sleep in whichever caravan they want

Appearance Solla: 5'4" 28 years old, while her husband is a veritable giant of a man Solla is quiet petit, she is attractive and fills many roles in the circus where eye candy is needed, she has long black hair and deep brown eyes, when not in one of her risqué costumes she dresses for comfort but still with an eye for style.

Appearance Steffan: 5' 11" 26 years old, tall compared to most and very thin with it he is a quiet man, he has light brown hair and pale grey eyes with a neatly trimmed beard of a lighter colour than his hair. He talks rarely as he has a minor stutter and never around some one he does not know. There is an air of the poet about him and he is not unattractive.

Appearance Lucie: 5'6" 24 years old, golden hair and deep green eyes, slim but well muscled, she makes up for her husband's taciturn nature and has been known to chat away entire days travel with no more than three words from Steffan the whole day. She also serves as eye candy in some acts but when not performing she unlike the rest of the troupe enjoys dressing in bright colours

Appearance Ingwald: 5'9" 47 years old, dark brown hair now almost totally gone to grey, grey eyes he walks with a slight limp from a badly set broken leg in his youth. Sports an air of minor nobility (but no one has ever asked him about this) and has the vocabulary and mannerisms to back it up, the dogs he arrived with, to someone who knows dogs, (Academic Knowledge: Canine Breeding average roll) are of an exceptional pedigree, he dresses in old but good quality clothes of good craftsmanship

Appearance Elthrilien: 6'2" 75 years old, ash blonde hair, grey blue eyes, unlike most wood elves he prefers bright, hot colours to the more natural tones worn by most. He wears his long

hair in multiple, beaded cornbraids tied loosely at the nape of the neck with ribbon. Seldom seen without his lute. Very companionable he is often the first to accept new people travelling with the caravan, very fond of halflings in general and the Fullburrows especially.

Appendix 3 "The Steaming Kettle"

Forty years ago "The Steaming Kettle" was originally called "the Brown Ram" it was a successful coaching inn a days travel from Nuln. The hot spring behind the place was not used for anything beyond boiling joints of meat and in the laundry service provided for the guests. One day a prosperous Burgher on his way by coach to Kemperbad (acute aqua phobia prevented him travelling by boat) asked how his meat had been cooked, he was told about the spring.

Before departing in the morning he went and had a quick look at the spring more out of curiosity than anything else. On the long coach trip he formulated his idea and by the time he returned from Kemperbad he entered into negotiations to buy the whole business for a very generous price. With a son who was an up and coming civil engineer to do the conversion and another who was listless and in need of direction to run the place his plan would soon come to fruition. The bath complex was added to the eastern end of the inn, hot water was run into the kitchen, a new specially constructed laundry room was added and finally steam was piped to the inn sign that came to give the place it's name. With the luxury of hot baths the coach route became more prosperous, word spread and "the Steaming Kettle" became a minor travel destination for the middle classes of the city who would visit over a weekend as a small holiday for baths and a good meal.

Forty Years later the inn is still owned and run by descendants of that rich Burgher, while not as popular as in its heyday (very few people travel here for the express purpose of a bath these days) it is still a nice touch of luxury for people leaving Nuln or returning to it. With Piotr's plans however the innkeeper hopes to return to the days of his father. Piotr has offered employment to all those presently employed at an increased wage and even though they have sold the place is letting the innkeeper and his family stay on till they want to leave as he figures they know a lot more about running the pace than he does, once they leave he will offer the innkeepers job and wage to one of the present servants.

Roadwardens are a common sight here as there

is a lock up and small enclosed section of the inn exclusively for their use (although coachmen sometimes use it if accompanied by or well known to any warden regulars), Rudiger allows any warden a free bath (it's not like he has to pay for heating the water) so they enjoy this billet. For this reason as well as the fact it is so close to the city the inn has not been attacked in decades (the last incident was a shootout between a famous highwayman (the Purple Captain) and the wardens some 37 years ago, an artists' rather sanguine depiction of which, as well as a blood speckled hat and purple mask reputed to have been worn by the Captain hangs over the bar, Rudiger will happily tell the story to anyone who asks as he was there that evening and watched the whole thing from the hayloft) and has no enclosing wall.

Prices and Bill of Fare

Bath (towel 1p soap 5p)	8p
Poor Meal	2p
Average Meal	4p
Good Meal	7p
Noble's Meal	1s 3p
Common room per night (chest key 2p)	6p
Private Room per night	12s
Private Room 24a per night	14s
Stabling for Horse per Night	1s
Suite per night	1GC 2s
Laundry per Item	3p

A poor meal will be actually hard to get here, Bonnberry will not make such a nasty thing but may provide bread and cheese or leftovers as a poor meal. If someone is too poor to afford an average meal she will often let him or her have one for what they can afford (even for free if very polite) unless they are particularly rude. Average meals are still not something she likes to cook but does so as this is the fare of most folk; an average meal will comprise a pie or soup or light stew with bread and butter and cheese. A good meal will be impressive; pie of a more pricey meat: game or dove roasted meats or fancy spiced and flavoured dishes with vegetables. It will also include a desert of which Bonnberry makes many. Bonnberry's noble meals are a sight to behold: Elegant starters of pate' or light soups followed by a fish course (she is well famed for her trout en crout) then a main; roast game birds or glazed hams or sides of meat with several vegetable dishes (her lyonnais potatoes have been known to make people put on upto six pounds in weight at a single meal!) followed by a dessert course; magnificent cakes and tarts or ice cream or sorbet (even in the height of summer), candied fruits, or boiled puddings. Liqueurs and coffee follow.

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Rudiger Herz (Resident and Figurehead)
(Human) (Burgher-Innkeeper)

"The incident? Oh yes, I remember it very well, I saw the whole thing you know! Well seeing as you have twisted my arm...I was up in the hayloft hunting rats when I heard a large horse come clattering into the yard at some speed I can tell you! By the time I had got to the door to look there was the sound of many more horses and the next thing I know gunshots!..."

Rudiger is an almost clichéd Innkeeper. Always jovial he is as good as an advertisement for his establishment as anything. He is the second generation to own the inn and hoped his son would follow in the family tradition until he sold the place. He is the sort of person who finds it hard to dislike anyone, especially anyone with coin, he never has a bad word about any customer. Polite to everyone, people find it hard not to be polite to him in return.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42	37	39	43	52	45	42	58
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	3	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Blather, Charm (+10 Nobility and Underworld), Common Knowledge: Empire (+20), Consume Alcohol (+10), Drive, Evaluate (+20), Gossip (+20 +30 Nobility and Underworld), Haggle (+20), Lip Reading, Perception (+10 +20 Sight), Read/Write (+10), Search, Speak (+10): Tilean, Reikspeil, Trade: Innkeeper (+10)

Talents: Dealmaker, Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Luck, Savvy (added to profile above), Streetwise, Suave (added to profile above)

Armour: leather jerkin

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

Weapons: knife, bung starter (improvised)

Trappings: Inn and servants 272GC hidden in office 7GC 33ss 12bp in purse

Appearance: 5'9" 42 years old, his eyes are clever and a deep blue while his hair (what remains of it) is rapidly greying dark brown, balding with an ample belly and beaming smile, mutton chop side burns and rosy cheeks. He dresses rather well but with a mind to his profession never being seen without his pocketed apron.

Elise Herz (Innkeeper's Wife) (Human)
(Burgher)

"You sit down dearie and I'll pour you a drink."

Elise dearly loves her position of innkeeper's wife she has plenty of power but needs to do little to maintain it, she is a fixture of the bar rarely leaving it to actually do any form of work beyond pouring the odd drink and taking the money. She happily spends her days chatting to patrons in the bar swapping stories and looking pretty, for she is indeed beautiful (the main reason Rudiger puts up with her), she is not calculating and would never cheat on Rudiger (who she dearly loves), she is just work shy. Her friendly nature means people occasionally let slip things they do not mean to and almost unconsciously she is a well font of rumour, scandal and secrets (though not shy to pass on all of this) any praise and she might well let slip any number of useful titbits.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
34	39	31	36	43	47	38	49
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge: Empire (+10), Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate (+10), Gossip (+20), Haggle (+10), Perception, Search, Speak: Breton, Reikspeil (+10)

Talents: Dealmaker, Savvy (added to profile above), Suave (added to profile above)

Armour: None

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

Weapons: none

Trappings: good clothes, lots of good clothes, 14GC 12ss 6bp

Appearance: 5'7" 32 years old, long golden hair worn in a plait, deep green eyes, slim, with an impressive bosom and a winning smile. She dresses expensively; something she has to use all her wiles to keep Rudiger agreeing to. She very much likes to be the centre of attention. For this reason she very rarely lets the younger serving girls in the bar unless the place is exceptionally busy and even then she insists they wear bonnets.

Reuban Herz (Innkeeper's son and wannabe Roadwarden) (Human) (Roadwarden)

"Right you put them hands up! I've got you covered, just carefully uncinch that weapon belt an.. Oh yeah O.K. I guess you do need your hands for that but make the move real slow, (Coughs loudly after which his voice is noticeably deeper) No, I'm not a lil young, erm, I just got over a cold and its affected my voice, thas it yeah cold affecting voice. NO don't turn round! Hands high I said!" (Sound of rapidly running child footsteps)

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Reuban has known what he wanted to be since he was three years old, much to his father's concern who wanted him to follow in the family business, not to mention the potential danger. Rudiger hopes his son will grow out of his wish but knows this is unlikely, for this reason he has an agreement with the Roadwardens to discreetly teach his son as much as they can, so should he follow his dreams he will be ready. Reuban himself believes this is his idea and that he is getting one over on his parents by training in secret with his friends. The Roadwardens themselves consider Reuban their lucky mascot and allow him to sleep in the Roadwardens office when no ranked Roadwardens are in residence. For this privilege he is expected to keep their areas clean, something he does willingly and very efficiently. Both Roadwardens and Rudiger worry what will happen should any lawbreakers actually arrive in the inn. The local Captain has sworn Reuben in and ordered him not to try and deal with any situation no matter what without having first told a real Roadwarden, everyone hopes he will take this seriously. Reuban has picked up quiet an impressive collection of skills for someone of his age due to his friendships. He dearly wants to shoot a pistol as the Roadwardens carry them, he will pester any character he sees so armed constantly to let him try. (Heaven forbid that anyone actually lets him!)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
21	37	19	23	41	31	33	37
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	1	2	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge: Empire, Gossip, Drive, Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception (+10 Sight), Ride, Search,
Talents: Excellent Vision, Flee!, Quick Draw
Armour: leather jerkin and a bucket for a helmet
Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: wooden sword, and a toy crossbow the Captain presented to him when he was sworn in. Unbeknown to anyone he has augmented it and fashioned himself half a dozen potentially dangerous bolts for it. (It's stats are: Enc: 25, Group: Ordinary, Damage: 0, Range 6/12, Reload: half, Qualities: none)
Trappings: grubby but good quality clothes, pouch of marbles, small but intelligent dog called Ralph
Appearance: 4'9" 11 years old, light brown hair and deep brown eyes, his clothes are of a good quality although he prefers to wear rougher

looking clothes to seem like a real Roadwarden. 2ss17bp

Anthrandin Orzadson (Smith and Farrier) (Dwarf) (Tradesman)

"Bring him here, no stop pulling him, can't yer see he's favouring his leg? He's thrown a shoe! What kinda sadist are you riding him all this way like that? Yeah yeah, I can shoe him of course, I just don't see why I should, you obviously don't know horses and yer like as not gonna ride him ifn it happens again!"

Anthrandin arrived in the inn some seven years ago, he has lived in the smith's cottage since, he is an excellent smith, good farrier and competent carpenter so fulfils many roles, he can turn his hand to most things and is very practical. He also serves as a gateman as his cottage is closest to the gate though he can resent this especially if awakened at three on a cold, rainy night. When there are no Roadwardens to follow about Reuban can often be found with him, Anthrandin and has come to like the lad and even considered offering him a position of apprentice though doubts he would be interested knowing his love of the Roadwardens.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38	29	42	41	41	44	38	25
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	4	3	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge: Dwarfs (+10), Empire, Drive, Evaluate (+10), Gossip, Haggle (+10) Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language: (Guild of Smith's tongue)
Speak: Khazalid, Reikspeil, Trade: Blacksmith (+20), Farrier (+10), Carpenter
Talents: Dealmaker, Dwarfcraft, Grudge-Born Fury, Night Vision, Stout-Hearted, Sturdy
Armour: leather jerkin
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: hammer (hand weapon)
Trappings: trade tools for all trades, forge and cottage (he pays rent on the property and keeps all profits from his trades) poor clothes but of best craftsmanship, pipe and tobacco 7GC 5ss 13bp
Appearance: 4'9" 55 years old, dark brown hair and beard black eyes, unusually for a smith Anthrandin seldom looks grubby (unless he is in his forge) he takes pride in his appearance and keeps his beard closely trimmed to prevent singeing, his clothes, though old, are clean and well maintained.

Fan Material for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay : Piotr Put The Kettle On, Khurgan Take It Off Again

Harpodoc Firkin (Brewer) (Halfling)
(Tradesman-Artisan)

"Ooo that's a good drop is that, mellow with a firm middle but strong finish, it reminds me of something out of Dreiflusen from a couple of years ago, not bad at all for a human brew. I beg your pardon? You say you're really considering selling this, This Swill in the bar? Never! I will not have such a vinegary, watery, third pressing on the same board as Firkin's Finest Porter! Well, it's your choice really, you serve that and I'll go and collect my gear cos I'll not be staying where that is served... Aye I'd see that salesman off the premises if I was you, oh and by the way my wife and I would appreciate fresh linen in our room."

Harpodoc hails from a famous family in the Moot, Firkins have been brewing fine ales and beers there for centuries. He knows his skill and also knows how lucky Rudiger is to have him working here, unfortunately (especially for Rudiger) he isn't afraid to point the fact out. Harpodoc is a brewer of genius, were it not for that fact Rudiger would have thrown him out a long time ago. Harpodoc believed that one day he would buy out Rudiger and own "the Steaming Kettle" outright, what he will do now after Piotr has brought it from under him remains to be seen. Harpodoc is not an easy person to get on with, he is convinced of his talents and likes nothing more than telling anyone he meets about them, were none of it true he would be a much harder person to get along with than he already is, even with the truth few can stand his company for long even other halflings.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
15	44	39	34	65	53	42	47
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge: Genealogy/ Heraldry, Animal Care, Common Knowledge: Halflings, Drive (+10), Evaluate (+20), Gossip (+20), Perception (+10), Read/Write, Secret Language: Brewer's Guild, Speak Halfling, Reikspeil, Trade: Baker, Brewer (+20), Cook (+10)

Talents: Dealmaker, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Savvy (added to profile above), Specialist Weapon Group: Sling, Very Resistant (added to profile above)

Armour: leather jerkin

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

Weapons: knife, sling

Trappings: brew house (technically its Rudiger's but try telling Harpodoc that) good clothes of good craftsmanship, 12GC 14ss 7bp (200GC in business investments in Nuln)

Appearance: 3'10" 54 years old, black hair and deep brown eyes, large sideburns, rosy cheeked and red nosed, most often seen in an apron with a jug in his hand, balding which he hides with a large hat, he looks very cheery and approachable but is hard to get on with.

Bonnberry Harpodoc (Cook) (Halfling)
(Tradesman)

"Now darling you try this, I promise you'll not've tasted a better steak and kidney pudding in your life! See? Oh no, I'm afraid not, old family recipe don't ya know? My old granmam would be rolling in here grave ifn I told you. Now what would you be wanting for afters? I've got pears poached in cider under a brown sugar meringue, a floatingly light blueberry tart or spotted dick with brandy custard. Good choice for one of the big folk! I'll add a bun for that on me. While I'm here d'you want any more tea or something stronger?"

Unlike her husband Bonnberry is a joy to everyone, unable to conceive children of her own she mothers everybody, something no one objects too, most everyone is always thinking of excuses to go into her kitchen in the hope of snagging a snack or bun. She is not stern but runs the kitchen efficiently and with much love. Many people have commented to her that she would be a lot better without Harpodoc, she doesn't see this and is the only person who sees his nicer side. She does fear that his demeanour is due to her inability to conceive (for indeed when they were first wed he was much nicer) but will not tell anyone of this. She has begun to wonder if her ability to fall pregnant may be Harpodoc's problem and not her own, should anyone with magic powers or advanced herbal knowledge appear she will approach them quietly to see if they can help with her problem.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
22	43	22	27	57	47	43	52
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	2	2	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge: Genealogy/ Heraldry, Common Knowledge: Halflings, Drive, Evaluate (+10), Gossip (+10), Haggle (+10), Perception, Read/Write, Speak Halfling, Reikspeil, Trade: Cook (+20)

Talents: Dealmaker, Luck, Night Vision,

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Resistance to Chaos, Savvy (added to profile above) Specialist Weapon Group: Sling

Armour: none

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

Weapons: knife, sling, rolling pin (improvised weapon)

Trappings: kitchen utensils, food, good craftsmanship good clothes 3GC 5ss 8bp

Appearance: 3'6" 38 years old, copper coloured hair and hazel eyes, likes to dress in bright colours and has even been known to wear shoes occasionally. She wears her hair long but braided with ribbon and covers it when in the kitchen, whistles Halfling songs while cooking, tidy but not fastidious.

shorter than her sister prefers grey clothes trimmed in bright colours.

Appearance Dieter: 5'10" 25 years old, light brown hair cropped close to skull, pale grey eyes, quiet an impressive physique accentuated by tight, short sleeved shirts, flamboyant (if not very mature) moustache. Wears one gold hoop earring.

Appearance Gustav: 5' 7" 35 years old, brown eyes, black hair just beginning to grey, clean shaven, intelligent looking with a stable air about him, quiet around people but very good with horses (Khirgi, should they meet will take an instant shine to him) dresses out of practicality rather than style.

Hetty and Jarla Kund, Dieter Krutzman, Gustav Schultzman (Servants)

"How can I help you sir?"

The servants at the inn are well paid and motivated, Harpodoc does try to boss them about but they do not take this seriously. Duties are many and varied but Jarla tends to get stuck with the laundry duty, as she is best at it, Dieter generally is behind the bar, Gustav is a stableman and seldom works in the inn itself but does if the bar is very busy. Hetty and Jarla are sisters (but not twins) and look very much alike; Hetty is the older by a year. Gustav has a friendship with Reuben who, when not being a Roadwarden will be in the stable with the horses

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36	35	37	31	45	41	48	47
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care (Gustav +20), Blather, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Haggle Gossip (+10) Perception (+10 hearing), Read/Write, Trade: Cook

Talents: Acute Hearing, Flee!

Armour: none

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

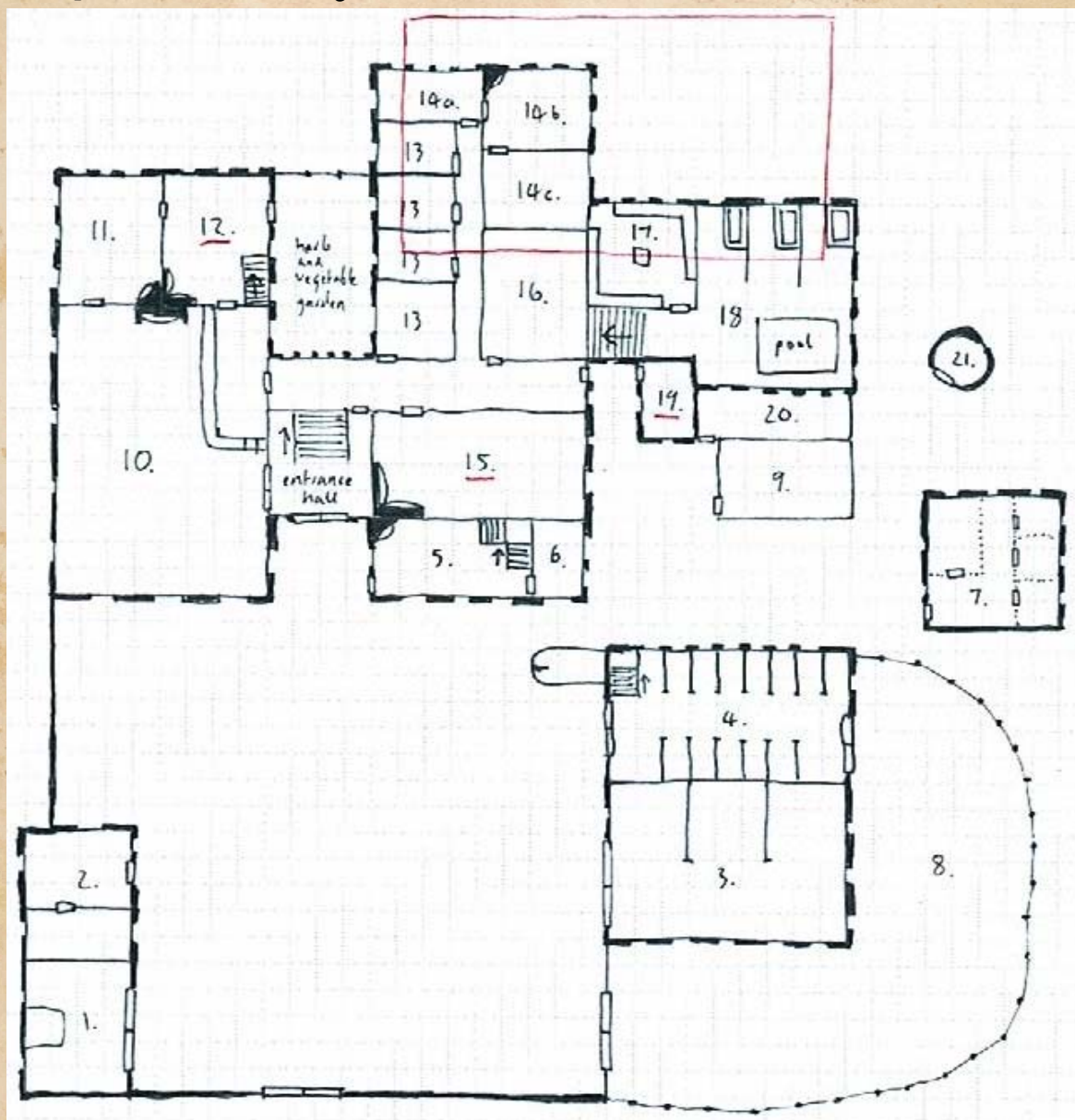
Weapons: knife

Trappings: trays, cloths, good clothes, 2d6ss and 2d12bp each

Appearance Hetty: 5'6" 24 years old, black hair, green eyes, pleasant smile, good figure (for this reason Elise seldom lets her work where customers may see her) tends towards blue in her clothing.

Appearance Jarla: 5'5. 5" 23 years old, black hair, green eyes, like her sister she has a pleasant smile though a more robust figure, hair

Floor plan of "the Steaming Kettle"



1 Smithy: A small smithy capable enough for small and most medium jobs, its main work load is for farriery work but Anthrandin has retyred a few coach wheels from here in his time

2 Smith's Cottage: A small self contained cottage, with the forge next door it's wonderfully cosy in the winter but can be uncomfortable in the height of summer. It is kept remarkably tidy by Anthrandin himself who is as fastidious about his home as his workplace.

3 Coach House: A large barn with room enough for three coaches, any more than that and they are kept in the yard under tarpaulins, Anthrandin also a competent carpenter can do most small jobs needed on wagons and coaches.

4 Stables: Warm, draught proof stables with enough stalls for twelve horses, there are usually four horses here at any one time, intended for changeovers for despatch riders and fast coaches. Infront of the stables is a large trough with a pump to water the horses.

5 Roadwarden's Meeting Room: As the closest inn to Nuln there is not only an independent roadwarden area to the inn but a stout lockup, the meeting room is just that though it also serves as an impromptu dining room on occasions as well as a social club, there are many practice targets with impressive scores on and wanted posters on the walls all with "Captured!" scrawled across them in big red letters.

6 Roadwarden's Office: A small office with little more than a desk and a chair for senior

roadwardens to do any paper work in, it has also been used for interrogations on rare occasions. The only other furniture in here is a rack on the wall containing four crossbows and some sixty bolts; it is solidly locked and barred and Rudiger holds the only key for it. The weapons are for emergency deputisations in case of significant unrest. Rudiger tests the weapons every three months or so under the supervision of a senior Roadwarden.

7 Lockups: An independently built strong stone building with cells made from iron bars, there are four individual cells and a larger cell for excess in the case of a lot of detainees, the cells are secured by padlocks which are kept in the desk of the Roadwarden office, as is the key to the door. What windows there are very small and barred.

8 Horse Exercise Yard: A sand covered area surrounded in bar fencing for the exercise of any resident horses, they will be exercised for half an hour in the morning and the evening although none are seldom here for long periods anyway what with the constant change around.

9 Chicken Run: Enclosed by a six-foot plank wall this yard contains some forty chickens a couple of roosters and three chicken coops.

10 Barroom: Large barroom there are half a dozen tables as well as stools at the long bar to the east of the room. The only access to the upper floor is also from the barroom.

11 Snug (private bar): Rudiger holds parties here occasionally as well as rents the room for meetings.

12 Kitchen: Ruled with an iron will (not to mention rolling pin) by Bonnberry a well ordered and run place, the kitchen has its own pump, here also is the entrance to the cellar containing a not unimpressive wine list. There is also a small ice room in the cellar.

13 Servants Rooms: Small but not uncomfortable rooms they are just large enough to accommodate couples comfortably. The largest of the servants' rooms belongs to Gustav, the bell pull from the front door terminates here and as such Gustav also serves as a doorman when everyone else is asleep.

14a Innkeeper's Suite Office: A small office where Rudiger does his paperwork there is a loose flag stone in the floor under which he keeps his savings, it is concealed by a chest. The only other furniture is Rudiger's desk.

14b Innkeeper's Suite Parlour: If the Herz's entertain on a smaller scale it will be in this room it is furnished with couches and sofas around a small low table. It is lined in wood panelling.

14c Innkeeper's Suite Bedroom: The Herz's bedroom is comfortable rather than showy, the large bed is a four-poster but the room is not ostentatious, there are rag rugs on the floor and a

large wardrobe in the corner.

15 Brew House: If anywhere in the inn belongs to anyone but Rudiger it is here, here Harpodoc rules, he is in possession of the only keys and people (even Rudiger) need his express invitation to enter. The room is full of barrels and vats and a huge fireplace and is always hot. Here Harpodoc performs the magic his family is justly famed for throughout the Empire.

16 Storage: A large cool unlit room used to store a variety of things that are too delicate to be kept in the cellar; dry goods, linen, bedclothes, firewood etc

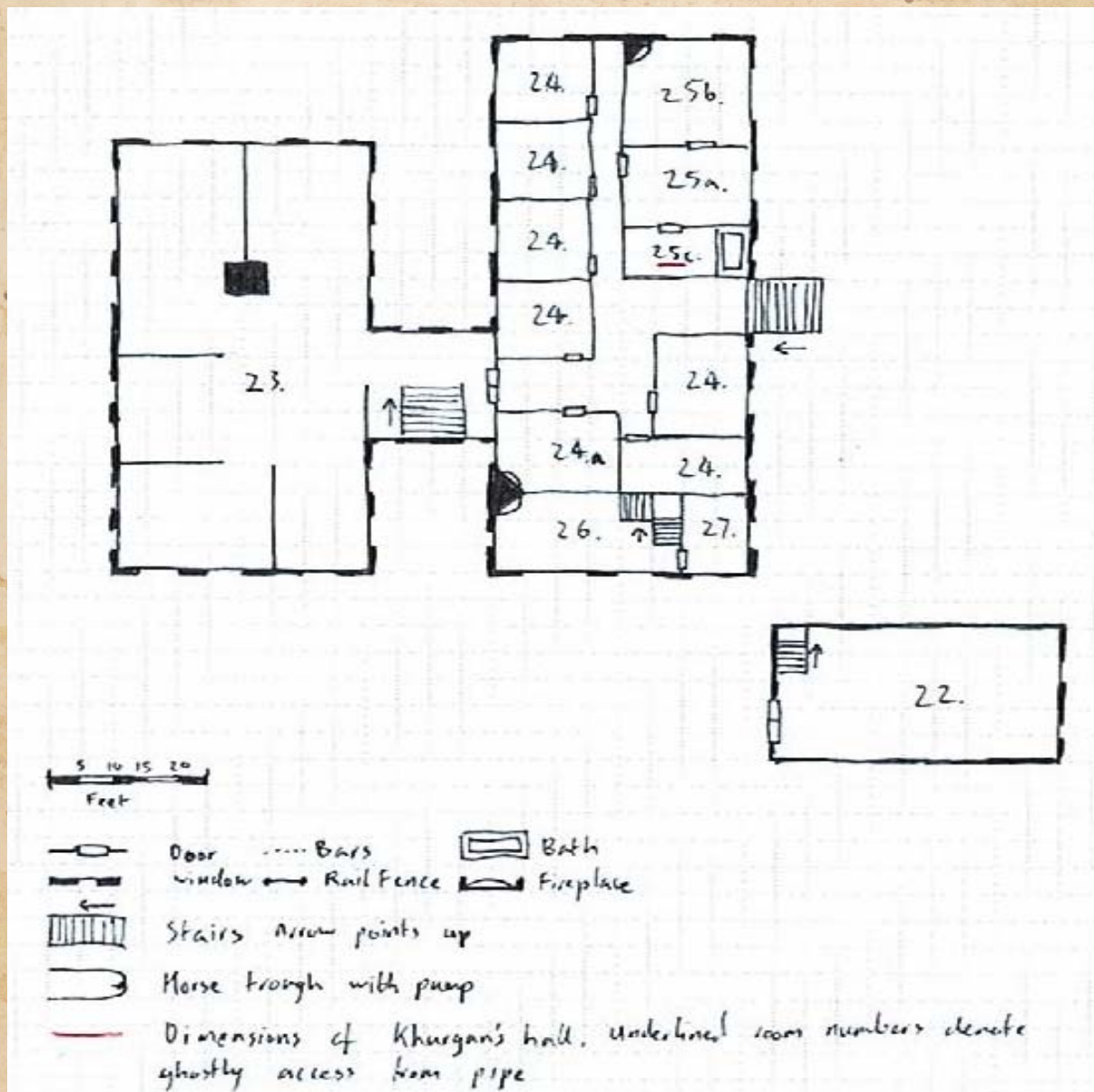
17 Steam Room: A sauna, tiled with imported Tilean tiles, there is a large steam vent in the floor through which steam constantly curls, the air is heavily humid, the windows are small and high up in the wall to provide light but also privacy.

18 Bathroom: There are three immense stone tubs here, each is in an alcove with a curtain to provide privacy, there is also a large cool plunge pool lined in tile, it is fed by a pump (which also provides much needed cooling for baths with water heated geothermically) Both the bathroom and steam room are only accessible from the upper floor as Rudiger seldom lets people bathe without having first paid for some form of accommodation, the price of a place in the common room covers expenses for laundering the complementary towels and bathrobes. The baths and the pool drain through pipe into the stream that runs from the hot water pool behind the inn. The windows are high up on the walls here also. The whole bathing complex is entered down some stone stairs designed to impress bathers; which they do. Dwarven craftsmanship is evident in the stonework.

19 Laundry: A small but solidly built hut, which provides a laundry service for the inn, another pump for cold as well as hot spring water are used.

20 Rabbit run: This small yard contains many rabbits and two large hutches, two foot beneath the ground surface is a layer of slate to prevent escapes.

21 Dovecote: This small round turret contains perhaps sixty doves.



22 Hayloft: Hay is stored here for the horses and any other use needed. There is a trapdoor in the centre of the floor and a pulley block above the door to allow winching of hay bales.

23 Common Room: In this large room are many bunks with chests, some partitions and curtains for privacy and the chimney of the fires below to provide heat. The chests are numbered and may be padlocked, there is one chest for each pair of bunks. Padlocks and keys may be rented from the bar for two pennies. The chests are bolted to the floor for more security.

24 Private Rooms: Not excessively large but clean and cosy, the beds (linen changed weekly) will sleep two at a pinch and there is room for two more on the floor, Rudiger will allow no more than four to a room. There is a chest of draws for belongings, the doors lock with a key included in the room price but may also be latched from the inside. 24a is the beths of the private rooms and

will have Baldin in residence throughout the adventure

25a Private Suite Parlour: This room is richly decorated with painted panelling and a small tapestry; it is part of a suite of rooms that is the best accommodation at the inn. Piotr will be in residence here throughout the adventure. Rudiger allows this to be used as a private dining room should residents so desire, although the temperature of food may suffer being brought from the kitchen.

25b Private Suite Bedroom: The most impressive room in the inn, richly decorated panelling, curtains, tapestries and a painted ceiling make this a rather ostentatious room for a coaching inn. The bed is a four-poster with a feather mattress the linen of which is changed daily. Some of the window pains are coloured giving a dazzling show in the early morning light should the curtains have remained open.

25c Private Suite Bathroom: The ultimate luxury; a private bathroom, the tub is considerably smaller than the ones in the baths, it is of metal sheet rather than stone as the weight of a stone one would be dangerous, a small pump allows cooling of the piped hot water. Used bathwater can be flushed down a plug to join the other piped wastewater from the baths.

26 Roadwarden's Dormitory: The upstairs part of the roadwarden's "wing" holds enough bunks to sleep ten, there are chests for gear but no room for socialising which is done downstairs in the meeting room.

27 Roadwarden Officer's Room: A private bedroom used by the most senior roadwarden in residence, it is as comfortable as an individual room in the inn and furnished in the same style. Rudiger's son Rueben sleeps here when there are no Roadwardens and also sometimes when there are and none of them hold any rank.

Appendix 4 Player Characters

I include here the four characters that actually ran through this adventure, they were at the time slightly more powerful than presented here with two or three advances each as opposed to just one. They are presented here in their just created glory with only the obligatory free advance. Should you need some pre-generated characters this combination did remarkably well.

Glorsandriel Fairwater (Apprentice Wizard) (Elf) (played by Dave Bennet)

"Wizard? No I haven't seen one of them, deffinatley not, just my bow and me, did I mention I was an archer? Well look wizards wear dresses right? I, as you can see am wearing trousers, wizards don't wear trosuers do they?"

Glorsandriel is an apprentice with much potential. Bidden by her mentor to walk the world a time before more arduous studies, she has wandered the paths of the Empire for a few weeks with remarkably little incident. Curious of the world of men she has entered the city of Nuln and after a disagreement with some local toughs intent on taking her purse found herself beholden to, of all things, two dwarfs! For an elf she is remarkably curious of the world of men and wants very much to meet a halfling.

Advance taken: Magic

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	41	35	44	44	40	31	32
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	3	4	5	1	0	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge: Magic, Channeling (+10), Common Knowledge: Elves, Magical Sense (+10), Perception (+10 sight), Read/Write, Search, Speak Arcane Language: Magick, Speak Language: Classical, Eltharin, Reikspeil

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Excellent Vision, Fast Hands, Night Vision, Petty Magic: Arcane, Savvy (added to profile above), Very Resilient (added to profile above)

Armour: none

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

Weapons: knife, best craftsmanship quarterstaff, normal bow and 10 arrows

Trappings: backpack (containing: blanket, tankard and cutlery, one weeks rations and an attached quiver), hooded cloak, good clothing (shirt, breeches and waistcoat) good boots, purse of 8GC 6ss

Appearance: 6'6" 95 years old, silver eyes and ash blonde hair, tall and lithe she cuts a very noticeable figure, having heard of the suspicious way that men treat spell users she dresses in the manner of a ranger or woodsman and has even adopted a bow as part of the disguise (though more competent elvish archers sneer at her use of a human manufactured weapon)

Svenri Nargen (Soldier) (dwarf) (played by Peter Synnott)

"All I'm saying is that your side of the family is a lot richer than mine, I came here at considerable expense and I might add out of my own pocket on the strength of a letter someone else had to read for me, again at my own expense! So the least you can do is get the first round in!"

Some weeks ago you received a letter from some of your more distant kin to meet a cousin of yours (of some import) off a boat travelling down the river Aver from Averheim to Nuln, no more information was given than that. Having recently been (honourably) mustered out of your regiment you found yourself at a loose end and decided to be there. (Anyway your purse was not at its' fullest and your cousins' family are quiet well off) No sooner than meeting him and his servant from the boat and retiring to a riverside establishment for a drink you came upon some toughs waylaying a woman in an alley, upon helping her you discovered to your horror she was an elf,

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worse still you have as yet been unable to shake her off and she has been following your cousin and you since!

Advance taken: Attacks

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
47	32	33	41	23	41	32	15
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	12	3	4	3	0	0	1

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge: Dwarfs, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Ride, Speak; Kazalid, Reikspeil, Trade: Miner (+10)

Talents: Disarm, Dwarfcraft, Grudge Born Fury, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group: Two Handed, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Stout-hearted, Sturdy

Armour: Full leather

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

Weapons: dagger, halberd, shield

Trappings: uniform (3rd Reikland light) a sling bag (containing: blanket, tankard and cutlery, pouch of flint and tinder, two weeks rations, flask of ale, two cheap pies and an apple) walking boots, purse of 6GC 19ss 4bp

Appearance: 4'7" 50 years old, brown eyes and black hair, has an immense nose, (wide and flat rather than long and beaky) dressed in his old uniform (black and green) which has seen better days he casts a somewhat shabby air, prone to scowling he can seem hard to approach, but is very useful in a fight.

Rambrecht Kalb (Valet) (Human) (played by Dan Boulton)

(World-weary sigh) "Yes master."

Well the life of a gentleman's, sorry; gentledwarf's gentleman is never dull. After an overheard (but not understood) blazing row between the master and the young master, you were all but snatched from your bed by the young master, told to pack for a long trip and two hours later found yourself on a boat heading down the Aver. No explanation was forthcoming and knowing your place you have not asked. In Nuln you met the young master's cousin and soon found yourself fighting for your life (with a sword the young master had given you) in a filthy alleyway. After the fracas it turned out you had rescued a charming elfish woman, who has continued to travel with you all despite the young master's and his cousin's brusque attitude to her. Now if you could only find the young master's missing baggage...

Advance taken: Fellowship

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36	39	37	31	33	33	38	41
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge: Heraldry, Blather, Common Knowledge: Empire, Evaluate (+10), Gossip (+10 +20 high society), Haggle (+10), Perception (+20 estimation), Read/Write, Search

Talents: Dealmaker, Etiquette, Marksman (added to profile above), Suave (added to profile above), Supernumerate.

Armour: none

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

Weapons: dagger, sword

Trappings: slingbag (containing: cologne, scissors, brushes and combs, two suits of best quality clothes, one weeks rations, pound of tea, blanket, tankard and cutlery) uniform (livery of the Rorgona family) purse of 6GC 22ss 8bp

Appearance: 6' 0" 18 years old, pale grey (dove) eyes, copper hair, walks with a distinct rolling gait, tends to try to make himself look smaller when around his master, has the ability to sound disgusted with people while remaining perfectly polite. The uniform he wears is quartered in blue and white, hair cut in a pageboy style.

Jotunn Dahmbach (Rorgona) (Noble) (Dwarf) (intended to be played by Jon Peile but as he was absent that week ended up as an NPC)

"I say you there, yes you, come here so I can talk to you. Now that's better isn't it? No need to shout now is there? What do I want? Yes a good question that, well actually I'm looking for lodging for myself and my companions, why that really is very kind of you... I must say I don't think this is the sort of district that a person of my calibre would lodge in. Hey! Come back this instant! Ahh hello there gentlemen I must say you came along at a most auspicious moment, a little warm to be bundled up like that I would have thought no? Are you off to a masquerade ball? No? Then why the masks?"

After an explosive argument with your father over the usual sticking point: (Why should we keep our old mountainous family name when our kin has lived in the Empire for centuries?) You grabbed what you could and with your valet (and new name) stormed out of the house. Despatching a quick letter to a distant cousin in Nuln you took passage on a boat going down the Aver. On the

Fan Material for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay : Piotr Put The Kettle On, Khurgan Take It Off Again

trip you had been worrying that your actions may have been somewhat hasty and feared your father may not take you back into the family, what but returning with groaning chests of gold and stories of your heroics would make this easier? Finding yourself in Nuln with your scruffy kin you set out to prove to everyone a dwarf can use a foil and maine gauche as well as an axe and shield, this was soon to be in the chivalrous act of rescuing a poor woman who had been waylaid by toughs! To your dismay after the last had been sent packing the woman turned out to be an elf! Trying your best to overcome millennia of prejudice you have allowed the elf to accompany you. True you are a little short on coin at the moment but if the worst comes to the worst you can sell some jewellery. You have no idea where to find an adventure but you are finally out on your own, now if you could only find your missing luggage....

Advance taken: Fellowship

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41	39	35	42	19	37	31	29
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	4	3	0	0	2

Skills: Charm (+10 Society), Command, Common Knowledge: Dwarfs, Empire, Gossip (+10 Society), Performer: Pipes, Ride, Speak: Khazalid, Reikspeil, Trade: Smith (+10)
Talents: Dwarfcraft, Etiquette, Grudge Born Fury, Luck, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group: Fencing, Parrying, Stout Hearted, Sturdy
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: dagger, foil, maine gauche,
Trappings: Jewellery to the value of 46GC, noble's garb, riding pony, saddle and tack, bedroll (behind saddle), saddlebags (containing: one weeks rations, pomander, bag pipes, personal affects) purse of 23GC 5ss 3bp
Appearance: 5' 2" (very tall for a dwarf) 45 years old, blue black hair and beard kept well maintained by your valet, startling eyes: the left is of a deep purple the right a disturbing milky white. He dresses in what he considers to be up to date fashion although this is seldom what everyone else considers up to date.