

# INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Bretonnia, land of knights and chivalry, home of the servants of the Lady of the Lake. It's a land where the ideals of knightly heroism are still admired, if not upheld, and a land of perilous adventure.

This book contains all the information you need to set your *WFRP* campaign in Bretonnia, a land very different from the Empire, or to bring Imperial characters on a visit. It sets a new stage for your stories.

Just like *Sigmar's Heirs*, this book is a toolkit. Use what you like and ignore what you don't. All the sections have been written with an eye to material immediately useful in play, but nothing is set in stone for your campaign.

## WHAT'S INSIDE?

The nine chapters following this introduction provide extensive information on Bretonnia, broken up by topic.

**Chapter I: Land and People** describes the general lay of the land of Bretonnia and the culture of its people.

**Chapter II: History** is an account of Bretonnia from before its founding to the present day. Most important are the battles of Gilles the Unifier, events that still resonate with Bretonnians today.

**Chapter III: Politics** covers the general structure of Bretonnian politics: the feudal system, merchant organisations, and the informal politics of peasant villages.

**Chapter IV: Law and Justice** explains the Bretonnian legal system, which is very different for nobles and peasants.

**Chapter V: Religion and Custom** is largely concerned with the cult of the Lady of the Lake—the state religion of Bretonnia—but also covers holidays and the worship of the standard Gods of the Old World.

**Chapter VI: A Tour of Bretonnia** is by far the longest chapter. Each of the fourteen dukedoms is described, with details of the land, people, notable sites, and current tensions and opportunities for adventure. Each section also considers reasons for an adventurer to leave that particular dukedom for the wider world.

**Chapter VII: Characters and Careers** covers the creation of Bretonnian characters. New Racial Characteristics are given, both for Bretonnian Humans in general and for people from each dukedom. There are also numerous new careers, from the Carcassonne Shepherd to the noble Grail Knight.

**Chapter VIII: Knighthood** sets out the ideals and powers of Bretonnian chivalry. The Blessings of the Lady, Virtues of Knighthood, and steeds of the Bretonnian knights are all covered.

Finally, **Chapter IX: Ill Tidings** is an adventure designed to introduce a group of adventurers to Bretonnia. There are two sets of statistics, one for novice Bretonnian adventurers and one for more experienced adventurers just arrived from elsewhere.

## WOMEN IN BRETONNIA

Women in Bretonnia are second-class citizens, and many Careers are only open to them if they pretend to be men. This is not a feature of Bretonnian society of which the author or Games Workshop approves, but women pretending to be men make interesting characters in a roleplaying game. If the sexism of Bretonnia makes you or your players uncomfortable, feel free to ignore it.

The author and Black Industries also do not approve of the arbitrary execution of peasants, fighting local wars over an insult, or worshipping the Ruinous Powers, all activities depicted herein. Just so we're clear.

## A TURN FOR THE BETTER

Sir Gilbert urged his weary mount into the dreary looking village. The roads here were terrible, and he had a hard time believing this was the route to the Chapel of Shields Burning. But the lord he had stayed with the previous night had been quite emphatic.

At last, he reached what looked like an inn. Crude emblems were painted on the door. Typical peasant superstition, thought Gilbert. The knight banged his gauntleted fist on the door, but no one answered. Gilbert kept pounding, but something about this was horribly familiar. He lowered his right hand to his sword and looked around cautiously.

At last, a voice came from inside. "Go away!"

"You will open this door this instant," the Bretonnian said, lacking any measure of optimism. "I am Sir Gilbert de Arnaud, Knight Errant..." He got no further, as the door flew open.

"My most humble apologies, lord knight. I had not realised." The innkeeper was literally grovelling in the mud. "The finest room is, of course, at your disposal."

Sir Gilbert sighed contentedly. It was good to be home.