

Flash in the Pan

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An Entry For The Black Industries
Scenario Competition 2006

A Warhammer Fantasy Role Play V. 2.0 Scenario

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Aknowledgements

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Cheers Stuart.

Thanks once more to snotling.org for a great NPC generator.

Finally thank you, to every one who manage to read and perhaps even play this scenario.

I hope you enjoy it as much as I did writing it.

And remember, a life without chaos, is no life at all.

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Chapter 1 - Introduction

Notes to the GM

A few things to keep in mind about the scenario.

First read the summary then turn to the last two pages and look at the quick reference sheet. This should give you a good idea about the scenario, its structure, scenes and characters.

Then start reading the rest.

This scenario aims to be a fast paced action and explosions style ordeal. Keep this in mind when you run it, bad guy NPCs cornered, tend to shoot first and ask questions later, they run away at first sign of trouble, preferring to take to the rooftops or up and over walls and most likely they have an epic last breath monologue, cursing the intrepid PCs for their meddling.

Do not be afraid of the players going off on a tangent. The scenario is based on the presumption, that certain things will happen at certain times, if no one interferes. This means that in order to save the day, the players actually have to do something, otherwise fire and death ensues in the end. So let the players run wild if that is what they want, you still have the time factor to control the length of the scenario. They have two days and two nights to run amok no more than that.

Have fun! If something is unrealistic or against the rules, but would be really cool, fun, dramatic, whatever, go for it! Good role playing is not about rules or numbers, it is about having fun.

Scenario Summary

In this scenario, when the PCs going through a town during their travels, they become part of a feud between two rival gunsmiths. The two gunsmiths, Jurgen Trabent and Frederick Gnüssind, have for some time have been the cause of animosity in the town, as they both lay claim to the title of purveyors the best guns in the empire(They are VERY good guns). As a result they have constantly been striving to outdo each other in pursuit of said title. This has finally resulted in each master gunsmith, unbeknownst of the other, has sought aid from the ruinous powers. In this case a stranger, who is rumoured to have come from the ruined town of Teufelfeuer. He has seduced the two master gunsmiths into using the powers of the changer of ways, to help each of them create the ultimate in firearms. Unfortunately for the smiths, the city and the PCs, the tzeentchi-an agent is about to radically change the town. In a conflagration of doom, spurred by the final duel of the two master gunsmiths.

So a session of flash, bangs, firearms, hot tempers and hot air balloons, wrapped up in a sinister plot by the insidious powers of chaos. And to top the whole thing off, the choice between being the hated heroes, that saved a city without it knowing it, or the hated strangers, who had a hand in the razing by fire of the entire town! Oh and all of the nice firearms are of course tainted by chaos, such a pity.

The Situation in Town at Present

As a result of the long running feud between the two workshops, with shootings in town, mud flinging and general abuse of the rivals and their apprentices, the graf Dieter von Kessel, of the noble family controlling the area, has come the decision to have the feud settled once and for all. He set up a competition between the two gunsmiths, with the winner receiving the exclusive rights for the manufacture of guns in the town, and the loser having to leave town with what he is able to carry on his back. A good plan, sound in theory, but as the competition unfolded, it became clear that the two gunsmiths were more or less of equal skill. Also a problem was that the rules for the competition were somewhat vague to begin with, which has meant that actually defining what qualifies as the best gun have become almost impossible. As a huge argument has now arisen in town as to what qualities the best gun should have: The gun that is most precise? The Deadliest? The fastest firing? Easiest to use? Most durable? Biggest? Smallest?

All of the above, good qualities in a gun, but each quality exclusive of other qualities. If the gun is very precise it becomes less easy to use and in most cases less durable, if the gun is quick firing it becomes less durable and slow to load and so on and so forth. The whole town has now fallen into a perpetual argument as to what makes the best gun. As it is the two gunsmiths have had three rounds in the competition and all three rounds have ended in a stalemate where neither could be declared the definitive winner. The PCs arrive at the end of the third round of the competition and the great row that ensues because of the stalemate. Most every able bodied man in the town ends up in a huge fight, a fight that quickly escalates into a gunfight, which then turns into a riot.

This riot is finally dealt with, harshly, by the local militia. The graf then declares martial law, until the feud is settled. effectively placing a lockdown on the town, no one gets in or out, period. Anyone trying will be shot; any one surviving will be shot again. He also declares a ban on firearms as too many of the rioters had access to gunpowder weapons. This does not remove any of the weapons, but it does mean that anyone caught with one, has it confiscated and is severely punished for having it. Note that everyone in town, more or less, owns a gun or has access to one.

The feud will be settled in a permanent fashion by a duel. The two gunsmiths will be pitted against each other in a test of skill and craftsmanship, as gunsmiths and as gunners. To ensure that the town is safe the two gunsmiths will be sent up in two separate hot air balloons which also helps to prevent interference from other people. The gunsmith to successfully dispose of the other, is per definition the better craftsman. The duel is to be held in two days time so each gunsmith has a full day to prepare.

Whenever the PCs get into a conversation there is a 75% chance that the person they are talking to will try to draw them into a discussion/argument on what the best qualities of a gun are.

Chapter 2 - Scenes

Arrival

The scenario begins when the players enter the town. The PCs come into town at the brink of a full blown riot. Coming through the city gates, they can hear gunfire and the streets are mostly emptied of people. The guards at the gates are having a discussion, a discussion that is heating up. They simply wave the PCs through the gate without giving them a second glance. Their argument concerns the latest gun demonstration/competition and outcome. It is being held in the town square and is the source of the gunfire noise. Each guard has a favourite in the competition and as they are in the unfortunate position, of not actually being able to see said demonstration, they are free to interpret the sounds coming from the city square, in any way they like. This is the core of the heating debate, as conjecture stands against conjecture in a stalemate. This stalemate apparently leaves no alternative except repeating the arguments in increasing volume and, possibly, later a quick round of fisticuffs to assert the more valid argument. As the PCs draw closer to the town square (if they are so inclined) the gunfire intensifies in a torrent of shots being fired, but as they finally get close enough to see what the hubbub is, the competition ends. What they see is a crowd of people all trying to get as close to the competition grounds as possible, without getting killed of course. Already the winner is being declared by different people in the back row, mostly the people who really

"What good is the most accurate gun in the world, if it can't fire?"

Guard 1

"What good is gun that can fire, if it can't hit anything?"

Guard 2

couldn't see anything anyway. These claims are then loudly refuted by other people, most of them unable to see anything properly as well. This then begins to degenerate into something like a shouting contest where the louder person is the in the right. And before the PCs are able to get close

enough to get a good look at all the marvellous weapons of fire and steel, people begin to argue with each other, with their fists. The

next thing that happens is that someone, somewhere in the crowd discharges a firearm. This leads to a combination of panic and increased violence, with the PCs right in the middle, if they were unlucky enough, to have been curious enough, to try and get close to the action. Then whistles blow and all of a sudden watchmen are everywhere "calming people down", using very large sticks. The riot is dispersed and depending on how the PCs acted through the whole scene, they are either let go with a warning and a few kicks or taken into custody, disarmed and thrown into a VERY crowded prison cell in the town prison. After a few

hours everyone is released, but the PCs will be without some of their choicer gear, as the prison guards, apparently, are rather forgetful,

about what was confiscated from whom, and if the PCs want to complain, well they are free to do so (they get their stuff back later, but don't let them think they can).

More importantly is the proclamation made by the graf. The riot was the final straw in a long series of irritants and unforeseen problems with his, in his own opinion, clever plan to get closure, in the feud of the two gunsmiths. So he has placed the town under martial law until the

duel between the two gunsmiths has been held. The proclamation is nailed several places around town, as well as the town crier announcing it.

The duel is scheduled for the day after tomorrow, at noon. Each gunsmith is allowed one weapon, with one shot in it. They are to ride two separate balloons for 10 counts, then fire at each others balloon. The winner is the survivor, if both survive then the closest shot towards the gondola wins. If this is not possible to see, then they will have to go again.

Show the PCs Handout 4

Effects under martial law:

- The city gates are closed, period. Any one trying to get in or out will be shot; any survivors will be shot again, no exceptions.
- It is illegal congregate in groups of more than three people as wells as being outside after nightfall.
- It is illegal to use or carry, use any kind of firearm within the town.
- It is likewise illegal for any member of either gun workshop of Jurgen Trabent or Frederich Gnüssind to leave their workshops.

Possible encounter in the scene:

A very, large very drunk man turns around looks at one of the PCs and bellows “WE NEED BIGGER GUNS!” Then looks around queasily and staggers for someone to lean on, as he throws up. Unfortunately the closest thing to lean on is the PC...let the person make a difficult Str or easy Ag check to avoid being the drunken mans vomit receptacle.

This is what really happened during the competition:

It was the climax of three stalemate rounds, so this would have been the final round. As it were it had both gunsmiths giving their utmost, their very best to supersede the other in skill and craftsmanship. The first round, they competed on making the best handgun. The second round was on making the best pistol and the third round the object was to make the most powerful hand held gunpowder weapon. The weapons they both produced are the pinnacle of flintlock technology. The handguns they made are both durable, accurate and easy to load and maintain. The pistols both have detachable stocks to aid accuracy and are just as well made as the handguns. In the final round though there were more variety, as Jurgen made a blunderbuss capable of firing a huge payload, whereas Frederich made a volleygun, sporting seven barrels all made to fire at the same time. All the guns though, have been tainted with chaos in an attempt to ensure victory, as both gunsmiths have had the stranger perform unholy rituals over them, a service they both still need to pay for.

Three Offers - Jurgen’s Man Frederich’s Man and the Stranger

At some point the PCs will have to find somewhere to spend the night, whether or not they have been for a quick trip in prison. As it is, there are very limited choices in the matter, as there are only three inns in town. One is currently occupied by the graf and his entourage (and incidentally also the stranger), the second is the scum-

miest place in this part of the empire and as they approach it a chair flies out of the window, quickly followed by a fellow covered by vomit. From inside they can see a very large, very drunk man bellowing "A TOLD YA!! We need BIGGER GUNS ya scum bag!!" The very next instance a full blown bar brawl is joined. The PCs, unless they want to join the brawl and end up in prison, perhaps for the second time, should refrain from accommodating themselves there. This leaves the third and last inn in town as the only option; The Broken Fiddle. In this place the PCs are offered jobs by no less than three different parties in town, by agents of both gunsmiths and by the stranger. The first person to give them a job offer is Herman Meyer. He comes in standing in the door, looking around at the people inside for a short while, then spotting the PCs he walks directly over to their table. Leans over and whispers in a conspiratorial voice, if they are looking for some easy quick cash? If they are, he says then they should come to Jurgen's Workshop and use the code word. At this point he glances around then leans over even further and almost inaudibly whispers "Swordfish". He then looks at them in a pondering manner, and asks if they can spare a few pennies "Fer' me medicine." Then he walks up to the bar, where he buys a bottle of spirits and leaves.

The second person who offers them work is Udo Blasen. This stringy old man enters The Broken Fiddle shortly after Herman has left. He does the same quick scan of the people inside notices the PCs and heads over to their table. He too inquires if they are in the market for a quick job that pays well. If they are they should come to Frederick's workshop tonight. They will be let in if they use the password: "Swordfish". (The reason they use the same is a joke

by the stranger, as he has given the same password to each gunsmith, when they deal with him). After putting forth the proposition Udo looks at them gravely and adds: "And make sure you're not followed!" He then leaves through the back door of the inn.

Finally the Stranger comes up to the PCs and apologizes for intruding, but he would like to know if they would like their equipment back that was confiscated by the guards, or if they would like to own some of the speciality weapons that the gunsmiths made for the competition (Depending on whether or not they were thrown in jail). He presents them with their missing gear, asks if he can sit down with them and discuss a business proposition.

*"Whenever people agree with me
I always feel I must be wrong"*
The Stranger

"You have no doubt heard all kinds of terrible rumours about me. That I'm a chaos worshipping, witch hunter, merchant vagabond up to all sorts of dark acts. If you haven't, then you haven't been here very long. My name is Theodore Mannsohn and I assure you that all of these rumours are utterly nonsense....most of them anyway. The truth is that I have a personal interest in the two gunsmiths' well being. I want them both alive and well to suffer for all the evil they have caused! I am here in town to correct a wrong done to me, my family and most of the town I used to live in. I don't want to go into gory details, but the two master artisans do not always make "master works". So I want to see the two charlatans brought to justice. My advice to you is not to take up any offers from the likes of those two, if you pick the wrong side in this conflict things are likely to blow up in your faces. But if you are looking for work, then I would be happy to employ you all to help me deal with a small matter. It seems that some people in town have taken a dislike of my person and are at this very moment planning to do grave bodily harm unto me. I would pay you 10 gc each if you were to go down to the Red Leopard tomorrow and

dissuade Fat Nik and his cronies from going through with their mean and petty business. Take a while to consider my proposition, then if you are up for it come see me at the Red Lion tomorrow some time. If you perform well in this little task, I will let you in on my plan to relieve both gun totting maniacs of their prized weapons.

He then leaves the PCs. After he has left there will be some mutterings from the other people in the bar, about the uncanny qualities of the stranger, but other than that, nothing else of importance happens. It is then up to the PCs if they will pursue one of the three offers or go a completely different way instead.

First Night - Cloak and Dagger

If they go to either of the gunsmiths during the evening/night. It is more or less the same scenario. Its dark and after curfew, but the watchmen are few and unenthusi-

"Anything you can imagine is real"
Mikael Strung

astic after the riot during the day, so unless someone starts shooting, it is easy enough to move around discreetly. At either gunsmith's abode a knock on the gate will prompt the obligatory slot being opened and either a tired voice asking "Who's there?" at Jurgen's workshop or a highstrung "H..he...helloo?" at Frederick's workshop. By giving the password the door will quickly open and they will be taken up to the master bedroom of the master gunsmith, by the apprentice on gate duty. Either by Tomas Pötz, who will moan and complain about how he always gets the worst jobs and how no one likes him etc. or by Mikael Strung, who is in his manic phase and unable to sleep, he will rant on

incoherently about "big fire going bang boom boom" He will show the PCs his newest poem.

Show them Handout 5.

At the masters chambers they will be shown in, after which the apprentice will retire. Either

master smith will be standing up, looking like they were expecting

the PCs, except for tell tale signs, like having no boots on and having a coat that is buttoned wrong, like it was donned in a hurry.

*"Why can't we just get along?
Why do every one have to be so mean to me?"*

Tomas Pötz

"Ah you're here. I have a job for you, if you are interested. I am going up in a balloon in two days time, risking my life and my lively hood. I want to make sure that I am not taking undue risks in doing so. What I want from you, is to help me make sure that I have the advantage. You will be amply paid for your services, as a dead man can't spend his gold anyway, how does 50 GC sound hmm?"

These are the things the gunsmiths want the players to do, in order to gain an advantage in the duel. Either during the night or during the following day.

- Break in and steal the guns, powder or other essentials of the others for the duel.
- Sabotage the others balloon so that it will not rise as quickly, this is done by taking some bags of ballast and filling them with lead shot instead of sand.
- Get someone to bribe the balloonist to "accidentally" miss when cutting the tethering line when the balloons are released. So that the balloon will be one second later off the ground than the other.

The person in charge of the two balloons is Johannes Schulz, an elderly man of about 50 has a very large bulbous glowing red nose, with a blue vein visible on its tip. He reeks of alcohol, has runny eyes and shaking hands. He is an average man in everything but drinking. He is the one in charge

"We don't take kindly to your types around 'ere."

Fat Nik

of the hot air balloons. He is skilled at setting them up and flying them, something he does when there are fairs and markets and other special occasions. He is long past caring for anything but the next drink, so anything anyone wants to do of dastardly deeds duel wise does not bother him. As long as he is paid for looking the other way. If anyone asks, he will say he was passed out drunk, when something happened. If the PCs does not take up either gunsmiths offer Jurgen and Frederich will use their other agents, Herman and Udo instead even though they are unreliable. Both rogues will bribe Johannes at some point during the next day then.

Second Day - Back Off Fat Git Nik

If they go for the stranger's offer, then they meet him at the Red Lion. He will be sitting at a table playing cards with three other men, one of them the young Dieter von Kessel, but as soon as he sees them, he will get up and take them out into the courtyard. Here he will instruct them to go down to the Red Leopard and make Fat Nik understand that under no circumstances is he or any of his patrons to do anything stupid like attacking him. He will add:

"Let him know that he will not tolerate that

kind of behaviour from a fat git like him!"

Fat Nik will be greatly offended by this accusation, even though it is completely true. He will be even greater offended though, if they actually call him a fat git. "Them's fightin' words!" And a bar brawl will ensue very quickly, unless there are some very diplomatic PCs in the group, mind you if they called him Fat, then they are in for it. The large drunken fellow going on about big guns is here, as well as both Udo and Herman. If there is any trouble, most of the customers cheese it, while the big guy starts another impromptu brawl, spurred on by the PCs and his love of big guns.

The whole thing, of course, is all a ruse on the part of the stranger. He just wants the PCs out of the way so his plans can go unhindered. While at the same time doing something about Fat Nik and his plans for ambushing him. If the PCs start up trouble at the Red Leopard, then the guards will come right quick and throw every-

one in
prison,
to cool

off until

the next day. Which will prevent the PCs from interfering with any evil schemes during the night before the duel. But from the prison cell they are able to see the stranger cart a cannon over to the Red Lion in, during the night, giving them a clue to the fact that something is amiss. If they call out to him he will ignore them.

"Now now Nik, they ain't don nowt."
Nervous patron - The Red Leopard

Second Night - Ritual

On the second night both gunsmith will take one of their apprentices down to the Two Barrels Warehouse. The apprentices

will then be offered as human sacrifices to the Lord of Change as payment for imbuing daemonic powers unto the weapons used in the duel the next day. The apprentices are not needed for making the guns daemonic, they are needed to fuel the mini-hell cannon.

His method is quite straightforward actually. He has the apprentice meet him at a predetermined place in town, then he makes sure he is alone. He then approaches the apprentice and asks him to follow him. They make their way to the Two Barrels warehouse. He then asks the apprentice to go in first. When the apprentice is inside he goes in and whacks him on the back of his head with a sap. He then drags his unconscious victim over to his tool rack and puts on his butcher's apron. He then chops off the head, arms and legs of his victim, then cleave the torso and splitting the two halves again. All the while he does this he hums happily to himself something sounding like "Ride of the Valkyries" by Wagner. He tosses all the parts, except for the heads, over to the mini hell cannon, who promptly consumes them. After he has fed the last piece to the cannon, he takes off the apron, checks himself to see if he has any spatters on him. Finding his personal appearance satisfactory, he then goes out and rendezvous with the other apprentice, on whom he uses the same approach as the first.

After he has finished with the apprentices, he removes the brains and eyes from the two severed heads. He then drags the sated cannon onto a cart and pushes it over to the Red Lion. There he uses the lift the masons use for roof tiles to hoist the cannon up unto the roof. Up there he secures the cannon with its chains, then proceeds with a ritual to Tzeentch, offering the brains and eyes, for making sure that the cannon does what it is supposed to. That being, to wait until the two balloons

have taken flight, before it starts firing. Then he goes down to his room on the second floor and goes to bed.

Climax

At noon on the third day, the duel is to stand. The two master artisans take off in separate hot air balloons, each armed with his best firearm and 1 shot. The duels purpose is to shoot down the other's balloon.

This is where it all comes together, or falls apart depending on your point of view. There are a number of things that are going to happen just around noon. Whether they happen or not is entirely up to the PCs, if they have done nothing to stop the two gunsmith from going up in the balloons, or uncovered the Strangers evil plot, then here is what is going to happen.

1. The two balloons go up. After a count to ten, two shots ring out from above, followed by two great fiery explosions. The flaming wreckage of the two balloons plummet to the ground while a number of secondary explosions follow during their decent. This will cause a number of fires in the building directly below the balloons, as well as the immediate surroundings.
2. The Two Barrels warehouse explode moments after the balloons. This is due to the slow burning fuse, ignited by the Stranger before he skipped town. This explosion tears into the neighbouring houses as well, starting yet more fires.
3. The mini Hell cannon will begin belching out fiery projectiles imbued with the energies of chaos from atop of the Red Lion Inn. These projectiles are brightly coloured and they bounce, skip and jump as they hit the ground, buildings or people. Alighting everything they touch, while they emit a sound, not unlike a pyromaniac cackling with glee.

Between these three areas going up in flames, the town is pretty much on fire. It is not physically possible to put out all the fires burning. The best thing for the PCs would be to get out of town as quickly as possible.

Aftermath

If they fail to thwart the sinister plot, then the town is doomed to perish, in a great fiery conflagration, tainted by the changer of ways. If on the other hand, they succeed in preventing the duel, they will probably have a few enemies to reckon with in the town, including both gunsmiths. The best thing to do in either case would be to promptly relocate to another area of the Empire. Even if they manage to save the day they should get very little in the form of reward or gratitude from anyone. Depending on what happens they will be viewed with suspicion, as it seems unlikely that they by coincidence came into town and unravelled a dark conspiracy of chaos. They should get thanks, and perhaps an opportunity to buy some quality firearms at most. Other than that, doing a good deed is its own reward.

Bringing Everything Together

The best way to run this scenario is to focus on the elements, you as a game master want to include. The whole thing can be run in very short time, if you use a simple route through the scenario, depending on the PCs actions.

For instance; for a very easy happy ending, thwarting evil being great heroes and perhaps a bit boring predictable session, let

the PCs come into town, see the riot, but stay clear of it. Then go to The Broken Fiddle. There they pick up the rumour about the sounds coming from the warehouse. They go down there, find the mini-Hell cannon along with all the other stuff. Destroy the Mini-Hell cannon, then sit and wait for the chaos agents who use the place to come back. Ambush the Stranger, when he brings the first apprentice, Tomas, to be slaughtered. Take Tomas, if he survives, to the Count. As it is a clear violation of the rules for the duel, Jurgen has forfeited the competition and furthermore, since he clearly has connections with the forces of chaos he is to be burned at the stake. Done and done, PCs heroes, all calamities avoided.

This should take only three to four hours of gaming time, tops.

Other approaches to the scenario the Pcs might attempt, or you as game master could set up if the PCs are a bit sluggish:

A. Meet the stranger during the second night, carting around a chaos monstrosity. This is fairly simple as he will try to shoot the PCs and then bolt.

B. Have the PCs witness one of the apprentices as he leaves the workshops during the second night. They can then follow him to see where he is going, as well as having caught one of the gunsmiths red handed in breaking the rules. This is also fairly simple, as they will see them going to the Two Barrels Warehouse, a place filled with evil and evidence. A fight between the Stranger and mini-Hell cannon is unavoidable here.

C. Follow the Stranger., after hearing a couple of rumours about him. By doing this they will see that he visits both workshops during the second day, as well as going to the warehouse during the second night. There is lots of evidence to be had this way, but they have to be clever about things, if they wish secure evidence against the gunsmiths as well.

D. Have the PCs hook up with Fat Nik and his cronies, as they are going out to teach the Stranger a lesson about life.

This will end badly for Fat Nik as he and his guys, are going to get shot up pretty badly by the Strangers two daemonic pistols. If the PCs join Fat Nik & co. then they will have an opportunity to defeat the stranger before he can set his plan into action, but there is still the case of the mini-Hell cannon and the rigged warehouse, as well as the duel being on track.

Another way of controlling the flow and pace of the scenario is to use the NPCs to aid or hinder the PCs. For instance, Felge can be used to make it difficult to reach the count or the younger Dieter can be used to speed things along by giving them access to his father if the PCs have some information he can use. Likewise Udo and Herman can be used to try to goad the PCs into action by having the two rogues follow the PCs around or by letting PCs encounter them trying to bribe the balloonist. This can slow down or speed up the scenario a great deal, as well as make for some good role playing opportunities.

Personally I like it better when everything goes awry and my players are kicking themselves, when they realise they have been doing everything the wrong way. This is very easy with this scenario, all it takes is that the players start to get involved in the feud or with the stranger, as soon as

that happens they are more or less on the road to ruin. For some reason my players most vividly remember the session when everything fell apart, whereas saving the day is more or less commonplace and uninteresting, but that is just my preferences.

XP-Awards

10 xp For defeating the mini hell cannon.

10 xp If they prevent the warehouse from blowing up.

10 xp For each apprentice they save through direct action.

10 xp For handling the situation with Fat Nik, either through diplomacy or violence.

20 xp If they keep the two gunsmiths from killing each other.

10-30 xp For good role playing.

50 xp Extra if they completely foil the evil plot of the tzeentchian agent and save the day without anything exploding or burning. Perhaps even a fate point if they have been real heroes all the way.

Chapter 3 - Locations

Jurgen's Workshop

This is the home and work place of Jurgen and his apprentices. It is a largish house standing by itself in the east part of town. The gardens and the three buildings inside are all enclosed by a 6' tall brick wall. The main building has two stories. While the other two auxiliary buildings include a shed and a bunker. The outside wall has a large wooden gate in it, with a slot for checking any visitors out, before letting them through. Soon as you enter the building, through the solid wooden door with its reinforcements and passing under the sign bearing Jurgen's coat of arms, the first thing you notice is the smell. Apparently some of the ingredients used in gun manufacture are less than savoury. Because inside the compound it smells like the inside of a rugby team's locker room, after a final, where in a fit of overpowering post game enthusiasm, everyone decided to relieve themselves on the everything BUT the toilet itself. The effect this smell has on people can be quite startling, while the inhabitants have grown accustomed to it a long time ago. The ground floor is where everything is manufactured under the watchful and overly critical eye of master Jurgen, who sits on a raised chair at one end of the room. The master gunsmith has very high standards and it is a rare day when an apprentice receives any kind of acknowledgement. How Jurgen acts towards guest/customers depends on their force of personality (See under his description in the NPC section). Any one entering the workshop will have a view of the king and his kingdom, the scene in the day time will be that of a dozen or more

people working quietly in a large room, some making stocks, some making barrels, some making locks. The manufacture and storage of powder is not done in the main room, instead that privileged class of apprentices, have been placed in a bunker behind a dirt wall. From the kitchen there is a staircase up to the first floor. The first floor is made up of the attic where the apprentices eat and sleep, and the master bedroom where Jurgen does the same. It is also in this master bedroom that Jurgen has his most prized possessions. The three guns for the competition hangs on one of the walls in his bedroom. See handout 1. These guns include a precision pistol with a removable stock, a large bore blunderbuss and a very high quality handgun. These weapons are all tainted by tzeentch. If the PCs get a hold of them and starts using them in combat, then refer to the daemonic misfire chart.

For a map of the workshops I recommend using the Gugnirs Shop map which can be found in the WFRP Companion as well as in the downloads section of Black Industries web site

Frederich's Workshop

Frederich's workshop is more or less identical to Jurgen's. There are some noted differences, such as the coat of arms above the door and the general outline of the buildings interior. For simplicity's sake, just use the same outline and map for this workshop, used for Jurgen's. Frederich, even though he hates everything about Jurgen, has not bothered to change the procedures of his own workshop from Jurgen's. But as Frederich puts it; "The differences are there in principle." And there are differences,

but they have more to do with the way that people work, there is no stream of negative criticism, there is no king upon a throne in one end of the room and the smell is quite different in this “kitchen”. Ample ventilation and better management of all the noxious things that are used in the manufacture means that this workshop does not smell as atrociously as Jurgen’s.

Frederich has his prized possessions hanging on the wall of his bedroom on the first floor, the same way the Jurgen has. The three guns for the competition hangs on one of the walls in his bedroom. See hand-out 2. These guns include a precision pistol with a removable stock, a seven barrelled volley gun and a very high quality handgun. These weapons are also tainted with chaos. If the PCs begin to use them refer to the daemonic misfire chart.

Red Lion Inn

This is the finest inn in town. This is where the hobnobs in town nob, where the bourgeoisie bourgeoisie away and where the money.. well, is. The place is a three storeyed building in the middle of town. pleasant establishment with carpeted floors, nice drapes, comfortable rooms and a excellent selection of wines and brandies. It is here the graf along with his entourage are staying. He is mostly to be found in his room on the first floor, along with a couple of his bodyguards. His son on the other hand is mostly to be found, drinking and playing cards, in the dinning room on the ground floor. The stranger has a room on the second floor, but is also usually playing cards in the dinning room, with young Dieter. At the moment though, there are some repairs going on. The roof has suffered greatly from at recent storm. There is a scaffolding put up on the front of the building, to Felges great dismay. Felge has

sent the workers away as long as the graf and his entourage are staying at the Red Lion, as it would simply not do to have simple commoners trudging around such noble guests. There is a hoist on the scaffolding, for bringing tiles up on the roof. The stranger will use it to bring up the mini hell-cannon unto the roof of the inn.

For a map of the Red Lion Inn, I recommend using the Yellow boot which can be found in the WFRP companion as well as well as in the downloads section of Black Industries web site

The Broken Fiddle

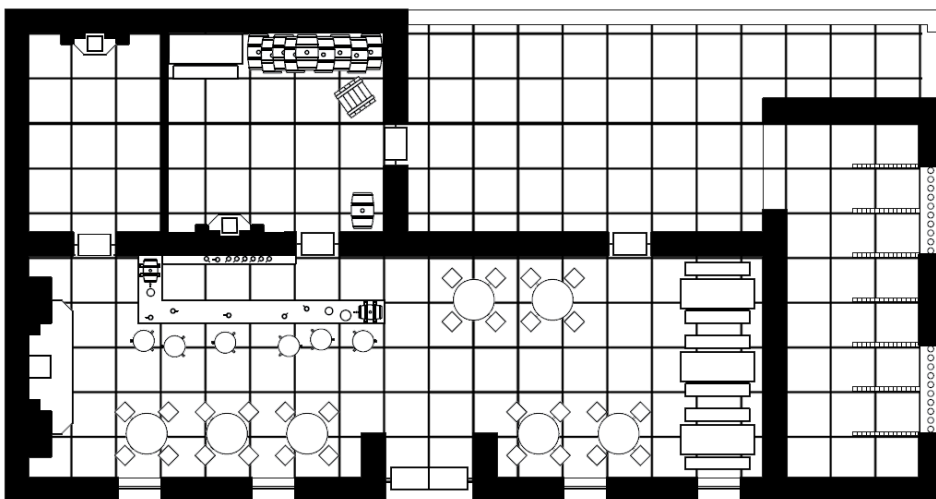
This inn the common man’s inn, it is the place most people in town visit at one time or another. It is usually quiet, with a nice intimate atmosphere and good spirits all round. But, because of the present circumstances, it is a place of nervous glances, ridiculous rumours and bad tempers. It is run by Herman & Hildegard Schwan, a middle-aged couple. He is a small thin man, quiet and hard working, where as his wife is a large woman with a red face to match her red hair. She is the one who stands in the bar and shouts out the orders, as well as a constant stream of chides towards her husband, complaining his lack of effort. The rooms on the first floor are quite nice. Either single or doubles are available, and since there is no one coming into the town Hildegard would very much like to have them all filled and is even willing to provide a small discount. Hildegard is sick and tired of hearing about guns. Whereas Herman is very passionate about them.

For a map of the Broken Fiddle, I recommend using the Last Hope Which can be found in the Tome of Corruption as well as well as in the downloads section of Black Industries web site

Red Leopard Inn

This inn's name is a joke on the Lion's behalf. Where the Lion is the noble man's place of choice, the Leopard is the other type of man's establishment of choice. Everything inside the inn bears the mark of easy replaceability. Cheap furniture, cheap mugs, cheap women and cheap existences inhabit this den of festering humanity. The building itself is little more than a large common room where the bar is, a greasy kitchen, a small bedroom where the owner sleeps and a room for the drunks. There is a low roofed cellar where all the food and drink is stored. This is the place where people like Herman Meyer and Udo Blasen are usually to be found. It is run by a big fat greasy haired man by the name of Fat Nik, short for Nikolaus. A sullen rude fellow who feels that customers are an occupational hazard. It is not possible to rent rooms here, but he does have a room where he throws the drunks who pass out, people are welcome to use it, but at their own risk. It reeks of vomit, urine and other foulness.

"Rrawrrr Grrrr Hiss"
The Mini-Hell Cannon



The Red Leopard Key

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------|
| 1 - Common Room | 3 - Drunk Room |
| 2 - Kitchen/Nik's Room | 4 - Stables |

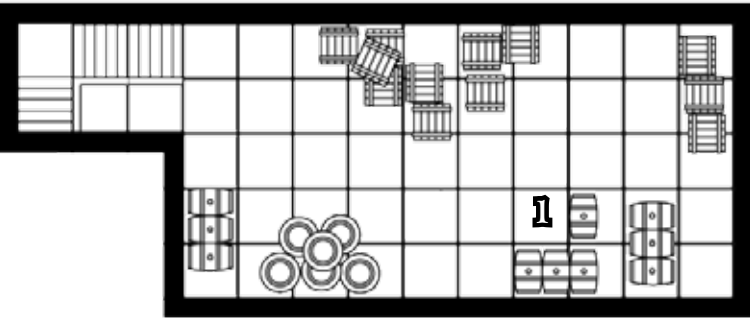
The Town Prison

This building is made of solid stone. It is a squat one storeyed affair built to keep people in and to keep people out. There are not many cells inside only 4 small ones and 2 larger ones. This means that after the riot people are more or less shoved into where ever they conveniently fit. When a person enters the place he steps into to a front room with a desk a weapons cabinet and another door leading to the cells. This door is made from iron bars. There is usually only one guard in the front room, but after the riot, 5 soldiers have been ordered to guard the place as well. From the prison cells there are a good view of the main street, and people thrown in here usually pass the time by shouting obscenities at passerbys.

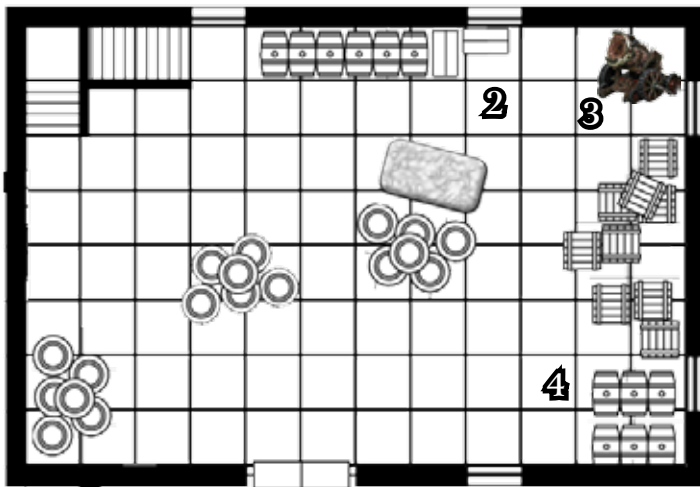
The Two Barrels Warehouse

A plain looking building. It stands two storeys tall, with a wide wooden barn door in front, and boarded up windows all around. A second door is in the back as well as an opening on the first floor above the front door, where a winch sticks out, to haul things up to the first floor from the street. Underneath the opening a sign with two barrels on it is nailed unto the building. This is the place where the Stranger has most of his nasty things hidden, including all the paraphernalia for performing dark rituals, an assortment of instruments for dismembering

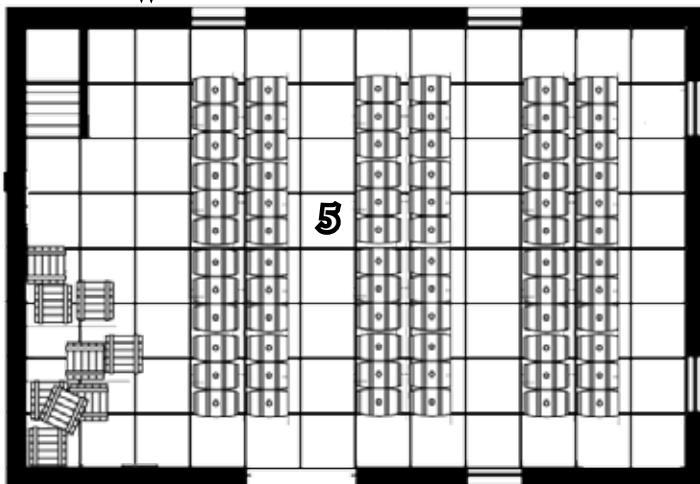
Two Barrels - Cellar



Two Barrels - Ground Floor



Two Barrels - First Floor



dead bodies, a good amount of gunpowder kegs, strategically placed so as to make sure that the whole place an every shred of evidence in can be disposed of quickly and permanently and of course the mini-hell cannon. The Stranger has acquired this semi sentient infernal machine of fiery death, and he plans to put it to good use. It is covered with heavy chains, fastening it to the floor of the warehouse, but it growls and struggles against them constantly, this can be heard when approaching the building, and the cause of a rumour.

The Stranger will only be found here on two occasions, the night before the duel, where he will feed the two sacrifices to the mini-hell cannon and then cart it through town. He transports it over to the Red Lion Inn where he uses the ramp up to the roof to position it, the thing weighs around 7 stones, but it is a nasty bugger, which makes it a bit of a hazardous enterprise for the Stranger. All these things take most of the dark hours, which means the Stranger is easy to confront more or less red handed, if any of the PCs are nocturnal. The second occasion where the Stranger is to be found at the warehouse is on the morning of the duel, here he will set up a very slow burning fuse, that will set off all the kegs in the place, around the time where the duel is reaching its climax.

Two Barrels Warehouse Key

- 1 - 7 Gunpowder Barrels
- 2 - Wooden table for dismembering Chaos worshipping paraphernalia, plus 6 gunpowder barrels.
- 3 - Chained up mini-Hell Cannon.
- 4 - 6 Gunpowder Barrels.
- 5 - Whiskey Barrels, single malt 6 years out of 10 in storage

Chapter 4 - NPCs

Jurgen Trabend

A middle-aged man of average height and build. He has light brownish hair and blue eyes, he has a goatee. He was the first gunsmith in the town. He has spent his years building up his business and making himself universally despised in the town.

"So you're saying you wouldn't rather have a gun you were sure to hit with, even if it only had one round, than a gun you could fire 7 times in a row, but couldn't be sure to hit anything with? Bah, nonsense!"

Jurgen Trabent

He survives as a craftsman because of his reputation outside of town in the rest of the empire, as very few of the local people wants to have anything to do with him. He has lied to, swindled, coerced and abused, more or less, every single person who has sought out his services. He is a very talented craftsman and this has kept the customers coming. As a person the way he acts towards other people depends on the other person's force of personality, if he is weak he will be coerced and abused with an air of arrogant superiority thick enough to taste and tarnish silver with. If the other person has a strong personality he will behave in a very friendly, although extremely condescending, fashion. Like a father correcting his toddler son. The first time the PCs meet him let them make a Will check each, if more than half fails, Jurgen will be abusive, if more than half succeeds he will be friendly and condescending. He is a power hungry sociopath, he is willing to do whatever it takes to get on top, and he cares nothing for the people he has crossed in the past.

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
27	28	47	42	54	43	44	38
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	4	4	0	9	0

Equipment: Daemonic Blunderbuss(at duel), Fine Clothes.

Skills: Charm, Command, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Guild Tongue, Gunsmithing *3

Talents: Artistic, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Marksman, Master Gunner, Resistance to Magic, Savvy, SW: Gunpowder

Frederich Gnüssind

The rival gunsmith. Frederich is actually one of Jurgen old apprentices. He set up his own shop in workshop in town after a final outrage on Jurgen's part, after years of abuse, both physical and mental, Jurgen finally derided Frederich in front of the rest of the craftsmen in the workshop as an incompetent idiot unable to perform the simplest task let alone make a working gun himself, holding up Frederich's journeyman pistol as an example of his ineptitude, thus preventing Frederich from receiving his journeyman's letter. Then a few days later selling of the same piece to a nobleman from Altdorf and declaring it the best work he, himself, had ever performed. At this point Frederich snapped called Jurgen a liar and a scoundrel amongst other more colourful phrases and then walked out of the workshop with more than half the remaining craftsmen behind him. The set up a shop in the other side of town, and because of his unpopularity Jurgen was unable to do anything about it, neither legally nor

"Oh I'm completely past all that nonsense with Jurgen. I'm oblivious to him, he is out of my mind."

Frederich Gnüssind

by force of arms. Frederich is also a very skilled gunsmith and his skills are recognized in the town. Unfortunately his temper, his somewhat limited intellect and his rabid attitude towards his old master has prevented him from making his own business the great success he feels he deserves, which in turn has embittered him even further.

As it is, he is respected by the people in town for his skills, and for the fact that he stood up to Jurgen, but he has ruined what good will, he could have gained by his negative personality. He is getting so desperate of late, that he has stooped to the same level as Jurgen in the competition. He has sought help from the ruinous forces because he secretly felt that he could not best Jurgen on skill.

“That bastard Jurgen! If I had him here in front of me right now, I’d blow that thing, that qualifies for a brain of his, out of his ugly fat head!”

Frederich Gnüssind - Five minutes later

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
35	33	48	41	49	43	42	44
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	17	4	4	4	0	4	0

Equipment: Daemonic Blunderbuss(at duel), Fine Clothes.

Skills:

Charm, Command, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Guild Tongue, Gunsmithing *3

Talents: Artistic, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Marksman, Master Gunner, Resistance to Magic, Savvy, SW: Gunpowder

The Stranger

This man is the person who has led the two gunsmiths into oblivion. He arrived in town during a thunderstorm, his eye shine like fire and he always has an eerie smile on his face. He is a worshipper of the lord of change and his master has thus far allowed him to do great mischief in the empire and get away with it. It was

he that doomed the town of Feuerteufel, he has sent men into despair and suicide and women into madness. He loves chaos in all its forms, and chaos is what he sows, emotional, physical and mental, whenever people are unhinged, he is pleased. Fear, is his wine, and suspicion, his bread. He lives of the doubts and worries of others. He prefers to remain a mystery, simply to make people uneasy, to sow suspicion and fear. He is well aware of the attention

he draws onto himself, but he does nothing too overt nothing that would enable to pin him as a threat or non-threat. By keeping people always in doubt he is able to perform his wicked schemes right in front of the whole world, yet unseen by all. He is currently staying at the Red Lion, he has a room on the second floor. He does nothing apparently, apart from eating, drinking and playing cards. He always breaks completely even, no matter for how long he plays or how skilled his opposition, always with that unnerving smile on his face and those hungry eyes looking straight at you.

These are the rumours that have started about his person and his origins:

- He is a witch hunter from Altdorf in pursuit of chaos worshippers.
- He is a chaos worshipper lying low, as he is pursued by witch hunters from Altdorf.
- He is a crime boss from Marienburg going to Altdorf to start a new syndicate.
- He is an assassin sent from Middenheim to track down a traitor of the empire selling secrets of gunpowder weapons to the enemies of the Empire.

- He is a ruined merchant who has lost his mind from losing his true love in a shipwreck, now he seeks to drink himself to death.
- He is a charlatan, a vagabond, who has duped the whole town into thinking he is something he is not, so he can stay in the good inn and enjoy the luxuries of the establishment, until someone calls his bluff.

Every time the PCs ask about him they should get a different answer, soon followed by a person overhearing them and contradicting the first person. His real name is Karl Bunde, but the name he gives, Theodore Mannsohn. He used to be a bureaucrat in Nuln. A clerk working in the correspondence office of the gunnery school of Nuln. One day they had a new boss, he changed the ways the office was run and had been running nice and quietly for so many years. Karl was unable to cope. His world fell apart and he needed something to set it right again. A friendly fellow came and offered him just that. A world that made sense, in exchange for, well nothing much really, just his soul. He accepted gratefully with tears in his eyes, then he walked down to the armoury and armed himself from head to toe, walked back into the office and let loose. After that he started travelling the across the Empire, happy and secure in his new transcendental state of consciousness where he saw that everything was change, and that he could control everything around him through these changes. That is the reason he smiles all the time. Feel free to let the players hear this version of his story as well.

He is armed with two guns and a sap. The guns are a duckfoot with four bar-

"A small hidden gun is much more dangerous than a larger more powerful one."

Graf Dieter von Kessel

rels, the other a roman candle type repeater pistol with two flintlocks. In this type of weapon the barrel is loaded with powder then a shot with a fuse going through it, then powder then shot etc. This means when the first shot is fired it ignites the fuse through the shot which then ignites the second measure of powder and so on, until all the shots are fired except for the last one which has a lock of its own, so that it can be fired independently afterwards. The first time he discharges the repeater, it fires four shots in quick succession, he can then pull the trigger once more, for one last shot.

See Handout 3 for pictures of his weapons.

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
43	48	37	43	47	45	38	49
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	3	4	4	2	13	0

Equipment: Daemonic Duckfoot and Repeater Pistol, Black Coat, Fine Clothes, Big Black Hat

Skills: Engineering, Magic, Science, Channeling, Charm, Dwarfs, the Empire, Evaluate, Haggle, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Guild Tongue, Magick, Classical, Reikspiel, Gunsmithing

Talents: Dark Lore (Chaos), Dark Magic, Deal-maker, Fast Hands, Master Gunner, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy, Very Resilient, SW: Gunpowder

Graf Dieter von Kessel

The nobleman who controls the town and its surroundings. He is a man of enviable height, and is quite handsome, in a certain angle and a certain light. But his hawkish nose wild receding hair, piercing eyes, bushy eyebrows and fierce demeanour, make this aged nobleman somewhat intimidating. He is in a bad mood as of late, because of the unforeseen problems with the competition and his clever plan. What

he does not want is further complications. What he would like most of all, would be to have the whole thing over and done with, as quickly and as simply as possible. So he can return to his estates outside of town, instead of having to stay at an inn like some commoner. He has a rather straightforward approach to life and things in general, he has no time for the subtleties or complex situations for that matter. The PCs, if they are able to meet him in person will find him either very helpful or very unhelpful, depending on whether they bring a solution to a problem or simply a problem.

"Why?"
Dieter von Kessel, The Younger

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
42	34	37	38	36	29	38	40
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	3	3	4	0	3	0

Equipment: Fencing Sword, Nobleman's Outfit

Skills: Genealogy/Heraldry, Strategy/Tactics, Blather, Charm, Command, the Empire, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Perception

Talents: Dealmaker, Etiquette, Marksman, Master Orator, Public Speaking, Schemer, SW: Fencing, Gunpowder

Dieter von Kessel, the younger

This fine young nobleman, with his golden curls, hawkish nose, piercing dark blue eyes, is a bit of a tosser. He is neither imbued with smarts, manners, an understanding of personal hygiene or common sense. He is a nobleman quite simply. He is full of all the vices that every spoiled privileged child could possibly be endowed with. But he likes guns, horses and puppies. Of these three things the guns are a bit of a sore spot, as he has been blacklisted by both Jurgen and Frederich, and so is unable to pur-

chase any shiny new weapons at the moment. This irks him an incredible amount and can easily be used the influence him to act against either gunsmith. It is an open secret in town that he hates both gunsmiths and only because his father has use for them is prevented from exacting his vengeance over them.

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
51	29	42	43	42	28	37	30
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	4	4	4	0	2	0

Equipment: 2 Best Quality Pistols, Fencing Sword, Nobleman's Outfit

Skills: Charm, Command, the Empire, Gamble, Gossip, Musician, Read/Write, Ride, Reikspiel

Talents: Etiquette, Marksman, Public Speaking, Schemer, Very Strong, SW: Fencing, Gunpowder

Tomas Pötz

A big fat depressing fellow, whose single goal in life is make sure everyone around him knows how miserable they really are. He is the aide for Jurgen in the duel, not by choice, but because all the apprentices drew straws to see who had to be, he lost (the thing was rigged; all the other apprentices hate him and agreed he would be the best choice). He is lazy stupid and constantly negative of everything around him; the food is horrible, the beer is thin, the others are lazy so he has to pick up their slack etc. None of the complaints keep him from taking as much of the food as he possibly can, as well as drinking most of the beer and taking breaks every 2 minutes because of exhaustion. It is actually a relief when he is killed and fed to the hell cannon, as it ends his whining once and for all.

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
26	23	27	25	24	27	24	23
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	2	2	4	0	0	0

Equipment: Pistol, Apprentice Clothes

Skills: Animal Care, the Empire, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Guild Tongue, Gunsmithing

Talents: Resistant to Disease, Resistant to Chaos, SW: Gunpowder

Mikael Strung

This young talent is a manic depressive poet and apprentice gunsmith. His mental condition makes living with him somewhat troublesome, but he is very good with his hands and doesn't mind doing all the most dangerous tasks (as when he is manic he feels invulnerable and when he is depressed he doesn't care if he lives or dies). His fate is to be Frederick's donation to the Stranger as payment for his aid. He is also one of the people in town who see everything as they really are. He will tell the PCs straight out that stranger seeks to burn the city with his eyes, that the fire under the town house are fed by him and that everything in town is tainted by him. He has even written a poem about it. But no one takes any notice of his ramblings when he is manic, and when he is down but coherent, he cannot bring himself to tell anyone. Everytime the PCs meet him, he is in a different state, changing from up to down and back again, every few hours.

"Did you know I can fly?"
Mikael Strung

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
35	37	31	40	43	41	37	26
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	4	4	0	7	0

Equipment: Pistol, Apprentice Clothes

Skills: Animal Care, the Empire, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Guild Tongue, Gunsmithing

Talents: Savvy, Sixth Sense, SW: Gunpowder

Felge Deckelberg

A middle-aged, dark haired man with glasses and impeccable taste in dress. Felge greets everyone who enters the Red Lion in person and sees to that the clients needs are taken care of, quickly and professionally. A man, normally of easy disposition, he is quick to laughter and has more than just half a wit. He is easy to like, but unfortunately, most of his amusing anecdotes and witticism are funny, not because of their inherent qualities, but instead, because Felge is involuntarily funny as he tells them. Unable sometimes to remember punch lines, he sometimes weaves on in a completely different trail than the one he was aiming for, then suddenly aware of his detour, he find himself perplexed by the inability to remember what the original track was. This means he often times seems somewhat confused by what he finds himself saying, which is the cause of most of the amusement people find on his behalf. He is very dedicated man, active and full of enthusiasm about his work, which he lives for, literally, not just as the saying goes. He is the man that sees to the well being of the customers at the Red Lion. Not the owner, although he would like to be, but the proprietor. He cares deeply about his duties and would rather die, than let a shabby looking person unto the premises of "his" fine establishment.

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
22	31	31	30	34	40	37	43
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	1	0

Equipment: Good Quality Pistol tucked away in coat, Fine Clothes

Skills: Genealogy/Heraldry, Blather, the Empire, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search

Talents: Coolheaded, Dealmaker, Etiquette, SW: Gunpowder

Herman Meyer

This is the agent working on behalf of Jurgen now that noone is able to leave the workshop. He is a short stout man of middle age. He is in constant lack of breath, has greasy receding hair, styled in a very obvious comb-over. His clothes are stained and dirty, although they once upon a time may have been of good quality. His breath reeks of alcohol and he always stand about 2 too close for comfort. He is an unreliable backstabbing alcoholic, but he is willing to do most anything for the right amount.

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
38	42	33	39	33	32	32	26
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	0	2	0

Equipment: Poor Quality Pistol, Dirty Clothes, Bottle of Cheap Spirits

Skills: Blather, Consume Alcohol, Charm, the Empire, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Perception, Actor, Search

Talents: Flee!, Public Speaking, Sixth Sense, Strong-minded, SW: Gunpowder

Udo Blasen

This is the agent working on behalf of Frederich. A thin man around 50 years old. He constantly clears his throat, but does not seem to be able to do a proper job of it. Which results in a very annoying “hrm hrm” sound that quickly drives any person subjected to it completely insane. He is working for Frederich because he hates Ju-

rgen. He once bought a pistol from Jurgen, but when he got it, it was an apprentice made piece of junk. He will try to sell it to the PCs at half price, claiming that it is too dangerous for someone like him to have a gun right now.

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
38	34	32	36	30	33	30	36
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	2	0

Equipment: Poor Quality Pistol, Dirty Clothes, Bottle of Cheap Spirits

Skills: Blather, Consume Alcohol, Charm, the Empire, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Perception, Actor, Search

Talents: Flee!, Public Speaking, Strong-minded, SW: Gunpowder

“Fat Nik” Nikolaus

Fat Nik is the owner and proprietor of the Red Leopard inn. A big fat fellow who is as jolly as Trollslayer on a bad day. He hates the rich, the smart, the nobility, women, customers, comments on his size and most especially being called Fat Nik. A former thug who got tired of fighting, he took over the place by a hostile takeover and since has done his utmost to run it to the ground through terrible service, abysmal quality food and drink and no dress code. The only two things that keep the place in business, is that it is cheap and anyone is allowed in. Nik has an ability to bear grudges almost immediately, no matter how slight the slight. He preferred way of rectifying insults against him is by way of his 2 by 4 under the counter. The Stranger insulted him by going into the Red Leopard and not buying anything. And Fat Nik is not a man about to stand for posh pansies rubbing their noses at his beer.

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
43	24	47	48	22	29	27	30
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	4	4	3	0	2	0

Equipment: Poor Quality Pistol, Dirty Clothes, Bottle of Cehap Spirits,

Skills: the Empire, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Thieves' Tongue

Talents: Disarm, Luck, Quick Draw, Resistance to Disease, Strike to Stun, Wrestling, SW: Gunpowder

Mini Hell-Cannon

This is a small sized version of the terrible weapons brought to bear on Middenheim during the Storm of Chaos. It is about knee high, weighs around 100 lbs. and looks like a small cannon with teeth in the muzzle, red glowing eyes on its side, 6 spikey wheels underneath it and the whole thing covered with writhing runes glowing pink, blue and purple. It tries to bite people who get to close, but its most dangerous weapon is it's fiery projectiles, it can vomit forth. Brightly coloured balls, that whoop and cackle madly as they fly from the muzzle. Igniting what they hit and then bounce around for a little while before extinguishing. When the PCs encounter the cannon, whether in the warehouse or on the roof of the Red Lion, it starts out by being

chained. It will growl and hiss for a round then with a roar, tear itself free and charge the PCs in close combat, trying to run them over with its wheels and bite them to pieces. They will have to destroy it completely before it stops.



Rrawwrr

Hiss

Grrrr

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
42	45	51	52	22	17	5	34
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	21	5	5	4	0	0	0

Equipment: Teeth, Wheels & Fiery Death.

The Cannon has three 3 Armour Points on all locations. It is capable of firing a flaming projectile every round, if has been fed the bodies of the two apprentices, otherwise it can only fire a single round.

The projectiles are S5 impact, armour piercing attacks, that set things on fire. It takes an entire round and an easy Ag chk for someone hit to put out the flames, or a bucket of water or something similar.

Skills: Perception

Talents: Night Vision, Unsettling, Will of Iron

Watchman - Count's Bodyguard - Nik's Thugs

Use these stats for any combat oriented NPCs the PCs are likely to encounter. The only differences between them is their equipment. Feel free to beef them up if you, the game master, feel they need to be more of a challenge.

Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp
36	37	38	31	33	28	31	30
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	0	2	0

Equipment:Handgun and Mail Shirt(not Thug), Cudgel, Uniform/Dirty Clothes

Skills: the Empire Dodge Blow Gossip Intimidate Perception Search

Talents: Street Fighting Strike Mighty Blow Strike to Stun SW: Gunpowder

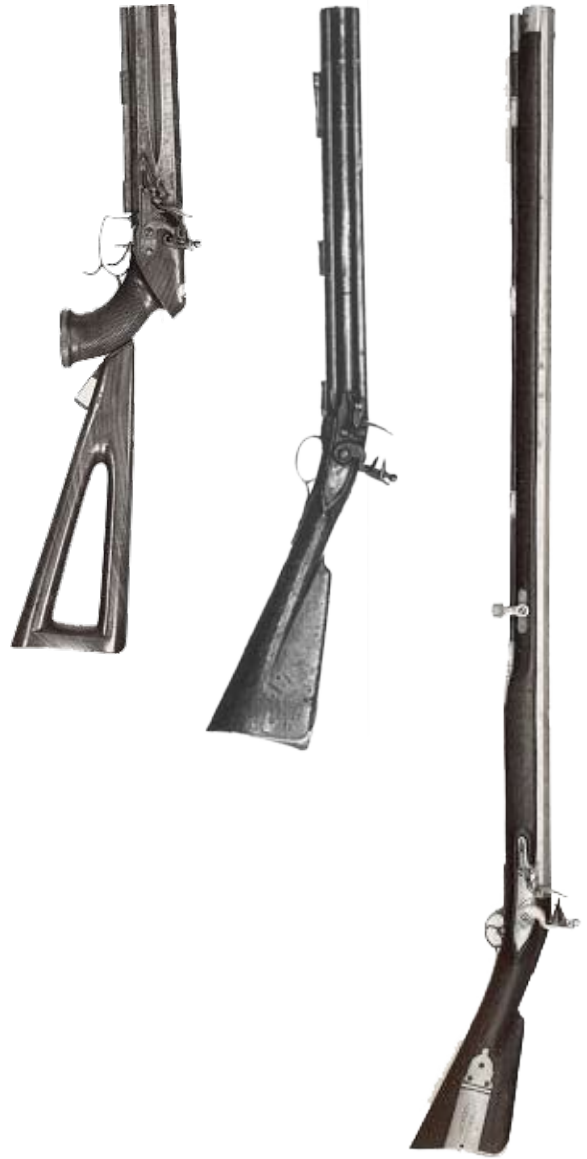
Appendix - Handouts & Reference Charts

Handout 1
Speciality Firearms of Jurgen Trabent



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Handout 2
Speciality Firearms of Frederich Gnüssind



Handout 3 - The Strangers Weapons



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By Order of his Lordship
Graf Dieter Von Kessel

Martial Law is hereby declared
until the time of a successful Conclusion of the Duel between
Master Gunsmith Jurgen Trabant
and
Master Gunsmith Frederich Gnüssind

While Under Martial Law
It is unlawful to enter or leave the Town
Punishable by Death

It is unlawful to bear any kind of Firearm
Punishable by Pillory

It is unlawful to appear on the Streets after dark
Punishable by twenty Lashes

It is unlawful to congregate in Groups of more than three People
Punishable by ten Lashes

It is unlawful for Jurgen Trabant and Frederich Gnüssind and any as-
sociated with their Workshops to leave the Premises of their Workshops
Punishable by forfeiting of the Duel and all Consequences that entails.

Daemonic Misfire Chart

Whenever a tainted weapon is discharged, it is at the risk of the person firing it. If the person firing it rolls a 1 on either die, then the daemonic spirit inhabiting the weapon manifests itself in some way. Roll on the table to see what happens.

Note, these effects are in addition to any ordinary misfires. After witnessing one of these displays, it is obvious to all the weapon is tainted. Better have a good explanation for ready!

Roll	Effect
01-10	BURN! The Daemon decides to help out. Instead of a normal bullet a burst of flames shoot out and envelop the target, clinging to him and burning him to ashes, while evil laughter can be heard all around. The shot automatically hits and deals damage for 1d10 rounds before it goes out.
11-20	BOOST! It is as if the gun hesitates for just a second, then with a mighty roar it discharges its shot with increased power. Add +2 to S.
21-40	As the weapon is fired mad cackling laughter can be heard.
41-60	Strange Coloured lights accompany the discharge.
61-80	Several small brightly coloured balls of fire whizz out of the barrel as the gun is fired. They bounce around cackling with laughter and set things on fire for 1d10 rounds
81-91	BACKLASH, as the gun is fired coloured flames engulf the wielders trigger hand causing a S 3 wound
91-99	DISASTER! The Daemon decides to shoot one of the firers allies instead of the intended target. Roll to hit against the closest ally.
00	MAJOR DISASTER! The gun instead of firing off a bullet, spits out the Daemon inside. A Pink Horror manifests in front of the wielder and gleefully attacks him.

Handout 5 - Mikael's Poem

Five Chaos Boom Boom Boom
light in his eyes Death in his soul
A hand with four fingers of five
A finger with five round nails of steel
Darkness expelled it vomits heat from above
soaring high two fat birds with black eggs
Running running screaming screaming
Five Chaos Boom Boom Boom

Rumours:



- Young lord Kessel had to pay a whore 20 crowns after he accidentally shot her in the face with his pistol as he was playing around with it and bragging about it after he had been with her now he can't buy guns from either smith anymore. He is furious about it, some say he has vowed to see both smiths hang (True).
- The best guns in town are actually made by Jurgen although no one will admit it as everyone hates him so much (Perhaps true).
- The best guns in town are made by Young master Frederich, unfortunately he spends more time on complaining about Jurgen than making guns (Partially true).
- The stranger in town, is an evil chaos worshipper, and he will get what's coming to him. The people in this town won't stand for it (True, Fat Nik and his friends are going after him in the evening on the second day).
- The only reason the old Lord Kessel set up the competition is so that he can confiscate all the losers weapons as well as keeping the best gunsmith in town (True).
- Strange sounds can be heard from the Two Barrels warehouse, most likely some sort of evil monster is locked up in there, most likely some sort of chaospawned monstrosity (True - its the mini hellcannon).
- Master Jurgen is a cruel man, sly and sadistic, he might seem friendly enough but he'll swindle you first chance he gets (True).
- The Gunsmith have both made pacts with the dark gods for their skills, so its not only a feud between rival gunsmiths but also a feud between the gods of chaos (partially true, they have both made deals but with the same god).
- A sure cure for a head cold, is to mix snuff with gunpowder and taking a double whiff (False, but fun to watch).
- Last month one of Frederich's apprentices shot a tailor by accident, he saw a pigeon on the roof of the tailors house a tried to shoot it with the guns he was cleaning, missed the pigeon, shot the tailor right through the head. Shame really, he was a pretty good tailor (True, the apprentice was hanged).
- Times are hard these days on the merchants. Old man Johan is likely to catch his death on the Reik, seeing as travelling across the Empire inflames his festering wound. Have you seen it? It smells something rotten. In Kislev was it, that he got it, travelled to close to that city of chaos' tainted walls, Erengard I think. A local fella' stuck a knife in his leg, cause he got drunk on vodka and accused all the people around him with being in cahoots with "The enemy". Within days the wound began to smell like rotten cheese, shame really.

NPC Quick Reference Chart


Name	Ws	Bs	S	T	Ag	Int	Fel	Wp	Equipment	Skills	Talents
	A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP			
Jurgen Trabant	27	28	47	42	54	43	44	38	Daemonic Blunderbuss(at duel)	Charm Command Evaluate Gossip Haggle Perception Read/Write Guild Tongue Gunsmithing *3-	Artistic Dealmaker Etiquette Marksman Master Gunner Resistance to Magic Savvy SW: Gunpowder
	1	15	4	4	4	0	9	0	Fine Clothes		
Frederich Gnußsind	35	33	48	41	49	43	42	44	Daemonic Volleygun(at duel) Fine Clothes	Charm Command Evaluate Gossip Haggle Perception Read/Write Guild Tongue Gunsmithing *3	Artistic Dealmaker Etiquette Master Gunner Marksman Resistance to Magic Savvy SW: Gunpowder
	1	17	4	4	4	0	4	0			
	43	48	37	43	47	45	38	49	Daemonic Duckfoot and Repeater Pistol Black Coat Fine Clothes Big Black Hat		
The Stranger	2	16	3	4	4	2	13	0		Engineering Magic Science Channeling Charm Dwarfs the Empire Evaluate Haggle Magical Sense Perception Read/Write Search Guild Tongue Magick Classical Reikspiel Gunsmithing	Dark Lore (Chaos) Dark Magic Dealmaker Fast Hands Master Gunner Petty Magic (Arcane) Savvy Very Resilient SW: Gunpowder
	42	34	37	38	36	29	38	40	Fencing Sword, Nobleman's Outfit		
Graf Dieter von Kessel	2	14	3	3	4	0	3	0		Genealogy/Heraldry Strategy/Tactics Blather Charm Command the Empire Evaluate Gambale Gossip Perception	Dealmaker Etiquette Marksman Master Orator Public Speaking Schemer SW: Fencing Gunpowder
	42	34	37	38	36	29	38	40	Fencing Sword, Nobleman's Outfit		
Dieter von Kessel (Younger)	51	29	42	43	42	28	37	30	2 Best Quality Pistol Fencing Sword Nobleman's Outfit	Charm Command the Empire Gambale Gossip Musician Read/Write Ride Reikspiel	Etiquette Marksman Public Speaking Savvy Schemer Very Strong SW: Fencing Gunpowder
	2	15	4	4	4	0	2	0			
Tomas Pötz	26	23	27	25	24	27	24	23	Pistol, Apprentice Clothes	Animal Care the Empire Drive Evaluate Gossip Haggle Perception Read/Write Guild Tongue Gunsmithing	Resistant to disease Resistant to Chaos SW: Gunpowder
	1	11	2	2	4	0	0	0			
Mikael Strung	35	37	31	40	43	41	37	26	Pistol, Apprentice Clothes	Animal Care the Empire Drive Evaluate Gossip Haggle Perception Read/Write Guild Tongue Gunsmithing	Savvy Sixth Sense SW: Gunpowder
	1	10	3	4	4	0	7	0			
Felge Deckelberg	22	31	31	30	34	40	37	43	Good Quality Pistol tucked away in coat, Fine Clothes	Genealogy/Heraldry Blather the Empire Evaluate Gossip Haggle Perception Read/Write Search	Coolheaded Dealmaker Etiquette SW: Gunpowder
	1	10	3	3	4	0	1	0			
Herman Meyer	38	42	33	39	33	32	32	26	Poor Quality Pistol Dirty Clothes Bottle of Cahap Spirits	Blather Consume Alcohol Charm the Empire Evaluate Gambale Gossip Perception Actor Search	Eiel Public Speaking Sixth Sense Strong-minded SW: Gunpowder
	1	13	3	3	4	0	2	0			
Udo Blasen	38	34	32	36	30	33	30	36	Poor Quality Pistol Dirty Clothes Bottle of Cahap Spirits	Blather Consume Alcohol Charm the Empire Evaluate Gambale Gossip Perception Actor Search	Eiel Public Speaking Strong-minded SW: Gunpowder
	1	11	3	3	4	0	2	0			
"Fat Nik" Nikolaus	43	24	47	48	22	29	27	30	Dirty Clothes, Poor Quality Pistol and a big stick	the Empire Consume Alcohol Dodge Blow Gambale Gossip Intimidate Thieves' Tongue	Disarm Luck Quick Draw Resistance to Disease Strike to Stun Wrestling SW: Gunpowder
	2	14	4	4	3	0	2	0			
Mini Hellcannon	42	45	51	52	22	17	5	34	Teeth, Wheels & Fiery Death 3 Armour Points	Perception	Night Vision Unsettling Will of Iron
	2	21	5	5	4	0	0	0			
Watchman/ Count's Bodyguard/Thug	36	37	38	31	33	28	31	30	Handgun and Mail Shirt(not Thug), Cudgel, Uniform/Dirty Clothes	the Empire Dodge Blow Gossip Intimidate Perception Search	Street Fighting Strike Mighty Blow Strike to Stun SW: Gunpowder
	1	13	3	3	4	0	2	0			

Scenario Structure Quick Reference Chart

Time Specific PC- Dependent Scenes

	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3
Sunrise	 Arrival	 Back Off Fat Git Nik	 Climax
Noon	Arrest or Escape		
	Finding a Place to Stay		
Sunset	Three Offers		Aftermath
Midnight	Cloak and Dagger 	Ritual 	

Time Specific PC-Independent Events

	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3
Sunrise		 Balloon caretaker bribed by both Herman Meyer and Udo Blasend	 Stranger sets up fuse then skips town
Noon	Competition Riot	Fat Nik and 3 friends try to ambush the Stranger	KABOOM
Sunset	Proclamation of Martial Law	First Apprentice killed Second Apprentice killed	
Midnight	Stranger changes sand ballast with gunpowder 	Hellcannon brought to Red Lion Inn 	

Quick names for random NPCs:

Male Names: Anton, Auden, Bruno, D Ernzt, Fridjof, Gerhard, Heine, Immanuel, Jurgen, Krüger, Lauritz, Mannfred, Olaf, Paul, Ronald, Staffen Troels, Uwe, Werner

Female names: Agnete, B, Christina, Dorit, Else, Frida, Gerda, Hilda, Inge, Johanna, Kerstin, Lone, Marianne, Nora, Olga, Pia, Rikke, Suzi, Tine, Ulla, Wilhemina