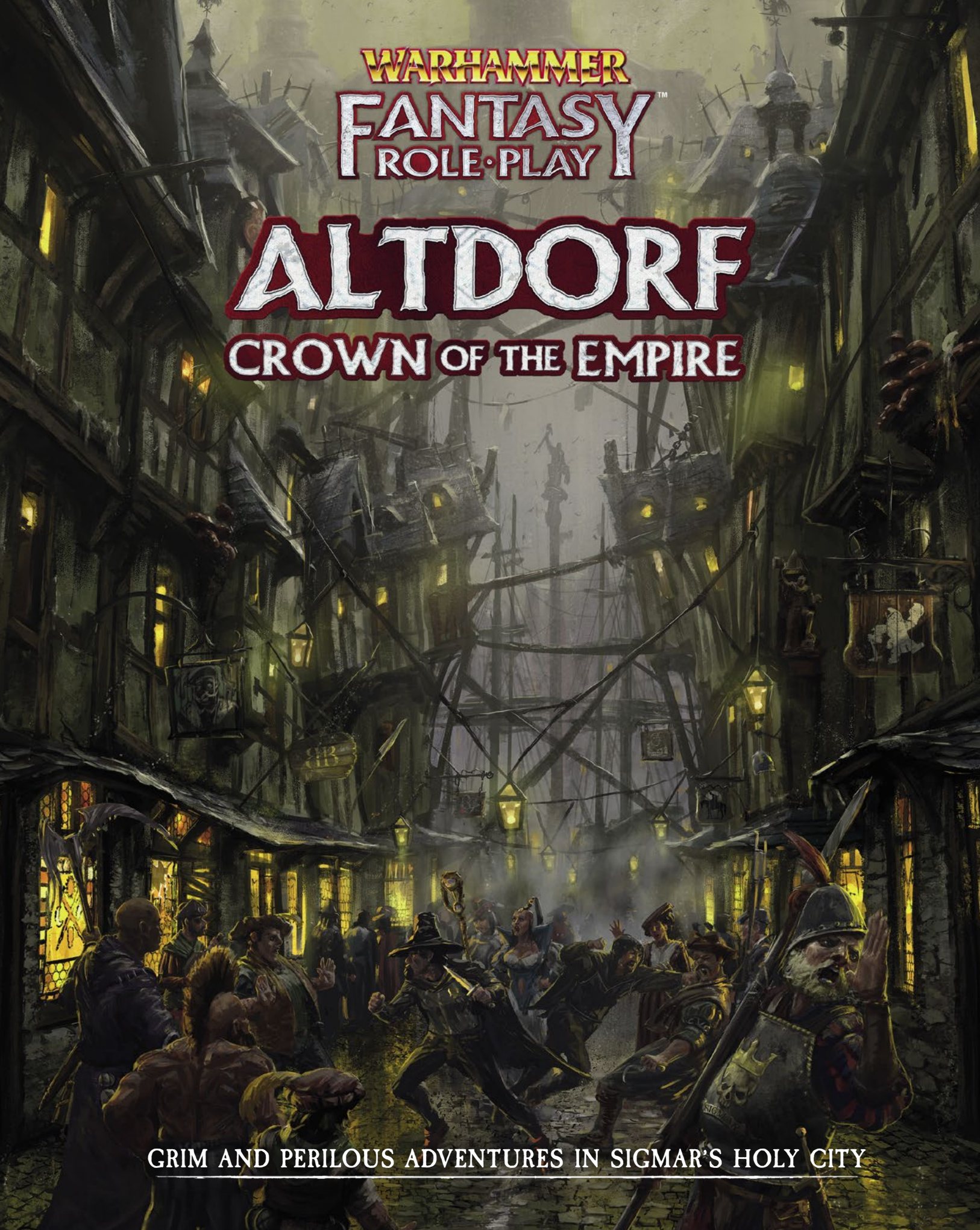




WARHAMMER
FANTASY
ROLE-PLAY

ALTDORF

CROWN OF THE EMPIRE

GRIM AND PERILOUS ADVENTURES IN SIGMAR'S HOLY CITY



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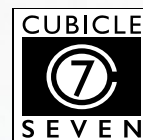
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APPENDIX I: ALTDORF ENDEAVOURS

Is there a place more revolting beyond the warped wastelands of Chaos? I don't know. Altdorf seems to devour the country: an army of buildings come to war upon the landscape. Every sense abhors it. Each morning I strain to see through thick river mists spiced with the soot and poison of human industry. My ears ring with the whines of famished street dogs; the brutish laughs of addicts lost to rotgut schnapps; and buskers that can barely glean a tune, let alone hold one. Textures of coarse grit and cold slime impress themselves constantly. Worst is the stench! Even patriotic Emperors fled from it. History records that the Lawgiver Siegfried was first to clutch a handkerchief to his nose and deem Altdorf 'The Great Reek'. I have yet to expose myself to the city's tastes. Come mealtimes, Humans proffer slabs of oozing pastry called 'Eel Pie'. I opt for starvation.





After any sojourn in foreign parts, no sight is so touching in its majesty as the first glimpse of Altdorf's great spires on the horizon. In his impeccability our divine Unberogen patron, first of our Emperors, chose this place for his seat. It was a bare and meagre fishing village when he was born here, but Sigmar left it a gleaming metropolis. He raised his marble palace upon the banks where the mighty Talabec and Reik converge, home of our greatest leaders since that day. Now everything that a long life can countenance is here. The ships, towers, colleges, domes, theatres, and temples lie open to the god-king's appraisal and the bells in the cathedral call his worshippers to muster. He still regards Altdorf with pride and benevolence. This is his, the city of the Heldenhammer. It was then, it is now, and so shall it be forever.

◆ CROWN OF THE EMPIRE ◆



ROYAL AND HOLY CITY

'There's these two thick Stirlanders getting drunk in a field one night and worrying the sheep when one of them gets an idea in his head. I know, I know — it was a shock to him too! He's that surprised, the straw drops from his mouth! He turns to his mate and says, "Oi Rolf, what's further away do ye reckon, Altdorf or Mannslieb?" The other one rolls his eyes. Well, he tries to, save they're so close set he finds it difficult! So instead he just sighs and says, "Ye daft blighter, Altdorf of course! Ye can't even see it from 'ere!"'

— Gruenlieb the Greasy, once Court Jester
to the late Emperor Luitpold

Surrounded by tall white walls, Altdorf is the hub of the Empire, home of the Imperial Palace and the Grand Cathedral of Sigmar. Celebrated as the site of Sigmar's birth, Altdorf has always been the centre of his cult. Throughout the history of the Empire, Emperors have held their courts elsewhere due to the vagaries of civil war and changing fashion, but Altdorf has always been an important city. With the rise of the House of the Third Wilhelm in 2429 IC, the royal court returned to Altdorf. It remains there to this day.



UPTOWN DOWNTOWN

Altdorf might appear to outsiders as a sprawling, monolithic thing — an undifferentiated mass of buildings thankfully trapped behind towering walls that protect decent rural folk from the city's many scandals and depredations. To Altdorf's populace their home, scandals and depredations included, can be divided into three distinct sections, as different from one another as any of the Empire's vast provinces.

South of the Reik is commonly referred to as The Southbank (page 54) and houses many of Altdorf's upper-class homes, its finest buildings, vying political and religious centres, and its few sparse green spaces.

This excessive grandeur is counterpointed by The East End (page 128), nestled between the confluence of the Reik and Talabec. It has an admittedly deserved reputation for poverty, crime, and revolutionary sentiment. To its residents The East End is the real Altdorf, full of people who, if not always honest or decent, are certainly people.

The City North (page 152) makes up the rest of Altdorf, and indeed it can feel like a jumble of assorted and competing interests. Here one can find the capital's infamous Colleges of Magic, its more mundane university, and the most bewildering array of businesses and commercial interests east of Marienburg.

CITY OF CULTURE

'We've barely a week left in Altdorf and there's still so much we haven't seen. Yesterday I had to postpone my jaunt to the Imperial Zoo because it was raining, and I do so want to be able to make my donation to the Hospice in person, but if I do I'll either miss the opportunity to see the latest haul of the Sudenburg brute finders or I'll have to rebook seats to dear Detlef's latest drama. Decisions!'

— Clothilde von Alptraum,
Young Noblewoman of Averland

Altdorf is known for its university, colleges of magic, libraries, diplomats, and eating houses. A varied programme of entertainments is available to help provide citizens with distractions from their woes, as well as a common communal and spiritual experience outside that offered by the religious cults. Altdorf's many theatres run lavish productions of plays and operas. The great Tarradasch penned many of these, and his work remains the measure for all authors and playwrights.

The Imperial elite like to regard themselves as patrons of the arts as well as defenders of the nation. The more philanthropically inclined sponsor whole theatres, whilst the less generous maintain private boxes so they can make a point of their attendance far from the muddy crowd in the stalls.

MAGIC AND ENGINEERING

'Oh yes, you meet mages round here from time to time. Nice folk in the main. Try doing a good turn for those ones in the shiny robes and they don't half tip generously. I ain't too keen on those blue fellers mind, the stargazers. Got a way of looking at a man that I don't quite care for.'

— Gurt Hartmann, Bawd, shortly before his arrest and summary execution

Altdorf is the centre of magical learning in the Empire, and each of the eight magical traditions prescribed by Imperial law has a college in or around the city. Wizards, once feared and persecuted throughout the nation, are now treated with a spirit of cautious toleration and even hailed for their assistance in military actions. Still, some remain objects of suspicion to most everyday folk, as all magic is said to have its ultimate origins in the Realm of Chaos, and even the most carefully prepared spell can go spectacularly awry.

More prosaic miracles are the product of the Imperial School of Engineering, also located in Altdorf. The celebrated Leonardo of Miragliano established the school, which has fostered innovations in steam power, mechanical systems, and gunpowder weaponry. It is as famed for works of eccentric and audacious hubris as it is for practical inventions.

TAVERN LIFE, FROM RELAXATION TO INSURRECTION

'Shallya's mercy, won't you spare me? I've heard it all before. "We'd be the playthings of Gnoblyns and Goat Men were it not for the sacrifices of our noble lords," you say. "Without his opulent finery no one would take the Groom of the Stool seriously," you say. "Even under Sigmar's rule we had the rich and the poor!" Well I wouldn't begrudge an Unberogen chieftain the biggest hut in a village, but when a starveling family of five is squeezed into a tenement room no bigger than the Empress's wardrobe, I say things have gone too far, and your easy willingness to play the lackey is to blame.'

— Max Roth, Brustellite Agitator

Altdorf is known for its many lively ale houses and hostleries. These can be found throughout the city but are concentrated around the docks. Heated debate and alcohol combine to make a rowdy atmosphere. Innkeepers accept scuffles between patrons as a foregone conclusion. Many inns ask that patrons turn in deadly weapons before entry, though establishments at the rough end (where people are expected to look after themselves) or the high end (where manners are a matter of solemn social contract and ruffians are not admitted) may forgo the practice.

Whilst most taverns are open to a broad audience there are also those that specially cater to those who may not be welcome elsewhere, such as organised criminals, wayfarers, or parties of adventurers.

Talk in taverns often turns to politics. Since the establishment of the House of the Third Wilhelm, most Reiklanders have held their rulers in high regard. Still, there are those of a different opinion. Dissident groups form under the banner of a philosophy inspired by Verenan radicals termed New Millennialism. Enlightened progressives rub shoulders with resentful malcontents to demand needful reforms, and to threaten rebellion if their wishes are ignored.

In the year 2506 IC, the controversial Professor Brustellin was killed in the violence of riots he had helped to instigate. Whilst the establishment has subsequently smeared him as an agent of Chaos, he is nevertheless a martyr to would-be revolutionaries. His creed of overthrowing all vestiges of aristocracy finds many a sympathetic ear.



GEOGRAPHY AND CLIMATE

Altdorf is sited around the confluence of two mighty rivers, the Talabec and the Reik. It is a city of bridges and islands, but extends widely on the banks of the rivers. The mingling of the waters results in a maze of mudflats, channels, and small islands, though through the miraculous works of Dwarf and Human engineers — and the enchantments of wizards — the land now occupied by the city is mostly firm and stable.

Altdorf enjoys the same temperate climate the rest of the Reikland is known for. In the winter, the frosts rarely bite too

painfully — though chunks of ice make the rivers treacherous. During a hot summer, the sun is never too merciless, but the humidity and stench become oppressive.

However, the city is famed for the thick fogs that rise from the rivers and nearby wetlands. Most mornings the city is lost in a grey haze, and in autumn and spring the fog can persist from dawn until dusk. Cartographers often claim that the city defies their surveys, and lay the blame for this on the warping effects of the city's many magical institutions. There is truth in this, but the fact that so much of the city is so often swathed in mist results in much of the confusion.

FOG AND FILTHY AIR TABLES

The fogs of Altdorf can be so thick and overwhelming that they may have significant effects on characters in games.

To determine whether there is a fog at the time of play, roll on the following table, subtracting 10 if it is before noon.

Time of Year	Weather			
Spring (Nachexen, Jahrdrung, Pflugzeit)	01–35	Foggy	36–00	Clear
Summer (Sigmarzeit, Sommerzeit, Vorgeheim)	01–10	Foggy	11–00	Clear
Autumn (Nachgeheim, Erntezeit, Brauzeit)	01–35	Foggy	36–00	Clear
Winter (Kaldezeit, Ulriczeit, Vorhexen)	01–20	Foggy	21–00	Clear

Then roll on the following table to determine the extent of the fog.

D100	Extent of Fog
01–35	Rough parts of town (Dampfplatz, Dockland, Flottenliegeplatz, Isle of Eels, Ogasse, Reikerbahn, Schlecht Laden, Sudwand).
36–55	Eerie parts of town (Dampfplatz, Friedhofkreuzung, Großvaters Zuhause, Hexxerbezrik, Ogasse, Toteinsel, Zwillingsgrabe).
56–75	Around the confluence (Dockland, Flottenliegeplatz, Großvaters Zuhause, Isle of Eels, Reikerbahn, Schulergegend, Südküste, Toteinsel).
76–95	Along the banks (Dampfplatz, Dockland, Flottenliegeplatz, Friedhofkreuzung, Grandmarkt, Großvaters Zuhause, Hexxerbezrik, Isle of Eels, Karl-Franz Park, Karnevalsplatz, Ogasse, Reikerbahn, Schlecht Laden, Schulergegend, Südküste, Sudwand, Toteinsel).
96–00	The whole city.

To determine the severity of the fog roll on the following table.

D100	Type of Fog	Effect
01–35	Light Mist	Ballistic Skill tests and Perception tests based on sight suffer from a –10 penalty if the target is more than 50 ft away.
36–51	Moderate Mist	Ballistic Skill tests and Perception tests based on sight suffer from a –10 penalty if the target is more than 20 ft away.
52–85	Fog	Ballistic Skill tests and Perception tests based on sight suffer from a –20 penalty if the target is more than 10 ft away.
86–99	Pea Souper	Ballistic Skill tests and Perception tests based on sight suffer from a –30 penalty if the target is more than 5 ft away.
00	Miasmic Stew	Ballistic Skill tests and Perception tests based on sight suffer from a –30 penalty if the target is more than 5 ft away. If a character in a Miasmic Stew makes a test to avoid Contraction of a disease apply a penalty of –10 to the test.

HISTORY OF ALTDORF

Altdorf's rich history begins well before folk knew it by this name. Indeed, it begins long before the foundation of the Empire. Its story is inseparable from that of Sigmar, or of the Empire he founded.

AN ANCIENT SITE

Long before Humans inhabited the region, a settlement was established where the rivers meet. Kor Vanaeth was an elven city founded during the reign of Phoenix King Bel Shanaar the Explorer (–4419 IC to –2750 IC). According to the High Elves this was little more than a backwater trading town, but Dwarf loremasters suggest that it was a site of unseemly magical experimentation. Dwarfs stormed the city during the War of the Beard circa –1850 IC. The Dwarfs toppled Kor Vanaeth's tall towers, and buried the elven monuments there.

The Dwarfs occupied the area for a short while, but retreated to their mountain holds when their struggles with the Goblins began. Primitive agrarian tribes moved into the space, raising mysterious Ogham stones and trading with the Grey Mountain Dwarfs.

COMING OF THE UNBEROGENS

Around –1000 IC bellicose human tribes migrated into the lands now called the Empire. They brought with them their gods: Taal, Rhya, Ulric, and Manann. They conquered the Ogham-raisers, those who worshipped the Old Faith.

The Unberogens were one of these warrior tribes. By –600 IC they had settled in the Reik basin, the area between the Grey Mountains and the river Reik. Their greatest settlement was built at the confluence of the Reik and Talabec. They called it Reikdorf, meaning 'town of the river'. They were soon bolstered by a small community of Dwarfs who assisted with the construction of the town's defences and shared their expertise in blacksmithing. In recognition of its many armouries, the Dwarf quarter soon became known as 'Metallschlacke'.

The islands and mudflats that resulted from the rivers' commingling formed a prized strategic position. Archaeological investigations suggest that at least two areas of modern Altdorf lie over prehistoric settlements. The Königplatz is said to be on the site of the Unberogen chieftain's palace. The hill upon which the Imperial palace now stands was the site of an early fortress and watchtower.

Easily fortified, Reikdorf flourished. The muddy riverbanks yielded red clay used in the manufacture of pottery, and the flat plains between the rivers made fine pastures. The Unberogens were known for their wealth in cattle, and the ferocity with which they defended their herds.



CAPITAL OF A NEW EMPIRE

Over centuries the Unberogens waged bloody war, or formed fragile alliances, with tribes such as the Thurigians and the Teutogens. In -30 IC the child Sigmar was born to Reikdorf's chieftain and chieftess. The boy was strong and charismatic, even winning the gratitude of the Dwarf High King Kurgan Ironbeard after saving him from the clutches of Orcs.

After Sigmar was made chief, he led a campaign of vengeance against marauding Norsii for the murder of his father, and defied Teutogen brigands who raided cattle. He became convinced that the human tribes would not flourish unless unified and directed under his leadership, and led the Unberogens in a campaign of conquest until twelve tribes recognised him as overlord. Sigmar then marched an army to Black Fire Pass, where a horde of Orcs and Goblins had mustered, threatening to overwhelm his Dwarf allies. The Humans and Dwarfs bloodily repulsed the Greenskins, and Sigmar demonstrated that his Empire was a force to be reckoned with.

Reikdorf grew in wealth and power, and the people of the Reikland established many smaller settlements. Surplus from bumper harvests was sent to Reikdorf, along with shipments of locally produced wool, leather, pottery, and timber, and from there it was distributed throughout the Empire. A nascent merchant class emerged and crafters travelled to the city, experts in forging swords, weaving cloth, and brewing fine ales.

When Sigmar left the Empire, the Unberogens were quick to believe that he had joined the pantheon of the gods. Johann Helsturm, who would go on to become the first Grand Theogonist, directed the construction of Sigmar's original temple in Reikdorf.

DIRTY OLD TOWN

By 500 IC the burgeoning Reikdorf was home to thousands of citizens. Emperor Sigismund the Conqueror issued an edict that houses must be built from stone rather than flammable wood, but such was the influx of new residents that this went largely ignored. History records that he was the first to officially refer to the city as Altdorf, and that he commissioned Dwarf masons to construct the great white walls about the city.

In 557 IC Sigismund's son, Siegfried the Lawgiver, moved his court to Nuln. The disgrusted Emperor was heard to exclaim: 'The reeking streets of Altdorf can go to Morri!' Hereafter Altdorf became known as 'The Great Reek', and Nuln gained a reputation as a royal city of import, high culture, and relatively clean air (at least until the establishment of the Imperial Gunnery School).

Altdorf remained important due to the increasing importance of Sigmar's cult and the wealth generated by trade. During the later years of the first millennium, bandits plagued the Empire. In this time, the worship of Sigmar was a beacon of hope and essential for Imperial unity.

By 990 IC the cult had grown popular and powerful. Grand Theogonist Zigmund II financed extensive renovation of the Imperial Palace, involving the addition of extensive kitchens, feast halls, and a reinforced privy. Wild parties were held, with the Emperor as guest of honour. Emperor Ludwig was enticed, moved the Imperial court back to Altdorf, and signed a charter granting electoral votes to the Grand Theogonist and his two senior lectors. Zigmund II died in bed a short while after, asphyxiated by his own neck fat.

The Cult of Sigmar completed work on Altdorf's Cathedral of Sigmar ten years later — one thousand years after the Battle of Black Fire Pass. Emperor Ludwig waddled up the stone steps to slash apart the ribbon and lead a congregation of awestruck Altdorfers inside. Grand Theogonist Uthorson read for this congregation from a newly compiled lexicon of Sigmarite lore, the *Life of Sigmar*.

MIASMA AND FILTHY HEIRS

Feelings of renewed honour and confidence in the Empire and its Emperor did not last. As an Emperor Ludwig was selfish, lazy, and greedy, but he kept the electors happy. His heirs learned this essential tactic for retaining power; the Hohenbach dynasty was a nasty, brutish, and thankfully short line of Altdorf Emperors.

Boris Goldgather, also known as Boris the Incompetent, inherited the crown in 1053 IC. His name is a byword for grasping avarice and dithering ineptitude. His heavy taxes and extravagant consumption sparked civil unrest. His mismanagement was legendary. In return for a gift of rare wines he provided Kemperbad with a charter in 1066 IC, removing its obligations to Reikland. His scheme to ennoble his favourite racehorse panicked the electors, and resulted in the creation of the Prime Estates as an attempt to check Imperial power. His friend Grand Theogonist Uthorson was wisely denounced as a follower of the Ruinous Powers, inciting further outrage. Boris's troops bloodily suppressed the resulting riot, but resentments continued to simmer.

Ignoring the advice of Shallyans and physicians, Boris demanded people work and raise tax to fund measures he deemed necessary for the prosperity of the Empire. This meant relocating his court to Carroburg, a cleaner, less populous city.

Even conservative Altdorfers celebrated the passing of Boris Goldgather in 1115 IC, but worse was to come. The Skaven, a menace hidden throughout most of the Empire's history, were behind the pestilence and emboldened by its success. These loathsome rat-men openly reaved throughout the Empire. Anarchy reigned, and the people prioritised day-to-day survival over social niceties and the election of a new Emperor.

DIMINISHING INFLUENCE

Mandred Ratslayer drove the Skaven back underground, and brought a sense of security and stability to the Empire. He was crowned and moved the Imperial court to Middenheim in 1124 IC, and Altdorf's importance waned. The focus of trade moved northward and the Cult of Sigmar had to acknowledge an openly Ulrican emperor.

As fashion-conscious socialites abandoned Altdorf, the luxury trade collapsed and debts went unpaid. Riots and fires broke out and the Cult of Sigmar attempted to take control of the city. Its cynical 'Bread for Believers' policy rewarded citizens with food if they swore oaths of loyalty to the cult. Altdorfers defrauded the drive so extensively that the cult's coffers were soon exhausted, and once the handouts dried up so did people's new-found piety.

The merchant class took advantage of the power vacuum, and the city saw the rise of organised guilds, promising security for their members. In the wake of the turmoil of the Skaven invasion many peasants flocked to Altdorf to occupy empty houses and join a guild. This abandonment of the country, combined with poor harvests, beggared Reikland's Elector. In order to keep himself solvent, the Grand Count of the Reikland sold many privileges to the Prince of Altdorf. The now-Grand Prince effectively ruled the province, and had to bear the expense. By the end of the 1200s, Altdorf's rulers were known as 'The Poor Princes'. Bribery and corruption became endemic, furthering the rise of the merchant class.

HARD TIMES AND DARK AGES

By 1547 IC Altdorf was regaining some of its former pride. When Gorbard Ironclaw assailed the city in 1701 IC, he found the Altdorfers to be staunch defenders. Even with the death of Emperor Sigismund IV, the citizens of the city remained resilient and derived strength from the worship of Sigmar. In the aftermath of the siege, Altdorf was rocked by scandal as witch hunters uncovered a number of Chaos cults in the city. Authorities established the execution site of Crackle Hill to the south of the city so that the consorts of daemons met their executioners beyond the city walls.

In 1937 IC the reigning Emperor Carolus I made the fatal mistake of trusting the Great Enchanter. He and his court met their demise at the poisoned feast in the dining hall of Castle Drachenfels.

After Grand Theogonist Vilgrim III refused to recognise the election of Magritta of Nuln in 1979 IC, the Empire devolved into a series of uncooperative, and often belligerent, provinces. The fact that Altdorf and Nuln had so often been the site of Imperial courts in the past saw the western Empire enjoy a degree of stability that wasn't the case elsewhere. Both cities maintained rulers called Emperors, even if they didn't have much of an Empire to rule.

Power even returned to Altdorf for a while with the rule of Eberhardt the Just of the Holzkrug line, a glint of light in an age of darkness. Eberhardt had trained to be a priest of Shallya until leadership of the Holzkrug Dynasty, thrust upon him, gained him the title of Emperor. He founded the Great Hospice.

STREETS OF BLOOD

The vampiric rulers of the renegade County of Sylvania laid siege to Altdorf in 2051 IC and 2132 IC, breaching the walls and causing tremendous loss of life. Their terror tactic of launching corpses from catapults caused a resurgence of plague and deprivation. Again, the Altdorfers were defiant, even adopting the Shade of Death as their own grim heraldic device.

During the Vampire Wars, many newcomers arrived in Altdorf as refugees. They congregated in the East End and docklands areas, a starving diseased mass crammed into the tiny tenements there. The guilds were unable to offer the newcomers legitimate labour, and so a new power grew in Altdorf: the dockside gangs. Many small gangs emerged and subsided, but the Hooks and the Fish of today trace their emergence to this time. Whilst the von Carstein Vampires waged war on the city, the two gangs waged war on each other.



Following the defeat of Mannfred von Carstein in 2132 IC, Altdorf entered a period of relative peace known as The Great Reconstruction. Every able-bodied adult was expected to aid in the rebuilding of the city or risk losing their citizenship. Many protested, but after the bitter experience of the gang wars, they lacked the spirit to riot.

MAGNUS THE PIOUS

Altdorf was among the first cities to throw its support behind Magnus the Pious in his efforts to liberate Kislev from the hordes of Asavar Kul during the Great War Against Chaos. With victory achieved, both Magnus and Loremaster Teclis considered Altdorf a perfect site for the establishment of the Colleges of Magic. The news disturbed many of Altdorf's residents, and riots erupted throughout the summer of 2304 IC.

The elven Archmage worked a great ritual to ensure that Altdorf would be able to support the existence of arcane laboratories and training facilities. This warped a great swathe of the city's north, turning it into a territory in flux to suit the needs of the wizards. Pandemonium ensued as folk found their homes had moved or vanished. Residents of the Hexxerbezrik, as the area about the colleges became known, learned to navigate by landmarks rather than trusting on streets to remain connected as once they had been. Guides became common, and the watchmen stepped up patrols to prevent rioters from assaulting wizards in the street.

The wizards quickly learned to court the guilds and nobility, and Altdorf's Grand Prince grew wary of them. The Reikland Diet approved a set of new laws to ensure that wizards were bound by additional regulations to prevent them from dominating trade, owning land, or agitating for political causes. The wizards complained, but were obliged to agree that the compromises were preferable to being burned at the stake.

THE CAPITAL RESTORED

By 2429 IC, Altdorf was outraged that Emperor Dieter IV had colluded with the burghers of Marienburg to award the city its independence. Grand Theogonist Hedrich excoriated the Emperor for selling a part of the Empire, and the guilds of Altdorf reacted with economic sanctions. Fish war chiefs were more pragmatic, sending envoys to the newly independent city to open links with Marienburg's smugglers and their Altdorf associates. Legal trade between the cities dropped off, but illicit trade flourished.

The electors could not allow Dieter to remain on the throne, and replaced him with Wilhelm Holswig-Schliestein, Grand Prince of Altdorf. The guilds publically swore allegiance to Wilhelm III and scrambled for Imperial patronage. Wilhelm raised significant funds by auctioning off favours and appointments. He sought to wage war on the Westerland and retake Marienburg. After the disastrous battle of Grootcher Marsh, he recognised the Wasteland's independence and entitled Dieter the Grand Duke and Elector Count of Talabecland.

Following this setback, Wilhelm rescued his reputation by engaging in a number of popular civic works. He sponsored the improvement of roads between the major cities of the Empire, and worked to improve sanitation and the effectiveness of the Watch in Altdorf. Following the Great Fire of Altdorf, he ordered that many of the devastated streets be rebuilt to more sensible plans, and with stone buildings. He also curbed the rights of wizards to test experimental magic outside of given areas.

Wilhelm had a complicated relationship with the Colleges of Magic. In the early years of his rule, he worked closely with the Celestial and Grey Colleges, who advised him on how to wrest back power and control from the merchant class. However, when a trio of illusionists attached to a theatre company made off with treasure from Wilhelm's vaults, he responded by ordering a mass trial for wizards on charges of witchcraft. No doubt many wizards were bitter about this, but Wilhelm's resulting popularity with Altdorf's superstitious citizens made it difficult for them to object too vociferously.

THE HOUSE OF THE THIRD WILHELM

Despite his mixed success as Emperor, Wilhelm III was fondly remembered and the dynasty he founded, the House of the Third Wilhelm, has the affection of the people whilst remaining unambitious and eccentric enough not to alarm the electors. As such, they are likely to retain power for the foreseeable future.

Wilhelm's son, Matthias IV, was a prudent if melancholy prince. He disappeared in 2438 IC. He went out into one of the Altdorf fogs to discover what the common folk thought of their Emperor, and was never seen again. Even seventy years later, vagrants sometimes appear at the palace gates, claiming to be the rightful Emperor.

Emperor Mattheus II was beloved of the common folk and a strong believer in democratic principles, but nearly lost the confidence of the Electors when he tried to write a constitution for the Empire built around the Council of State. This was quietly quashed.

Emperor Luitpold was a paranoid ruler, prone to seeing spirits, and was always concerned about his family's safety. Fortunately for the Empire, his paranoia manifested itself as an eagerness to satisfy the Electors rather than fight with them. During his rule, the House of the Third Wilhelm regained the confidence that Mattheus had risked.

Offered the chance to support Oswald von Konigswald's plan to infiltrate Castle Drachenfels and kill the Great Enchanter, Luitpold declined. Shamed by Oswald's success, the Emperor planned to send an army to cleanse the castle and raze it to the ground, but Oswald persuaded him to let it stand.



THE EMPEROR'S NEW COAT

The coat of arms adopted by Emperor Wilhelm the Third is such a common sight throughout the capital that many visitors confuse it with the city's own device. The knightly helm and crown has been associated with Emperors since the days of Siegfried I, a particularly bellicose ruler who fought to the last at the Battle of Fates in 732 IC, but the addition of a rampant Griffon atop the crown was instituted by Magnus the Pious upon his victorious return from Kislev. Magnus also began the tradition of adding a shield with the first initial of the reigning Emperor emblazoned upon it. This shield was blocked in plain black to remind him that even he must one day surrender to Morr.

From 2369 IC the Unfähiger Emperors sought to distinguish themselves from Magnus by replacing the rampant Griffon with a Pegasus and later, in a rather desperate attempt to appeal to Wastelanders, a fish-tailed Triton.

Upon his election in 2429 IC Wilhelm III not only returned the rampant Griffon to the top of the crown, but added a large rampant Griffon to either side of the coat of arms. He also ordered the Griffons painted red and the shadows of the ribbons on the helm to be coloured blue, clear indications of his association with Altdorf.

THE WATERFRONT WAR

In Altdorf's Dockland and the teeming rookeries of the East End, few people care about the edicts and intrigues hatched in the Imperial court. There, life is managed by two sprawling and violent dockside gangs. By 2500 I.C., tensions between the Hooks and the Fish were at a peak. A commonplace brawl on the Street of a Hundred Taverns escalated into what the newsheets termed 'The Waterfront War'. The usual drunken fisticuffs turned into a campaign of running battles and tit-for-tat murder that terrorised the citizens of the East End for five years.

One night, a number of war chiefs from both the Hooks and the Fish vanished without trace. Word on the street had it that the hard-boiled watchman Harald Kleindienst, having lost family to the violence, put an end to them. The Waterfront War reduced significantly in severity following the disappearances, but it never truly ended. The two gangs still pursue their bloody vendettas.

THE RULE OF KARL-FRANZ

Upon the death of Luitpold in 2502 IC, his son Karl-Franz was elected. Karl-Franz continues the style of statesmanship practised by his father. He is exceedingly careful, ensuring that no one gets special treatment unless doing so would meet the approval of other power brokers. He has a thorough understanding of leverage, and many of his successes involve assuring petitioners that, even if they haven't got what they might have wanted, no precedent has been set for their rivals to demand similar privileges. Using such tactics, he was able to convince the guilds of Altdorf to sign on to the infamous Stench Act of 2506 IC. The guilds were drawn into committing themselves to large fines and fees, not because they believed in a cleaner Altdorf, but because they thought the cost would destroy rival guilds.

But not all the Emperor's decisions were so well conceived. He has agreed to delegate much of Altdorf's policy on taxation to Chancellor Mornan Tybalt, whose methods of raising revenue have sparked riots on more than one occasion. During the Window Tax riots, the Reiksguard were deployed against the mob, resulting in carnage.

A few years later, Mornan again instituted an unpopular tax: a 2 crown tax on all able-bodied Imperial citizens. This fanned the flames of the revolutionary movements, whose agitators dubbed it the Thumb Tax. Horrified by a series of gruesome murders and inspired by the revolutionary rhetoric of the Kislevite agitator Yevgeny Yefimovich, rioting erupted throughout Altdorf, with much of the anger directed at aristocrats. Short-lived but intensely destructive, the riots were quelled when Yefimovich was unmasked as a mutated devotee of Tzeentch. The Fish, who threw in their lot with the rioters, subsequently suffered a significant loss of face whilst the Hooks, who mainly assisted in policing the riots, clawed back losses they had suffered during the Waterfront War.

TIMELINE OF ALTDORF

Being a summary of the major events in the recorded history of Altdorf and its environs.

C. -3000 IC

Archaeological evidence shows that by this time, the area had been occupied by both Elves and Dwarfs. Both High Elf and Dwarf records tell of Kor Vanaeth, an elven settlement of some significance that occupied the site.

C. -1850 IC

The War of the Beard. Elves and Dwarfs engage in bitter fighting before abandoning the area.

C. -500 IC

The Unberogen tribe settles the land and begins fortifying the area. The settlement becomes known as Reikdorf, meaning 'town of the river'.

C. -480 IC

A small but permanent Dwarf settlement is established on the fringe of Reikdorf. The Dwarfs know it as Khazid Urbaz ('trading post town').

-30 IC

During a night of fierce storms, a twin tailed comet is seen in the skies and Sigmar Heldenhammer is born in Reikdorf.

0 IC

Sigmar is crowned the first Emperor, and announces that Reikdorf shall be his capital.

73 IC

Johann Helsturm builds the first temple to Sigmar in Reikdorf, and is named the first High Priest of Sigmar. Eventually this title would change to 'Grand Theogonist'.

246 IC

Reikdorf's High Temple of Sigmar is completed. The Cult of Sigmar has become ubiquitous throughout the Empire. This begins an era of tension between the cults of Sigmar, Taal, and Ulric that still persists.

263 IC

Emperor Wilhelm I demands on his deathbed that he be buried with gold crowns placed on his eyes instead of the traditional pennies. According to Morrite tradition, Morr refuses to take his spirit into the afterlife. His shade is said to haunt the city to this day.

522 IC

Emperor Sigismund 'The Conqueror' renames the city Altdorf, demonstrating its age and importance to the Empire as a whole.



557 IC

Emperor Seigfried the Lawgiver quits Altdorf and moves his capital to Nuln. Tradition has it that he was the first to call the city 'the Great Reek'.

632 IC

Following the sacking of Marienburg by Norse raiders, Emperor Hasso demands to take action. After prolonged discussions with the Baron of Westerland, he institutes the Keepers of the Coast. A nascent navy takes shape, with an important base in Altdorf.

850 IC

Grand Theogonist Marius Mollus declares that there are no other gods save Sigmar. He is last seen dragged screaming through Altdorf's streets by a blood-red, three-headed hound.

942 IC

Altdorf's priestesses of Shallya are said to discover a cure for Crumbling Age. A cult of Nurgle, the Order of the Septic Claw, summons a swarm of Daemons into the city. The temple of Shallya collapses under the weight of five hundred Nurglings, crushing the priestesses within. The cure is lost.

990 IC

Emperor Ludwig the Fat, after many years' lavish gifts, grants an electorship to the Grand Theogonist. This marks a significant shift in power and wealth for the Cult of Sigmar.

1000 IC

Exactly 1000 years to the day after the *Battle of Black Fire Pass*, the Cult of Sigmar completes Altdorf's Grand Cathedral, the largest temple in the Empire.

1111 IC

The Black Plague. The terrible disease sweeps through Altdorf, devastating the population. This catastrophic upheaval has the additional effect of blunting the growing revolutionary spirit on the streets of Altdorf, and the corruption of Emperor Boris Goldgather goes unchecked until his death in 1115 IC.

1115-1124 IC

Skaven flood out of their Under-Empire and terrorise the Empire for almost a decade.

1220 IC

The Great Temple of the Witch Hunters is founded close to the Grand Cathedral of Sigmar.

1359 IC

During a period of civil strife and war, the Electors meet in Altdorf to elect a new Emperor. By committee, they decide upon Count Wilhelm of Sitrland. This infuriates Ottilla of Talabecland, who returns to Talabheim and declares herself Empress without a vote. Empress Ottilla is backed by the Cults of Taal and Ulric, and outlaws the Cult of Sigmar.

1416 IC

The deeply unpopular Hjalmar the Tyrannical, first and only Emperor to hail from Nordland, attempts to gloss his reputation by construction of a modern wonder, Altdorf's Pillar of Sigmar.

1547 IC

The outbreak of the Time of Three Emperors sees Altdorf's fortunes rise, as the River Reik booms with trade. This influx of money, borne on the back of war profiteering, bolsters the position of the growing Guilder movement, and the middle class attains a foothold in the city.

1645 IC

The Riot of Ishak's Ears. The bat-eared witch Ishak Farizad overhears a servant laughing about him. He curses the town of Grabatz, causing the ears of its inhabitants to wither away. He is executed for sorcery, but amongst Altdorf's high society it becomes fashionable to trim one's ears. Emperor Dieter III imposes a missing ear tax to rein in the practice, leading to riots among Altdorf's fashionable set.

1682 IC

Grand Theogonist Siebold II officially recognises the Order of the Silver Hammer, and tasks them with defending humanity against the depredations of Chaos. This begins a period of officially sanctioned Inquisition in the Empire.

1695 IC

The Battle of Grimgrill Dale. Emperor Sigismund marches to relieve a Dwarf army. In gratitude, the Dwarfs bequeath the magical Horn of Sigismund. It is sounded from the parapets of the Cathedral of Sigmar each year on the anniversary of Sigismund's death.

1701 IC

The First Siege of Altdorf. The horde of Gorbad Ironclaw reaches the city. Altdorfers take great pride in withstanding the prolonged siege, and the Cults of the Empire see a religious renaissance. Emperor Sigismund is slain during a desperate airborne raid by Orc Wyvern riders on the Imperial Palace. When the siege is lifted, Witch Hunters expose a number of Chaos cults.

2012 IC

The Tilean genius Leonardo of Miragliano founds the Imperial School of Engineers near Altdorf's east gate. He sets about the creation of his most infamous design, the Imperial Steam Tank.

2051 IC

The Second Siege of Altdorf. The von Carstein Vampires besiege Altdorf. The people of Altdorf adopt the 'shade of death' as their official heraldry in defiance of the Vampire Counts.

2132 IC

The Third Siege of Altdorf. Mannfred von Carstein attacks Altdorf at the head of an army of undead. He is defeated when Grand



Theogonist Kurt III reads the Great Spell of Unbinding from the *Liber Mortis*, a tome of terrible necromantic power.

2150 IC

High Elves from Saphery set up a consulate presence in Altdorf.

2302 IC

The Great Boil Plague. Throughout the Reikland there is a great plague of boils, and blood is seen to drip from statues of Sigmar in the city.

2303 IC

The Great War Against Chaos. The distant Kislevite city of Praag is overrun. Many Altdorfers join Magnus the Pious in his campaign to relieve Praag. Altdorf flourishes as weapons and armour command exorbitant prices, and refugees flood south.

2304 IC

Magnus the Pious announces the founding of the Colleges of Magic, which elicits unrest and a mass exodus of the city's population. Archmage Teclis of Ulthuan performs a great ritual to protect the city from such concentrated magic, though this has the unintended effect of confusing direction and space around the colleges.

2306 IC

The Year of Purges. The Sigmarite faith is rocked by internal struggles resulting from its need to accommodate reforms ordered by Magnus the Pious. The reactionary Witch Hunter General Otto Sprenger oversees the expulsion and execution of many priests and Templars who do not share his zeal. The purges are brought to an end with Sprenger's own execution.

2324 IC

The Summer of Cess. The sewers of Altdorf, unable to cope with the increased load brought about by the influx of refugees after the Great War Against Chaos, erupt into the underground tunnels, streams, and wells all across the city. The Emperor decrees that a coalition of guilds builds new sewer works to keep their city clean.

2415 IC

The Night of a Thousand Arcane Duels. During the ritual challenge for the title of Supreme Patriarch, rivalries between wizards escalate beyond the Hall of Duels, and the city erupts into a magical street brawl. The violence razes streets and results in the deaths of six of the eight Patriarchs. Grand Theogonist Viktor Helmgart beseeches Emperor Dieter IV to crack down on the Colleges, and the teaching of magic is suspended in Altdorf.

2420 IC

Grand Theogonist Hedrich Lutzenschlager declares that only certain actions can avert the coming End Times, but refuses to elaborate. The Cathedral of Sigmar is set ablaze, though the fire is soon brought under control.

2429 IC

Emperor Dieter IV sells Marienburg its freedom, and is quickly replaced as Emperor by Wilhelm the Wise, the first Holswig-Schliestein to hold the title. The newly elected Emperor Wilhelm III attempts to retake the Wasteland. Following defeat in the *Battle of Grootscher Marsh* and the formal recognition of the Wasteland's independence, Wilhelm III moves the capital from Nuln to Altdorf to consolidate power. The Reiksguard is instituted as a body of knights tasked with defending the Emperor.

2430 IC

Emperor Wilhelm III, embarrassed by his defeat at Grootscher Marsh, reinstates the Colleges of Magic and invests significant resources into shipbuilding.

2431 IC

The Great Fire of Altdorf. A huge conflagration sweeps through the city for four days. Over four-fifths of Altdorf is effectively destroyed, though the death toll is fortunately low. Many Altdorfers blame wizards, but Wilhelm III ignores calls to again close the Colleges. Halfling pies become the staple survival food of homeless Altdorfers and Pie Week, invented a century earlier in Saurapfel, becomes a major holiday.

2453 IC

The Fourth Siege of Altdorf. The Liche King Arkhan the Black invades Reikland and besieges Altdorf. Once the siege begins, Arkhan slips unnoticed into the High Temple of Sigmar and steals the Liber Mortis kept within. After his escape, his army collapses, leaving thousands of carcasses mouldering outside the city walls.

2472 IC

The yellow shakes, a highly contagious disease, afflicts many in Altdorf's crowded East End. The Cult of Shallya establishes the Sanatorium of Mercy to help the sick.

2483 IC

Emperor Luitpold signs a deal with the Wasteland to let the Imperial navy pass through Marienburg. The Reiklander navy sails the high seas for the first time since 2429 IC, though it pays exorbitant fees to do so.

2492 IC

Aekold Helbrass of the Knights of the Jade Griffon is unmasked as a servant of Tzeentch. He escapes the Witch Hunters and flees to the northern wastes, where he soon rises as one of Tzeentch's greatest mortal champions.



2498 IC

Tensions between the two major docklands gangs, the Hooks and the Fish, break out into sporadic but intense tit-for-tat feuding. The fighting becomes known as the Waterfront War, an ugly spate of violence that blights the lives of all those who live in Altdorf's Docklands.

2500 IC

The Great Stampede. To honour 2,500 years of cooperation between Human and Dwarf, the renowned Zhufbar Miners' Close Harmony Choir performs at the Grand Cathedral of Sigmar. During 'She Was Only a Halfling's Daughter' the octobass bellowing of Borin Bullroarer shatters the Emperor's Window and sends the horses of the Reiksguard stampeding.

A delegation of lawyers and burgomeisters attempts to win damages from Zhufbar, but High King Thorgrim involves his own Loremasters in the dispute. In the end, the Dwarfs claim 1000 gold crowns from the Altdorf Treasury for damage done to Borin's reputation.

2502 IC

Emperor Luitpold dies and is succeeded by his son Emperor Karl-Franz I. A series of new taxes on Altdorfers gives rise to political agitation and rioting in the streets. The most notable is the 'Window Tax Riots', in which the Reiksguard are deployed against the rabble. During the armed clash, a young Felix Jaeger is saved by the Dwarf Slayer Gotrek Gurnisson. Over drinks in the *Axe and Hammer Tavern*, he swears to record the Slayer's doom.

2505 IC

The elector of Ostland, Ostwald von Konigswald, commissions Detlef Sierck to write and direct a drama celebrating his victory over the Great Enchanter. Emperor Karl-Franz and Prince Luitpold travel to the premiere held in Castle Drachenfels. Upon their return, they declare von Konigswald dead and a traitor.

2506 IC

The Great Fog Riots. Widespread rioting breaks out in Altdorf, inflamed by Chancellor Tybalt's punishing Thumb Tax and rumours that a member of the nobility has been murdering women in the Dockland. The violence is intense but short-lived, as one of the main instigators is soon outed as a servant of the Chaos gods.

2507 IC

Egrimm van Horstmann, patriarch of the Light Order, is unmasked as a worshipper of Tzeentch. Van Horstmann manages to free the two-headed Chaos Dragon Baudros from its prison beneath the Pyramid of Light. He flees to the Chaos Wastes and sets about creating a citadel fortress at the edge of the Screaming Hills. To these gleaming silver towers he summons many corrupted souls, including a number of Altdorf's wizards whom his machinations have perverted.

◆ GOVERNANCE OF ALTDORF ◆



II

Patriotic Reiklanders have come to see the Empire under the reign of house Holswig-Schliestein as so wealthy, powerful, and stable that they view all foreign governments as temporary, if not funny. Their Emperor embodies the example of Sigmar, so his word must be law and his wish the command of his subjects. For the word of the Emperor to be anything less than law would be a betrayal of the principles that have held the Empire together.

In reality, few Emperors wield such power. Desperate circumstances and force of will have seen men like Magnus the Pious wield their influence against little opposition. Most who have sat the Imperial throne have had to balance their desires against those of powerful groups with divergent agendas.

Weak Emperors of the past have allowed favourites to overly influence them, have appointed flatterers or incompetents to their councils, and have issued edicts the Prime Estates simply chose to ignore. Wise Emperors know to surround themselves with qualified experts who are able to complement their ideas and provide honest feedback. These advisors and representatives build relationships with cults, guilds, and Komissions to win popular support, and make offers that watchdog bodies such as the Prime Estates find difficult to refuse.

THE EMPEROR'S FAMILY AND PRIVY COUNCIL

Karl-Franz, his family, and his closest advisors live in the northern wings of the Imperial palace. Aside from the Emperor himself, few of these people have formal roles to play in government. Their jobs are mostly one or other form of stewardship or companionship. They include tutors, favourites, and domestic staff. Such people exercise enormous power, as Karl-Franz discusses matters with them outside of formal meetings and state occasions.

EMPEROR KARL-FRANZ HOLSWIG-SCHLIESTEIN

Karl-Franz I, House of the Third Wilhelm, Protector of the Empire, Defier of the Dark, Emperor Himself and Son of Emperors. Karl-Franz is a popular Emperor in part because his ancestors kept a tradition of respecting the autonomy of the other elector counts. He is the latest in a line of Emperors of the Holswig-Schliestein dynasty, known to the masses as the House of the Third Wilhelm. He exemplifies the careful statesmanship of his forefathers. Or ... he used to.



The events surrounding the most recent death of the monster known as Constant Drachenfels have left their scars on the Emperor. He is said to mourn the passing of Ostwald von Königswald even though the man was a traitor to the Empire. The Emperor is publicly chaste and unattached, all the better to keep the Elector Counts hopeful of a dynastic match. But tavern gossips tell of romantic liaisons in Talabheim, suggesting that he had an affair with Arch Lector Aglim's niece, Lotte. Others suggest a longtime affair with Duchess Elise. Still others, that he stays in the High Temple of Sigmar with a different priest or priestess each night.

The Emperor knows to maintain a dignified silence against such calumny, but the seizure of Ubersreik is an open example of his recent intemperance. Now throughout the Empire noble landlords query whether or not their own realms are safe, and petition their Grand Dukes to check the Emperor's power.

'EMPRESS' MARIA-LUISE VON WALFEN

The Emperor is a bachelor, but he is tremendously fond of the mother of his two children. A Lady at Court, Maria-Luise is a childhood friend of the Emperor, and his distant cousin. Maria-Luise is a responsible and conscientious mother to the Emperor's children, and aware of her precarious political position. During public appearances she is demure and aloof, but those who know her understand that she is canny, observant, and loyal. Within the confines of the Privy Council, her voice is heard and heeded. In a spirit of respectful jesting, other Privy Councillors do refer to her as 'Empress', but they would be reckless to do so where agents of the Elector Counts might hear them.

Karl-Franz and Maria-Luise have two children. The Emperor has legitimised Prince Luitpold and made him heir to Altdorf. He is not a Grand Prince in waiting, however, as Karl-Franz's nephew Crown Prince Wolfgang Holswig-Abenauer is heir to Reikland. Karl-Franz and Maria-Luise's daughter, Alia, is a rambunctious toddler.

PRINCE LUITPOLD

Despite his growing confidence in matters of statecraft and his fair character, Prince Luitpold does not command the affection of Altdorfers. A popular but preposterous rumour has it that the prince is responsible for the continuing concealed existence of a mad and monstrous twin brother, reared in secret and let out only at night to prevent him preying on the palace's wealthy and important guests. Such is the strange relationship Altdorfers have to the royal family that, if it is pointed out to them that Karl-Franz, rather than the prince, ought to be held responsible for such an atrocity, they simply change the subject.

Gossip has it that the Prince is ailing. Ever since the disastrous showing of Drachenfels, where the traitor Ostwald von Königswald threatened his life, Prince Luitpold's hands have shaken. Though his tutors include the finest minds of the Empire, the prince remains a naïf, needy, and indecisive.

PRIVY COUNCILLORS

There are scores of privy councillors. Many of them have conspicuously menial tasks, such as ensuring the Emperor's chamber pot is kept clean, or organising his wardrobe. Yet they are all trusted favourites of Karl-Franz. He wishes to speak his mind and think aloud whilst in his own chambers, so even the most apparently modest of his domestic staff is an experienced and trusted diplomat.

Ludwig Schwartzhelm, The Emperor's Champion

The Emperor's champion is a grim man utterly devoted to his task of ensuring the safety of the Emperor's person, whether he be on the field of battle or wandering the streets of Altdorf. Schwartzhelm also works to protect the honour of the Emperor's reputation. He is often dispatched to verify that the Emperor's law is being respected throughout the nation. In his travels, he is not shy in picking deadly fights with those he regards as having insulted the honour of the House of the Third Wilhelm. Whilst he is not as vengeful a duellist as the late Leos von Liebwitz, a number of noble families around the Empire nurse grievances against Schwartzhelm for his summary judgements upon their wayward sons.

Bruni Gromson, Voice of Altdorf's Dwarfs

Since the time of Sigmar, a Dwarf has always been associated with the Emperor's Privy Court. This is usually an elder of the Metallshlacke district, chosen for great wisdom and attention to detail. The Emperor seeks this Dwarf's advice on matters of history, the quality of gifts, and the standard of work done throughout the palace.

Lately, Bruni has found excuses not to be at court. People gossip that he is unable to abide Daendra Stillwater. The truth is that Bruni was ashamed by the behaviour of his kinsman, the former Bretonnian Ambassador Etienne Edouarde Villechaize Comte de la Rougierre, who blundered his way about the court and fraternised rather too crudely with Prince Luitpold. Since the comte's return to Bretonnia, Bruni is gradually re-establishing his presence at court, and refuses to discuss his absence.

Daendra Stillwater, Lothorn's Chief Diplomat

Since the time of Magnus the Pious, it has been traditional for one member of the Emperor's Privy Council to be an Elf from Ulthuan. Presently this envoy is Daendra Stillwater, a sage-princess from Lothorn. She has a reputation for giving nothing away, and does little more at court than listen attentively. Stillwater is careful to be very nice to Bruni, in a manner that some might call condescending but which gives the Dwarf no room for complaint. When asked for her opinion she provides solid, if taciturn, advocacy for whatever position she deems most advantageous for Ulthuan's Phoenix King.

DWARFS AT COURT

Kazadar Durginsson of the Stonewall clan is one of only two Imperial Dwarfs holding a position of significance in the Imperial court. Bruni Gromsson, the Metallschlacke district elder, is the other. In his capacity as the minister of Altdorf's defences, Kazadar regularly inspects the conditions of the city wall and its garrison. Monthly, he issues meticulous and highly regarded reports for review and dissemination by the High Lord Reiksmarshal.

There are also ambassadors from the Dwarf realms present at the Imperial court. The most important are those representing the Dwarf Empire of Karaz Ankor as well as the Dwarf holds of Karak Norn and Karak Azgaraz.

Mordin Harginsson, Karaz Ankor Ambassador

When Bruni Gromsson returned to the Imperial Court, he faced a fresh challenge in the form of the new ambassador from Karaz Ankor. Mordin Harginsson, kinsman of High King Thorgrim, presented his credentials to Emperor Karl-Franz during Bruni's absence. The brash and younger Mordin replaced the gruff-mannered Brogar Stromnisson, who had decided to return to Karaz-a-Karak to live out the rest of his days. Mordin is dismissive of Dwarfs who make their home in Altdorf. He thinks them too Manling-like in attitude. Mordin also believes his position gives him rank over ambassadors from other Dwarf holds, and he is not shy about acting on his views.

Rungni Garilsson, Karak Norn Ambassador

The destruction of Bugman's Brewery, near Wusterburg in Wissenland, has made Rungni Garilsson perhaps the most important Dwarf in Altdorf. As a member of the Bugman brewing clan, he relishes that prominence. Rungni's ability to ensure a steady flow of Bugman's ales from the family brewery in Karak Norn to the Imperial Palace affords the plain-speaking, genial ambassador an audience with Karl-Franz whenever his hold's business requires. This ready access rankles the proud Mordin. When not at Court, Rungni can be found touring the Metallschlacke taverns near his residence at the Karak Norn Embassy.

Dern Ketilsson, Karak Azgaraz Ambassador

An elder of the Blackhammer clan, the dour and restive Dern Ketilsson is currently the longest-serving Dwarf ambassador in Altdorf. Relatively speaking, Karak Azgaraz is one of the lesser Dwarf holds, but it stands closer to Altdorf than any other. Dern also knows that his hold's trade is particularly vital to kitchens in Metallschlacke and Neiderwind. Spicy Lustrian fire peppers that grow surprisingly well in the Grey Mountains are important ingredients in Dwarf cuisine. Dern is often a fixture in Neiderwind, walking about the district talking to the Dwarfs who live and work there.

THE THREE VOLKSHALLE COUNCILS

Each day dozens of issues demand the Emperor's attention, from policies on taxation, to the appeal of noble prisoners seeking clemency, to the official opening of the Grand Altdorf Fair. Whilst Karl-Franz is famed as a great statesman, his success is due in large part to the teams of (mostly) loyal and (largely) competent councillors to whom he delegates the running of his Empire, his province, and his capital.

There are three councils in particular that meet regularly at the Palace's public meeting chambers, collectively called the Volkshalle. The councillors are powerful individuals entrusted by the Emperor to advise him on best policy regarding their area of expertise, and even to act in his stead should he be absent or indisposed. The councils' role is to support the Emperor, seeking to provide him with good advice and constructive plans to implement his wishes. It may be the place of a councillor to graciously raise criticism, but only if they go on to suggest solutions and improvements.



THE COUNCIL OF STATE

The Council of State is the most influential of the three councils. Its job is to advise the Emperor on the state of the nation, to broker agreements between the Emperor and the Elector Counts, and to take the pulse of the national mood. It has no formal power. Mattheus II, grandfather of Karl-Franz, once tried to draft a constitution built round the council, but the Electors saw it as a threat to their authority and refused to support it.

The Council of State has been unchanged since Emperor Karl-Franz first rose to power a decade ago. Its members are old, powerful, and used to having their say. Like his father before him, the Emperor grants each of his councillors a broad-reaching 'portfolio' and an official title, and allows the councillor to wield his full authority in their appointed area of influence.

Grand Theogonist Yorri XV, High Confessor

Yorri XV, Grand Theogonist and Elector, is granted a portfolio covering all Matters Spiritual. He arguably has more autonomy to make nation-shaking decisions than the Emperor himself, for in ruling over Sigmarite law no established bodies may gainsay him. However, as a religious leader he is expected to be conservative and embody in himself the values he extols to others. He could make radical decisions, but risks schisms between cults if he is too reckless.

Baroness Lotte Hochsvoll, High Chancellor of the Fisc

The baroness is granted a portfolio covering Matters Material. She is the baroness of Stimmswald, a noble line famed for their prudence with money. Their reputation dates back centuries, and people jest that they are the result of an illicit liaison between an Ostland chambermaid and Emperor Boris Goldgather. The baroness is deeply disinterested in keeping detailed accounts and delegates such matters to Mornan Tybalt.

Grey Guardian Immanuel-Ferrand Holswig-Schliestein, High Chancellor of the Realm

Immanuel-Ferrand is an uncle of the Emperor, and his portfolio covers Matters Temporal. An important Imperial spymaster, he keeps his own clandestine network, the Graukappen, who are an arm of the Black Chamber, Altdorf's secret service.

Immanuel-Ferrand is an ingenious man, but a notable flaw has allowed rivals to exploit him. He is firmly of the belief that the Empire would be stronger and more efficient if power were centralised, and he thinks Karl-Franz is a leader worthy of absolute authority. He has been a major influence in the reckless deposition of the Jungfreuds of Ubersreik. Immanuel-Ferrand was led to believe that the Jungfreuds were planning to wage war on their neighbours, but this is a result of being fed judiciously selected evidence, much of it doctored, by Yann Zuntermein of the Purple Hand.

Thyrus Gormann, Supreme Patriarch

As might be expected, the portfolio of the Supreme Patriarch covers Matters Magickal. He has the air of a seasoned general more than a Magister, and in a sense he is both. There is no doubt that his is a commanding presence, and many at the Imperial court are wary of his tempestuous nature. Quick to laugh, quicker to anger, and the most experienced and powerful Pyromancer in the Old World, he is not the sort of person who suffers fools at all.

Thyrus is one of the oldest and most trusted of the Emperor's advisors. Karl-Franz regards the Supreme Patriarch as one of the most learned men of magic in the Empire, and also respects his skills as a battlefield commander. Thyrus is devoted to understanding practical applications of magic in war. He is the mastermind behind the Nordwald Citadel, a tall tower overlooking the Hexxerbezrik where the Imperial army trains alongside battle wizards of the colleges.

Long-term exposure to Aqshy's harsh wind has left its mark on Thyrus's psyche. For all his extensive learning and vast wisdom, he is a famously difficult and intemperate man. He is given to dark moods and flashes of violent rage. Whilst Karl Franz always welcomes him at court, many envoys and stewards have come to fear the sting of his tongue. Recently, a diplomatic incident with Bretonnia was only narrowly avoided following the singeing of Ambassador Etienne Edouarde Villechaize Comte de la Rougierre's bodacious beard. There are many wizards in Altdorf who feel that Thyrus is rather too bellicose and self-assured to represent their interests, and look forward to the ascension of a more bookish and scholarly Supreme Patriarch.

Duchess Ullana Velten, High Chamberlain of the Seal

Duchess Ullana's portfolio covers Matters Ambassadorial — effectively foreign affairs. Most of her work involves liaising with the Prime Estates in order to brief the Emperor on the disposition of the Elector Counts towards him and towards each other. She also meets regularly with diplomats from Ulthuan, Bretonnia, Kislev, Tilea, and several major Dwarf holds. Old and ailing, there have been suggestions that she step down from her role before her worsening health forces her retirement.

Reiksmarshal Kurt Helborg, High Field Marshal

The Reiksmarshal's portfolio covers Matters Martial. The Reiksmarshal is the overall commander of the Empire's armed forces. He has seen countless battles and is one of the most experienced generals in the Old World. Such is his prowess that the Emperor has granted him the use of the Solland Runefang, the only person aside from the Electors granted the right to wield such a weapon. Kurt Helborg is a grim warrior, reputed to be the finest swordsman in the Empire save perhaps Ludwig Schwarzhelm.



THYRUS GORMANN – WIZARD LORD (GOLD 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	63	38	38	45	53	56	37	75	75	44	18

Traits: Animosity (difficult people), Weapon +9
Skills: Athletics 66, Bribery 54, Channelling (Aqshy) 95, Charm 49, Climb 48, Consume Alcohol 55, Cool 93, Dodge 76, Endurance 55, Gossip 64, Haggle 47, Intimidate 58, Intuition 73, Language (Battle 85, Classical 80, Magick 95), Leadership 64, Lore (History 80, Magic 95, Politics 85, Reikland 78, Warfare 90), Melee (Basic 78, Polearm 78), Perception 73, Ride (Horse) 76
Talents: Aethyric Attunement 3, Arcane Magic (Bright), Combat Aware, Detect Artefact, Coolheaded, Doomed (*The nature of thine ending is shrouded in smoke*), Etiquette (Nobles, Scholars), Fast Hands, Frightening, Instinctive Diction 2, Iron Will, Magical Sense 2, Menacing, Nimble Fingered, Petty Magic, Perfect Pitch 2, Pure Soul, Read/Write, Savvy, Schemer, Second Sight 3, Sixth Sense, War Wizard, Warrior Born, Wealth 3

SPELLS

Arcane and Lore: Aethyric Armour, Aqshy's Aegis, Blast, Bolt, Breath, Cauterise, Chain Attack, Crown of Flame, Dome, Drop, Fearsome, Flaming Hearts, Firewall, Great Fires of U'Zhul, Flaming Sword of Rhuin, Purge, Terrifying, Ward
Petty: Dart, Dazzle, Light, Magic Flame, Shock

THE GRAND ARTIFICER

Thyrus has few peers as an artificer of magical items, having learned forging techniques rarely mastered outside the Gold College. He is massively protective of these items. He would only willingly surrender the Staff of Volans to Teclis or the next Supreme Patriarch. He might loan other items to members of the Bright College, but only under duress. Should anyone steal any of these items, Thyrus would focus all his efforts on their summary cremation.

The Staff of Volans

It is the privilege of the current Supreme Patriarch to carry the Staff of Volans, created by the first of the Supreme Patriarchs. The Staff of Volans confers several abilities to a Wizard Lord who wields it. It counts as part of the wielder's body for the purposes of touch when casting. It adds +2 SL to all Channelling and Language (Magick) Tests. If the bearer of the Staff suffers a Miscast, they can make a **Difficult (-10) Willpower** Test: if the test succeeds, the Miscast does not occur.

The Firebrand Staff

Thyrus also possesses his own magical staff. The Firebrand Staff is a shaft of enchanted brass topped with an eternally burning brazier. It counts as part of the wielder's body for the purposes of touch when casting. When the wielder casts a spell from the Lore of Fire, they double the spell's range and may increase the area of effect by (Willpower Bonus) yards.

The Bright Sword

Flames wreath the blade of the Bright Sword. While in the presence of Aqshy, the sword gains the effects of the Flaming Sword of Rhuin spell. This effect could be dispelled or quenched by an absence of Aqshy, but the sword bursts into flames again the next turn it is exposed to Aqshy. The sword quickly ruins any scabbard into which it is placed, and is rather impractical outside of combat.

The Fire Stone of Agni

This brooch is suffused with Aqshy. It is set with a polished orange stone, veined with lines of quartz. Those with *Second Sight* see it burning with orange magical fire. Any successful attempts to cast spells from the Lore of Fire within 8 yards of the Fire Stone benefit from +1 SL.

The Blazing Ruby

A small gem set into an amulet in the shape of the Key of Aqshy. Thyrus wears it about his neck. It is activated by a short utterance only Thyrus knows. (Anyone close by when he activates the ruby may hear him whisper 'Ignis Extra' on a successful **Hard (-20) Perception** Test.) When this command is spoken, magical flames envelop the wearer of the amulet, granting them the *Ward (7+)* Creature Trait for 8 rounds. It then takes d10 days before the ruby can be used again (though this duration is halved if the ruby is left close to an item or person who is suffused with Aqshy).

Lector Agatha von Böhrn, Supreme High Law Lord

Lector Agatha is one of the most senior Verenan priests in the Empire, an exceptionally learned lady with unparalleled expertise in the letter of the law. Supreme High Law Lord of the Empire is primarily an advisory role, rather than a serious proposer of new legislation. She has a thorough grasp of legal traditions and precedents throughout the Empire and beyond, but effecting new legislation requires the support of the aristocracy.

That Lector Agatha is an exceptionally intelligent individual is beyond doubt, though for a senior Verenan her commitment to justice is less clear. She has a love of money, and people have found that she is willing to compromise her ideals in return for gold. Mornan Tybalt, Altdorf's chancellor, has a lot of money indeed. As a result of strategic bribery, he has managed to enlist the Lector's approval in the promotion of a number of harsh judges to Altdorf's Palace of Retribution.

Count Boris Dunhoring von Ostornbach, High Chamberlain of the Palace

The portfolio of the High Chamberlain involves Matters Imperial. This means he runs all Imperial holdings. A quiet man with a reputation for impeccable discretion and household management, the High Chamberlain is the only member of the Council of State who regularly attends Privy Council with the Emperor.

THE REIKLAND COUNCIL

Reikland Council meetings are held each week in the Wilhelm Chamber of the Volkshalle to discuss matters of import. As most of the members of the council have very important roles to perform regarding their own estates and families, it is rare that more than six of the high lords meet at one time. It is Karl-Franz's privilege as Grand Prince of the Reikland to chair meetings of the council, though he rarely does.

Graf Archibald von Lilahalle, High Lord of the Chair

In Karl-Franz's stead, Graf Archibald leads the council. A stoic and level-headed individual of great experience, he tends to adopt the role of neutral facilitator. Von Lilahalle encourages the ideas of other participants and leads them to address difficult questions without fostering rancour. He rarely abuses the privileges of his position, but every participant knows that he takes careful note of everything and reports it diligently to Karl-Franz.

Two decades ago the graf incurred a severe wound in the process of foiling an assassination attempt against Emperor Luitpold. The graf has never fully recovered and is confined to a steam-driven wheelchair. He bears the disability with dignity but pain and age are markedly sapping him of vitality.

Archduke Adelbert von Bögenberg, High Lord Steward

Graf Archibald may lead the council, but Archduke Adelbert is the key decision-maker and, short of Karl-Franz's intervention, effective ruler of the Reikland. Such is the high steward's power that he has the authority to judge crimes committed by the lords of Reikland Estates — though the ramifications of exercising such power could be dire, and Archduke Adelbert hesitates to even suggest such action.

The Archduke has little practical experience of law, but he understands people and consults with litigants and judges at Altdorf's Palace of Retribution.

Every summer he tours the Reikland, being sure to spend time at aristocratic households to listen to their concerns and observe their conduct. He is a quiet man, and it is not uncommon for him to attend a meeting without saying anything. This habit of taciturnity disguises a slow decline in mental faculty. The Archduke's mind may remain sharp, but month by month it grows duller.

Grafina Elena von Midwald, High Lord Treasurer

Grafina Elena is responsible for the Reikland's treasury and raising revenues. It is the role of the high lord treasurer to approve plans for new taxes, review the performance of excise collectors, and evaluate proposed spending plans.

The Grafina has held her position for nearly four decades and wins the respect of her fellow high lords for her command of mathematics and rhetoric. Whilst some of her notions of investment have been controversial, they have paid off. Her appreciation of strong wine and young companions alarms some colleagues, who think the behaviour unbecoming for a lady of her years.

Graf Liepmund Holzkrug, High Lord Ambassador

As high lord ambassador, Graf Liepmund organises the Reikland's foreign relations and orchestrates the intrigues of the Black Chamber. His role obliges him to walk in two very different yet intertwined worlds. One day he might arrange a lavish reception party for a visiting dignitary; the next he might arrange their assassination.

The graf is an intense and forbidding man, though he can exercise considerable charm in the course of his professional duties. Many in Altdorf question the wisdom of his appointment, as the Holzkrug family have long been rivals of the Holswig-Schliestein dynasty. Yet whilst Graf Liepmund is fiery and ambitious, all evidence suggests that he is loyal to the Emperor. Graf Liepmund is a vindictive man, and openly disdainful of Bretonnia for the recent appointment of a deeply unsuitable ambassador to Altdorf.

Lector Agatha von Böhrn, High Lord Judge

As well as holding her position on the Council of State, Lector Agatha is the ultimate voice on Reikland law.

High Priestess Halma Habermann, High Lord Chancellor

The high lord chancellor is foremost spiritual advisor to the crown, and oversees the Reikland Chancery and the Silver Seal. She is the foremost expert on Sigmarite doctrine on the council and makes reports of council meetings to the Grand Theogonist.

Generally charming and approachable, Halma has a deep-rooted distrust of wizards and is an outspoken critic of the Colleges of Magic. Rumours abound, especially amongst Altdorf's wizards, that she oversaw vicious persecution of magic users during her time in the Order of the Silver Hammer. Word of Halma's intemperate opinions reached the ears of both the Grand Theogonist and the Supreme Patriarch, and she has been forced to make a shame-faced apology in private meetings with each. This has left her suspicious of her fellow High Lords, for at least one of them must have gossiped about her.

Duchess Elize von Skaag, High Lord Chamberlain

As high lord chamberlain, Duchess Elize runs the Imperial Palace and the Volkshalle. Some observers are surprised at her position on the council, mistakenly believing her to be a glorified servant. In truth she is one of the most influential members of the council, having a foot in the Emperor's privy court as well as a seat here. Duchess Elize has a reputation as an astute negotiator and careful planner. Her appointment is said to displease her husband, who feels humiliated that he must reside in his estate of Skaggerdorf whilst Duchess Elize enjoys the bright lights of Altdorf. She is often observed carousing in the company of her bodyguards.

Duke Kurt Helborg, High Lord Reiksmarshal

As well as being the high field marshal, Kurt Helborg is the High Lord Reiksmarshal. In this role, he is responsible for leading the armies of the Reikland and ensuring that state regiments are raised, financed, and made available to the crown as required.

Grafina Matrella von Achern, High Lord Constable

As High Lord Constable Grafina Matrella is the ultimate authority on the genealogy and heraldry of the Reikland. She has no interest in her supposed area of expertise and, like many High Lord Constables before her, delegates the humdrum details of her work to the custodians of Altdorf's Colleges of Heraldry. She retains the prestigious task of signing and sealing documents after her staff have done the humdrum work of researching lines of lineage and designing crests.

Grafina Matrella is a brilliant intriguer, and hosts many private parties and councils. Whilst the other High Lords might occasionally experience pangs of frustration waiting for answers about von Achern's supposed area of expertise, they know she is an incomparable networker and that to displease her would risk their own reputations.

Sea Lord Adalmann von Hopfberg, High Lord Admiral

Adalmann would be responsible for the admiralty of the Reik, and therefore the Reikland navy, were he competent. Yet for the past 15 years, the sea lord has not attended council meetings, nor had a single order heeded by the Reikland's naval captains. He has been confined at the Great Hospice near Frederheim for some respite.





CHANCELLOR MORNAN TYBALT

The chancellor is lipless, humourless, pockmarked, and balding. He dresses in drab grey as a protest against the colourful fopperies of the aristocrats he regards as parasites. Tybalt is the son of a grocer, not a noble-born courtier. However, his ambitions were not limited to running a stall in the Grandmarkt, and he soon took the path most poor folk take when seeking to earn the respect of their social superiors.

He joined the army, where he comported himself well, serving in the streets of Altdorf and hunting Beastmen in the nearby Reikwald. He was promoted to the quartermaster's staff, earning further regard for his prudent economics. He joined the record keepers at the Vaults and came to the attention of Baroness Hoksvoll, chancellor of the Imperial Fisc. She proposed that he be made chancellor of Altdorf.

Whilst Mornan possesses a great talent for pointing out where money could be saved, or new ways in which it could be raised, he is not temperamentally suited to be a chancellor. He has no respect for the nobility, resenting them for having won their office through blood ties rather than earning it through

merit. He hides his bitterness, obsequious when dealing with his aristocratic acquaintances. He is, or was, hardworking and talented enough to earn the grudging respect of those who paid his taxes.

Things changed when he instituted a punishing poll tax, wildly unpopular with Altdorfers, who dubbed it the 'Thumb Tax'. Its imposition was a factor in the uprising known as the Great Fog Riots. During the unrest, Mornan was cornered by the mob, who made their feelings plain by clipping off one of his thumbs.

Since his maiming, Mornan has grown more resentful and ambitious. He dreams of an Empire ruled by men such as himself: hardworking, educated, bureaucratic, and tyrannical. He has become interested in the worship of Solkan, an obscure god of vengeance and retribution. Most followers of Solkan seek to defy personal enemies or confront the followers of Chaos. Mornan, however, seeks a form of retribution against sections of society rather than individuals. Now he seeks vengeance against nobles and poor alike.

He encourages the judges he has recommended for promotion at the Palace of Retribution to mete out death sentences, and he rewards watch captains for meeting arrest quotas. Mornan pays for all this through endless imposition of new taxes aimed disproportionately at Altdorf's poor. To plausibly deny his malice, he has spearheaded drives to rename parks and bridges in the city after the reigning Emperor, whilst putting his name to publications suggesting reforms for the betterment of the lower classes.

APPETITE FOR WAR



☠ Ambassador Chao's ulterior motive is to provoke ructions between Ogres and the Empire, to the eventual end of setting them at war. She has plans to hire Ogres through third parties to ravage towns throughout the Empire, whilst spreading lurid conspiracies and rumours of the depravities of Ogres in Altdorf. Ogres, being rather brutal and unimaginative, can easily be recruited to act against their long-term collective interest. Should her plans be realised they could set in motion a process that could see the Empire mustered in opposition to the Ogres. If this is achieved, those mandarins who seek to conquer the Mountains of Mourne will be better equipped to make a case for war.

Tybalt has recently caught wind of Chao's plan. Far from being outraged, the Chancellor considers that a campaign against the Ogres could play into his hands. He is wondering how to support Chao without revealing his involvement.

LADY OF THE COMMANDERY YABO CHAO, WEIJIN'S VENERABLE AMBASSADOR

As any proud Altdorfer can tell you, the Empire is the greatest nation in the Old World with a history stretching back more than 2500 years. Citizens of Altdorf find it hard to imagine the existence of a civilisation more storied and stable than their own, but far to the east is a nation many times larger than the Empire, which had developed sophisticated government and military might before the Unberogens so much as set foot in the Reikland: Celestial and Imperial Grand Cathay.

There is a great geographical and cultural gulf between the two nations, and they do not have a great deal to do with one another. Between the Empire and Cathay lie the volcanic Dark Lands, home to the Chaos Dwarfs, and the Mountains of Mourne, within which the Ogres carve out their many bellicose kingdoms. Nevertheless there are links between the Empire and Cathay. They trade luxury goods and raw materials with each other, and share information that might be of use in the development of magical techniques and monitoring Chaos incursions. Diplomatic envoys from Cathay often reside at the Imperial Palace in Altdorf, whilst Karl-Franz's ambassadors are invited to lodge in the golden pagodas of Weijin.

In the wake of the Great Fog Riots the presiding Cathayan Ambassador was unmasked as a follower of Tzeentch, and fled from the waiting pyres of the Witch Hunters of the Order of the Silver Hammer. Outraged missives from Altdorf were met by cutting recriminations from Weijin. Sigmarites slated Cathayan efforts to root out Chaos as lacking zeal, whilst the Dragon Emperor's mandarins retorted that their occidental counterparts must be grossly myopic not to have spotted such an obvious imposter.

The current ambassador to Altdorf is working hard to smooth over these differences. She is Lady of the Commandery Yabo Chao, venerated envoy of the Dragon Emperor. Chao is a skilled and accomplished diplomat with detailed knowledge of the history and culture of Weijin and Altdorf. She is a patient and coolheaded communicator, and is gaining a reputation for withstanding the most furious tirades a Sigmarite zealot can muster, before calmly tearing his argument to shreds. Negotiating trade deals with her has become a pleasant form of humiliation for Altdorf's merchants: her logic is ruthless and her contracts waterproof, but her manners are so impeccable that to be bamboozled by her is somehow rather charming. Her honour guard, a regiment of Celestial Dragon Monks, have also won renown, campaigning against the Beastmen and Forest Goblins who infest the Reikwald with the same devastating effect as squadrons drawn from Altdorf's knightly orders.

Behind her back a number of lurid conspiracies are being spread about Chao. Folk say that she is partially immortal, having feasted in her youth on the flesh of divine peaches and tuning into the wind of Ghyran so as to age only one day every year.



They say she is a prodigal seer, that she wears the skulls of three accursed langurs whose heads she pinched off with her fingers, that the dragons embroidered into her silks shift about when no one is watching, and that she achieved her position as Lady of the Commandery through the pitiless elimination of all who might rival her. Chao dismisses such talk as slander, but is also the originator of these rumours, believing that it never hurts to cultivate a reputation as being a little more than merely human.

Chao has a long-term goal, an ulterior motive to which she is quietly but utterly committed. The Dragon Emperor would dearly love to turn a campaign of defence against Marauder tribes into a conquest of lands beyond Cathay's northern border. However, he must also station troops along his western frontier to guard against raids from the Mountains of Mourne.

Many of his mandarins are of the opinion that the only way to do this is to subjugate the Ogre Kingdoms. This is a controversial proposition, for whilst Ogres do pillage unprotected settlements, they also trade with Cathay and provide a service as bodyguards and mercenaries.

COUNCIL OF ALTDORF

The third of the Great Councils is also the largest and most subject to change. The Altdorf council is composed of Kommission convenors (who report on the findings of the few Kommissions in Altdorf), guild masters (who advocate on behalf of the trades they seek to represent and control), Watch captains (who report on threats to public order and safety), priests (who speak for their respective cults) and burgomeisters (who are the chief politicians of each city district).

The cast of characters who attend Altdorf council meetings is difficult for even the secretary to keep track of, and frequent guests of honour do not help the situation. Any particular meeting may see depositions from foreign ambassadors, sales pitches from traders, or Dwarf engineers looking for commissions to improve the city walls or sewers. Even Fish war chiefs have met councillors, according to rumour, in highly secretive meetings. Despite these vicissitudes, two men dominate the proceedings of most meetings.

Regent Marshal Bruno Braun Commander of the Watch

Karl-Franz rarely sits on the council. Tradition has it that when the Grand Prince of Reikland is otherwise engaged, his heir should chair Altdorf council meetings, but Crown Prince Wolfgang never does so. The regent marshal is appointed to represent the Imperial person at council meetings, and the dour Marshal Braun takes this position very seriously indeed.

It may well rankle with nobles that the man, born to humble circumstances, is afforded the authority to permit them to speak or oblige their silence. Marshal Braun has many enemies, but the thought of making more does not faze him. He holds that the cultivation of enemies is an important key to power, believing that such people will work harder to prove themselves to him. Hostility and spite do not cause his lip to tremble.

Marshal Braun is not a political creature. In his leadership of the City Watch he is conscientious and unstinting, but unimaginative. He knows the Watch are corrupt and liable to coerce confessions rather than undertake scrupulous investigations, but he knows the expense of reform would be prohibitive. More ideological watchmen, such as Harald Kleindeinst of the Atrocities Kommission, strike Braun as naïve in their desire to root out corruption from the system. He keeps them on the books nevertheless.

THE PRIME ESTATES

The power of the Prime Estates should not be underestimated, even when it comes to local government. This body's formal purpose is to provide the Elector Counts with a voice in Imperial politics, an early warning if the Emperor should act against their interests, and the power to issue a de facto veto of objectionable Imperial edicts.

The relationship between the Prime Estates and the Emperor is not entirely formal. The Emperor is within his rights to issue commands to the Electors and have them seriously considered, but if the Electors are unwilling to enact his orders there is little he can do. Tradition has it that the Electors must provide troops for the Emperor should he wish to wage war, but other demands may be ignored, or outright defied, if the Electors object to them. Unpopular edicts of the past, such as Empress Magritta's Anchor Tax, were implemented briefly before being abandoned as unworkable. The Prime Estates announced that the Electors would not persist in collecting it despite Magritta's protests.

Karl-Franz is generally well regarded by the Prime Estates. He employs soft powers of persuasion rather than issuing commands. Many of the Elector Counts have more reason to distrust their peers than their Emperor. As such, the Prime Estates is not currently the power it could be; its squabbling members are complacent in checking the Emperor's decisions. Nevertheless, recent events have caused concern. They do not take the Mutant Edict seriously, knowing that it hasn't got widespread backing. The Emperor's recent deposition of the Jungfreuds of Ubersreik has raised complaint. The Prime Estates have no direct power to prevent the Emperor from such actions within the Reikland, but they loudly defend the rights of their own noble landholders.

KOMMISSIONS

Kommissions are occasionally set up in Altdorf, though they are seen as somewhat unbecoming and tend to deal with trivialities. The intended purpose of a kommission is to gather information about how aspects of life in the city, such as the legal system or policing, affect the citizens and what might be done to improve them. A functional kommission gathers opinions from the populace and then recommends sensible changes to policy in light of its findings. In Altdorf, kommissions are set up to fail, often as not, and in doing so prove the efficacy of aristocratic privilege. There are a few kommissions working in the city, but they are regarded as 'more of a Middenheim thing'.

GUILDS

Guilds frequently operate as a law unto themselves, policing their members, protecting their interests, and attempting to gain concessions from the various political groupings of the city. There are many and varied guilds offering apprenticeship and career progression to their members — for a hefty price of fees and favours. Admission to a guild allows the individual a chance to earn Altdorf citizenship — without which they may not own private property within the city walls — and, perhaps, a chance to join one of the many district councils. Some guilds are powerful enough to skirt aspects of city law, having won charter to try their own members by private means if they are accused of professional malfeasance. Guilds offer a variety of benefits to their members, from pensions and scholarships to matchmaking and widow funds. A man may easily spend his whole life within a guild, and it is a rare day when loyalties change without consequences.

SECTS AND THE CITY

Altdorf may be Sigmar's holy city, but many other gods are acknowledged and loved by its people. Most Altdorfers pay much the same regard to the gods as other Reiklanders or folk in the wider Empire (see **WFRP Chapter 7: Religion and Belief**). However, some cults have a particular experience of the city.

MANANN

The official presence of Manann's cult in Altdorf is small and has a siege mentality. Priests are unsure of how to deal with the bewildering array of local (and apocryphal) folk beliefs that seem to honour a primitive aspect of Manann associated with the Reik. This Grandfather Reik, sometimes known as Reikgott, may be one and the same as a spirit of the lower Reik named Rijkstrum. Smuggling links between Marienburg and Altdorf are also a worry for the cult, as smugglers have been known to turn to the worship of the proscribed god of predators, Stromfels.

MYRMIDIA

Myrmidia is a poorly understood deity in Altdorf. As patron of the science of war, she is respected by militaristic engineers, scholars, and wizards. Attendees at her temple include military officers and their adjuncts. Her true devotees derive mostly from among the companies of Tilean mercenaries who arrive looking for work, but move on fairly quickly when peace breaks out.

A small but growing number of militaristic Sigmarites make a point of paying respect to Myrmidia. Whether this is done out of sincere reverence, or to annoy any Ultricans who might be watching, is up for debate.

EMPEROR, NOBLES, GRAND THEOGONIST

Whilst positions have changed over the centuries these underlying dynamics have remained constant in Imperial politics.

EMPERORS: Want to make the Imperial Throne hereditary, need to keep nobles and the Grand Theogonist onside but without yielding too much to them.

NOBLES: Want to elect Emperors strong and diplomatic enough to ensure order and defend the Empire, but not strong enough to do away with the electoral system.

GRAND THEOGONISTS: Want strong Emperors who can protect Sigmarite interests, but not strong enough to dictate those interests.

RANALD

Nobles and middle-class folk find it deeply distasteful to acknowledge Ranald in public (though they make the sign of the crossed fingers when hoping for good fortune) and tend to spurn those who do so. In the docklands and rookeries, casual prayers to Ranald are more acceptable. Even here, sincere followers of the god have their enemies and must be wary of professing their beliefs in unfamiliar company. The Hooks sanctimoniously proclaim themselves to be law abiders, whilst the Fish engage in more violent forms of crime than those Ranald's strictures permit.

ULRIC

Tensions exist between some elements within the Cults of Sigmar and Ulric, but most folk in Altdorf have affection for both gods. Sigmar himself honoured Ulric. *The Life of Sigmar* movingly describes the inspiration Sigmar derived from the god of Wolves and Winter, and his frequent prayers.

Most Altdorfers have a relaxed attitude to the existence of Ultrican temples in their city, and might even visit them to make offerings on the onset of winter or war. They may find Ultrican rites to be wild and primitive, but respect them nevertheless.

However, a significant minority of Altdorf's Sigmarites resent the cult of Ulric. Some see Ulric as an irrelevant vestige of theology that Sigmar superseded long ago. Others feel that Ultricans have been the cause of historical mischief and division, or that moderate Ultricans bear responsibility for the insults and injuries radical Ultricans visit on Sigmarites in the Empire's north.

For their part, Altdorf's Ultricans are well aware that they live in Sigmar's city and keep any qualms they might have about his legitimacy to themselves. Most of them see themselves as ambassadors for their fellow Ultricans, and highlight the positive influence the example of Ulric has on their lives and those around them.



Myths, Legends and Folk Tales of Altdorf

The history of Altdorf before Sigmar lives only in folk tales and legends. Many of these come down from people who lived in the area before the Unberogens. They raised the Ogham stones and told one another myths around their campfires.

The tales that follow are not historical fact and cannot all be literally true — some even contradict the others. They are legends that helped primitive Humans explain their world — the geography and the nature of life at the confluence of the two rivers. Today, these stories can be heard by the hearth in an Altdorf tavern or when a grandmother wants to tell her family a familiar tale. Many have been recorded as the 'Tales of Sigbilde', which collects Altdorf folklore in a cheap popular edition.

Prehistory

The myths of Altdorf's prehistory often seek to explain the lie and qualities of the land itself. Most people today do not take these tales literally, and some priests even consider certain details blasphemous.

The Mother's Breath

In the early days of the world, long before humanity came to the Reik Valley, the Sun only let the plants and animals have a little weak sunlight for a few hours a day. The Mother took pity on her children and decided to make things right. She sent a frog to the Sun's halls to steal his light and bring it back to the world. The frog waited until night, then crept past the Sun as he slept. But the frog was greedy and it took more than the Sun's light. It stole his gold and his sword as well. When the Sun woke, he was furious and pursued the frog to the Reik, where the Mother breathed on the water and created a dense fog, which hid the frog from the Sun's gaze.

This is a very old myth. In some modern tellings, the thief is Taal or Rhya rather than a frog — in the poor parts of the city, it is usually Ranald. Followers of the Old Faith sometimes call the city's fog 'Mother's Breath'.

The Lost Crystal

There was once a great Titan who lived close to the place where the Talabec and the Reik meet. He was much cleverer than the Giants you get today and much bigger, so tall that he towered high above the trees. His greatest pride was a huge blue crystal, which he wore around his neck. One day, he was fishing in the river for his breakfast when he hooked a huge Stirpike. After fighting with the great fish for five days he landed it, but at some point during the battle he lost his crystal. Standing in the river, he scooped up the mud from the bottom to find it. That is why we have the deep water that's now the Altdorf Pool. The mud he threw on to the bank became the hills of the city. But he never found the crystal.

This is a popular story to tell children; caregivers often attribute the Titan's great size and strength to the fact that he ate all his cabbage at every meal.

Grandfather Reik and the Eel

Grandfather Reik came down the valley and found a colossal eel swimming around the island where the Talabec flows into the valley.

'This is now my island,' said the eel. 'Anyone who walks here belongs to me. You are no longer my lord.'

Grandfather Reik flew into a rage. Torrents of white water covered the land all around. But he couldn't catch the eel because it was too fast. It slipped away from Grandfather Reik's grasp and made him even angrier. A wise woman came along and saw Grandfather Reik was annoyed, so she asked him what the matter was.

'That eel has claimed my island and rebels against me,' said Grandfather Reik.

The wise woman offered to help. She went down to the water and shouted to the eel.

'How can that be your island? There is another eel just as big as you on the other side.'

The eel swam around and sure enough, he saw the tail of another eel swimming away from him. He swam faster and faster until he caught the other eel and bit its tail. Of course, it was the eel's own tail and he ate himself up. Grandfather Reik was grateful and gave the wise woman's people the fertile land hereabouts and his bounty, the fish — providing they never became disrespectful like the eel.

This story takes the familiar form of Old Faith tales, where the people pay tribute to a spirit of nature and receive gratitude in return — in this case, a place to settle. It also has a popular secondary meaning in modern Altdorf, as it supposedly explains why the people who live on the Isle of Eels are so rebellious by nature.

The Isle of Shadow

Off the north bank of the Reik is an island that has always lain under shadow. When the first people came here, they shunned this place because they saw that it was inhabited by Daemons who used foul magics to choke the valley with thick fog. The druids placed Ogham stones around the island to protect their people from the malign influence of the Daemons. Still, every night the Daemons came and took away whole families.

The people took up arms. When they marched into the fog, the Daemons summoned unnatural creatures from terrible realms. Many warriors died and the people fled.

The next day they tried again. This time the druids called forth eagles and hounds to fight with them. This time, the Daemons summoned illusions, which confused the people and led them astray. The next day, the people assembled a great war host and the druids conjured a mighty Fen Beast. But when the host stepped from their boats on to the island, the Daemons had disappeared. All that remained was the ruins of their fastness and the fog, which spread across the valley.

Another story that 'explains' Altdorf's fog. The island is Grosswater's Zubause and this story may be an attempt to account for the uncanny atmosphere that hangs about the place. Another version replaces the 'mist Daemons' with some other obscure or diminutive species with an affinity to the wind Ulgu.

The Coming of the Unberogens

Folk tales of the Unberogens largely deal with conflicts and legendary heroes. The historical events and personages that inspired these tales, if any, are a matter of some dispute amongst scholars.

The Men of the Mud

When the first people of the Unberogen tribe came to this place, they found fallen ruins and the stone circles of the people who had gone before. They knew that this was a good place, so they built a hall and their homes on high ground, surrounded by the mud flats that lead down to the Reik. As the village grew, they wanted to build out on the mud where the docks now stand. They took great wooden piles and drove them into the muck as foundations for their huts.

One day, men emerged from the sludge, covered in stinking river mud and roaring revenge against those who had disturbed their sleep. There was a ferocious battle, but the brave Unberogens soon defeated the mud men and beat them back into the river, where they dissolved.

This is an odd tale that causes some controversy over what historical events could have inspired it. The more intolerant priests of Sigmar believe that this is a true account of the Unberogens expelling the followers of the Old Faith, who worship the earth — which must include mud. Some academics quietly believe that the early settlers obtained the land by fighting Dwarfs (who come from underground). Others think that the mud men were supernatural entities. Snobbish Altdorfers joke that the mud men are still with us — living in their hovels in the East End.

The War Between the Elves and Dwarfs

Two Unberogen hunters were returning from hunting boar. They were tired and, as night fell, the fog descended. They met some Dwarfs on the road back to Reikdorf, who said that they were going to make war on the Elves and asked the hunters to join them. One of the hunters went with them because he had never seen an Elf, but the other went home. Soon the Dwarfs and the hunter met a party of tall, pale Elves and they fought. But when a Dwarf was hit by a spear, he didn't fall. The hunter realised that he was amongst ghosts, and this battle had happened many years before. He ran home and told his friend what had happened, but the friend could not bear him. He had become a ghost himself.

This story is a favourite on Geheimmisnacht. A skilled storyteller can make it very atmospheric and frightening.

The Hag of the Brackenwalsch

Deep in a cave in the Brackenwalsch dwelt a hag, a crooked woman with white hair who could see the past and the future as clearly as you and I see the trees and the river. She had lived there for many centuries. Whenever the Unberogen believed her dead, she always returned and spoke in cryptic terms of what would come to pass. One day, the chief Redmane Dregor was told by a frightened warrior that the Hag of the Brackenwalsch had foretold his death.

Redmane marched to confront the crone, but she was sitting outside her cave waiting for him. She took the chief into her cave and told Redmane everything that had transpired since the coming of men to Reikdorf and everything that would happen until the End Times. Redmane left the cave and was never the same again, but he beseeched his son Bjorn to respect the Hag of the Brackenwalsch and to listen well when she spoke of the son he would one day sire.

The Brackenwalsch was a marsh located somewhere outside where the city walls stand today. The Hag is mentioned several times in the Life of Sigmar and other holy texts of the god's cult, but her story precedes the coming of the warrior god. Redmane Dregor was Sigmar's grandfather and a celebrated tribal chieftain in his own right.

A Prophetic Vision

As he lay dying in 2428 IC, the Grand Theogonist Hedrich experienced a series of visions in which an ancient woman showed him the past and future of Altdorf. These revelations were written down. This one is the most intriguing, as it apparently recounts the final fate of the city.

The End of the City

When the World is in twilight and the City is riddled with heretics and witches, the brothers shall come from the north. They will bring full seven times seven lords in their thrall, with great ruin on their brows. The Throne of Sigmar will sicken as the Heir lies far distant in the east. A great host will assemble without the walls and the people will be much afraid, but the true danger comes from beneath where the Leech writhe. He shall call forth milk-white rain which will fall and nourish the earth, transforming it into a blasphemous garden of poison growth.

All is lost. The people will have hope when the Heir returns and the Spirit of Death blows through the land, rousing the ancient dead. But hope is in vain. Sigmar's fire is dimmed and the Destined One grows ever nearer.

Eberhardt-von-Festschrift
Chancellor of the University of Altdorf



◆ GANGS OF ALTDORF ◆



Many individuals feel lost in Altdorf's crowd. The Gangs of Altdorf afford people a sense of security and identity, promoting the interests of their members by providing them with opportunities for work, as well as providing a close-knit community for socialising.

THE DOCKSIDE GANGS

The dockside gangs seek to represent (and exploit) workers of the docks and the slum-dwellers of the East End. The lower echelons of these gangs are little more than disorganised mobs, and it is a simple matter for a prospective member to affiliate themselves with a gang. Merely wearing a patch in the shape of a hook or fish announces membership.

The gangs carve out areas of the waterfront where their members receive preferential treatment. They make up informal guilds for stevedores, teamsters, and unskilled labourers, ensuring that their members are gainfully employed in return for a tithe. They also run all manner of crime and vice, cornering the market in bawds, pimps, drug dealers, and muscle for hire.

The upper echelons of the gangs take on a more serious paramilitary structure, with ranks of foot soldiers directed and inspired by self-styled 'War Chiefs'. They command extensive turfs in the East End, the boundaries of which were mostly decided in the Waterfront Wars of 2498–2503 IC. They are also active in the Docklands of the city north, though the merchants here force them to observe uneasy truces.

THE FISH

The Fish are an old dockside gang who claim to have their roots in Altdorf's early history. They are widespread, with branches in riverside cities throughout the Empire.

The Fish enjoy connections with criminals and revolutionaries. They are prolific smugglers; the gang's name reflects their skill in finding items reported to have fallen overboard. Despite their reputation, they are still sought after as stevedores and warehouse guards. After all, they work hard, work cheap, and are barely more criminally inclined than their rivals, the Hooks.



The connections between the Fish and seditionists harm their reputation more than smuggling. During the Great Fog Riots, the Fish followed the fire-breather Yevgeny Yefimovich whilst the Hooks sided with the city authorities. When Yefimovich was unmasked as a follower of Tzeentch, the Fish realised they had unwittingly consorted with Chaos and ceased the rioting.

There is little centralisation within the Fish. Their War Chiefs bear identifying tattoos of gape-mouthed fish on their cheeks. This ink has to be earned. Anyone who wears a similar tattoo without having the respect of the Fish is likely to find irate gangers flaying their face.

A FISHY BUSINESS



- The Fish have recently refrained from smuggling, so it seems. Cargos unloaded in Altdorf by the Fish match their manifests. Those in the know suspect something must be going on. In fact the Fish are stealing more than ever, thanks to agents on the loading side who pack barges with extra, unrecorded barrels.
- The Fish deem it proper to pay their respects to Manann, despite the fact that Altdorf is so far from the sea. They thank him for sending the fogs that provide cover for their more audacious smuggling exploits. Manannite priests sometimes make their way to Altdorf to minister to the Fish, and ensure that they are not lured into the worship of Stromfels.

ADVENTURE HOOK



- Thanks to their new-found respectability, the Hooks receive some profitable work in the shipyards of the South Bank. When a pair of the Hooks' more thuggish racketeers are found floating downstream with their throats slashed, the Fish become the prime suspects. However, rumours suggest that the Hooks' own Chief, Willi Pick, is engaging in a housecleaning operation in order to maintain good relations with his posh new clients.

THE HOOKS

The Hooks say they differ from the Fish in that, whilst they might be hard men, they are patriots and law-abiders. What this means is that they run extortion rackets, violent shakedowns, and exercises in petty theft just like the Fish, but eschew revolutionary connections and don't indulge in smuggling quite as much. The gang takes its name from the signature tool of its trade: keen docker's hooks that make effective improvised weapons.

The Hooks follow a more hierarchal structure than the Fish. Their veteran War Chief, Willi Pick, holds sway over the gang and chairs a council of its senior foremen and leg-breakers in order to review performance and discuss strategy.





Breem

Breem is a strange fish, but has risen to become one of Altdorf's top gang enforcers. She has a verve for body modification, having clipped the end of her nose, trimmed her ears, scarred her lips, and plucked every follicle of hair from her head so as to more closely resemble a fish. A complex tattoo of interlocking scales has been etched into Breem's pate. Breem has a penchant for dapper male fashion, and often wears a gaping fish head positioned as a literal codpiece.

Muscular, tall, and athletic, Breem's background is a closely guarded secret. Without dependants or loved ones, there is no easy way for the Hooks or the Watch to strike back at the enforcer. This makes Breem a valued asset to several Fish War Chiefs, who can depend on her to ruthlessly punish anyone who is late with their loan repayments, or reluctant to leave their cargo unguarded for the night.

Breem is currently leading a campaign to secure the Reikerbahn area for the Fish. The task is straightforward enough, as criminal gangs have kept to other areas after she personally broke the thighs of Ambrosious Lowhaven.

BREEM - HUMAN RACKETEER (BRASS 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	63	32	55	54	35	38	35	33	31	32	23

Traits: Armour (Arms, Body) 1, Weapon (Sword) +10

Skills: Bribery 37, Consume Alcohol 69, Cool 36, Dodge 63, Endurance 74, Evaluate 36, Intimidate 85, Lore (Reikland) 36, Melee (Basic 68, Brawling 93), Stealth (Urban) 58

Talents: Criminal, Etiquette (Criminals), Dirty Fighting 4, Doomed (*Will you let go! Look if you won't take it seriously just get out! Morr take you!*), Hardy, Menacing, Strike Mighty Blow, Warrior Born

Trappings: Hand Weapon (Sword), Leather Jack, 1 GC, 15/5



Andreas Brohne

Andreas is a hulking psychopath who dresses like an archetypal hardman, his long leather coat bulging with concealed weaponry. His hair only sprouts from the back of his head, a long trail of matted locks. A tattoo of a Reik eel coils around his scalp. Andreas is obsessed with power and has become good at acquiring it. He is canny and ruthless, and organises several smuggling crews. Andreas has realised that magic is a sure way to acquire even greater power. So he recently, humbly, presented himself to a local witch for apprenticeship. This is a secret; the Fish may be irredeemable criminals, but they don't lightly abide witches in their ranks.

Yet, Andreas's ambitions do not stop at sorcery. He has heard of a god of predation worshipped by pirates in Marienburg. Once he masters the secrets of witchcraft, he plans to locate this cult and become its high priest.

ANDREAS BROHNE HUMAN GANG BOSS (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	58	36	46	55	36	32	31	55	67	53	20

Traits: Weapon (Dagger) +7

Skills: Bribery 63, Channelling 72, Charm 58, Consume Alcohol 60, Cool 77, Dodge 42, Endurance 65, Evaluate 65, Gossip 58, Intimidate 66, Intuition 51, Language (Magick) 60, Leadership 63, Lore (Local) 75, Melee (Basic 78, Brawling 88), Perception 46, Stealth (Urban) 52

Talents: Criminal, Etiquette (Criminals), Doomed (*When every adept's face turns to the Cod King's throne, your eyes flow out salt water*), Instinctive Diction, Menacing 4, Petty Magic (Dart, Drain, Eavesdrop, Rot, Spring), Savvy, Sharp, Strike Mighty Blow, Warrior Born

Trappings: Dagger, Pouch of Spell Ingredients worth 2 GC, Various Occult Drawings, 14/6

THE CITIZENS' VIGILANCE COMMITTEE

The Citizens' Vigilance Committee are volunteers who assist the Watch during periods of unrest or crisis. Each member of the Committee possesses an armband decorated with the initials of the group. When the Watch sounds an alarm, Committee members don their armbands to indicate their authority to demand obedience from fellow citizens, and mete out punitive beatings to those who don't respect their instructions.

The Committee is organised by a retired member of the dock Watch called Machar Jessner, who runs the operation from a room he keeps at the Wayfarer's Rest. Jessner is a conscientious man who believes his organisation is of benefit to the surrounding area, and points to the assistance it has given in putting out fires or quelling riots as proof of this.

ALTDORF'S COAT OF ARMS



Archivists at the Old College of Heraldry trace the formal recognition of Altdorf's heraldic device to 1010 IC, during the reign of Ludwig the Fat. For all his faults Ludwig was recognised as forging ties between the office of Emperor and the Cult of Sigmar and the device he helped popularise reflects this. The Crown and Griffon's head, symbols of royal authority, above and below the Hammer, symbol of Sigmar's divine might.

The death's head figure that stands behind the shield in many images is not an officially recognised heraldic device. It was added to the banners of many Altdorf state regiments during the wars with the Vampiric masters of Sylvania as a sign of their defiance in the face of the horror of undeath. It is now so widely displayed that even citizens of the city are surprised to learn that it isn't yet legitimised and shocked to see it excluded.

Jessner hires from a wide variety of Altdorf's citizens, but even he cannot deny that the vast majority of his volunteers are associated with the Hooks. This is a deliberate strategy of Willi Pick's. His influence over the Committee grants the gang a veneer of respectability and a degree of official licence to harass and intimidate people. Jessner doesn't recognise anything particularly sinister about this. He feels that the Hooks embody a strong work ethic and respect for the law, so it is quite natural that they should come to dominate an organisation that shares such values.

Having gained a foothold, the Hooks intimidate and force out any members who might threaten their dominance. However, they are careful to ensure a notable minority of Committee members are from other sections of Altdorf society, even including a few of the Fish. This enables them to plausibly deny the degree of influence they can (and do) exercise.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT

The Empire is rife with religious tradition, social inequity, and aristocratic privilege — and this makes some people very angry indeed. The Revolutionary Movement encompasses many splinter factions. Whilst all revolutionaries agree that the social system must be overthrown, they disagree as to the manner of its deconstruction, and the model of society to be built in its place. As a result, revolutionaries squander their energies fighting one another rather than facilitating reform.

Whilst political agitation in the Empire has a long history, the Revolutionary Movement in its current form coalesced only in the last few decades. Professor Brustellin of the University of Altdorf published a thesis called *An Anatomy of Society*. Therein he likened the Empire to a human body and compared the aristocracy to a bone-sapping ague. The text was quickly outlawed, and the scholar was publicly scourged and expelled from the university.

But the force and passion of his argument, as well as outrage at his treatment, saw Brustellin become a popular spokesman for malcontents. He drew a number of fellow seditionists to his ambit, including two fugitives from Kislevite justice: the radical poet Aleksandr Kloszowski and the firebrand agitator Yevgeny Yefimovich. Together they inspired the anarchic violence known as the Great Fog Riots, which resulted in widespread destruction. However, before the mob could turn its frustrations against the city's rulers, Yefimovich was unmasked as a follower of the Ruinous Powers and a pattern killer of women. The rioters lost their nerve and returned to their homes.

Now the revolutionaries are viewed with suspicion by the same huddled masses they claim to champion. The main factions of the Revolutionary Movement are outlawed. To be found guilty of supporting it is to suffer grievous punishment, up to and including torturous execution.

Brustellites

Brustellites form the intellectual powerhouse of the Revolutionary Movement. They are typically older, calmer, and more middle class than their fellow revolutionaries. They gather in loosely organised forums in the private snugs of taverns to discuss revolutionary treatises and postulate how to put the theories into action. Whilst militants respect Brustellin as the greatest codifier of their complaints, they tend to view Brustellites as lacking guts. Brustellites suggest that moderate reform might prevent bloody revolution, or that care be taken to preserve aspects of the regime that benefit everyone — that progress is desirable but that utopia is unattainable. Such liberal compromises disgust fierier radicals.

The Ashes of Shame

*Gentlefolk of Altdorf, renounce the gods,
decry all the plutocrats and the sods
and tear down the altars in Sigmar's shrines
for today, not tomorrow, is high time
to rise from your workbench and tavern stool
and say 'never more' to those who would rule.*

*We should tear out the palpitating hearts
of princes and kings and fusty old farts
who seek to decree our each waking task
without so much as e'en deigning to ask
for what's ours alone to give: our consent.
We ought rise, slay them and never relent
til their heads adorn each lamp and gatehouse
and their blood flow down the Luitpoldstrasse.*

*Harken now to my royal and righteous blame,
a polemic titled the Ashes of Shame.
Margi walked the wharfs of Altdorf's Dockland,
weary of foot with her trembling hand.
Tired and aching, yet she was willing
to cheer lonesome souls for lonely schilling.*

*From the foggy air strode one Gentlebloke,
all wrapped up warm in a green velvet cloak.
He tapped cobble with cane, and drew his knife.
It was his joy to take a pauper's life.
We'll spit on our hands and start slitting throats
of those men who wear the green velvet coats.*

*Their taxes and press gangs injured us sore,
they turn to murder. Say us 'never more'.
Dickon, chief headcracker of the dock watch,
has been lackey of the noble topnotch
since he first earned his club and copper badge,
for his salary he will cheat and cadge.*

*He was the first to arrive on the scene
and spied with his eye a small rag of green.
A clue to the killer! A clue hard earned!
He set it to fire and quickly it burned.*

*I'll say it again as I've said before.
The Watch serve the nobles. Say 'never more'.*

A BRUSTELLITE SPRUNG



The spies of Altdorf's Black Chamber understand that the Brustellites are a moderating force within the Revolutionary Movement, but that the judges of the Palace of Retribution have a particular hatred of them. When the venerable revolutionary Siemen Kroetz is sprung from his cell before his hanging, clues point to his fellow Brustellites. However, the judges suspect a subtler hand behind the obvious clues, threatening hostilities between spymasters and Solkanites.

Kloszowskiites

Kloszowskiites take their inspiration from the poetry and dissolute lifestyle of Aleksandr Kloszowski. Informed by theory and inspired by romance, they win many allies amongst sympathetic students. The Kloszowskiites have a reputation for supporting the notion of violent insurrection in theory, but being rather more interested in cuddling up to the sort of comely youth who is easily impressed by an articulate tongue and wilfully tousled hairdo.

Kloszowskiites often affect an appearance of shabby dandyism and an attitude of devil-may-care eccentricity. Those who survive the ravages of weirdroot and pox tend to leave the revolutionary life behind, but there are those who thrive despite the danger and disparagement they expose themselves to.

PEACE, DOVE AND BETRAYAL



Wirnt Wiesle is a handsome young Kloszowskiite who has won the heart of Gisind Preiss, a novice of Shallya inexperienced enough to consider certain revolutionary rhetoric complementary to the precepts of her faith. Almeric Kortner is a deeply cynical Yefimovite. He plans to tip the authorities to the revolutionary tracts in poor Gisind's possession, in hope of creating a sympathetic new martyr for the cause.

Yefimovites

Yefimovites are violent hardliners who care so little for the mores of society that they remain loyal to a man who was outed as a worshipper of Tzeentch. Anarchic in the extreme, they respect no government or social convention. Many are committed individualists, and what little cooperation there is between Yefimovites, they acknowledge as a matter of temporary convenience.

Despised for their connection with Chaos worship, the Yefimovites are pariahs even within the movement. Yet few of them actually worship Tzeentch. The true Yefimovite disdains all authority, even that of a Chaos god. It is not that they admire Yefimovich for his service to the Changer of the Ways, but that they don't care.

Yefimovites tend to live short lives. They face discovery by the Watch (to be hanged, drawn and quartered) or their peers (to receive a thorough beating before being pitched into the Reik). Those who survive for long usually find their niche within one of Altdorf's Chaos Cults.

PLANT

The Popular League Against Nobility and Taxation (PLANT) is an umbrella group under which Brustellites, Kloszowskiites, street corner agitators, and radical members of the Fish gather to share ideas and information. The organisers of PLANT are clever and careful. Despite their subversive moniker, they know that to directly quote Brustellin or Kloszowski is to invite sanction and death. So they focus on issues that directly affect the poor, and that would be easy enough for the authorities to resolve, such as the repeal of a particular tax or the provision of a modest social reform. Their pamphlets include guides to Brustellin's ideology, but carefully reworded to avoid any direct attribution.

PLANT has connections to the New Millennialist movement in Middenheim. Like the New Millennialists, PLANT is careful to couch many complaints alongside appeals to Verenan values of Justice and Wisdom. PLANT leaders are cynics in this regard; they are not particularly interested in embodying Verenan philosophy themselves, so much as using an appeal to religion as cover for their ambitions and as a way of shaming their opponents.

PLANT is increasing in numbers and influence, and is now so widespread that the authorities lack the nerve to subject its membership to the same rough justice more obvious revolutionaries face.

STUDENT BODIES

Altdorf University attracts young scholars from across the Old World. Freed from parental guidance for the first time in their lives, many of these youths desire to experience the wild side of Altdorf. Student bodies are clubs of fellow travellers who offer guidance and see to it that a wild night out does not result in robbery or death.

Student bodies are peculiar to the University. The Colleges of Magic, mindful of the panic that could result from intoxicated parties of apprentice wizards, preach temperance to their charges and ban them from public assembly.

The League of Karl-Franz

The League of Karl-Franz is the oldest and most distinguished student fraternity of the University. They regard themselves as arch-patriots, defenders of aristocratic privilege, and the scourge of resentful churls. To join the League, a prospective member must have noble or military family connections and undergo the initiation ceremony. Pledges must bare their bottom, pick up a crabapple between their buttocks, and run around the quadrangle without dropping the fruit. They must then consume three horns of strong ale whilst reciting the lineage of the House of the Third Wilhelm in reverse order. Those who fail are dragged to the Reik and thrown in.

Initiated members are recognised by the Imperial seal picked out in gold on their lapels. They are notorious for obnoxious behaviour. Members brawl on the Street of a Hundred Taverns, delight in acts of arson, and wallow in all manner of debauchery. Due to their noble associations, they regularly get away with behaviour that would see poorer Altdorfers executed.

The Inkies' League

'Inky' was originally a derogatory term used by members of the League of Karl-Franz for students who actually studied. However, a number of them have taken pride in the epithet and formed a rival league. The Inkies' League lacks the connections and boisterousness of its rivals, but members do watch one another's backs. The League of Karl-Franz habitually torments isolated Inkies, subjecting them to severe humiliation such as stripping them naked and tying them to the statue of the Emperor in the quadrangle.

OATH OF DEVOTION SOCIETIES

Folk tales tell of brave souls born to poverty but raised through virtue to the status of hero. Many people dream of forging such renown for themselves. They usually die or grow out of it, but there is a third way. The members of Oath of Devotion Societies grasp at the chance to bathe in the reflected glory of a great luminary. Members take delight in worshipping their chosen hero, and finding any excuse to brawl with those who defame them.

The Konrad Oath of Devotion Society

That Konrad is a hero is without doubt; the Emperor himself has publicly praised him for his service to the Empire and issued a royal pardon. Yet many Altdorfers criticise such clemency. Common understanding has it that Konrad saved the Emperor's life and foiled a Chaos plot, but that he employed such means as the murder of soldiers and paying Wastelander pirates to bombard the city. He is also, according to rumour, a mutant. The Konrad Oath of Devotion Society opposes all defamation of its hero, regarding Konrad as justified in his actions, deserving of praise, and pure in body and deed. Members are infamous for intimidating and assaulting those who besmirch the good name of Konrad, and are suspects in the disappearance of a number of pamphleteers and satirists.





Willi Pick – Dock Master and Crime Lord

In his late 60s, but still brawny and very powerful; few people can remember a time when Willi Pick wasn't head of the Hooks. He was born in Altdorf's East End, and as a youth he began working for the Hooks. Willi kept on the right side of the law for the most part, dedicating himself to working on, and then managing, the wharves and warehouses owned by the Hooks. Still he kept a careful log of the various injuries and grievances done to his fellows by the Fish and the Dock Watch. Willi was not a forgiving man.

By his 30s Willi had changed; strong, smart, and willing to hurt anyone who crossed him, Willi made a perfect soldier. As he rose through the ranks, his example exacerbated the tensions between the gangs of Altdorf. The Waterfront War had many causes, but Willi was most certainly one of them.

At the outset of the war, the Hooks were led by many warchiefs, just as the Fish are. But Willi realised a more centralised structure would benefit the gang. His vision was taken up by his fellow Hooks, and those warchiefs who didn't agree with Willi's vision found themselves under considerable duress. These days Willi runs the Hooks unchallenged, and his project of legitimising the violent dockside gang in the eyes of Altdorf's authorities progresses steadily.

WILLI PICK – DOCK MASTER (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	60	38	63	64	52	43	42	62	58	35	23

Traits: Armour 1 (Body), Unarmed +7, Weapon +10

Skills: Athletics 63, Bribery 70, Charm 40, Climb 83, Consume Alcohol 79, Cool 76, Dodge 63, Endurance 85, Entertain (Storytelling) 47, Evaluate 78, Gamble 84, Gossip 61, Haggle 55, Intimidate 88, Intuition 63, Leadership 58, Lore (Law 82, Reikland 75, Riverways 77, Taxes 72), Melee (Basic 85, Brawling 80), Perception 82, Row 83, Sail 63, Secret Signs (Smuggler) 77, Stealth (Urban) 63, Swim 83

Talents: Criminal, Dealmaker, Dirty Fighter, Doomed (*Whither runs the line, sharp silver shine, a stitch save thine*), Embezzle, Etiquette (Criminals, Guilders, Watchmen), Kingpin, Menacing, Read/Write, Savvy, Strong Back, Sturdy, Tenacious, Very Strong, Very Resilient

Trappings: Hand Weapon (Docker's Hook), Leather Gloves, Leather Jerkin, Loyalty of the Hooks, Pipe and Tobacco, Porter Cap

Balthus

Balthus can be found in the dingiest dives in the Reikerbahn. She is somewhere around thirty, swathed in a wild rats' nest of long brown hair that barely conceals her glaring red-rimmed eyes and sulky pout. She wears simple homespun clothing with dramatic accessories. Her bare arms are covered in scars, signs of her devotion to the martyrs of the revolution. Recently she has taken to wearing a heavy chain around her neck in solidarity with the condemned.

Balthus doesn't trouble herself with street corner ranting. People are beyond saving, and should anyone seek to find out her opinions, they will find that she regards pretty much everything as wrong and abhorrent. She is beyond reason, but does enjoy delivering the occasional emotionally abusive outburst.

A less compromising person would be harder to find. Balthus finds hypocrisy and cowardice even in her fellow Yefimovites. The Kloszowskiites? Romantic frauds. The Brustellites? All talk and no guts. PLANT? Dangerous compromisers.

As far as she is concerned, the only true revolutionaries are either dead or awaiting execution. She has a tidy line of excuses as to why she hasn't achieved this blessed state yet herself. She's planning something big, a magnificent gesture of such devastation that Altdorf's corrupt society will not withstand the sound of its blast.

BALTHUS – HUMAN PAMPHLETEER (BRASS 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	36	57	31	34	36	28	33	45	34	39	12

Traits: Armour 1 (Body), Weapon (Dagger) +5

Skills: Cool 44, Consume Alcohol 64, Evaluate 55, Haggle 59, Lore (Politics 50, Reikland 48), Melee (Basic) 46, Ranged (Bow) 77

Talents: Doomed (*Somewhere out near Kammendun, on the edge of the fens, the weindroot starts to take hold*), Flee!, Marksman, Panhandle, Savvy

Trappings: Dagger, Heavy Iron Chain, Leather Jack

GHOST-WRITTEN GRUDGES

☠ Inspired by the Dwarfs, Balthus has decided to open up her own Book of Grudges. There is one problem though, in that she cannot read or write. So she must get someone to do it for her. She may ask a literate Character to help her out, but when she starts describing her uncompromising demands for social reform will a Character really want such a book to exist in their handwriting?



ALTDORF'S DWARFS AND THE DOCKSIDE GANGS

Most of the Dwarfs who live in Altdorf see themselves as honourable traditionalists, caring about their own and their clan's reputations. Yet, there are some Dwarfs who have stepped into the criminal life, joining the Manling gangs. Other Dwarfs have formed armed bands to oppose the gangs.

The Hooks and the Fish are but two of the criminal organisations plaguing Altdorf. Up until the Great Fog Riots, there were Dwarf members serving in varying capacities for both gangs, mostly as muscle or moving 'hot' merchandise. The Dwarf Fish members grew disenchanted when their gang embraced the seditious Yevgeny Yefimovich, and abandoned the gang even before the demagogue was revealed as a follower of Tzeentch. Many left Altdorf to join Fish chapters in other Imperial riverports, while some changed their allegiance to the 'patriotic' Hook gang.

The appeal was in the Hooks' claim to stand on the side of the Emperor against those who would upend the established order. Even Dwarf outlaws detest radical change to the long-standing social structure.

Law-abiding Dwarfs in the Metallschlacke district take a dim view of criminal gangs, and the clans have paid their own to protect their livelihoods. Known as the Sapphire Hammerers (Zaffengrundi) for their sapphire-coloured armbands emblazoned with a hammer of the same colour, the armed Dwarf band strives to keep their quarter free of all gangs, including Hooks and Fish. The Sapphire Hammerers know the Hook-associated Citizens' Vigilance Committee for what it is and do not cooperate with it.

Eminent Altdorfers and Cultural Icons

Many of Altdorf's notable citizens come from the nobility, priesthood, or military, but there are other great figures who shaped life in the city. Their influence on daily life in Altdorf is felt even today.

Sighild (c. 1350), Storyteller

Many old tales of Altdorf survive because of Sighild. Each Festag, she would hobble into Königplatz, perch on the plinth of Emperor Hündrod the Furious and tell stories. She regaled her listeners with legends of Altdorf before the coming of Sigmar, tales of Elf princes and Dwarf kings, the Old Faith and their stone circles, sinister creatures in the fog, and mythical giants who shaped the land.

Long after her passing, the Tales of Sighild were compiled in an illuminated manuscript. Some served minstrels and playwrights as inspiration for their own sagas. In more recent times, the Tales of Sighild have been reprinted with lurid illustrations, including a rather fanciful woodcut suggesting Sighild told her stories in the nude.

Konrad 'Schonwald the Younger' (1713-1743), Religious artist

After the lifting of the first siege of Altdorf, the citizens expressed great gratitude to the Cult of Sigmar. Gold flowed into temple coffers and wealthy guildmasters competed in patronage of religious art.

Konrad's father, Schonwald the Elder, was master of the Guild of Illuminators and Painters and used his position to secure work for his son. For the rest of his short life, Schonwald the Younger created frescos and altar works that remain the pinnacle of the artform.

The Grand Cathedral of Sigmar has many works attributed to Konrad, including a screen triptych depicting Sigmar vanquishing greenskins, undead and Norse. The colours are vibrant and Sigmar and his tribal allies seem alive with their expressions of triumph and anguish. Scholars still study the work of Schonwald and ponder his mysterious disappearance. Legend has it that his painting of Sigmar and Ravena was so heartbreaking that the god pulled him into the canvas to join them. The painting is displayed in the Friedhofskreuzung Temple, and one of the background onlookers does seem surprised to be there.

Jacopo Tarradasch (2209-2255), Dramatist

Two centuries after his death, Tarradasch still casts a long shadow. Thanks to him, theatre is an artform respectable people can enjoy. There are more theatres in Altdorf than any other city in the Old World, largely because Tarradasch lived there. Before Tarradasch, most theatrical performances were cheap, ribald entertainment or edifying religious pageants. When Tarradasch was young, he fell in with a troupe of travelling players touring the inn yards of the southern Empire. After years of honing his talent as an actor and director, he returned to Altdorf and set about writing plays that demonstrated the true potential of drama.

Tarradasch's reputation grew. His work is deep and enthralling. Under his direction, actors found more subtlety and range in their parts. Audiences loved it. When Emperor Eberhardt the Just saw a performance of Barbenoire, he was so moved that he awarded Tarradasch a stipend to buy the Altdorf Theatre and establish his own company, the Imperial Players.

Tarradasch's plays remain popular. They wrestle with the fundamentals of humanity, from the agonies of obsession in *The Loves of Ottokar* and *Myrmidia* to the spiritual loss of freedom in *The Desolate Prisoner of Karak Kadrin*. Tarradasch is a source of pride to Altdorfers of all classes. His grave in Zwillingsgrabe attracts actors and writers who hope his presence will inspire their own work. Rumours say that a frustrated writer is using necromancy to compel his spirit to collaborate.

Time hasn't been entirely kind to Tarradasch's canon. Many people can't be bothered to sit through his plays, and the jokes have aged badly. It requires skilled acting to convince the audience that his puns are as hilarious as acolytes claim.

Master Reichardt Schwetz, Historian (2301-2402)

Reichardt Schwetz was a snobbish academic who wrote the definitive history of Altdorf in 2356, *An Illuminating and Comprehensive Historical Account of the City of Altdorf*. Across six volumes, Schwetz brought together his exhaustive research into a tome which is more authoritative than enjoyable. By writing his history, Schwetz secured his own legacy and also the appreciation of Altdorf as more than just a home for Emperors and priests.

Schwetz was a famously cantankerous and difficult character, notorious in the University for his extreme prejudice against foreigners. He claimed never to have travelled outside Altdorf's gates. This never stopped him writing histories of other parts of the Empire, which became increasingly disparaging the further away the subject was. He was prolific, churning out treatises and letters on any subject that took his fancy. His collected writings are kept by the Temple-Library of Verena, occupying three full rooms of papers.

Schwetz lived to old age, becoming a famous sight in Schulergegend as he stomped around in his academic robes, berating anyone who came close. University legend says that he only laughed once in his life, when he saw a fellow academic choking on a fig in the refectory. Scholars remember him with respect, if not affection, as the archetypal pompous academic.

Ida Murfalke (2401-2448), Architect

After the Great Fire, whole tracts of Altdorf needed rebuilding. Architects petitioned the guilds for work and a chance to establish their reputation. The most successful was native Altdorfer Ida Murfalke.

Murfalke worked as a clerk, draughtswoman, and then surveyor before her striking temple designs were noticed by the Cult of Sigmar. Murfalke was devout and worked quickly, designing and supervising the construction of eight new temples and shrines in just two years. They still stand today — elegant stone edifices with subtle use of geometry to impart domineering authority. As her reputation grew, Murfalke designed several more celebrated buildings, including the Reiksguard Chapel, a mansion on the Von Eckstein estate, and the Wilhelm Tower in the Imperial Palace.

Murfalke was obsessed with the mystical power of geometry and arrangement of perfect forms. She studied the Hierophants of the Light Order and their use of stone to channel the Winds of Hysh. Some claim that her Sigmarrite architecture forms a city-wide 'ritual in stone'. When Murfalke disappeared in 2448 IC, her notebooks were found to be written in indecipherable code.

Baron Viktor von Strom (2425-2502), Sportsman

Baron von Strom was renowned for his immaculate beard, impeccable manners, and devastating right hook. He first came to attention as a pit fighter at the 2450 IC Mitterfruhl Carnival. He stripped to his breeches, took up a stout club, and proceeded to batter all opposition, including an Ogre and a captive Black Orc. He then swept the board in the wrestling tent, boxing ring, and cannonball-throwing contest. Within a day everyone was talking about his refined demeanour and devastating violence.

The baron declined attempts to recruit him as a judicial champion, insisting that he was a sportsman rather than a warrior. Over the next 40 years, he proceeded to take on greater challenges, to the delight of roaring crowds. He swam across the Reik during the winter of 2465 IC, bested several Dwarfs at anvil-carrying, ran the city walls in record time, caught 24 greased pigs in the Grandmarkt, and defeated 'Quickarm' Sven in a log-sawing contest. Baron von Strom put his prowess down to 'good breeding, good manners and Lustrian wine'. He always drank 'Lustrian wine' before any endeavour, although he kept the recipe secret.

Bayard Schnappen (2459-2499), Watch Captain, and Reinharda Kant (2459-2499), Crime Lord

The Ballad of Schnappen and Kant is popular with buskers in the city, a tragic tale of childhood friends whose lives took different paths.

Reinharda Kant was raised in the same orphanage as Schnappen, and went on to become a racketeer and eventually a crime lord with watchmen in her pocket. She was known for brutal reprisals against rivals and snitches. Most impressively, she kept her identity secret, so nobody suspected that the unassuming barmaid at the Boatman Inn was controlling criminals across the city.

In parallel, Schnappen worked his way up through the Watch. He was tough enough to take down most criminals who came on to his patch in Wolftor, and soon secured promotion to captain. He became obsessed with the shadowy figure behind much of the racketeering in Altdorf. Over many years, he followed leads to track down the adversary who seemed to taunt him at every turn.

In 2499, there was a final confrontation on Toteninsel, where the watch captain cornered his friend and discovered her identity. The two fought and fell into the Reik beneath Reaper's Crossing, never to be seen again.

Klara Olmann (2465-2510), Lady of Letters

Olmann was a diarist and writer who documented Altdorf life in a series of journals and letters to Lord Adelbert von Wallenstein. She was also known for her essays, biographies, and other writings, which celebrated the lives of Altdorfers past and present.

Klara came from a military family well connected within the Reikland nobility. Her writing was accessible and popular, published primarily in the more reputable newssheets. A series of essays on the valour of the Altdorf regiments was immensely popular for its oblique references to scurrilous gossip from the ranks. When Olmann died, von Wallenstein arranged for publication of her collected letters — with scandalous references to high society edited out. Unfortunately, the letters were recently stolen from von Wallenstein's manor in Auerswald.

Gregor Galanz (2470-2509), Man of Fashion

Although he always said he'd never done a stroke of labour in his life, Gregor Galanz toiled night and day to look fabulous and bring cutting-edge fashion to Altdorf. In 2496 IC he introduced short capes made from Albion wool. Before the month was out, mercers were unable to keep up with demand. In 2502 IC, he decreed that hats should have griffon feathers, and the Imperial Zoo ramped up security after a spate of thefts.

Everybody above a certain age has a story about Galanz: the time he promenaded in Karl-Franz Park wearing breeches so flouncy that the wind almost blew him away, the sleeves he wore with slashes showing silk from Ulthuan, or the famous 'nautical' period when he adopted a large beard and pipe.

Galanz was dismissed as a vain fop, but his story was more complex. He had been a greatsword in the Reikland army and apparently fought with immense courage. Sadly, his life was cut short in 2509, when he died in a duel over the correct length for a doublet.

Ormal Gutstuffer (2432-), Innkeeper

The Coach and Four Inn is one of the South Bank's most famous hostelrys not for its hospitality, clientele, or atmosphere, but for the legendary behaviour of Ormal Gutstuffer, Altdorf's rudest landlord. Whether you are a graf or a guttersnipe, the grizzled Halfling will treat you with equal disdain should you drink in his bar.

Gutstuffer has become a byword for breathtaking rudeness. People flock to the riverside tavern to see what creative insults trip from Gutstuffer's tongue, and how long it takes him to serve them. Gutstuffer enforces an ever-changing list of rules for drinkers — no music, no shouting, no whispering, no yellow clothing, no dogs, and so on. Visitors wonder aloud that the Coach and Four stays in business, but they miss the point. An encounter with Gutstuffer is entertainment, whether the target of his ire is a regular or, even better, an unsuspecting visitor.

Herr Ilyan Rassel (2470-), Court Composer

Every time the Army of Altdorf returns from campaign, the composer to the Imperial Court produces a new march to commemorate their victories or 'thwarted victories'. Unfortunately, Herr Ilyan Rassel is infamous for his lengthy dirges, which the nobility and army pretend to enjoy.

Rassel comes from a Strigany family and was a highly unorthodox appointment by the Imperial Court. The Emperor hoped that he would introduce passion into the marches and anthems sung in praise of the Empire's military, but he proved more conservative than his predecessors. In the East End and Schulergegend it takes mere hours before someone has taken Rassel's plodding, pious lyrics and created a satirical version for the more subversive elements of the populace.

Frau Sophia Burgrave (2490-), Salon Hostess

Anselm Burgrave is a mining magnate with investments in the Skaag Hills and Nordland's Silver Hills. He is terrified of numbers, and the reason for his success is the keen intellect of his wife, Sophia. Fortunately for both of them, they are happy that Anselm fronts the family business and deals with the Merchants' Guild while Sophia makes the decisions and runs her famous salons.

Each week on Backertag, the Burgrave Mansion in Zoogarten plays host to a diverse mix of folk from Altdorf society. Generals rub shoulders with philosophers from the University; there are wizards, actors, knights, libertines, Sigmarite priests, and even adventurers telling tales of their travels. Presiding over these salons is Sophia, who takes great care to bring interesting people together to share ideas and debate the matters of the day.

There are only three rules — clean clothing, no threats of violence, and no shouting. Invitations to Sophia's salons are much prized, so most attendees are on their best behaviour, despite the irreverent conversation.

Ehrl Durbein

Assistant Librarian



◆ THE GREAT REEK ◆



FESTIVALS OF ALTDORF

Altdorf is not famed for festivals the way that Middenheim or Averheim are. When foreign visitors complain that the city lacks public cheer, Altdorfers respond that they are secure enough in their identity and culture not to make a fuss about it; given the fine theatres and taverns in the city, who would need more distractions? This is not to say that celebrations are unknown in the capital. Instead of hosting grand revels, the city tends to explode into short but intense bursts of celebration throughout the year.

YEAR BLESSING (1st Day of Nachexen)

Verena's holy day is marked by a great procession that starts from the Temple-Library in Schulergegend and tours around the districts of the city. At the head of this procession, the High Priest of Verena rides upon a fatted cow. This beast meets a ritual slaughter upon its return to the Temple-Library, and the priests distribute its flesh to the needy.

In recent years, agents of PLANT have joined the procession, bearing placards calling attention to various social causes. This meets with mixed feelings from the Verenans. Many of them feel that the airing of grievances is appropriate on the parade, whilst others worry that giving such folk an inch will invite them to take a mile.

MITTERFRUHL (Spring Equinox)

The Karnevalsplatz is the site of a three-day fair that has its climax on Mitterfruhl. The Emperor's Tournament is held there, in which newly initiated Reiksguard prove their mettle in a series of martial contests.

The Temple of Rhya hosts perfunctory fertility rites, culminating in the ceremonial drowning of a fatted piglet. The animal is given to the Reik in the hope that the gods visit good fortune and bounty on Altdorf in the following year.

Leading up to the festivities, adventurers scour the Grey Mountains hunting for Griffon eggs. The cult of Sigmar awards a prize for the largest egg, which is decorated and presented to the Grand Cathedral on Mitterfruhl morning. Superstition has it that if no egg is found, then victory will elude Altdorf's soldiers until next Mitterfruhl.

FIRST QUAFF (33rd Day of Pflugzeit)

The elders of Altdorf's Dwarf community celebrate First Quaff much as do the lords of Dwarf holds. Brewers tap the year's first batch and the elders inspect its qualities as a measure of fortunes to come. Older Dwarfs take the ceremony very seriously indeed, but other citizens of Altdorf regard it as an excuse to get stinking drunk.

SIGMAR'S WALK (15th Day of Sigmarzeit)

According to tradition, on this day Sigmar embarked upon his final journey. Whilst the Karnevalplatz hosts festivities, the day is a sombre one. Followers of Sigmar walk from the Great Cathedral to the North Gate. Most of the pilgrims pause there, uttering prayers to the Heldenhammer before returning to their homes, but dedicated zealots strike out for Black Fire Pass and beyond.

SIGMARTAG (18th Sigmarzeit)

The principal holiday of Sigmar falls on the first day of Summer, recognised as the God-Emperor's birthday. At noon the Grand Theogonist leads a procession of the faithful from the Grand Cathedral, across the Reik Bridge, out of the North Gate, and around the city walls. The congregation parade for hours until the sun begins to set, whereupon they return to the Cathedral. There the Grand Theogonist intones liturgies, to the light of stunning pyrotechnics courtesy of the Bright College.

PROCESSION OF THE SKULL AND SCEPTRE (33rd of Sigmarzeit)

Upon this day, Johan Helstrum became the Empire's first Grand Theogonist. Sigmarite priests mark the occasion by parading through Altdorf bearing Helstrum's gilded skull and holy mace. Irreverent citizens refer to the occasion as the 'March of the Mace and the Face'.

DAY OF FOLLY (10th Day of Sommerzeit)

Ranald's major holiday is popularly known in Altdorf as Jape Day. It is customary on this day for people to play practical jokes and for the butts of such pranks to take them in good humour. In the Karnevalsplatz a celebration of satirical comedy is staged, featuring politically minded jesters and humorous agitators. Discretion is still to be advised, but skits that might earn a person a charge of treason at other times go unpunished (if not unremembered) on Jape Day.

In the East End rookeries, a secret pageant is held to the Trickster God. Services are led by masked priests of Ranald to a congregation of beggars, bawds, bookies, and burglars. Whether they are honouring the deity in his protector aspect or his deceiver aspect is down to each individual. After the service a feast is held, with the efforts of thieves and scroungers supplying the food and drink.

CAVALCADE OF VICTORY OVER THE PERFIDIOUS GREENSKIN

(9th Day of Vorgeheim)

The many great victories that the Empire has won over Orcs and Goblins are remembered on this day. A mounted honour guard of Knights of the Fiery Heart parades through Altdorf's streets the supposed skull of the wyvern that slew Emperor Sigismund, which normally lies in his ossuary. This parade ends at the steps of the Imperial Palace, where the Emperor ceremonially drives the Sword of Sigismund into the skull.

In the evening, the Altdorf Market is cleared for a great game of Middenball. Play proceeds in the traditional style, with a bound Snotling for a ball and two vast brawling mobs for teams.

SAGA (33rd Day of Vorgeheim)

Ancient right permits the Dwarf population of Altdorf to hold their Saga celebrations in the Great Cathedral of Sigmar. Throughout the day and night, they gather to share stories of their ancestors. Demand for time at the lectern is so high that speakers must book their places years in advance, and the heads of Altdorf's Dwarf families wait with strained patience to proclaim their forebears' great deeds.

PIE WEEK (1st–8th Days of Erntezeit)

During Pie Week the Karnevalsplatz becomes the site of a great outdoor food market, and people from all over Altdorf arrive to enjoy the late summer evenings with a hot pie and a pint of ale. Leading up to the event, many Halfling households buzz with activity, fiercely devoted to producing stock for their own stall. The Rumster clan always sets up a massive tent lined with racks of trestle tables piled high with pies, from boutique creations filled with choice cuts of elusive game, to cheap crusts whose contents are tasty but mysterious. Contests involving either the production or consumption of pies are held throughout the week, with massive outsized trophies awarded to the jubilant winners.



TRIUMPHAL MARCH IN DEFIANCE OF THE DARK

(8th Day of Erntezeit)

On this day a grand procession is held in commemoration of Emperor Magnus's victory at the gates of Kislev. A vast horde of pilgrims from throughout the Empire and Kislev comes to Altdorf to join the parade. They march from the North Gate around the city and end their procession at the steps of the Grand Cathedral, where the Grand Theogonist ceremonially unveils the Holy Shroud of Magnus.

MITTHERBST

(Autumn Equinox)

The harvest celebrations so common throughout the Empire at this time are rather restrained in Altdorf. Residents pay quiet respect to the gods. The Temple of Rhya and the Konigplatz host large bonfires, and priests of Ulric tie a smouldering brand to the tail of a terrified sacrificial sheep, which is sent scurrying from the North Gate.

The annual running of the rats occurs in the afternoon. Fires lit at key points in the sewers drive a torrent of rats out into the open, where Altdorfers compete to see how many they can snare. At the Karnevalsplatz, city officials award a series of prizes for most rats caught, biggest rat caught, most altered rat caught, and so on.



SECOND BREACH

(33rd Day of Brauzeit)

The third major holiday of the Dwarf calendar, Second Breach is the time when the clan beer kegs are opened and tested once again. Older Dwarfs intone songs and tales of ancestors and heroic battles.

Holidays that offer a good excuse to get drunk are popular with Altdorfers, and many outside the Dwarf community observe this night as the Imminence of Winter festival. Taverns throughout the city offer discounts, and the streets are awash with revellers and their vomit.

MONDSTILLE

(Winter Solstice)

In observance of Mondstille, burghers and city officials light bonfires in the many parks and squares of Altdorf. Those who honour Ulric tell themselves that the fires blaze in respect of the chill winter over which he is master. Those who do not honour Ulric tell themselves that the fires are a beacon, beseeching Taal and Rhya to return fertility and vigour to the world as quickly as they can. The city's two temples of Ulric open their doors to preach sermons on practising resolve and resilience in order to face the cold dark months still to come. At the Cathedral of Sigmar, rites echo those of Ulric, and sermons tell of Sigmar's regard for the Wolf God. Though, in recent years, these rites have shown little enthusiasm or pomp.

KEG END

(33rd Day of Vorhexen)

The final Dwarf drinking festival of the year exists to ensure that old beer is consumed before it spoils. In Altdorf, with its many taverns and breweries, this is not a problem. However, the city's Dwarfs still like to mark the occasion by drinking copious quantities of ale. In the Karnevalsplatz, a panel of Dwarf elders judge a singing contest. Troubadours compose and perform a song about the events of the previous year. The best song is rewarded with a purse of gold crowns. Non-Dwarfs may compete, though the judges usually dismiss their efforts.

THE WITCHING MARCH

(33rd Day of Vorhexen)

The evening before Hexenstag, a torchlit parade passes through the charred streets around the Bright College. The tradition is relatively recent and secretly orchestrated by the Pyromancers. The parade attracts vast quantities of Aqshy, which the wizards tap into when performing a great ritual over Hexenstag.

DAILY ENTERTAINMENT IN ALTDORF

Altdorf is the biggest city in the Empire, so there are many distractions and entertainments for people of all classes and backgrounds.

HOW TO USE THESE TABLES

Some Altdorfers spend their waking hours in taverns or at gatherings with friends and family, but what about when they want some entertainment?

These tables provide examples of day-to-day cultural activities in the city. Some cut across classes — for example, anyone in Altdorf can go to the theatre ... but there's a world of difference between a side box at the Grand Opera House and standing ankle-deep in mud and straw at the Tarnhusse.

You can use these tables to generate a random activity for an NPC when the party wants to find them. Roll on the table corresponding to the character's Tier. If you don't think the result fits their character, re-roll or choose something better.

You can also use these examples to inspire your party when they have some spare time, or to set the starting scene for an adventure.

BRASS

When you're poor, you take your culture where you can get it cheap or free.

d100 How Are They Forgetting Their Troubles?

01–10	Tarnhusse's Playhouse (Yard of the Blind Rooster Tavern, in Ogasse): <i>To Wed a Mule</i> — A ribald romp performed by travelling players, featuring much cross-dressing and suggestive innuendo. A wealthy farmer declares that his son must marry within a year or lose his inheritance. In the finale, the son resorts to marrying his mule. The actors face a rowdy, heckling crowd, but they give as good as they get.
11–20	Mummers' Performance on Temporary Stage in Fishemarkt: <i>The Tale of Magnus</i> — Amateurs perform an unsophisticated play about Magnus the Pious. It's unsubtle and religiously devout, with plenty of Sigmarite verse. The crowd most enjoys a fight between Magnus and a 'Beastman' who obviously can't see through his mask.
21–25	Die Volksoper Altdorf: <i>The Magnificent Sven</i> — A big night out for the poorest in Altdorf, but worth the schillings. This musical is a fantastically entertaining tale of exotic climes with an ensemble cast of well-loved performers. The finale where Sven's crew finally come together is thrilling.
26–30	Watching Pit Fights on the Isle of Eels: It's a big day at the pits. Gorm the Naglfarling is taking on Big Wim the Mountain. Then there's a free-for-all with two local boys and half a dozen goblins.
31–35	Eel Fights in Schlecht Laden: Eel fighting at the Black Pike tavern is always entertaining. Rumour has it that Ranald is smiling down on the punters tonight.
36–40	Dog Fights at Bosco's Bones in Reikerbahn: Bosco has acquired a litter of Hobhound pups from an Ostlander dealer on the Old Docks.
41–45	Pigeon Racing from a Tenement in Fleishmarkt: Even the poorest citizen can acquire a filthy Altdorf pigeon and train it to return home. Racing pigeons is more fun when they fly over Dampffplatz — there's a good chance of getting shot down.
46–55	Dicing in the Street in Grandmarkt: An impromptu game of dice has begun by a statue of Dieter IV. Only half the players are cheating.
56–60	Storytelling in Konigplatz: An eccentric old man sits on a barrel and sings stories of a clean, bright Empire where nobles are honourable and the Ruinous Powers are in retreat.
61–65	Agitator Speaking in a Back Room on the Isle of Eels: A furious Yefimovite tries to incite revolution, citing numerous outrages of the ruling classes. Nobody heckles, because of the Fish surrounding her.
66–75	Fishing from the Sudwand Bank: The fish are biting today. If you're poor, this is a cheap way to relax and get a meal.
76–85	Street Music in Reikerbahn: A ragtag band of musicians play raucous folk songs on pipes, drums, and strings. Some people dance merrily.
86–90	Beheading on Gallows Hill: A big crowd today. Matilda Ehlers, the 'Wolftor Butcher' is on the block. After killing all those innocent travellers, even a wealthy landlady can't escape the headsman.
91–100	Ideas Above One's Station: Roll on the Silver table.

SILVER

Silver Tier characters are the professionals, and their cultural life may revolve around their guild or more culturally adventurous pursuits.

d100	How Are They Spending Their Free Hours?
01–05	The Temple of Drama: <i>Hexenachtabend</i> — The tale is a tragedy of doomed love in which Violetta and her twin brother Bastian swap places to woo the objects of their affection on Hexensnacht, but are both burned as witches. This production is a bold reimagining of Tarradasch's play that portrays both twins as genuine witches who deserve their fate.
06–10	Grand Imperial Museum, <i>Grossgrundbesitz</i> : A visit to the museum to 'better oneself'. Those in the Silver Tier dress up for the occasion, as the guards won't let riffraff through the doors.
11–15	The Geheimnisstrasse Theatre: <i>The Troublesome Reign of Boris The Incompetent</i> — A historical play, chosen to illustrate supposed parallels between the Empire today and the corrupt reign of Boris Goldgather. The arrogant Emperor is portrayed as a true villain, with the Grand Theogonist Thorgrad as his foil. Thoroughly depressing.
16–19	Singing at the Guildhouse : Many guilds organise group activities, including choirs singing Reikland folk songs. The Mercers, Blackpowdermen, and Masons and Carpenters' Guilds are particularly accomplished — and competitive.
20–24	The Vargr Breughel Memorial Playhouse: <i>The Eloquent Plenipotentiary</i> — An Imperial plenipotentiary has been dispatched to remote Stirlant to conduct Imperial business with a crude and ignorant local baron. Much of the humour arises from fast-paced dialogue and witty epithets.
25–29	Ratfighting in Grandmarkt : Betting on fighting giant rats is a surprisingly respectable pastime in Altdorf. Successful merchants sponsor their own fighting pits and celebrity rats like Killer Klaus attract quite a following.
30–33	Dancing Bear in Fishemarkt : A Kislevite bear-handler has brought his star performer to shuffle about for a crowd. The bear is dressed in Ostland colours and looks miserable. A small boy bangs a drum, a little girl plays a pipe, and a Halfling pickpockets the crowd.
34–38	Playing Middenball for the Guild : Teams from the guilds have set up a small but burgeoning Middenball league. The Cutlers' Guild and Armorsers' Guild are the current best teams.
39–45	Gambling at the Black Cat Tavern (Temple of Ranald) in Wolfstor : A quiet password in the ear of the bouncers and you're in. Today's card games are <i>Scarlet Empress</i> and <i>Pig Jigger</i> — a minor noble is losing badly at the latter and won't give up. A very serious game of dominoes is going on in the corner.
46–49	Anatomical Demonstration in Krankenfeld : Doktor Wilden is dissecting a Norseman today — who knows what mysteries he'll find inside?.
50–53	Watching the Fops on the South Bank : Rich young nobles like to parade up and down the wealthy streets in their fashionable clothes. This is a spectator sport for the middle classes, who enjoy a suppressed laugh at their betters.
54–59	Ferocious Debate Above a Hot Beverage Shop, Markt an der Wand : In a room above a small shop, a group of impassioned merchants debate the matters of the day. Conversation covers the situation in Ubersreik and the impact on commerce. The group have polarised opinions.
60–64	Agitator in Konigsplatz : A Kloszowskiite is proclaiming radical poetry to an amused crowd, trying to rouse them to revolution. He's not very persuasive, but he is very handsome.
65–68	Watching the Imperial Engineers on the Artillery Ground : The engineers are testing ordnance and the Steam Tanks. A group of adolescent 'cannon spotters' stand with parchment, noting down which artillery pieces are making an appearance today.
69–73	Watching a Military Drill in Hammerpfad : The 8th Altdorf Halberds are training with the Weissbruck 'Sureshots' crossbow regiment. Spectators watch from a safe distance.
74–77	Visit to a Bath House in Hexxerbezrik : In the steam and hot baths of a Kislevite bath house, merchants make deals and scour off the stink of the city streets.
78–82	Execution by Burning at Crackle Hill : The Order of Sigmar are putting a witch to the torch today. The Witch Hunter reads a very long list of indictments before igniting the pyre. (The witch is innocent and was framed by cultists, who watch from the baying crowd.)
83–91	Ideas Above One's Station : Roll on the Gold table.
92–100	Slumming It : Roll on the Brass table.

GOLD

Gold Tier characters in Altdorf tend to have more leisure time than others, which they prefer to spend on pursuits that are too expensive or exclusive for the lower orders.

d100	How Are They Enjoying Their Plentiful Time and Wealth?
01–05	The Altdorf Theatre: <i>The Desolate Prisoner of Karak Kadrin</i> — An unadventurous but highly polished production of Tarradasch's famous tragedy. While Baron Trister languishes in the Slayer King's dungeon, he must come to terms with those he wronged in the past.
06–10	Private Viewing in Grossgrundbesitz: A visit to a noble's mansion to see her precious art collection, by personal invitation. Includes elven sculptures and works by the Tilean masters.
11–15	The Grand Opera House: <i>The Return of Rutgar</i> — An epic opera telling the tale of Count Rutgar of Wissenland, a historical figure who found battle and adventure in the Border Princes. The actor playing Grotfang the Orc chieftain has a beautiful tenor singing voice.
16–20	Recital at the Von Hardenburg Mansion, Zoogarten: Graf Johann von Hardenburg is hosting a recital — reading his own dire poetry and showcasing his daughter's clumsy harpsichord playing. It goes on a long time, but etiquette demands no one leave early.
21–25	The Vargr Breughel Memorial Playhouse: <i>The History of Sigmar</i> — Detlef Sierck's early masterpiece, directed by the playwright himself. It's an excellent performance honed over many years by Sierck, with impressive staging. King Marbad of the Endals is played as a comic stereotype of a Wastelander.
26–30	Hawking on the City Walls: Training and keeping a hawk or falcon is expensive, but is a popular pursuit for high-status citizens who want to hunt without leaving the city. The southern walls are best, as they are in sight of the Zwillinggrab district, where many birds flock.
31–35	Boar-Baiting in Schulergegend: A cruel upper-class bloodsport that caters to noble University students. The boar is terrified with flaming brands, before the young combatant enters the pit and kills it with a spear. Spectators and fighters roast and eat the boar afterwards.
36–40	Gaming in a Private Club in Fundgrube: Exclusive members' clubs have games rooms where one can enjoy dice, cards, or games of strategy such as <i>Mühlen</i> or <i>Issus</i> , where players compete with pieces representing magisters of the Colleges of Magic.
41–45	Gambling at the Tinzberg Rooms: An exclusive gambling house named for a noble family famed for gaining and losing fortunes playing dice. Games on offer include the card games Fareo and Laggard, which combine skill with luck. Large amounts of money change hands.
46–50	Fencing in Hammerpfad: Senior officers in the Altdorf and Reikland regiments enjoy sparring with one another and well-bred guests in the regimental barracks.
51–55	Visiting the Altdorf City Asylum in Fishemarkt: Visiting the asylum is popular amongst cruel nobles who enjoy watching the antics of the hopelessly mad. Especially vicious people will pay extra to taunt the inmates.
56–60	Debate at the University: There are two motions for debate today — few people turn up for the first (<i>'What is the nature of the aether?'</i>) but the second gets quite an audience (<i>'Who would win in a fight between a wyvern and a crab of equal size?'</i>).
61–65	Intellectual Conversation at the Burgrave Mansion in Zoogarten: Sophia Burgrave's salon is by invitation only. Those privileged to attend can participate in informed discussion of politics, culture, Altdorf society and whether a wyvern could best a crab of equal size in combat.
66–70	Cavalry Drill Outside the City Walls: Most citizens love to see knightly orders and other cavalry training and sparring outside the south walls. High status individuals prefer to watch from horseback or a vantage point in one of the towers.
71–75	Promenade in Karl-Franz Park: Day or night, a stroll in the park is an excellent way to get some air and observe other people. A small party of minor nobles are showing off Nuln-inspired finery.
76–80	Public Hanging at Gallows Hill: It's a good selection today — two murderers, a pickpocket who stole from a judge, and a notorious agitator. Wealthy citizens enjoy a good hanging, but it's not seemly to join in the cheering and banter favoured by the lower orders.
81–90	Slumming It: Roll on the Silver table.
91–100	Really Slumming It: Roll on the Brass table.

GETTING TO ALTDORF

Altdorf is a popular destination for traders, pilgrims, diplomats, spies, and adventurers, so finding a reason for Characters to go there should not be difficult. The city stands at the convergence of two of the Empire's greatest rivers, with boats arriving from as far as Kislev down the Talabec, and Marienburg and beyond from the mouth of the Reik. Roads from the city lead north to Carroburg and Middenheim; east to Talabheim; south to Nuln; and west to Ubersreik, Helmgart, and Bretonnia.

As a centre of political intrigue, religious fervour, gang violence, and business deals, the city affords opportunity to all manner of characters. The following hooks might lead to in-depth investigations into goings on in Altdorf.

- ☠ Developments in the city deeply trouble the Cult of Verena. Parties unknown have taken pains to oust a number of top Verenan litigants from their positions in the Palace of Retribution, and replace them with strict, stern-mannered judges. The Verenans would like to know why.
- ☠ The Fish are the most extensive and numerous gang of organised smugglers in the Old World, and as such they have many enemies. Pirate Kings from Sartosa and merchant princes from Ulthuan alike have reason to hate the Fish. When a precious relic bound for the Altdorf Museum 'falls overboard', everyone suspects the smugglers. But is another group taking advantage of the Fish's reputation for their own ends?
- ☠ The Hooks are barely less criminal than the Fish, but have a newfound reputation as counter-revolutionaries to uphold. Gang leaders are removing many thieves and smugglers they see as liabilities. Other criminals, Ranaldans in particular, want to know why their associates keep disappearing.
- ☠ The trade in Dreamwine, known for the prophetic visions it can induce, is frowned upon by Sigmarites, Morrites, Celestial Wizards, and Altdorf's Guild of Vintners. Professional jealousy may explain their ire, but there is undeniably something untoward and unholy about the drink and the visions. Crates of Dreamwine move through Altdorf, and many interested parties would like to know where it comes from, and where it goes.
- ☠ Spies and informants work at all levels of Altdorf society, and the many spymasters compete with one another to acquire, or suppress, knowledge. Should the characters be brought into their intrigues, they enter a dangerous game. What one spymaster is willing to impart in confidence, another would wring out through torture.
- ☠ People from throughout the Reikland are disappearing, whole farmsteads vanishing without trace. Rumours have long whispered, without proof, that a strange subterranean species keeps slave pens beneath Altdorf.
- ☠ The Emperor, his family, and his court are a constant source of rumour and speculation in the Empire, but it can be dangerous to speak too freely about the private foibles of the rich and powerful. Criminal characters may receive work from Altdorf's many revolutionaries to help blacken the name of the Imperial family, but the risks are high.
- ☠ The High Elf kingdom of Saphery has its embassy in Altdorf, and this is a source of jealousy and suspicion. Dwarfs seek to know what the High Elves are planning, and demand reparations be paid for grudges dating back to the War of the Beard. Other elven kingdoms do not wish Saphery advantaged to their detriment, and may sponsor envoys or spies to dig dirt on their rivals. The Dark Elves, distant as they might be, are curious to be informed of elven intrigues in Altdorf.



BED AND BOARD

Finding a place to stay in Altdorf is not difficult, though finding a cosy and safe place means spending serious cash. All the residential districts have boarding houses, hotels, inns, or flophouses within which to spend the night.

A TYPICAL ALTDORF INN

Most inns are found in Altdorf's north. There are a great many of them lining the Königplatz or running down either side of the Street of a Hundred Taverns. Such places adopt the standard expected of coaching inns or city taverns throughout the Empire, though prices are slightly inflated, especially during holidays. Inns in Altdorf tend to employ a small army of staff compared to places in the country or other cities. Pot boys scurry about delivering orders and collecting dishes, and it is standard practice to employ a bouncer at the door who guards patrons' weaponry whilst they are visiting.

Bedrooms are small and sparsely furnished; visitors to Altdorf are just grateful for somewhere to sleep. Most places keep their beds comfortable and clean, though heavy use results in rather threadbare sheets.

THE WAYFARER'S REST

The Wayfarer's Rest is a popular inn on the street of a Hundred Taverns. It is run by the experienced publican Runze who tailors his services to appeal to students from the nearby university. His rooms and meals are good value, but he stocks expensive drink and does a profitable sideline in weirdroot. There are twenty-two bedrooms in the inn, though they are likely all booked during term time. Runze encourages entertainers to perform in the bar, so most nights guests can look forward to sets by musicians and comedians. Characters capable of singing for their supper could do well here.

Prices: Room, private/night (2 beds) 9/-; Meal, inn 11d; Ale, pint (somewhat pretentious brew) 4d; Spirits, pint 2/3; Wine, bottle 1/-; Weirdroot 3/-.

BOARDING HOUSES

In the Reikerbahn, Flottenleige, and Dockland districts, there are a number of boarding houses: large buildings dedicated to providing beds but little else. They are cheaper than the inns, but guests must keep to whatever hours suit the owners. Bed linen only gets changed when it is clearly soiled, and contagious disease spreads freely between guests.

THE LOCK AND QUAY

This boarding house in the Dockland looks more like a mill than a tavern. It is a large nondescript house, with many small windows and doors. The place is quirkier inside, decorated with nautical paraphernalia. The kitchens and dining room take up most of the ground floor, serving plain but hearty breakfasts and dinners to the guests. The first floor is inhabited by the landlord and his family. The floors above contain numerous small, clean bedrooms. Guests are expected to pay in advance and follow the rules: no alcohol, no company, no violence, no spellcasting.

Adred Gebhardt, the landlord, has the pantomime mannerisms of an old Hargendorf salt, to such a degree that visiting Nordlanders often feel rather embarrassed. Adred has never been to sea in his life, but loves the romance of the ocean and is rather lost in his act. His family, who speak with plain East End accents, forbear his eccentricities but do not share them.

Prices: Room, private/night (2 beds) 8/-; Meal, inn 10d; Ale, pint (to be consumed with meal) 3d.



HIGH-CLASS HOTELS

In wealthier South Bank areas, visitors can find a number of grand hotels. They are classy establishments, and the staff pamper those who pay their fees. Whilst hotels can be snobbish and exclusive, many of them accept a diverse clientele. Elf princes find themselves rubbing shoulders with Dwarf engineers from far-flung Karaks, Halfling merchants from the Hollyfoot or Tumbleberry clans, and the boorish young nobles of the League of Karl-Franz.

THE GRAND IMPERIAL

Mauerblumchen's most attractive hotel stands overlooking a small park. It is faced in gleaming white marble and statues of the gods dot the grounds. Inside, the reception area is lush and the 87 double rooms are gorgeously furnished and impeccably clean. Beneath the hotel is a well-stocked wine cellar and a small private bathhouse, with hot and cold pools. The porters and servers strive to do their best for their guests, and are obsequious in their fine manners. They are willing to procure almost anything that the market areas of Altdorf can offer for their guests upon request. Should their service be displeasing to a valued customer, the hotel owner makes immediate and lavish compensation.

Entertainers do not perform here. The guests expect a serene environment, and the concierges are only too willing to arrange for a coach to take them to the theatre if they are in need of distractions.

Prices: Room, private/night (2 beds) 1 GC 10/-; Meal, inn 3/6; Ale, pint 6d; Bugman's XXXXXX Ale, pint 1/3; Spirits, pint 4/-; Wine, bottle (Estallian Sherry or Vin de Couronne) 4/-; Stables, night ½; Bath, hour 2/-.



FLOPHOUSES

At the other end of the scale from high-class hotels are flophouses. These are often just residences, or even shacks, in which guests can grab a little sleep (if they are lucky). Flophouses tend to be dingy and dirty places, inhabited by desperate travellers, or vagrants who have managed to beg a few spare pennies. Most folk avoid these places if the weather is fine — it is safer and cleaner to sleep under the stars in one of Altdorf's parks — but they do offer four walls and a roof when it is cold and wet.

MIRIAM'S

Miriam Herzog opened up her pokey Ogasse residence to guests after her husband passed away. She has pulled most of the furniture into her own room — which she keeps firmly bolted — but has left a bed and a couple of benches in the main room. Up to 20 people might pack together inside in a night.

Two can squeeze on to the bed (though they may have to fight for the privilege), whilst the others find room on the benches or the floor.

In the morning, Miriam rises at about ten and lights the stove. She heats a bowl of watery eel and onion stew that she doles out to her guests in an assortment of scavenged pottery bowls. It is tasteless and thin, but cheaper and more nourishing than poor quality tavern fare.

Prices: Room, common/night 5d (5% risk of exposure to the Itching Pox); Meal, inn 3d (5% risk of exposure to the Galloping Trots).

THE WALLS OF ALTDORF

Altdorf's walls are famous for their solid construction and the visual impact of their gleaming white stone face and thick plates of red terracotta tile. The walls, first raised in 534 IC, are up to 100 feet high and 15 feet thick in places, and of Dwarf design. Sigismund the Conqueror, having learned how easily an ill-defended city falls to siege, ordered their construction. Over the centuries, the city's expansion has necessitated knocking down and rebuilding some sections of wall. Still, Altdorf's population declined dramatically during years of plague and civil war, so the current extent of the walls is little larger than the original footprint.

Bastion towers ring the walls, and several of these have a particular function or reputation.

GREYWATCH TOWER

Greywatch Tower rises over the district of Zwillinggrab to the south of the city. It was constructed during the Dark Ages to survey the Grey Mountains for early signs of invasion. From the turret windows peep arrays of strange devices, allowing their operators to see and even hear the goings-on in distant lands. Altdorf's generals swear that the tower merely operates to warn of potential Greenskin raids, or threats issuing from Castle Drachenfels or Blood Keep, but the Dukes of Montfort and Bastonne doubt this. Throughout Bretonnia, people spread rumours that the rulers of Altdorf spy on them from the tower. The Bretonnian ambassador has requested permission to examine the tower to put these suspicions to rest, but so far the Emperor has ignored his petitions.

NORDWALD CITADEL

The complex of fortified walls, towers, and arcane structures that composes Nordwald Citadel is associated with Altdorf's battle wizards. The building exists to accustom military commanders and regiments to working with wizards, and to hone tactics to best combine battle magic with military force. The citadel is a coup for Altdorf's wizards, being a prominent symbol of their contributions to Altdorf's defence. Citizens tend to distrust the wizards just as they vaunt the military, so this clear sign of their shared efforts does much to boost the wizards' reputation. However, the citadel is also the site of experimental magical works. As of yet dangerous miscasts have not resulted in tragedy, but those who distrust wizards are eager to report sensational accounts of haywire magic.

ALTDORF CITY GATES

The four main gates of Altdorf are titanic structures, tall enough to admit a Giant (were they willing to stoop a bit) and so wide that a regiment of state troops could march from them twenty abreast. Altdorfers take pride in the fact that their city is always so busy, and so well guarded, that the gates remain open throughout the hours of darkness. Other cities may bar their gates against the creatures that wait in the surrounding forest, but Altdorfers fear no bands of raiders. Only under threat of a besieging army would the Watch swing shut and bolt the great oaken doors.

The watchmen posted at the gates are careful to inspect wagons and carts that pass through. Many of the merchant and trade guilds within the city provide their trusted suppliers with passes that can save them from lengthy inspections.

Strangers receive closer scrutiny. Those who arrive on board a coach are usually waved through without interference. Coaching Houses, like the Guilds, pay well to ensure their customers receive a warm welcome. Those arriving on foot meet with less respect. The guards refuse entry to anyone with less than five crowns, for Altdorf has enough beggars already.

In times of plague or strife, guards often present amulets of the gods for new arrivals to touch to their lips. Common belief holds that such an exercise unmasks witches and cures those stricken with disease.



THE NORTH GATE

This gate is also known as the Gate of the Emperor, or Empire Gate, as tradition has it that Sigmar passed this way when embarking on his final journey. Two massive statues flank the gate: one of Sigmar wielding Ghalmaraz, and the other of Ulric brandishing Blitzbiel.

THE EAST GATE

Start of the route between Altdorf and Nuln, the East Gate is adorned with a magnificent pediment sculpture depicting Taal, Verena, Ulric, Rhya, Shallya and, very prominently, Sigmar. The nearby artillery fields resound with the noise of artillery field tests, and visitors from Nuln often suspect that a lot of effort has been put into reminding them that Altdorf is the current capital.

THE SOUTH GATE

Altdorf's South Gate is also known as Witches Gate, for condemned dark magicians pass through it to their execution at Crackle Hill. Not surprisingly, common opinion holds the gate to be cursed, and suspicious Altdorfers go out of their way to avoid it.

THE WEST GATE

Also known as Market Gate, the West Gate is smaller but busier than the other great gates. Brass statues of Griffons holding hammers flank the gate to each side. There are many barracks nearby, and soldiers often parade through the gate and all about the area. The unwary traveller who fails to give way may face stern rebuke, if not a fine, for 'obstructing military exercise'.

POSTERN GATES

As well as the main gates, a number of smaller gates partition the city walls. Visitors to the city may well mistake these postern gates for main gates, as they are large enough to admit a steady stream of pedestrian traffic and one-horse carts. There are two of these gates at the north of the city, to either side of the Grandmarkt district. Traffic tends to come into the more eastern gate, where Altdorf's Halflings are quick to purchase the best foodstuffs (and help themselves to anything that isn't carefully secured in the process). Most produce is unloaded at Grandmarkt stalls, before the carts are driven round to the Docklands or the Neusgeldt, where they are loaded with goods to be transported back to the farmsteads and manors in the countryside.

THE RIVER GATES

Massive towers rise from foundations hidden below the waterline to flank the rivers where they flow through the walls. Sailors may pass in and out of the city no matter what the hour, though a crew of soldiers and river wardens always guard the river gates and regularly flag down vessels to search.

The area around the towers is always well lit, and thronging with soldiers and sailors. The river folk come from all corners of the known world, arguing and shouting in a dozen languages as they undergo questioning and search before passing the gates.

THE BRIDGES OF ALTDORF

Bridges give rise to urban legends and lurid reports of accidents. Suspicious folk avoid crossing an ill-omened bridge. They must find it onerous navigating Altdorf, for the bridges here all have dismal reputations. Dozens of rickety crossings straddle smaller channels, but when people talk of Altdorf's bridges, they mean the seven towering stone structures that span the great rivers.

THE REIK BRIDGES

The Reik is the most important river in the Old World. Its headwaters lie far to the south and west, in the great mountain ranges. One of its sources is a spring in Black Fire Pass. Legend has it that the water bubbles forth from the spot where Sigmar rested Ghal-Maraz after his triumphant victory over the Greenskins.

So wide and deep is the Reik that ocean-going vessels can navigate their way to the capital with ease. Even the tallest masts need not be lowered as they pass through the city, because every bridge on the river incorporates a mechanism allowing them to pass, even if it be a simple wooden section and pulley.

The five bridges spanning the Reik are marvels of engineering, showcasing the benefits of cooperation with Dwarfs, whose engineers design such wonders. The oldest bridges have stood for hundreds of years, enduring floods, fires, and riots. In recent years, renovations incorporated steam-driven mechanisms to assist travellers to the walkways, and to raise the bridge for vessels to sail beneath. Whilst it is rare for a tall ship to make the difficult journey upstream to Nuln, it is feasible.

Volans Crossing

Wizards used their strange powers to erect the city's northernmost bridge shortly after the founding of the Colleges of Magic. Volans Crossing is tall, boasts intricate decoration, and changes its dimensions according to the passing traffic. It has stood solidly since the reign of Magnus the Pious — so an observer might question why few people use it. The Emperor and founders of the Colleges hoped magically assisted civil engineering would mitigate the fears and suspicions that greet wizards, but such feelings remain.

The Griffon Bridge

Altdorf's newest bridge is more commonly known as the Altdorf Steam Bridge. Through steam-driven mechanisms, the walkway can rise a hundred feet into the air, or lower close to the water line. The infamous 'Dunking of Karl-Franz' occurred in 2518 IC, when the bridge malfunctioned during an Imperial Procession. Despite functioning reliably ever since, the bridge remains unpopular — particularly with those who feel they have dignity to lose.

Reik Bridge

Tallest and widest of Altdorf's bridges, the Reik Bridge is a busy thoroughfare. Charters dating back to the reign of the Unfähiger Emperors allow private individuals to purchase portions of the bridge, so residences and shops jostle precariously along the walkway. Some folk refer to 'Three Toll Bridge', as various owners levy fees to cross. A toll office stands at either end of the bridge, selling tickets that cover a number of crossings. Whilst these charges are cheap, many residents call for their abolition. Karl-Franz would love to issue an edict limiting ownership of the bridge, but Altdorf's wealthier burghers demand the defence of private property rights despite the inconvenience.

Unterwald Bridge

Two stone turrets standing on the river banks support the Unterwald Bridge, also known as the Bridge of Three Towers, with a third that rises from the Reik. The Unterwald line has faded, but during their day they were famed for lavish acts of philanthropy. Unfortunately, rumours persist that they conspired with the von Carsteins during the Vampire Wars.

The controversial history of the Unterwalds gives rise to a quirk of Altdorf manners. Those who feel the family's name was unduly tainted (patriots, Strigani, Ultricans, people from the Empire's north and east) insist on calling it the Unterwald Bridge and take offence at the Bridge of the Three Towers. Those who suspect the Unterwalds of treachery (educated commoners, Sigmarites, folk from the Empire's south and west) take the opposite attitude.

State Bridge

The most southerly of the Reik bridges is a homely utilitarian structure. No peculiar legends are attached to the State Bridge. Sardonic Altdorfers nonetheless point out that it is still a forbidding crossing, with one origin in East End rookeries and the other in the dilapidated Ogasse district.

THE TALABEC BRIDGES

The Talabec is another mighty river, with its source far to the east. It is a long river, though narrower than the Reik. In any other city, the Talabec bridges would be considered impressive, but they are overshadowed by the Reik bridges. Large sailing ships cannot make their way from Altdorf to Talabheim the way they can to Nuln. The Admiralty argues that outfitting these bridges to allow tall ships eastward could be useful in case of invasion, but there is no support for this project.

The Old Bridge

The Griffon Bridge occupies the site of an older crossing, so the Old Bridge is merely the eldest of those still standing. It is also called Daemon's Crossing, for tales suggest that its architect bargained with ruinous powers in order to complete the bridge, leaving a terrible curse.

Modern folk publicly deride the tale, but it is paid respect in private. The bridge looks eerie; slender pillars rise from the Talabec to hold serried arches. The walkway is narrow, with little room for traffic to pass safely. Accidents happen, and whenever an Altdorfer hears of a careless traveller falling from the bridge, they mutter that the Daemon has taken its due.

Reaper's Crossing

Reaper's Crossing bridges the Talabec from the East End to the foggy shores of Toteninsel, home of Altdorf's busiest cemetery. Whilst the bridge is the least imposing of Altdorf's main bridges, the fact that funeral processions so often cross here explains why many avoid it.

Urban legend has it that whilst your own legs can carry you over Reaper's Crossing eight times, other legs bear you for the ninth. Priests of Morr deem such rumours 'guff', for they would all be dead many times over were there any truth to the tales. Yet those with second sight can detect a faint aura of Shyish lingering on the bridge. Whilst this is not invariably fatal, it probably doesn't do anyone much good.

◆ THE SOUTH BANK ◆



THE QUALITY QUARTER

The South Bank area of the city is home to Altdorf's elite, and boasts some of the most famous landmarks in the Empire. Swathes of the South Bank area are given over to green and leafy parks, vast mansions, chapterhouses for one or other of the Empire's knightly orders, and barracks hosting the Empire's finest regiments. The Imperial Palace stands here, as does Sigmar's Grand Cathedral. To the eastern end of the area, the residences are poorer. The district of Ogasse is particularly decrepit in comparison to neighbouring wards.

S1 Friedhofskreuzung

S2 Karnevalsplatz

S3 Mauerblumchen

S4 The Imperial Palace and Palast District

S5 Karl Franz Park

S6 Flottenliegeplatz

S7 Hammerpfad

S8 Fundgrube

S9 Domplatz

S10 Zoogarten

S11 Markt an der Wand

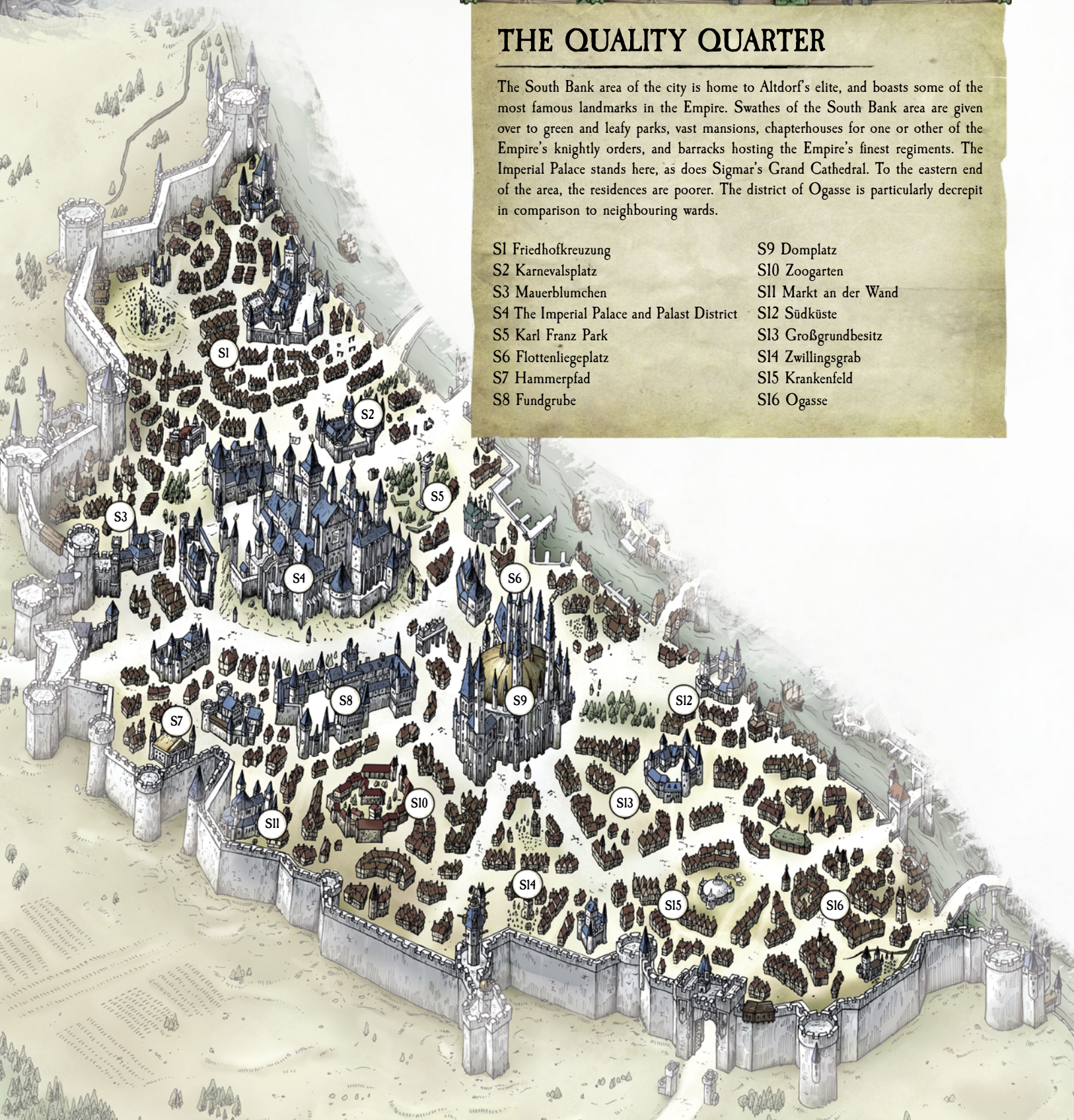
S12 Südküste

S13 Großgrundbesitz

S14 Zwillinggrab

S15 Krankenfeld

S16 Ogasse





FRIEDHOFKREUZUNG

The westernmost district of Altdorf sprawls around a tall hill that holds the city's oldest and most prestigious graveyard. Many of Altdorf's graveyards are built on raised areas — the Cult of Morr insists that flooding of cemeteries invites all manner of disaster, and that bloated waterlogged corpses can be a significant hazard. It is a source of some conflict with wealthy citizens, who might like their residences to command such views, but for now religious tradition holds strong.

Beyond the cemetery walls, the residences have a rather quaint and rustic feel. A lot of Ostermarkers have made their home here over the years. Whilst they do not dominate the area, their influence can be seen in an eastern flavour to the architecture, such as carved and brightly painted wooden boarding and the occasional extravagantly expensive thatched roof.

The area has a sombre sort of mien; the graveyard dominates all and the sound of lugubrious Ostermark folk music drifts from the taverns at night. Many soldiers patrol the area during the hours of darkness, wary of people trying to sneak into the city through the river gates.

GARDEN OF MORR

The grandest of Altdorf's graveyards surmounts the hill at Friedhofkreuzung's centre, near the city's west wall. Whilst all Morrite graveyards are known as Gardens of Morr, this cemetery, with its huge sepulchres and stately beds of black roses, is the exemplar. Visitors to Altdorf who ask to be shown to 'the cemetery' receive direction here.

As the Garden of Morr lies near the city's wealthier neighbourhoods, many of its residents come from aristocratic families. Memorials to long-dead Emperors and Grand Princes can be found here. Wyvern bones form the vast ossuary to Sigismund IV. The tomb to Jurgen the Opulent is a magnificent folly nearly thirty feet high, comprising slabs of granite taken from Black Fire Pass. The grand mausoleum of Wilhelm III holds up an outstanding brass statue of Sigmar grasping the late Emperor by the forearm in greeting. Pilgrims often come to pay their respects here.

SHALLOW GRAVES



- Upkeep of the massive marble mausoleum of Ludwig II receives funding from a consortium of Thorncobble clan Halflings. Priests of Morr struggle to prevent it becoming a site of graveyard picnicking, a common custom in the Mootland that most Altdorfers consider undignified. Recently the Halflings have grown more insistent that Humans respect their traditions, and rumour has it that agents of the clan are plotting a sit-in of the cemetery next Pie Week.
- Priests of Morr constantly sanctify the graves, but a persistent undead menace exists within the Garden of Morr despite their efforts. Emperor Wilhelm I, who reigned in the third century, was a vain monarch. He directed the executors of his will to see that gold coins be placed on his eyes rather than traditional pennies. Morr refused to take such a proud man into the afterlife, so Wilhelm lingers on as a Wight. His revenant form seems to defy the usual Morrite methods of tracking down and destroying powerful champions of undeath.



SEPULCHRE OF PROPHECY

Whilst the cemetery grounds are extensive, the Shrine of Morr is a compact grey stone structure, providing priests and grave wardens with a place to meet and store their appurtenances. Funeral services for the wealthy tend to be held in the Cathedral of Sigmar, or Altdorf's main Temple of Morr on Toteninsel.

The Sepulchre of Prophecy earns its name for hosting the city's various Doomsayers. From all over the city, parents bring young people to receive their Doomings. They often wander about the Garden, gravely reading inscriptions on the mausoleums, before letting the Doomsayers glean insights into their own demise. Inside the shrine are many artefacts and tools associated with the craft of prophecy. Fragrant incense burns in censers, and the walls hold long biers upon which the priests may doze and dream.

Otho Schlupmann is the senior priest here. He spends most of his time going over lists of births provided by the Temple of Shallya, before sending his initiates out to track down any children who are approaching their time of Dooming.

PROPHETS OF WHOM?

Heidi Metterninch is a Doomsayer of Morr whose pithy augury has led to complaints. Most Doomings involve theatrical ritual flourishes followed by clues to the supplicant's demise expressed in poetic euphemism. Yet Heidi merely glares into a youngster's eyes for a second before intoning *'Your heart gives out whilst you enjoy a bowl of porridge'*, *'Slain by an Elf'* or, all too commonly, *'You fall in the Reik whilst stinking drunk'*. Schlupmann has beseeched her to make more effort, but Heidi retorts that she sees the fates she sees, and that her foretellings are often more accurate than those of florid augurs.

When the characters enter a tavern, another guest, young Ingrid Jessner, glares at them suspiciously. If they move to question her, she flees. Unbeknownst to them, the time and manner of the characters' appearance corresponds to her Dooming. If they give pursuit, Ingrid sprints down the foggy alleyways. Ingrid's drinking buddy Hans realises what is happening, and chases the characters in turn. If they fail to heed his cries and continue to pursue Ingrid, she slips and breaks her neck.

MOLES AT WORK



Agents affiliated with PLANT have concocted a long-term project to undermine the west walls of the building through the excavation of a vast secret cavern beneath it. Each night a fresh crew of diggers enters a hidden tunnel just beyond the western walls. There, they relieve their colleagues who have been digging the day before. Work is slow, just a few barrow loads of muddy soil per shift, but one day they will set fire to the pilings and hope to see the courthouse tilt and slide into the mud.

Followers of Solkan are among the judges who work at the Palace of Retribution, appointed at the urging of Mornan Tybalt. They do not make for effective infiltrators, as the harsh code of vengeance and retribution demanded by their god places a geas on secrecy and deception. Nevertheless, they feel they serve him better by meting out a more brutal code of justice than that the more circumspect Verenans would prefer. To absolve their sins of subterfuge, they meet on Festag nights by the river and mortify one another with scourges. Anyone observing this rite may well uncover the cell of Solkanites.

THE PALACE OF RETRIBUTION

Altdorf has a reputation for the excellence of its judicial system. During interrogations, prisoners can expect less torture than anywhere else in the Empire. Even better, they are actually quite likely to receive a trial before their execution.

Altdorf's Grand Courts of Justice are known as the Palace of Retribution. While the complex contains many buildings, the most important are the Imperial Courthouse and the Tower of Altdorf. No one in the city wants to endure the stern gaze of the judges at the courthouse. Although symbols of Verena adorn the walls, promising justice, the judges are harsh in their sentencing. Every day, watchmen drag their captives here from posts around the city. Their cases heard, suspects face pillory in one of Altdorf's grand plazas, imprisonment in Mundsens Keep, transportation to one of the Empire's far-flung penal colonies, or public execution at Gallows Square or Crackle Hill.

The Imperial Courthouse dominates the surroundings. Its tall walls are those of a fortress, faced in blocks of Grey Mountain granite and patrolled by soldiers bearing halberds and handguns. Inside are various courtrooms and judicial offices, as well as the hall of records. The building also hosts a small shrine of Verena, though the judges demand only the harshest and most resilient of Verenan priests be stationed there. Judges do not have public offices, and so accept visitors by appointment only. Lawyers can often be found in the hall of records of the Imperial Courthouse. Here they look for precedents for their current cases. Beneath the courthouse there is a small prison complex to house the accused between trials.

The Courthouse may have the look of a fortress, but the Tower of Altdorf actually is one. The grey stone keep is bereft of adornment, but it is sturdy and has withstood determined assaults from rioters several times. The tower serves as a commandery for the City Watch who operate in neighbouring wards, and is the station for a special unit that guards the Palace of Retribution. It is a prestigious posting, and many aspiring watch commanders have spent time in the ranks of this unit.



GALLOWS SQUARE

It is only a short journey from the Palace of Retribution to Gallows Square, Altdorf's most infamous public execution ground. Here, hooded executioners carry out the courts' death sentences.

There are a variety of manners by which criminals are executed in the Empire, ranging from the cruel and unusual to the sort of horrific tortures that would nauseate a Goblin. Wealthy or high-born miscreants receive the most merciful of deaths, having their heads hewn from their shoulders with practised blows of a double-handed sword. For common criminals, the punishments are increasingly gruesome and torturous. The typical fate of traitors or murderers is hanging near unto death, then disembowelment, and finally dismemberment by a team of horses. The most famed of outlaws and seditionists receive even more imaginative demises. However, to avoid courting ill fortune, witches and mutants are never executed within the city walls. Authorities transport them south of the city to Crackle Hill to receive their punishment.

STRIKE A MATCH AND BLOW



- Shallyans often organise protests in Gallows Square, calling on the Emperor to enact penal reforms and replace the death sentence with a chance at rehabilitation and redemption. The characters witness an unscheduled burning taking place in the square, and discover the victim to be the ringleader of the protesting Shallyans. Who is responsible for this deed?
- Rumours have it that Knack Kettenkrad, Gallows Square's most precise headsman, has received the blessing of Khaine. He never fails to remove a condemned wretch's head with a single elegant blow. A patron may ask the characters to spy on Kettenkrad, to see if he achieves his murderous prowess through the blessing of the god of murder. In fact, he is a strange sort of Shallyan, obsessed with ensuring those who die at his hand do not suffer. His precision is down to constant practice, not divine inspiration.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT IN ALTDORF

While Altdorf may have a reputation for relative fairness in its judicial system, the courts and their judges remain easy to influence for those with wealth and power. The court and prison system of Altdorf is a favourite recruitment ground for those seeking individuals both desperate and of a certain moral flexibility. The playwright Detlef Sierck was famously pardoned of a great debt, some 119,255 gold crowns, 17 shillings and 9 pence, by the later disgraced Crown Prince Oswald von Königswald of Ostland.

While few would seek to emulate the fall of Prince Oswald, wealthy individuals do sometimes pay off debts, post bail, or otherwise free some prisoners to serve them in one wild scheme or another. Carefully deployed, this makes for a reasonable way of gathering a group of PCs together. Indeed, a Wastelander merchant named Ermine von Kluck is seeking to recruit several capable individuals with little to lose as part of a probably hopeless scheme to move one of the Colleges of Magic to Marienburg.



KARNEVALSPLATZ

Quality housing is available for rent in Karnevalsplatz for very reasonable prices. There aren't many houses in this district because the Carnival Square, Verenan keep, and gardens occupy most of it. During festivals, groups of revellers loiter in the gardens and prowl outside people's windows. The predominant festival smells are meat pie, baked apple, spilled beer, and urine. Residents who abstain from Carnival Square festivities can only stuff their ears and try to sleep through them.

Between festivals, when the Carnival Square is empty, the district is dead quiet. Occasional groups of lawyers and judges come and go from the old Verenan temple, most headed for the Palace of Retribution a few blocks north. At dinnertime, wizards from the Colleges of Magic converge on Mezzo's Banqueting House for delicious Tilean food that a person can smell from blocks away. Near the bridges are a couple of shady tenement houses known for harbouring thieves.

CHAPTERHOUSE OF THE KNIGHTS OF EVERLASTING LIGHT

The Knights of Everlasting Light are Verenan noble templars. The order includes righteous noble scholars who crusade with rhetoric rather than swords. Their headquarters is a walled complex covering nearly half of the Karnevalsplatz district. Inside the keep are two grand buildings. The larger Hall of Justice was once a classical courthouse-temple to Verena, and now serves as the Legalists' Society guildhall. The Knights of Everlasting Light assemble at the smaller, gothic-styled House of Truth to organise charity crusades for the Empire's poor and oppressed. Although the keep was built to shelter the Verenan temple, the Legalists' Society now operates independently from the knightly order.

Originally founded during the crusades to Araby, the present-day Knights of Everlasting Light champion justice within the Empire. A peculiar curse afflicts the templars, attributed to an atrocity they engaged in against the citizens of Al-Haikk. Ever since that historical incident, the knights have been prone to freak accidents and mishaps. Equipment malfunctions are so common that regiments of the knights have been known to fight only partially armoured.

A KNIGHTLY VISIT



- Grandmaster Sigismund Drak parades around Altdorf in blue-and-gold plate armour. He remains proudly defiant, even when slipping on dung piles. Drak visits poor districts with his party of lawyer-knights, filing lawsuits against slum landlords and challenging gang leaders to personal combat. The order's most devout noblemen believe Drak is wilfully ignoring corruption at the highest levels of society, and thinly masking a hatred of merchants. Donations to the order have dwindled ever since it helped establish the School of Religious Studies at Altdorf University.
- An enduring rumour has it that the knights' salvation lies in understanding why the Knights Panther of Middenheim enjoy such prosperity and good fortune. The redemption of the Knights of Everlasting Light might come at the cost of humiliating their peers in the Order of the Knights Panther.

CARNIVAL SQUARE

North of the Imperial Palace is a rectangular plaza for military parades and festival celebrations. During these events, Carnival Square's pageantry makes even the boisterous Königplatz seem quiet by contrast. When celebrations are over, however, the plaza is a desolate field of grey flagstones. At the centre of the square is a rain shelter for nobles, and a podium from which the Emperor can address his gathered subjects. The square hosts impromptu parades for visiting regents, royal marriages, military victories, and so on.

PLAYING BOTH SIDES



- Watchmen and soldiers patrol festival crowds, even when Karl-Franz isn't attending the event. The palace and its wealthy neighbouring districts are prime targets for spies and thieves. Half of the shopkeepers that sell beer and street-food around the plaza are Watch informants, and the other half are informants to the Brotherhood of Ranald. Some even work both sides — a secret they would pay handsomely to keep.



Seymour Taungar

Seymour grew up within the north-east corner of the Hexxerbezrik, to a poor Altdorf family. From the many wizards he saw every day in his childhood, he learned a respect for eccentricity and a sensible fear of magical mishaps. From the many Kislevites who lived in the neighbouring tenements, he learned a dry and world-weary wit, a degree of skill on the balalaika, and a taste for strong spirit.

Now in his fifties, Seymour is a common sight on the Street of a Hundred Taverns and in the Karnivalplatz. He is an odd sight, dressed in worn lace and brocade, with his long blond goatee tied in a knot and a Nehekharan scarab ring upon his finger. He plays the balalaika whilst running through comedic songs about the foibles of the citizens of Altdorf.

No section of society escapes Seymour's sardonic songwriting, and this is probably what keeps him safe. Were he to lampoon the aristocracy exclusively, they might be tempted to charge him with sedition; were he to constantly sing ditties about the errant behaviour of the Hooks, he'd be sent to sleep with the Fish.

When everyone gets needled, in a spirit of big-hearted and genuine wit and to an upbeat melody, no one feels particularly insulted. Po-faced social comment isn't Seymour's style. He doesn't shy away from weighty subjects, but treats them with a light touch.

SEYMOUR TAUNGAR HUMAN TROUBADOUR (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	AgI	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	33	31	31	31	37	58	59	53	34	59	12

Skills: Art (Writing) 69, Athletics 63, Charm 79, Cool 37, Consume Alcohol 41, Entertain (Comedy) 79, Gossip 79, Haggle 69, Language (Bretonnian 56, Kislevite 56), Perform (Juggling) 68, Play (Balalaika) 79, Sleight of Hand 69

Talents: Artistic, Doomed (*When you defy the curfew, you'll find wit an overrated virtue*), Gregarious, Mimic, Perfect Pitch, Public Speaking, Savvy

Trappings: Balalaika (Imported from Kislev), 2d10 Brass Pennies)

MEZZO'S BANQUETING HOUSE

The finest Tilean food in Altdorf is served at a banqueting house in the gardens behind the Verenan keep. Maestro chef Giovanni Mezzo even grows his own artichokes and herbs. Guests enter by a circular patio, which allows for outdoor dining opposite Karl-Franz Park. The wood-panelled dining hall is warmly lit with glass globes and includes a small performance area for musicians. Intimate side rooms are reserved for wizards from the Colleges of Magic and lawyers from the Legalists' Society, who account for a significant portion of Mezzo's business.

Mezzo came to Altdorf over twenty years ago and purchased the property with loans. The risk was considerable, but people loved the food, so Mezzo quickly paid off his creditors. He subsequently bought the adjoining garden and patio properties with hard coin. Over the last decade, wizards have gravitated to the private side rooms while litigants have taken over the outdoor patio. Mezzo's serving staff are considerate and unobtrusive.

THE GREAT AND MIGHTY MEZZO



The private dining rooms offer a neutral venue for wizards to gossip and share information outside the Colleges. Adventurers seeking audience with College wizards usually receive an appointment to meet at Mezzo's, away from the prying ears of the Colleges. Lately, disguised grey wizards have been monitoring the banqueting house for traitors, and reporting them. Paranoid apprentices have even theorised that Mezzo himself is a grey wizard.

Rare spell components and even magical items are traded between wizards behind closed doors. Adventuring wizards can make a tidy profit selling their accumulated skulls, animal parts, and baubles. This requires caution, however, because the penalty for aiding a Chaos sorcerer is death. Occasionally, Red Crown cultists obtain ritual ingredients at Mezzo's by forging magic licences.



Rosanna Ophuls — Mystic and Investigator

In her late 20s with a slender face and a shock of red hair, Rosanna is technically an initiate in the Cult of Sigmar, but she is not pressured into advancing in the priesthood, and has no strong religious conviction of her own. She has the gift of psychometry, the ability to read emotions and glean facts from material objects. If she touches someone she can read their thoughts.

ROSANNA OPHULS MASTER INVESTIGATOR (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	38	38	33	32	63	55	57	62	62	57	18

Skills: Charm 77, Climb 43, Consume Alcohol 47, Cool 82, Dodge 75, Entertain (Fortune Telling 62, Prophecy 67), Evaluate 80, Gossip 75, Haggle 70, Intimidate 53, Intuition 83, Leadership 75, Lore (Law 82, Reikland 67), Perception 93, Psychometry 72, Sleight of Hand 62

Talents: Acute Sense (Hearing, Sight, Smell, Touch), Alley Cat, Coolheaded, Detect Artefact, Doomed (*Expecting a warning? Wait. What is this?*), Fearless (Nobles), Luck, Menacing, Read/Write, Second Sight, Sixth Sense, Shadow, Sharp, Well-prepared

Talents: Notebook Full of Visions, Writing Equipment, 2d10 Silver Shillings, Increasingly Desperate Outlook on Life.

During the Beast murders Rosanna was instrumental in tracking down the killer. She is now rather compromised by her success. There are those within high society who would like to see Rosanna silenced, and reactionary factions within the Cult of Sigmar who regard her as little more than a witch. However, Rosanna is respected for her intelligence and integrity, and she has many friends in the Imperial court, the Watch, and less reactionary tendencies within the Cult of Sigmar. So far these allies have kept her safe from the Witch Hunters and a one way trip to Crackle Hill, but this state of affairs is hardly assured.

OPHULS'S MYSTORIUM

The famous seer Rosanna Ophuls specialises in forensic investigation. Rosanna attained hero status after helping to solve the 'Beast Murders' during the 2508 IC Fog Riots. Over the last six years, her scrying services have been in high demand. The Mystorium is a modest brick building on a side plaza off Carnival Square. Customers are greeted by Rosanna's young assistant, Frida, who also possesses 'the sight' (albeit to a lesser degree). A comfortable lounge in the back room is used for interviewing clients.

Rosanna lives on the upper two floors. Newsheets and mementos from old cases clutter her private office. Rosanna is indomitable and charismatic. She attracts a lot of unwanted attention. Her telepathic ability to read subjects' thoughts and fantasies is sometimes a burden to her. In addition to reading minds, Rosanna can scry the past by touching objects or surfaces related directly to the event in question.

A TOUCH OF DEATH



- Rosanna can put adventurers in contact with her co-investigator on the Beast Murders, Johann von Mecklenberg, claimant to the southern barony of Sudenland and fencing teacher to Prince Luitpold. Rosanna's other co-investigator on the Beast Murders was 'Filthy' Harald Kleindienst, a hard-boiled watch sergeant who favours duck-foot pistols. He manages the Atrocities Kommission at the Luitpoldstrasse Station.
- When Rosanna's cases involve high-profile suspects, Johann gets her clients invited to exclusive parties where they can pocket mementos for later scrying. Rosanna's reputation complicates doing undercover investigation herself. She may ask characters with demonstrable investigative and diplomatic chops to help.
- Rosanna used to refer suspects of crimes against the person to Harald, but she finds his brand of street justice at odds with her more measured notions of restitution. She is thinking of putting her own team together and beating the watchman at his own game.

NEW SKILL: PSYCHOMETRY

The Psychometry skill is an innate ability possessed by a tiny minority of Humans. It is not an easy skill to master, and many who possess it are driven mad by their gifts. Using the skill, a person can receive visions and sensations relating to a recent event or another person's unspoken thoughts. The skill is based on Intelligence, and in order to use it a person must either be in a place associated with an event, touching an item associated with an event, or touching a person whose thoughts they seek to read.

The following table should be consulted whenever a Psychometry skill check is made. The first column gives general advice, whilst the second relates to a specific example of making the test at the site of a recent murder. This murder involved the killing of a pirate by an enraged sailor, and it had occurred the previous night.

For the purpose of the test a piece of information would include such things as: time, number of people involved, a sensation experienced by one of the participants during the event, an important preoccupation of one of the participants, an item used in the event, the appearance of a participant, a strong smell or taste associated with the event, and whether or not a person is speaking honestly.

Scrying requires a great deal of mental and physical effort – even practised Scryers have to rest after using their skill. Every time a Psychometry Skill Test is made, regardless of the result, the Scryer ought to make an **Average (+20) Endurance Test** or gain a *Fatigued Condition*.

SL	Result	General	Murder Scene
+6 or more	Astounding Success	At least three pieces of information are received, one of which is of significant pertinence.	The Scryer sees a vision of two sailors on shore leave. They meet in a dockside tavern. The one with a Wastelander accent starts to argue with
+4 to +5	Impressive Success	Two pieces of information are received.	The Scryer understands that the victim recently spent a lot of money, and that their killer wore a pair of distressed boots rimed with salt.
+2 to +3	Success	A piece of information is received.	The Scryer knows that the victim got a good look at the murder weapon, a brass belaying pin.
+0 to +1	Marginal Success	Vague impression of the event. A piece of information is revealed metaphorically.	The Scryer feels that they are walking alone in the cold and dark.
–0 to –1	Marginal Failure	No information is received.	The Scryer simply fails to read anything useful.
–2 to –3	Failure	A vaguely misleading piece of information is received.	The Scryer understands that the victim was afraid of someone entirely unconnected with the killing.
–4 to –5	Impressive Failure	Disturbing and misleading impressions.	Emotions and images flood the Scryer's mind, but nothing stands out as relevant.
–6 or less	Astounding Failure	Overwhelmed by nightmarish impressions. Gain a point of Mental Corruption.	The Scryer is overwhelmed by pain and terror, and gains a point of Mental Corruption.

CHARACTERS AND PSYCHOMETRY

Given the potential for Psychometry to effectively shortcut investigations, you ought to think extremely carefully before allowing Characters access to the Skill. It should also take a lot of practice to develop, even in those with the ability to use it.

So to represent this difficulty, the Skill can be taken at character creation for the price of losing one of the random Talents the character would otherwise have access to. Furthermore, the character would have to enter one of the following careers before they could start to spend any experience points on developing the Skill: Mystic, Hedge Witch, Nun, Priest, Warrior Priest, Witch, Wizard.

Only Human characters may take the Skill.



Svenrina 'The Grey' Hallovadottir

Altdorf's theatres don't seem to offer much to Dwarfs at first glance. Acting is a disreputable profession, and the lengthy tragedies Dwarfs prefer do not find a wider audience (often Humans struggle to wait three hours for the first interval). Yet, many Dwarfs find employment in the construction of props and scenery. This is not seen as shameful work for a Dwarf; whilst such items are mere representations of true buildings and artefacts, the craft that goes into their making is as ingenious and intricate. Moreover, the admiration audiences show for convincing stage artifice is rewarding — few civil engineers have roomfuls of people gasping at the unveiling of innovative drainage systems.

Svenrina's creased face and calloused hands attest to centuries of outdoor labour. Her chin is usually tweezed smooth. When she's consumed by ambitious projects, however, the Dwarf neglects grooming and grows a sparse white beard.

Svenrina has designed scenery and props at the Altdorf Theatre for over two decades. Her nickname derives from the fact that her artefacts are every bit as convincing as those conjured by the theatre's chief illusionist. She is laid back enough to accept the white lie her colleagues spread about her: that she is the only living Dwarf wizard. She has the unfailing devotion of her staff too, thanks to her willingness to get stuck in to the hard, unglamorous work of lugging the scenery she has made.

As a Dwarf woman, Svenrina discovered guild membership was more of a hindrance than a benefit. She sympathises with Wood Elves and uses only recycled timbers for scenery. Aside from her love of the theatre, Svenrina holds surprisingly strong opinions about Altdorf's handling of waste and sewage.

She will happily converse for hours with any willing to listen about the many benefits urban outhouses enjoy over the practice of effluent channels flowing directly into the river. Through her many contacts, Svenrina gains admission to city council meetings in the Mattheus-Ferrand chamber of the Volkshalle, where her forthright reputation precedes her.

Svenrina loves the company of adventurers, especially those who have been to locales that feature in the plays she is working on. She is obsessed with detail, and often travels to the scene of a dramatic event in order to soak in its ambience.

SVENRINA 'THE GREY' HALLOVADOTTIR DWARF MASTER ARTIST (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	43	32	43	41	40	22	68	36	55	44	17

Traits: Armour (Arms, Body) 1, Weapon (Hammer) +8

Skills: Art (Painting 78, Sculpture 73), Charm 49, Cool 60, Consume Alcohol 51, Entertain (Storytelling) 49, Endurance 51, Evaluate 46, Gamble 46, Gossip 49, Intuition 55, Language (Khazalid) 39, Leadership 54, Lore (Art 41, Metallurgy 39), Melee (Basic) 46, Perception 50, Sleight of Hand 78, Stealth (Urban) 27, Trade (Carpenter) 73

Talents: Artistic, Magic Resistance, Nimble Fingered, Night Vision 2, Read/Write, Sharp, Strong Back 2, Strong-Minded 2, Sturdy 2, Tenacious

Trappings: Leather Jack, Hand Weapon (Carpenter's Hammer), 1d10 Silver Shillings



MAUERBLUMCHEN

Mauerblumchen is one of the city's more affluent districts. The walled estates belonging to urban nobles are separated by wide, clean streets. Many of the military officers who lead city and state regiments billet with Mauerblumchen's noble families. Street crime is uncommon because the district is patrolled by professional soldiers instead of city watchmen. Although the imposing fortress-temple of Ulric isn't technically affiliated with the military, its constant presence reminds visitors to salute their superiors.

Nightlife in Mauerblumchen is centred predominantly around private parties. Commoners who can afford tickets to the theatre often find themselves with no place to drink afterwards, because the handful of local inns are either reserved or full of soldiers. The gardens by the theatre are free of any benches to discourage vagrants from loitering. Nobles who walk together through the gardens often speak loud Bretonnian in earshot of lower-class visitors.

THE ALTDORF THEATRE

Commonly called Anselmo's, after a famed actor-director from its early days, the Altdorf Theatre stands on Briechtstrasse. It claims to be the Empire's oldest working theatre, founded during the reign of Boris Goldgather. It is known as the home of the incomparable Jacopo Tarradasch, a playwright of two centuries ago whose classic works set the standard by which critics judge all dramas. The theatre hosts the Imperial Tarradasch players, generally considered the most respectable of Altdorf's performing ensembles.

Unfortunately, a spirit of artistic complacency dictates the business of the theatre. Johan Trister, the director-manager, is satisfied to oversee turgid regurgitations of Tarradasch's lesser works. He knows that visiting burghers and merchants feel obliged to snore through a play every time they come to Altdorf, and purchase seats no matter how uninspired the production.

TO HOOK A TRAUT



- ☛ Johan Trister is a true devotee of Tarradasch. Recently, a fence in the employ of Luigi Palmerio has convinced Trister that he has a copy of a lost Tarradasch play, *The Early Days of Didrick the Unjust*. Of course, no such document exists, but Luigi would pay well for talented and discreet writers to produce a counterfeit.
- ☛ Wanda Fanck is the Fish War Chief Corin Traut's glamorous moll. She yearns to become a star, and a gang of Fish have leant on Johan to cast her as Myrmidia in his upcoming production of Tarradasch's *The Loves of Ottokar and Myrmidia*. Though astute on criminal matters, Wanda is unaware of her lack of talent. Her inept ham act deeply embarrasses Johan, so he wishes to find a plausibly deniable solution to the problem.
- ☛ Theatregoers have witnessed the apparition of a fat green cat lurking in empty boxes. The manager is keen to hire investigators to confirm this haunting. The cat is actually the theatre-loving familiar of Hannelore Brisz, a Jade Order wizard who nurtures a vendetta against anyone who dares to hurt her beloved pet.



SOUTH TEMPLE OF ULRIC

The newer orthodox Ulrican temple is integral to the city wall in the classical fortress-temple style. In honour of their god, the public areas of the temple are unroofed, baring worshippers to the elements even in the depth of winter. Attached is a small castle for priests and symbolic White Wolf temple guards from the local Red Company.

Only male petitioners of Teutogen blood are permitted into the sanctum of the wolf, which means that most Altdorfers have never been inside. An honorary temple to Sigmar is accessible by a separate entrance. The temple is a cause of frequent disputes between Ulricans and Sigmarites.



STATUE OF EVANE

In front of the Temple of Ulric is a marble statue of Evane, Sigmar's first love and the daughter of Quant, a lesser Unberogen warchief who taught Sigmar how to hunt. Every century or so, temple leaders replace the statue with a slightly more idealised version of the perfect Unberogen beauty, and donate the old figure to a Reikland town or village. The current iteration cradles a baby in one arm and brandishes a warhammer in the other. Her meticulously braided hair frames a frightened but strong expression.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIGMAR

Evane isn't believed to have borne a child for Sigmar, because she was slain by Goblins at a young age. Her murder fuelled Sigmar's hatred for Greenskins. Warriors who pray before Evane report visionary experiences in which they witness episodes from Sigmar's life. One has seen something that is surely heretical – a vision of Sigmar sparing the life of an Orc Shaman.

THE HOLZKRUG ESTATE

The Holzkrug noble family are old rivals of the Holswig-Schliestein line of Emperors. Their estate consists of a fortified manor house and two mansions. Spiked iron fences connect the three buildings around a courtyard with a fountain. Graf Liepmund Holzkrug resides in the manor house with his wife and grown children. Liepmund's erratic younger brother Habenicht (a pistolier sergeant) and his spoiled sister Nievergesse occupy the two mansions. A dozen halberdiers in purple uniforms are retained as household bodyguards.

The first Holswig-Schliestein Emperor, Wilhelm II, defeated a Holzkrug-led coalition army to solidify his claim to the Reikland crown in 2426 IC. As a condition of surrender, the Holzkrugs ceded their lands, which included the town of Grünburg and surrounding villages. Aside from their Altdorf estate, the Holzkrugs are now landless nobles with just a country villa north of Grünburg. Graf Liepmund is powerful regardless, holding the title of High Lord Ambassador on the Reikland Council.

THE WOLF AND THE COMET

Prelate Olaf Eichhorn is a devout Ulrican from a migrant noble family of northern heritage. As a child growing up in Altdorf, he was bullied by other noble children. Such bigotry has gradually radicalised Olaf against the Cult of Sigmar. An extremist sect called the Truth of Sigmar is defacing the temple with hateful graffiti (such as *'The Wolf is Chaos!'* and *'Deus Rex Sigmar!'*). Olaf reports these provocations to every Ulrican he encounters in the hope of inciting a rebellion against Sigmarite dominance.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Emperor Karl-Franz cannot reconcile the bitter family feud, so instead he pacifies the Holzkrugs with patronage appointments. He suspects the Holzkrugs will eventually make a bid to overthrow his family's dynasty. The Holzkrug family is well connected in the Reikland, with marriage ties to the Wallensteins of Auerswald and loyal supporters on the Kemperbad town council. Through his spymasters, the Emperor surreptitiously seeks evidence of Holzkrug conspiracy to justify stripping the family of their titles.



Gravin Luciana von Eckstein

Luciana is the wife of Graf Hildemund von Eckstein. The gravin's maiden name, Quixana, originates from a remote Estalian duchy called Zaragoz. Twenty years ago, Luciana's father hastily married her away before a bloody coup by the rival diAvila family. Luciana's dance step is just as perfect as her gleaming white smile. She spends more money than the Ecksteins can afford to finance artists. Although Luciana doesn't miss her rugged homeland, she is growing to privately resent her marriage.

Ten years ago, Luciana received word that a priest of Solkan had avenged her family back in Estalia. Solkanite worship had been outlawed in Zaragoz by the diAvilas, who all but openly practised Daemonology. Luciana acquired a Solkanite holy book, which she studied assiduously. She became increasingly sensitive to moral turpitude in paintings, sculptures and stage plays. Luciana's patronage of puritanical art introduced her to Mornan Tybalt, who eventually formed the Cult of the Vengeful Blaze.

Luciana belongs to the underground cult of Solkan and attends its ceremonies at the Solland Memorial. She visits the Gorgon club as an agent of the Vengeful Blaze, feigning approval of the debauchery. Luciana has managed to identify some members of the impenetrable Cult of Illumination, but Tybalt is staying his hand until she names more Chaos agents. Luciana avoids meeting with Tybalt publicly, but she sometimes sends messages to him at the Imperial Counting House. She undergoes austerities in order to salve her conscience for what she believes to be a necessary, but dishonourable action.

GRAVIN LUCIANA VON ECKSTEIN HUMAN MAGNATE (GOLD 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	44	34	31	34	43	31	47	63	34	62	12

Skills: Animal Care 68, Bribery 72, Charm 87, Consume Alcohol 47, Cool 37, Gamble 73, Gossip 82, Intimidate 46, Intuition 53, Language (Classical 73, Estalian 98), Leadership 85, Lore (Heraldry 73, Local 83), Melee (Basic 47, Fencing 59), Perception 48, Play (Lute) 57, Ride (Horse) 51

Talents: Attractive, Briber, Carouser, Doomed (*Lurid blossoms of your blood become rotten; your desire to discover why ends everything*), Etiquette (Nobles), Linguistics, Luck, Mimic, Noble Blood, Read/Write, Savvy, Suave

Talents: Courtly Garb, Jewellery worth 8 Gold Crowns

THE VON ECKSTEIN ESTATE

The von Eckstein family owns one of Altdorf's largest estates, which consists of a fortified manor house, four mansions, and a garden. The estate is enclosed by a 10 ft stone wall and garrisoned by twenty household swordsmen wearing red-and-white Reikland uniforms. Graf Hildemund von Eckstein is current head of the family. His son and nephew are Reiksguard knights. The von Ecksteins own buildings in other parts of the city too, including the Gorgon theatre club.

The ancestral Eckstein land is an untamed mark within the Reikwald forest. Constant Beastman raids and occasional Wood Elf sabotage have thwarted attempts to clear and settle the land. The family must therefore rely on road tolls and logging licences for income. Noble peers respectfully acknowledge Hildemund's Reikwald domain with the unofficial title 'Waldgraf'. The von Ecksteins are famous for throwing extravagant masquerades.

A DEBT TO LUSTRIA



- The von Eckstein family depleted its treasury to achieve its status in Altdorf. They owe substantial debts to Marienburg moneylenders. Graf Hildemund has dangled the Gorgon as an asset, but his creditors will only consider prime tracts of woodland in lieu of cash repayment. Hildemund refuses to part with the family land. One of his creditors has tried hiring mercenaries to collect the overdue gold in exchange for a third-share, but none have succeeded.
- Graf von Eckstein retains a court wizard, Magister Hollobach of the Amethyst College. Hollobach owns a map to a lost Slann pyramid in Lustria, rumoured to contain untold treasures (along with an artefact that he wants for himself). If the Graf can strike a deal with one of his Marienburg creditors for passage to Lustria, he could surely repay all debts. Magister Hollobach requires only a small party of adventurers to accompany him.

THE GORGON

This exclusive club for nobles and actors takes its name from a famous avant-garde drama by the playwright Tarradasch. Lavish after-parties at the Gorgon follow each performance at the Altdorf Theatre. The club's grounds were once the personal estate of theatre connoisseur and financier Fornier von Eckstein. Though Fornier has been dead for over a hundred years now, his property was willed to Altdorf's theatrical community in perpetuity. Von Eckstein family servants still maintain the walled gothic manor.

Fornier's many indiscretions once brought disrepute on his family. Graf von Eckstein therefore keeps the Gorgon at arm's length and orders its staff to enforce high standards of conduct. The staff allow only nobles, actors and the wealthiest of merchants through its gates. They direct all others to an inn several streets away called the Cordwainer's Last. The interior of the Gorgon is decorated with old theatre sets and props.

PRETENTIOUS PATRONAGE

- ☠ Tarradasch players never stop auditioning for their patrons' attentions. Painted actors adopt affectations of high culture and pose in tableaux reminiscent of the petrified characters from everyone's favourite expressionist play. An actor's popularity at the Gorgon can make or break their career. Unbeknownst to the Ecksteins, the Cult of Illumination is using the club to recruit desperate young actors. Many of the pretentious gestures that veteran actors exchange are in fact secret hand signs.

BRETONNIAN EMBASSY

The Bretonnian embassy building is a large, round tower with attached turrets and guest wings. Damsels of the Lady, who served as Bretonnia's original ambassadors, did not receive their due respect from Altdorfers. The resulting strife led the King to instead appoint ambassadors from the nobility. Diplomatic relations with Bretonnia are currently favourable, but they fluctuate dramatically with every new ambassador. City politicians speculate that King Leoncoeur's choice of ambassador signals his foreign policy intentions. A small staff of scribes, servants, and knights errant support the ambassador.

The current ambassador is a savvy statesman named Louis Rochelle. His predecessor, Etienne Edouard Villechaize, was a rare Dwarf noble holding the title of Comte de la Rougierre. The womanising comte was recalled for 'ungallant behaviour' before settling his negotiations over toll collection in mountain border passes. The Emperor's advisors privately suspect the comte was deliberately appointed to provoke Karl-Franz, whereas they presume Louis Rochelle to be currying favour with the Imperial provinces.

A COMMON PROBLEM

- ☠ Louis Rochelle petitions Elector Counts through their representatives at the Prime Estates. Reikland ambassador Liepmund Holzkrug dislikes the Bretonnian, contending that he's breaching protocol. In fact, Rochelle is bribing the Prime Estates to veto any Imperial decrees that are unfavourable to Bretonnia. Graf Holzkrug would pay handsomely for evidence of foreign tampering in Electoral politics.
- ☠ Bretonnian knights sometimes embark on quests and errantry wars that bring them to the Reikland. The embassy can request formal recognition of these nobles, but the process is slow and bureaucratic. Questing knights who mistreat Imperial peasants without Reikland Council approval might stand trial under common law instead of noble law.





Deanne L'Isanore

Deanne came to Altdorf last year on invitation from Halmut Clausewitz of the Grand Opera. Her stage career is finally blossoming after 20 years as a tower damsel in Parravon. The singer was tired of babysitting knights errant and spurning toothless peasants. She's sworn that she will never return to Bretonnia. Occupational stress has thinned Deanne's already fine hair. She frets over every lost strand and always wears a wig on stage.

Bretonnia's damsel chanteurs are known for their multi-layered choral harmonies. Deanne's high soprano can shatter crystal and make knights weep. Upon arrival in Altdorf, however, Deanne was dismayed to learn that Clausewitz only stages bawdy comic operas. She's agreed to work as a voice and diction coach for Bretonnian comedies but refuses to perform in them. Deanne has auditioned for theatres but with limited success. In Detlef Sierck's words, the Bretonnian *'sings like a nightingale but speaks like a bullfrog'*.

Deanne is a temporary guest of the Holzkrug family until she finds permanent accommodations. She briefly billeted at the Bretonnian Embassy but couldn't tolerate Louis Rochelle. Deanne spends her days on vocal lessons, wig-shopping at Bendrago's, and socialising with her peers. Her rare combination of bluntness and empathy has already earned her many thespian friends in Altdorf. People feel strangely compelled to blurt out their deepest secrets to her.

DEANNE L'ISANORE HUMAN ENTERTAINER (BRASS 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	44	34	31	34	43	31	47	63	34	62	12

Skills: Art (Calligraphy) 62, Athletics 54, Charm 68, Cool 59, Endurance 44, Entertain (Storytelling 63, Singing 78), Gossip 73, Haggle 66, Heal 65, Language (Reikspiel) 85, Leadership 66, Lore (Theology) 60, Perform (Dancing) 49, Pray 58, Research 65, Trade (Vintner) 67

Talents: Doomed (*The shards of a shattered heart cannot be relocated*), Nimble Fingered, Panhandle, Perfect Pitch, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Suave

Trappings: Book (*From Bellows to Bows, Opera down the Ages*), Various Letters from family in Bretonnia, Small Silver Grail Amulet worth 2 GC

The Cat — Preternaturally Fine Burglar

A number of years ago, the Cat was the talk of the city. A burglar was breaking into young ladies' rooms and stealing a single item. The Cat would leave behind a calling card depicting the silhouette of a cat. And a legend was born. Soon the chattering classes were rife with tales of a handsome gentleman cat-burglar. A clique among Altdorf's debutantes longed for a chance encounter with such a dashing adventurer. But then a watchman told how he shot a burglar, who fell into the river. And the burglaries stopped.

However, very recently, a burglary was reported. A diamond earring was stolen from a wealthy young lady's room, and a calling card left at the scene. Has the Cat returned?

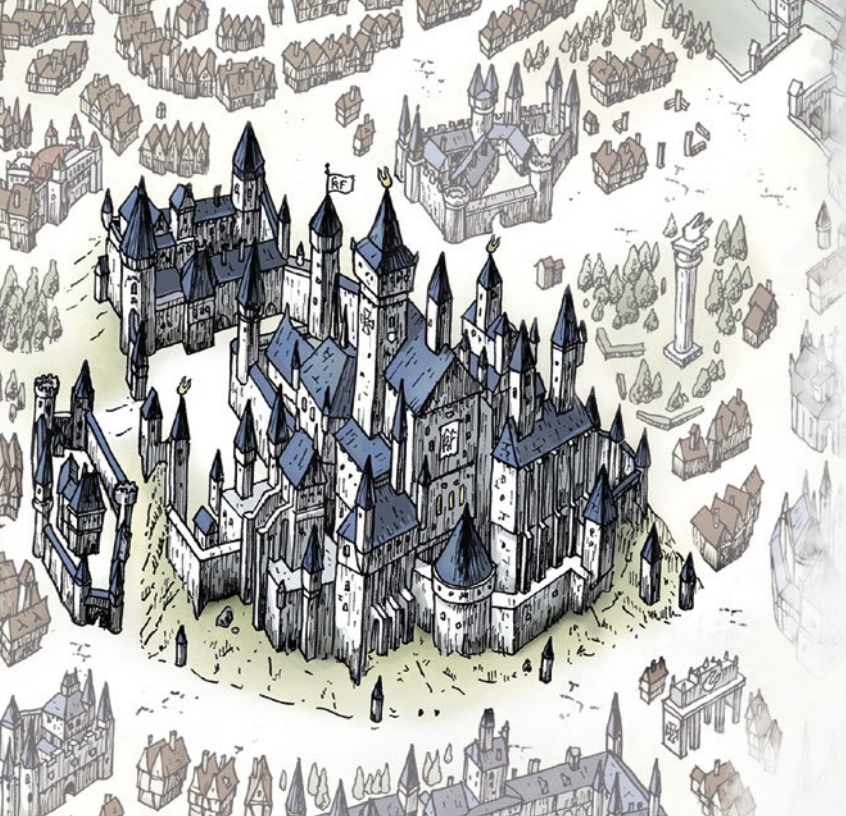
THE CAT – PRETERNATURALLY FINE BURGLAR

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	32	33	55	35	65	65	69	40	65	40	17

Skills: Athletics 85, Climb 85, Charm 50, Cool 88, Dodge 95, Endurance 55, Evaluate 60, Gossip 65, Haggle 43, Intuition 95, Perception 85, Lore (Local 55, Reikland 43), Pick Lock 99, Secret Signs (Thief) 60, Sleight of Hand 89, Stealth (Urban) 85

Talents: Alley Cat, Break and Enter, Catfall, Criminal, Doomed (*Too many people cower to criminals when all it takes is a hard slap*), Fast Hands, Flee!, Luck 3, Night Vision, Nimble Fingered, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadow, Step Aside

Trappings: Very Fine Lockpicks, Keys to dozens of houses, Maps of the City showing secret passages and poorly guarded homes, Valuables such as jewellery and coin worth 10 Gold Crowns, a dozen Calling Cards showing the silhouette of a cat.



THE IMPERIAL PALACE AND PALAST DISTRICT

No matter where one stands in Altdorf, one can see the spires of the Imperial Palace. The various buildings sprawl across a walled district the size of a village, a jumble of different architectural styles and fortifications. Within the white stone walls are courtyards and gardens, where courtiers conspire and servants rush about their business.

Servant dynasties and lines of groundskeepers have lived for generations within the walls, but even they can get lost in the confusion of the palace. Nobody knows every cellar, passageway, and forgotten stairwell. No living person has ascended every tower or explored the extent of every hall or attic.

When Karl-Franz is in residence, dozens of banners fly his colours from the ramparts and the Imperial Guard step up their patrols around the walls. A small army of Reiksguard and Reikland infantry patrol the district. Crossbowmen, handgunners, and halberdiers are billeted in two barracks on the grounds. When they aren't drilling on one of the parade grounds, the guards garrison the gates, walls, and gardens. Anyone looking to cause trouble faces swift capture and punishment.

The Palast District is accessible to the public. During the hours of daylight, anyone can enter the grounds by one of five gates, providing they surrender any weapon other than a dagger. Many people have business in the district, from the lowliest ratcatcher employed to clear vermin from the Volkshalle, to an Elector Count riding with his entourage to petition the Emperor.

THE EMPEROR'S RESIDENCE

The northern part of the compound is dominated by huge palace buildings where the Emperor and his family live. These structures have been built and rebuilt over centuries. Many different styles of architecture compete with one another for dominance. For example, an ancient tower on the south wing is supported by a fortified granite bridge, which leads to a gothic mass of white Altdorf stone and a cluster of tall spires and chimneys. Parts of the building are in disrepair; others pristine, freshly plastered and painted twice a year. Niches, arrow slits, and beautiful stained glass windows stud the walls. Multiple colonnades, covered bridges, and staircases adorn the buildings and connect towers and annexes to the palace known as the Residence.

The Emperor's bedchambers and audience rooms dominate the eastern towers of the Residence, where Karl-Franz, his children, and the reclusive Empress live and occasionally receive visitors in dedicated rooms, conservatories, or private gardens. These chambers are guarded by the High Helms, a newly instituted regiment within the Reiksguard. Every whim of the royal family is anticipated by a small army of household servants, organised within their own baroque command structure. For example, the High Steward of the Emperor's Hose oversees a regiment of seamstresses and valets whose sole responsibility is to ensure that each pair of leggings or breeches is spotlessly clean and free from holes.

The largest room in the palace is the Emperor's Grand Ballroom. This is where Imperial high society congregates several times a year to dance, conspire, flirt, and arrange alliances. It is a room designed to impress, with wealth on conspicuous display. The ballroom has a ceiling fresco depicting a huge battle with Orcs, each weapon wielded by a soldier of the Empire picked out in gold leaf. Emperor Mattheus was famous for his entrances when throwing a ball. On one occasion, he rode in two hours late on a steam tank. His grandson Karl-Franz is not known for such frivolities.

The Privy Court meets in the grand Chamber of State. This great hall is surrounded by many retiring rooms and quiet corners where advisors and councillors can discuss matters in secret.

The hard core of the palace's northern area is a Dwarf-built stronghold containing the Emperor's armoury and trophy rooms. Some of the artefacts are enchanted or dangerous, such as the Helm of Morkar, the first Everchosen of Chaos. Ghal-Maraz itself is stored here when the Emperor does not require it for battle or ceremony. Powerful magic safeguards the armoury, along with the Wardens of the Armaments, an exclusive order of just a dozen knights devoted to this task alone.

The northern buildings and Residence contain many secrets. There are forgotten rooms and bricked-up staircases leading to dusty attics, neglected libraries, or barren chambers. Some household servants insist that there is an entire lost floor, sealed off by Wilhelm III shortly after his coronation.

Bees frequently vex the residents of the eighth floor, but no hives have been found. In fact, they swarm in a long-forgotten apiary, an indulgence of Emperor Boris the Incompetent over 1,000 years ago. The witch Baroness von den Linden was bricked up within, where the bees killed her. The insects live on, perhaps possessed by her undying spirit.

The Sacral Rooms

The sacral rooms dominate the lower levels and smaller annexes. Each one is dedicated to a former ruler of the Empire, decorated with tapestries depicting their accomplishments and trophies from their military campaigns. There is a room for every emperor, although some of the non-Reikland Emperors' rooms are effectively bare. In the centre of each chamber is a stone plinth bearing some mortal remnant of that Emperor.

Some contain stone coffins, others mortuary urns; reliquaries with gilded bones; or, in the case of Carolus I, his miraculously preserved eyes. The sacral rooms are lit with dozens of candles, which lend them a solemn, contemplative air.

An honour guard of knights from each Emperor's respective province guards their room day and night. For example, Emperor Mandred's room is protected by veterans from Middenheim's Teutogen Guard, while Emperor Sigismund I has four Reiksguard posted outside.

The central chamber is dedicated to Sigmar Heldenhammer. There is little ornamentation here. The plinth bears a scrap of bone, said to come from the hilt of a dagger that the first Emperor wore at the Battle of Black Fire Pass. There is some dispute over who should guard this room. The compromise solution is five guards, one from each of the orders of the Reiksguard, the Fiery Heart, Sigmar's Blood, the Hammer of Sigmar, and the Knights Griffon.

THE SACRAL SACKING

- The long-lost River Fangtine flows underneath the Emperor's Residence to an outlet hidden under the Reik Bridge. A gang of Fish smugglers discovered the entrance, scraped away hundreds of years of mud, and started exploring. The Characters overhear a whispered conversation in a dockside inn, as the gang discuss their secret way into the palace.
- Dieter, a young Knight Griffon, approaches the characters about a job. Last night when he was guarding the sacral chamber of Agnetha I of Nuln, someone stole the dead Empress's silver-plated brain. Dieter is terrified that his Preceptor will find out, and offers to pay handsomely if they can recover the relic before that happens.



Below Stairs

In the ground floors and cellars are the laundries, kitchens, and food stores, belching greasy cooking fumes that mingle with the sweet smell of baking bread and cakes. Hundreds of cooks, under-cooks, kitchen boys, porters, butchers, spit-turners, pot girls, scullions, and sauciers scurry about in the blazing heat from the open fires and ovens. There are dozens of kitchens, each dedicated to a different food. For example, the Sergeant of the Hog Fire oversees the cooks in the pork kitchen, which roasts swine flesh and nothing else. His great rival, Mistress of the Bovine Spit-roast, is charged with roasting beef, but not the hooves, brains, or entrails, which have their own dedicated fire elsewhere.

There are great granaries, ice rooms, and even a subterranean salmon pool. An ingenious series of dumb waiters allows the kitchen servants to send food up to the palace without ever setting foot above stairs. None have ever seen the Great Dining Hall where the Emperor's guests enjoy what they cook.

The Emperor's Residence is largely private, but Characters can visit the sacral rooms and gardens if they look suitably noble. The Imperial Guard challenge all unknown visitors, so the Characters will need a ready excuse. Anyone in servant's attire finds it easy enough to enter the below-stairs areas.

THE SOUTHERN PALACE

The southern area is the 'public' quarter of the Palast District. Here one finds meeting chambers, offices, and scriptoria populated by the administrative and military masters of the Reikland and (supposedly) the Empire. Across the adjoining buildings, countless bureaucrats vie for power, each intent on extending their influence. This is where laws are made, orders issued, and lives changed forever by the stroke of a quill.

The quadrangles and courtyards are as labyrinthine here as they are elsewhere in the palace. The Volkshalle dominates these buildings, along with the principal barracks. The latter has a wide balcony where tradition demands victorious generals appear, to show the people the guardians of the Empire.

Between the Emperor's Residence and the southern palace is an enclosed estate, dotted with small buildings, gardens, practice fields, a Garden of Morr, and a deer park.

Matteus-Ferrand Chamber of Council

The Council of State meets in this oak-panelled circular room. Each member has a throne, carved from wood taken from the Empire's forests. One is left empty for Sigmar, should he return before the End Times. The Council of State conducts its business behind closed doors, but members can call for attendants using one of the ceremonial bells. The dull tone of the brass bell calls advisors to enter the room, to whisper their counsel to their masters. The silver bell rings clear and summons the Palace Guard. The deep, resonant toll of the gold bell signals the need for ale.

THE SPIRIT OF EMPIRE

-  The spirit of Eberhardt the Just haunts the council chamber. In life, he had a strong sense of responsibility to the common man. If the Council makes a decision he dislikes, he knocks hard on the thrones and scatters papers everywhere. Unable to adopt their usual tactics of bribing or cajoling objectors into going along with the policy du jour, the Council is in the market for an effective, discreet solution to the spirit. Unfortunately for them, none of the temples are willing to exorcise the spirit of an Emperor, leaving the Council looking for some less traditional troubleshooters.





Baron Ewald von Laue

Von Laue's estates lie far to the north in a neglected corner of Nordland, so it's fair to say that he is a man of little consequence in the politics of the Empire. But the Baron isn't going to let a minor detail like that curb his ambition.

Ewald von Laue is a heavily-built man in his mid-40s, with thinning black hair and an aggrieved expression. He haunts the corridors of power across Altdorf, seeking persons of greater authority. He has an automatic respect for those more powerful than him and wants little more than to be taken into the trust of an Elector or senior member of the court. Despite his naked ambition, von Laue is adept at telling people what they want to hear and making himself useful. The only exception is in relation to the nobles of his own province of Nordland. Von Laue is something of a laughing stock in Salzenmund, and he harbours a deep hatred of predominant Nordland nobility.

In recent months, von Laue has endeavoured to ingratiate himself with Graf Otto von Bitternach, Chancellor of the Seal. He's delighted to act as a general factotum for the 'Iron Graf'. Unfortunately, the Chamberlain has asked him to make political overtures to Salzenmund to undercut the influence of Middenheim in the north. The baron requires the services of a group with diverse skills to enact a plan as convoluted as it is reckless.

BARON EWALD VON LAUE HUMAN NOBLE (GOLD 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	44	30	34	42	51	35	38	43	40	63	15

Traits: Weapon (Foil) +6

Skills: Art (Writing) 48, Athletics 45, Bribery 73, Charm 78, Consume Alcohol 47, Cool 45, Dodge 45, Drive 45, Endurance 52, Evaluate 48, Gossip 76, Intimidate 39, Intuition 56, Language (Wastelander) 46, Leadership 76, Lore (Heraldry 53, Politics 58), Melee (Fencing) 59, Play (Harpsicord) 48, Ride (Horse) 55, Row 54

Talents: Blather 3, Doomed (*Attending the rite in a jerkin like that was bound to get you roughed up*), Etiquette (Nobles), Noble Blood, Read/Write, Seasoned Traveller, Suave

Trappings: Fencing Foil, Courtly Garb, 2d10 Gold Crowns

THE VOLKSHALLE

The Volkshalle is where the Electors make a public display of ruling the Empire. This is a stage for the pomp and ceremony of power, where Emperors are chosen and crowned. Although this octagonal chamber is ostensibly a place for debate, most decisions and negotiations are settled elsewhere. It is rare that genuine disagreement plays out on the white marble floor of the Volkshalle. The ceremonies that take place here are slow, boring, and steeped in tradition.

There are sufficient pews here to seat a delegation from each province, attendants for the priestly electors, and the Emperor himself. The latter sits on a massive ornate throne, hewn from stone by Dwarf hands. A large circular table stands in the middle of the room, with a stylised map of the Empire marked out in bronze.

Sixteen massive pillars hold aloft the domed ceiling, and a raised walkway runs around the eight walls. Each delegation brings its own knightly honour guard, but the Reiksguard takes responsibility for the safety of all who attend the Volkshalle. Only the most powerful people in the Empire attend ceremonies here. On occasion, a commoner is summoned to speak to the assembly — an experience that is intimidating in the extreme.

STIRRING UP TROUBLE



☠ Greta Holbeck is a scribe in the employ of the Elector of Stirland. Earlier today in the Volkshalle, she saw the Elector of Talabecland pass a note to his chamberlain. The elderly attendant dropped the letter and it slid under the Emperor's throne. The Elector looked furious. Now, Greta is trying to work out how she can get the note.



Helena Bastiat-Hatzburg, Mistress of Revels

When the Emperor throws a ball, it is crucial that everything happens according to plan. Every single aspect must be scrutinised, planned, and executed with military precision. The decor, seating arrangements, choice of musicians, and order of ceremonies must be carefully calibrated to avoid a diplomatic faux pas. This is not a job for the faint-hearted.

Helena Bastiat-Hatzburg is responsible for every social occasion at the Palace. Fortunately, she is very good at her job. She has a voracious appetite for knowledge. She knows what shellfish upset the Bretonnian ambassador's stomach, which colours bring out the best in Countess Emmanuelle's complexion, and the most important grudges held by the Dwarf King of Karak Izor.

Planning for a ball begins many months in advance, and Helena employs dozens of agents to source information, materials, and ingredients for the event. She is a good-humoured woman who wins people round with charm, but there is never any doubt that she is in charge.

Rumour has it that after the last Winter Ball, the Emperor remarked to Reiksmarshal Helborg that Bastiat-Hatzburg would do a better job of organising a military campaign than most of the Empire's generals.

HELENA BASTIAT-HATZBURG, MISTRESS OF REVELS HUMAN ADVISOR (SILVER 4)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	24	36	31	41	45	45	37	40	37	55	14

Skills: Bribery 75, Charm 78, Consume Alcohol 61, Cool 52, Endurance 56, Evaluate 60, Gamble 50, Gossip 80, Haggle 75, Intuition 65, Language (Classical) 55, Leadership 68, Lore (Local 60, Politics 60, Reikland 43)

Talents: Argumentative 2, Blather, Carouser 2, Cat-tongued 2, Coolheaded, Doomed (*Four walls, the sound of shallow breathing, you cannot get out*), Etiquette (Entertainers, Nobility), Gregarious, Noble Blood, Read/Write, Schemer, Suave, Supportive

Trappings: Notebook of Plans, Schemes, and Dirty Secrets, 2d0 Silver Shillings

CAT AND HAUS



☠ Helena is blaming the Cat (page 67) in order to cover herself. She has got into gambling debts from spending too much time at the Temple of Ranauld, and sold an earring to help pay them off. If the Characters discover her secret, she offers to pay them to pull off a few similar burglaries upon friends of hers. The goal is to clear her name, and also earn some extra cash.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE PALACE

The Palast District is unique. Characters who enter within the walls see people and sights that they will never witness elsewhere. The following examples can be used to lend flavour to the experience.

- ☠ A butler scolds a young footman for forgetting to wear his court shoes. The footman looks abashed and claims they were stolen.
- ☠ A gunsmith loudly complains that no one is about to accept his delivery of a fine new handgun for a Reiksguard captain. Casting about, his gaze settles on one of the Characters.
- ☠ Deandra Stillwater lectures Thyrs Gormann, the High Patriarch of the Colleges of Magic, on the correct pronunciation of the lingua praestantia. Gormann looks furious, but listen intently.
- ☠ Mordin Harginsson bitterly insists to Bruni Gromsson that the Emperor does nothing to help the Dwarf High King restore the Everlasting Realm to its former glory. Bruni lists a number of times that the Empire has aided the Dwarfs, but Mordin dismisses them as trivial. When they notice manlings listening in the two Dwarfs grow silent.
- ☠ An Averheim noble is arguing furiously with a well-dressed Halfling, insisting that the Halflings should be sure to vote in line with Averheim's interests, 'if they know what's good for them'. The Halfling looks thoroughly bewildered.
- ☠ Two important Guild Secretaries emerge from a meeting with Crown Prince Wolfgang. Both are falling over themselves to praise the young Prince, but they begin to dispute exactly how the line of succession to either the Grand Principality of the Reikland or the Imperial Throne works.
- ☠ A delegation of High Elves, clad in pristine white robes, make their way to the Emperor's Residence as two Reiksguard knights in heavy armour struggle to keep pace. The whole party follows a tall Elf princess who radiates authority. Accompanying her is a slender lynx with luxuriant fur. Just as it is passing by, the lynx takes a sudden interest in one of the Characters. The Elf princess gives the Character a knowing smile before recalling the creature.
- ☠ Two servants struggle to carry a huge Reik Eel between them. As they head to the kitchens, they argue about who has the heavier end. The argument comes to an abrupt end, however, when the eel – stunned rather than dead – springs back to life and bites one of the pair!
- ☠ The Emperor's son, Prince Luitpold, practises with his fencing master. The young heir is a competent but nervy and impetuous fighter, and a poor attack sends Luitpold's foil flying to land at the Characters' feet.
- ☠ Two Bretonnian diplomats take a turn around the gardens. They speak quickly in conspiratorial tones in Bretonnian before ducking behind an ornamental hedge when they see the Characters.
- ☠ A hideously ostentatious coach drives slowly towards the Volkshalle. It is covered in gold ornamentation with silver lanterns, and bears the Wissenland coat of arms. Crowds of eager youths gather, hoping to catch a glimpse of the famous Countess Emmanuelle von Liebwitz.
- ☠ A young boy pushes a cart full of empty chamber pots. He is hopelessly lost amongst the courtyards and desperately looking about for anyone to help guide him through the maze of bedrooms.
- ☠ Reiksmarshal Helborg attends a funeral at the Chapel of the Fallen, where heroes of the Empire are interred. The general looks pensive, but his moustache is still spectacular.
- ☠ A patrol of five Reikland pistolkorps ride around the perimeter of the district. One of them shows off her skills by tossing up shillings and shooting them out of the air. Full of bravado, she loudly declares that 3 gold crowns say she's the best shot in the city.
- ☠ Servants carry a litter bearing an ancient lector of Sigmar up the steps to the Emperor's Residence. Focused on their work, they fail to notice the Lector has fallen asleep and could topple out at any moment!



SIX FAMED KNIGHTLY ORDERS OF ALTDORF



THE REIKSGUARD

The personal army and bodyguard of the Emperor himself. Their ranks are open to any nobles who are loyal to the Emperor, and include members from throughout the Empire.

Base of Operations: Altdorf, Imperial Holdings throughout the Empire

Primary Duties: Protect the Emperor's person and guard his holdings

Colours: Red and white

Symbols of allegiance: Crowned skull, laurel leaves, and the Imperial Crown

Religious affiliation: Secular, though Sigmarites predominate

Controversies: It is an open secret the Reiksguard sponsors its own spy network



THE KNIGHTS OF THE EVERLASTING LIGHT

Champions of justice and lost causes, the Knights of the Everlasting Light are perhaps better known for the bad luck that plagues the brotherhood.

Base of Operations: Based predominantly in Ostermark, but major chapterhouse in Altdorf

Primary Duties: Promote and defend Verenan concepts of justice

Colours: Dark blue and white

Symbols of allegiance: Candle and rays of light, highly polished steel

Religious affiliation: Verenan

Controversies: Subject to a lingering curse



THE KNIGHTS GRIFFON

A small order derived from the Knights Panther by Magnus the Pious following the Siege of Praag.

Operations: Sigmarite chapels and temples throughout the Empire

Primary Duties: Protectors of Sigmarite temples

Colours: Blue-steel and black

Symbols of allegiance: The heraldic Griffon

Religious affiliation: Sigmarite

Controversies: The Knights Griffon are infamous for their snobbery



THE KNIGHTS OF THE BLAZING SUN

Founded in 1457 IC. The order was formerly secular but devoted itself to Myrmidia after a statue of the goddess toppled and crushed their enemies at the Battle of Madritta.

Operations: Centred in Talabheim

Primary Duties: Dedicated to Myrmidia, the goddess of war

Colours: Black and yellow

Symbols of allegiance: A variety of stylised sun symbols

Religious affiliation: Myrmidian

Controversies: The precepts of Myrmidia are seen as rather dishonourable by more traditional knights



THE KNIGHTS PANTHER

The order was formed from knights during the crusades against Araby. The Knights Panther are dedicated to the good of the Empire.

Operations: Based predominantly in Talabheim and Middenheim

Primary Duties: Protectors of the integrity of the Empire

Colours: Plate armour of silver and gold and horse barding distinctive blue and gold

Symbols of allegiance: Arrayed in furs of great cats from the Southlands

Religious affiliation: Secular

Controversies: The Middenheim chapter and the Todbringer family have a history of cooperation



THE KNIGHTS OF THE FIERY HEART

The personal army and bodyguard of the Grand Theogonist. In order to join the order a member must be initiated into the Cult of Sigmar.

Base of Operations: Grand Cathedral of Sigmar

Primary Duties: Defend the Grand Theogonist, slay Orcs and Goblins

Colours: Red and white

Symbols of allegiance: The Fiery Heart

Religious affiliation: Sigmarite

Controversies: Rumoured to abide by the teachings of apocryphal prophetic texts



THE REIKSGUARD CHAPTER HOUSE

The Grand Order of the Reiksguard Knights has been the personal army of the Reikland Emperors since Wilhelm III established it in 2429 IC. In the intervening years, the Reiksguard has grown in strength and influence across the whole Empire. Its high command sits in Altdorf, by the Emperor and Reiksmarshal's side.

Under the auspices of Grandmaster Kurt Hellborg, the Reiksguard protects the Prince of the Reikland and the Emperor, as is its charge. Since the order's founding, every Reiksguard knight has sworn to sacrifice their life in defence of their Emperor, whom they treat as the living incarnation of Sigmar. Despite the order's short history, there are countless reports of gallantry in service of the knights' duty to the Empire.

But the Reiksguard mission goes beyond the martial. Wilhelm III instituted a tradition that the Reiksguard would recruit heirs from noble families across the whole Empire. Aristocratic lords urge their sons to join the order to benefit from the prestige and access to the Imperial Court. In exchange, the Reikland Emperors secure the loyalty of distant noble houses.

THE CHAPTER HOUSE

The chapter house is a citadel within Altdorf, a fortified enclosure that remains defensible should an enemy breach the city walls. Tall granite bastions surround a complex of brick and stone courtyards, towers, and practice yards. There are barracks, stables, kennels, and countless cells where brother knights dwell in simple but comfortable conditions. The passages and quadrangles are decorated with memorials and statues of heroes dating back to the founding of the Empire.

The Wilhelm Gate is the main, ceremonial entrance to the chapter house. It is named for the frieze of Wilhelm III's coronation carved over the huge black gates. The White Gate is smaller, marked with Shallya's symbols, and typically reserved for novices and casualties returning from battle.

A tall brick tower dominates the skyline, flying the ensigns of the Reiksguard, Emperor, and Reikland. Grandmaster Hellborg has his chambers in the upper storeys, above the library and the order's records. Beneath the tower are vaults, which include hot baths and a subterranean pool.

The Grand Hall is where the order meets for significant events and feasts. Knights dine beneath a huge tapestry that shows Sigmar granting lands to the tribal chieftains at the Empire's founding. Hundreds of small shields decorate the walls, each bearing the arms of a fallen brother knight. Everyday meals are eaten in a small refectory.

The Chapel of the Warrior Sigmar tends to the Reiksguard's spiritual needs, although the most devout knights prefer the Grand Cathedral of Sigmar. Small shrines to Ulric, Taal, and Shallya pay token respect to other Imperial gods. The sanatorium tends to the injured.

The Reiksguard in Altdorf

The order is a source of pride within the city. When the knights ride to war or return victorious, the citizens line the streets and cheer them on. A Reiksguard parade is a sight to behold, with ranks of foot knights and companies of cavalry riding past in their gleaming armour, lances held high and banners blowing in the wind.

On an individual basis, Reiksguard knights are less popular. Many are arrogant firstborn sons of the Empire's predominant families. They know that they are part of the military elite and expect people to respect them. Many believe they are above even the rules of the rest of the nobility. They live a life of constant training and campaigns, interspersed with socialising at the highest levels in Empire society. Needless to say, many lack the common touch.

Occasionally, the Reiksguard are called to serve within the city itself. The Emperor ordered them to quell the Window Tax Riots in 2502 IC, despite Hellborg's objections. They avoided the same role in the Great Fog Riots, but agitators still claim that Reiksguard rode forth and slew innocents.

The Untersuchung

The Untersuchung is a covert group based in a nondescript building in the chapter house. It investigates cults and networks of subversive or blasphemous activity within the Imperial Court or the Empire's armies.

The captain of the Untersuchung is Lieutenant Gottfried Braubach, a cynical man who has uncovered and destroyed numerous cults. He encourages his agents to infiltrate and monitor subversive forces, rather than stepping in to end them before getting to the root of the threat.

The Untersuchung is secretive, in part because its agents operate in a morally grey area. They have extensive knowledge of the forces of Chaos and maintain a library of forbidden and dubious tomes. Untersuchung agents may embed within cults for many years, risking their own corruption. Braubach provides the Reiksguard Inner Circle with incomplete and occasionally false briefings on Untersuchung operations.

ORGANISATION OF THE REIKSGUARD

The Reiksguard's structure is like any other knightly order's. At the top is Grandmaster Helborg, who commands the whole army of knights and sits at the right hand of the Emperor. Below him are the Inner Circle, the twenty most experienced knights. These are the knight commanders and submarshals who oversee Reiksguard forces across the Empire. Master of the Chapterhouse Reikscaptain Zintler is of the Inner Circle.

Below the Inner Circle are the preceptors, who command banners of brother knights in battle. Then there are the novices, who must undergo intense training, instruction, and testing before acceptance as full knights. According to the order's rules, a current or former member of the Reiksguard must nominate any potential novice on the basis of character. In practice, there are other ways to negotiate entry.

Early in their service, brother knights do duty within the Imperial Palace. When fighting alongside the Emperor, the knights are referred to as the Imperial Guard. Karl-Franz has recently recruited a small cadre of Imperial Guard – all over 6 ft tall – that he calls the 'High Helms'. Their fellow Reiksguard worry that he is creating an alternative Inner Circle. Previous Emperors have feared the power of the Reiksguard, so perhaps Karl-Franz feels likewise.

Officially, the Reiksguard stays above politics, but no organisation this powerful can escape being dragged into intrigues. In Altdorf, everyone sees the Reiksguard as loyal to Sigmar's Empire, but the nobles of Middenheim and Nuln regard the order as a force for centralising power to the Reikland.

The Unseen Banner

Master Lehrer left the field of battle the day he lost his right foot. He became keeper of the order's history, but he is more than a scholar and archivist. Lehrer is the secret preceptor of the Unseen Banner, the Reiksguard's own spy network.

Each Reiksguard chapter house in the Empire charges a single knight with seeking intelligence on the local political situation and, where necessary, taking action in favour of Imperial unity. Most knights view such practice as dishonourable, but to Lehrer's men, there is nothing more important than the strength of the Empire.





Kurt Helborg, High Lord Reiksmarshal

Those who meet Lord Helborg are in no doubt about the power he wields. He is Grandmaster of the mighty Reiksguard, supreme commander of the armies of the Reikland, and the foremost general in the Empire. He sits at the right hand of the Emperor, and takes his role extremely seriously as one of Karl-Franz's most trusted advisors.

The Reiksmarshal's appearance and demeanour match his status. His famous moustache is always immaculately waxed, and his craggy, serious face remains impassive even when roused to anger. Out of his gleaming armour he wears fine robes of office, and carries his Runefang Grudgebearer at all times. When Helborg speaks, it is with a commanding, gruff voice that does not need to be raised to establish his authority.

Despite his years, Helborg has a controlled energy and intensity that unnerves those around him — a characteristic he uses to his advantage. He knows of his own importance, and while he is not arrogant, his unwavering sense of duty makes him dismissive of those he considers foolish, cowardly or underhand. When the Reiksmarshal is in the room, everyone knows who is in command. While Helborg disdains politics and prefers the battlefield or parade ground, he knows that he must occasionally wrangle with Altdorf's rulers and the Empire. The party may encounter him riding to the Palace or Reiksguard Chapterhouse accompanied by an honour guard of Inner Circle knights. When the Reikland armies are on parade, he stands on ceremony, and occasionally delivers an inspiring speech.

If for some reason the party comes to Helborg's attention, they may be summoned to an audience. He will address himself only to nobles or warriors, and ask direct, confrontational questions. Helborg is difficult to impress, but sacrifice for the Empire, resourcefulness and courage will win his respect.

KURT HELBORG

KNIGHT OF THE INNER CIRCLE (GOLD 4)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	75	51	60	63	60	58	38	45	57	52	23

Traits: Armour 5, Fear 2 (from second round of combat), Weapon (Runefang) +12

Skills: Animal Care 65, Athletics 78, Bribery 57, Charm Animal 77, Consume Alcohol 73, Cool 65, Dodge 78, Endurance 83, Evaluate 48, Gossip 62, Haggle 57, Heal 65, Intimidate 82, Intuition 72, Language (Battle 65, Classical 55), Leadership 87, Lore (Heraldry 65, Politics 55, Warfare 65), Melee (Basic 110, Cavalry 95, Fencing 85), Outdoor Survival 65, Perception 80, Ride (Horse) 78, Trade (Farrier) 48

Talents: Beat Blade 2, Careful Strike 3, Combat Aware 2, Combat Reflexes 3, Disarm, Doomed (*The brothers! The brothers! One smothers, one utters and one pothers*), Etiquette (Nobles, Soldiers), Feint, Inspiring 3, Iron Will 2, Luck 2, Menacing, Noble Blood, Reaction Strike, Read/Write, Riposte 2, Roughrider, Savvy, Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow 2, Supportive, Trick Riding, Very Resilient, War Leader 3, Warrior Born, Wealthy 2

Trappings: Solland Runefang, Laurels of Victory, Full set of Plate Armour over Leather (all *Fine*)

The Laurels of Victory

Kurt Helborg is one of the most celebrated heroes of the Empire, and he wears laurels enchanted by wizards of the Grey Order. The Magic within the laurels magnifies Kurt's stature in the eyes of those who would seek to do him harm, so that few can muster the courage to stand before his wrath. From the second round of combat onwards, the wearer of the Laurels of Victory causes Fear (2).

The Solland Runefang

The province of Solland never recovered from the destruction wrought by the armies of Warboss Gorbard Ironclaw, and its lands have long since been absorbed by the neighbouring province of Wissenland. Thus, when the Solland Runefang, previously lost in battle, was recovered and returned to the Empire, there was no longer an Elector Count of Solland to wield it. Instead, it was deemed that the Emperor would take ownership of the magical blade. It soon became tradition for the Emperor to entrust the Runefang to the care of a great hero. That honour currently sits with the Reiksmarshal.

The Solland Runefang is a sword with the Unbreakable Weapon Quality and Fine (3) Item Quality. It is a magical weapon, so can hurt creatures immune to non-magical attacks.

The sword bears the Master Rune of Alaric the Mad. Do not subtract Toughness Bonus or Armour Points (including magical armour and the *Armour* Creature Trait) from Damage inflicted by the Solland Runefang. The *Ward* Creature Trait applies normally.



KARL FRANZ PARK

Between the palace and the Reik are ten acres of landscaped parkland, walled off from the rest of the city. The park was originally an estate belonging to the von Neurath family. In 2003 IC, Emperor Siegfried appropriated the land as a hunting ground. The Koenigspark gradually changed with the tastes of successive Princes of Altdorf into a memorial garden for the heroes and rulers of the Empire. In 2510 IC Mornan Tybalt had the park renamed after the reigning Emperor, an act of sycophancy that caused most Altdorfers (including Karl-Franz) to wince with embarrassment.

The park lies behind a perimeter of miniature ramparts, rendered white in imitation of those surrounding the city itself. They also serve to keep out the city's riffraff, as visitors must pass through one of two small gatehouses. Reiksguard Knights man these gatehouses, as a reminder that these are the Emperor's grounds.

The park opens between 9:00 in the morning and 11:00 at night. During this time, visitors can stroll down the avenues, explore the monuments and grottos, or just admire the beautifully tended flower gardens. During the day, the secluded groves and quiet paths are popular for private meetings. At night, twin-tailed lanterns light the gardens. The better class of Altdorfer might attend a music recital at the Peacock Pavilion or, more likely, flirt and show off their fashionable clothes.

THE SOLLAND MEMORIAL

This monument commemorates the devastation of the former province of Solland by Gorbard Ironclaw in 1707 IC. It consists of a large rectangular stone plinth with relief carving of a gigantic sword, representing the Solland Runefang. Eight pillars mark the perimeter and a carved stone tablet stands at one end, depicting a sun with a furious face.

The Cult of the Vengeful Blaze secretly uses the Solland Memorial as a shrine of Solkan. At daybreak on certain days, a group of cloaked and masked figures converge on the site and assume ranks on the flagstones.

The High Priest of Solkan appears, dressed in long white robes and wearing a bearded golden mask that echoes the sun carving behind him on the tablet. The identity of the priest is unknown to even his followers, but he has a cultured Altdorf accent. During these ceremonies, the Solkanites pledge their absolute allegiance to their God of Vengeance. When they disperse across the park, the memorial once again becomes an innocuous stone monument.

rites and privileges



- ☠ Certain Solkanites hate the fact that they must creep around and hide their worship of the God of Vengeance while dubious cults and heretics parade around in the open. They want to hold open rites. Unsure how to make Solkan look good to the average weak-willed citizen of the Empire, his followers have instead decided that ruining the reputation of some other permitted cults is a much better idea.
- ☠ The Cult of the Vengeful Blaze uses secret entrances to enter the park unseen before sunrise. Two days ago, one of the Reiksguard knights on duty saw a Solkanite enter the gardens before donning his mask. Brother Piert followed the cultist and saw the whole ceremony. Now he wants to tell someone, but whom? The man he saw was of the Reiksguard Inner Circle.

PILLAR OF SIGMAR

The huge triumphal column at the centre of the park is one of Altdorf's most famous monuments. It celebrates the life and military victories of Sigmar. His life story plays out in 148 scenes along a spiral frieze, which climbs the white marble pillar to the top, where stands a gold-plated statue of the god himself, Ghal-Maraz held aloft, apparently at the point of apotheosis.

The Pillar of Sigmar was commissioned in 1416 IC by Hjalmar the Tyrannical, one of the most notorious Emperors in history. It was probably his only redeeming act amongst the murders, mutilations, and general monstrosities.

FRAUDULENT FRESCOS



- ☠ Grand Theogonist Kazgar XIV declared the pillar a holy monument inspired by Sigmar, and therefore sacrosanct. That makes the 89th scene rather awkward. It clearly depicts Sigmar greeting a group of Dark Elves under the banner of the Witch King. No other story of Sigmar depicts this meeting, so what's going on here?

THE FOUNTAIN TABLEAUX

Each of the park's five fountains commemorates victory over a different enemy of the Empire. They all feature a tableau of vanquished foes in statue form, water spurting from rents in their bodies in imitation of geysers of blood. Standing in triumph above each tableau is a different hero of the Empire. Emperor Dieter IV originally commissioned six tableaux, but 'Triumph over the Elves' never left the drawing board.

LOWLY LIAISONS

- The Cult of Sigmar is still annoyed that Grand Theogonist Wilhelm III has been overlooked for 'Triumph over the Unliving', especially as he sacrificed himself to defeat vampire lord Vlad von Carstein. A lector hires the Characters to find out why the cult's petitions to replace Moltke have been ignored by Mornan Tybalt.
- 'Triumph over the Beastmen' is popular with spies from the Black Chamber as a spot to rendezvous with their agents. While admiring the tableau, a woman surreptitiously hands a note to one of the characters. It reads: 'An old rival is directed from the bottom of the rainbow'. She then nods sagely and walks off.

THE PEACOCK PAVILION

To the confusion of many first-time visitors, stone pillars in the likeness of upright leopards support this covered pavilion. It takes its name, in fact, from the ornamental peacocks that strut around the area.

In the evenings, the nobility sponsor minstrels to play underneath the pavilion for the entertainment of those wandering in the park. Some of the finest musicians in the Reikland have played here, as the nobility use it to show off the musicians they patronise. Unfortunately, screeching peacocks tend to spoil the music.

PEACOCK PECCADILLO

- After ten nights in a row, Estalian singer Valentina Ramone has had enough of the peacocks. During her next performance, she wants to hire the characters to pick off any bird that dares to interrupt her – preferably using a crossbow from a discreet distance. The pay is high, but Valentina doesn't realise that by ancient decree every peacock in Altdorf is technically the property of the Emperor.

TABLEAU DESCRIPTIONS

Fountain Tableau	Hero	Notes
Triumph over the Greenskins	Sigmar	One of the Orc statues was carved as a caricature of Empress Magritta.
Triumph over the Norsemen	Magnus the Pious	The axes incorporated into the statue were taken from real Norsemen slain in battle.
Triumph over the Bretonnians	Admiral Ochse von Koenig	This tableau is often covered over 'for repair' when Bretonnian delegations visit the city.
Triumph over the Unliving	Count Einrich Moltke of Nordland	Features a mixture of staked vampires, smashed skeletons, and defeated zombies. As the undead don't generally bleed, the water spurts from their eye sockets.
Triumph over the Beastmen	Count Mandred 'Ratslayer'	The defeated Beastmen are the common goat-kin type and depicted with a disturbing degree of accuracy.





FLOTTENLIEGEPLATZ

Altdorf's south docks serve the Imperial Navy and Reik River Patrol. There are few residences in the Flottenliegeplatz district beyond temporary barracks for sailors and rivermen. The dockyard workers are tough types, but naval officers and riverwardens are always present to maintain order. Many Hook gang members work at the shipyard as glorified guild thugs, and several streetwalking gangs also work dockside. Otherwise, organised crime is limited to the occasional kat haus catering to sailors.

When the Reiksfeuer's sea-bells signal the arrival of important vessels such as navy flagships and luxury riverboats, riverwardens hurry civilian boats along to make safe passage. Carriages deliver the disembarking officers and nobles to their ultimate destinations. Currently, the bustling navy docks have an overabundance of workers, forcing migrant sailors and shipwrights to sleep on the streets if they cannot find other work. The priests of Manann assist these itinerant seafolk however they can.

REIK RIVER PATROL TERMINAL

Altdorf's riverwardens are the busiest and best organised in the Empire. In addition to policing barge traffic at the Reik-Talabec estuary, the Reikland River Patrol polices the multitude of canals and smaller rivers that converge with the Reik. The Altdorf terminal includes an office, barracks, mess hall, jail, and two supply warehouses. Patrol boats are moored at Warden's Landing. The fleet comprises many small craft outfitted with swivel guns, and several larger ships equipped with cannons.

The Altdorf terminal, staff, and fleet receive financing from the Reikland treasury. A smaller terminal exists upriver near Castle Reikguard. Town councils can employ their own riverwardens if they don't find the Reikland River Patrol's presence in their local waterways sufficient. Downriver from Altdorf, law enforcement duty is shared with the Imperial Navy. Riverwardens search barges for smuggled contraband, arrest pirates and wreckers, and hunt the creatures that sometimes lurk underwater.

THE REIKSFEUER

The Imperial Navy operates this huge stone lighthouse to guide deepwater ships into port at night. The Reiksfeuer also serves as a bell and signal tower. Signal operators use variously coloured flags in daylight. After dusk, wood and oil fuel the fire, and mirrors project its light through shutters. Atop the lighthouse is a griffin statue holding an anchor. The standard lighthouse crew includes a pilot, a charcoal burner, and a Dwarf engineer.



A NAUTICAL NOTEBOOK

- Naval fleets seldom threaten Altdorf, so the Reiksfeuer mostly functions as a control tower for river patrol boats. Two riverwardens supplement the lighthouse's navy crew and use a separate codebook. Smuggling gangs can dodge the law by paying corrupt riverwardens to decrypt the Reiksfeuer's signals for them. However, if one had the codebook much bribe money could be saved...

GETTING A HEAD

- North and south of the city are foul-smelling wetlands called the Altdorf Flats. Occasionally, River Trolls and Bog Octopuses hide amongst the reeds and ambush travellers on the causeways. Riverwardens patrol these areas in flat-bottomed marsh boats, but they sometimes lack sufficient manpower to track their quarry. Adventurers can claim bounties for turning in the heads of large aquatic predators, but those returning weary and injured from a tough fight to claim their bounty are often set upon by opportunists who would take the trophy and claim the bounty for themselves.
- Many riverwardens take bribes from gangs like the Fish and the Lowhavens in exchange for turning a blind eye to smuggling. Rivermarshal Marham von Sieblich is aware of the corruption in her force and offers a reward to Characters willing to pose as smugglers offering bribes to riverwardens.



Reik Rivermarshal Sigfreda Marham von Sieblich

Rivermarshal Marham is ruthless in her pursuit of justice. When she was a young girl, Sigfreda tore the heads off any dolls that looked at her sideways. Her noble parents thought fencing lessons might help with the aggression, but that only made her more dangerous. While other girls were practising needlework, Sigfreda was out in her rowboat collecting tolls from fishermen. The iron-jawed Rivermarshal is skilled with both rapier and pistol, and keeps a whip coiled on her belt.

The Reik River Patrol has a problem with corrupt wardens, and Marham is determined to purge them all. Her predecessor was a weak Rivermarshal who gangs easily intimidated. Riverwardens who underestimate Marham still accept bribes; however, discipline is slowly returning. Marham's latest method of correction involves tying offenders to a post on Warden's Landing and personally lashing them, quite brutally, in front of the other wardens.

The Rivermarshal lives in a Hammerpfad townhouse and is usually found either at her Reiksport Terminal office, or the Harbourmaster's Court at the Temple of Manann. Marham leads patrol crews in person if she expects a decent chance to apprehend a notorious pirate or wrecker captain. She knows the Fish gang's leaders are based at the Isle of Eels. Only new recruits who weren't corrupted under the previous regime patrol those docks.

REIK RIVERMARSHAL SIGFREDA MARHAM VON SIEBLICH – HUMAN SHIPSWORD MASTER (GOLD I)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	53	52	52	36	50	34	32	46	31	46	14

Traits: Armour (Body 2), Shield 2, Weapon (Sword) +9

Skills: Athletics 44, Bribery 56, Charm 61, Climb 57, Consume Alcohol 51, Cool 44, Dodge 49, Endurance 56, Evaluate 51, Gamble 61, Gossip 59, Intimidate 62, Intuition 60, Language (Bretonnian) 49, Leadership 66, Lore (Heraldry 56, Law 51), Lore (Riverways) 66, Melee (Basic 68, Fencing 63), Navigation 60, Perception 60, Ranged (Blackpowder) 77, Row 62, Sail 44, Swim 67

Talents: Commanding Presence, Doomed (*Scattered flotsam can be seen in the distance, blood stains the icy shore*), Etiquette (Nobles), Gunner, Hatred (Mutineers), Menacing, Noble Blood, Orientation, Read/Write, Sea Legs, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Strider (Coastal), Strong Swimmer, Waterman

Trappings: Mail Shirt, Sword, Shield, 14/8

ADMIRALTY HOUSE

Admiralty House is the Imperial First Fleet headquarters, a five-storey stone building embellished with sea monster statuary. Downstairs is a fine parlour and trophy room, where officers drink and socialise. On the second floor is the war room, where senior officers make command decisions. Ship models sit atop a strategy table painted with a map of the Old World. Upper floors contain lounges, billiard rooms, and private quarters for Imperial admirals (including vice and rear admirals).

Twelve admirals report to Sea Lord Adalmann von Hopfberg, a decorated veteran of the First Fleet who answers directly to Emperor Karl-Franz. Each admiral commands between three and twelve ships. Lieutenants, captains and warrant officers attend strategy meetings at Admiralty House but rarely board there. Sea Lord von Hopfberg resides in Mauerblumchen but spends most of his time at Admiralty House.

DE-FLEETING THE ENEMY



Adalmann von Hopfberg is known for playing favourites with his admirals to encourage healthy competition. According to salacious rumours, officers have even received promotions in the Sea Lord's bedchamber. Officers who fail to climb the ranks sometimes become disgruntled and quit the navy altogether. Several officers are now planning to defect to Duke von Bildhofen's new Third Fleet with as many able-bodied seamen as they can recruit. Von Hopfberg views this as almost treasonous, and would pay well if someone could ruin the Third Fleet's reputation and appeal.

TEMPLE OF MANANN

Manann is worshipped in Altdorf as the god of both seas and rivers. His temple is an enormous grey stone building with two belfry towers. The bottom half of the temple is spackled with dry seaweed thrown by sailors returning from long voyages. Inside the temple, heavy black anchor chains festoon the nave hall around the central statue of Manann. The nave is cool, damp, and dimly lit by ships' lanterns.

The priests of Manann are captains, navigators, and fishermen who come and go regularly. Many priests live as naval chaplains aboard warships that anchor near the docks. Monks of Manann visit the temple less frequently. Certain ascetics insist Manann is better understood, locally at least, as 'Grandfather Reik' (or Rijkstrum). This is not quite a heretical belief, but it does annoy traditionally minded Manannites. Many of these ascetics live half a mile downriver in a temple-monastery carved into a rocky island called Gottes Jut.

At the back of the temple is the Harbourmaster's Court. Crimes committed on the river often fall outside baronial or provincial jurisdiction, and so a priest of Manann judges the perpetrators. Wreckers and pirates who are brought to trial by the riverwardens sometimes break down in tears as they pass under Manann's gaze. The Harbourmaster's Court also mediates tax and tariff disputes over river commerce.



SCHOOL OF NAVIGATORS

At the centre of Flottenliegeplatz is the Empire's foremost academy for navigators. The massive brick building hosts blue-blooded cadets studying to become officers. Classrooms are on the first floor, and the second floor contains faculty offices.

An old decommissioned galleon, *The Duchess Krieglitz*, fills an open-roofed training hall spanning the upper three levels. Its masts extend high above the roofline. Classes are often held at night for astronomical observation. In bad weather, canvas tarps provide shelter.

THE CASTAWAY CULT



☠ The Manann cult's more conservative leaders in Marienburg want the Altdorf temple to distance itself from monks venerating Rijkstrum. Altdorf's priesthood has responded that Grandfather Reik is in fact the same entity as Manann, and that rivermen have left offerings on Gottes Jut since the time of Sigmar. Despite the show of solidarity, however, rumours are spreading of unwholesome rituals performed in the island's caverns. Some suspect that worshippers of Stromfels also make use of the island.

☠ A thin, scruffy beggar-priest of Manann named Sacha Salkirche is a fixture of Altdorf's docks. Those who listen to Sacha's tales learn with surprise that he was once an explorer. While returning from the New World, he was marooned on an island for seven years. This experience taught him to be content with just a bowl of soup and some floor space. Sacha is a font of knowledge about faraway lands, but his long years of isolation have left him socially awkward and over-friendly.

ELF-FULL ADVICE



☠ Marienburg hosted the Empire's nautical colleges until 100 years ago, when the city-state declared independence. The Altdorf school was widely considered second-rate. To improve its profile, the school now employs three Elf navigators as instructors. Human navigators resent being paid less than half of what their Elf colleagues make for doing the same job, so Elves are frequently the subjects of baseless rumours and accusations. The Elves have patiently explained that the situation is simply due to the fact that they are worth at least twice as much as any human instructor, but this appears to have made the situation worse. They are now looking for an Elf more experienced in dealing with humans who might advise them.

HINDELIN LINE DOCKS

The Hindelin company owns three luxury passenger boats, all built in 2510 IC by Spee Boatyards. The *Emperor Luitpold* operates on the River Talabec between Altdorf and Bechafen. The *Emperor Magnus* plies the upper Reik between Altdorf and Nuln. The *Emperor Wilhelm* services the lower Reik between Altdorf and Marienburg. Despite their bulk, the vessels move deceptively quickly by a combination of oars and sails, averaging 40 miles a day. Hindelin Lines is owned by a consortium of wealthy stakeholders including the Emperor himself.

All three 'Emperor-class' river liners are identical. Although their luxury cabins and staterooms are too expensive for common travellers, Hindelin rents beds in the servants' cabins for a shilling per 10 miles. The dock supports a fancy eatery and tacky souvenir shop. If a boat is delayed by more than a few hours, Hindelin sometimes arranges for waiting passengers to rest in the nearby riverwardens' barracks. Between riverboat arrivals, the Hindelin docks are available to ferrymen.

A MOUTHFUL OF TROUBLE



☠ Hindelin crews enforce strict rules of conduct aboard luxury liners. Rules restrict armour and weaponry, and forbid spellcasting. High moral standards are expected in the saloon where nobles and merchants flaunt their courtly etiquette over cocktails. Noble passengers playfully coax one another into misbehaving, and occasionally fight friendly duels to first blood on the rooftop promenade deck. Major disputes must wait until the boat finally docks, and many duels are settled on the docks in Altdorf. One such noble's mouth has gotten them into trouble beyond their ability, and they have sent their chamberlain to recruit some likely looking vagabonds to somehow distract their opponent, and sneak them off the ship and into Altdorf.



CHAPTER HOUSE OF THE KNIGHTS GRIFFON

Overlooking the docks is a walled keep belonging to the Sigmarite templars of the Knights Griffon. The keep's square gatehouse faces the Cathedral of Sigmar, which Magnus the Pious originally formed the order to guard 200 years ago. The portcullis stays closed so that passers-by aren't eaten by the demigryphs that sometimes prowl in the courtyard. The wingless griffons are normally stabled outside the city walls, but sometimes knights ride them to the chapter house.

The very first Knights Griffon were members of the Knights Panther, hand-picked for their devotion to the Grand Theogonist. According to tradition, exotic animal furs are still worn over their plate armour, but the order's role has changed. Today, the Knights Griffon are primarily bodyguards for the Grand Theogonist and his arch-lectors; they vie for this honour with the Order of the Fiery Heart who have guardianship of the cathedral.

ANIMAL CONTROL



☠ The demigryph is a flightless variety of the Empire's symbolic griffon. Demigryphs are trained as mounts for densely wooded battlefields where griffon wings can snag on trees. Despite their intensive training, demigryphs possess an instinctive ferocity. They wear muzzles and hoods for military parades. Occasionally, curious or dim-witted bystanders prod a passing demigryph, triggering a deadly street chase. Killing one of these creatures in the process of recapturing it is considered sacrilege, and the typical practice is to let the creatures tire themselves out by tearing through some unfortunate Altdorfers. Locals are less pleased by this resolution, and band together to hire the Characters to recapture the animal.

☠ Knights Griffon often travel abroad with the Sigmarite high clergy on tours of the Empire, leaving the Altdorf chapter house with only a few templars. Grandmaster Tomas Bacham personally attends Grand Theogonist Volkmar at the cathedral, wearing lacquered green-and-gold armour. Lord Bacham resents having to share bodyguard duties with the Fiery Hearts. He stubbornly contradicts their advice and favours anyone who takes his side in the knightly rivalry. It has become known that insulting a knight of the Fiery Heart in Bacham's presence is an excellent way to modestly advance one's social standing – so long as one does not insult the wrong knight.

THE SPEE BOATYARDS

The city's largest boatyard consists of three jetties with cranes and gantries, a covered drydock for ribbing assembly, two carpenters' workshops, a paintshop, and an office. The Spee Boatyard builds warships and passenger liners. There are many smaller independent boatbuilders in Altdorf's East End, but Spee is the sanctioned Imperial Navy shipyard. Spee recently signed a lucrative contract to restock the aging Imperial First Fleet.

The Spee family arrived from Marienburg four generations ago when Emperor Wilhelm II reformed the Imperial Navy Kommission. Wilhelm also granted the family minor noble titles to secure their loyalty. Most of the company's naval engineers are Spee descendants, but hired shipwrights do the carpentry work. The boatyard employs Hook gang members as foremen and supervisors to ensure the shipyard remains a 'no-Fish' zone.

FAIL TO PLAN



☠ Shipwrights from Tilea, Marienburg, and Nordland have migrated to Altdorf to overhaul the First Fleet. The energetic managing engineer is Herr Arnold Spald, a visionary shipwright whose designs are already the envy of merchant and navy captains alike. It is an open secret among Herr Arnold's workers that he did not always present himself as a man, but most who know and appreciate his skills see little reason to pass comment. Those few who do are quickly seen on their way by more practical folk. One of these ousted workers fled with Herr Arnold's latest designs, and the shipwright is eager to have his property returned before the design can be sold off.





Lord Tyrkel von Hargenfels, Imperial First Fleet Lieutenant

Lord Tyrkel is a handsome young lieutenant whose older brother Baron Klement rules the coastal barony of Hargenfels in Nordland. After a short stint in the northern Second Fleet, Tyrkel moved to Altdorf to further his career. His family isn't well positioned in the navy because the rival von Kohler family owns the top admiralty positions in Nordland. Lord Tyrkel expected to excel in the landlocked First Fleet because he's been sailing since he was a boy.

In Altdorf, however, Tyrkel encountered obstacles of a different variety. Despite his rank, the First Fleet admirals treat the lieutenant like a warrant officer. He assumes they feel threatened by his superior navigation skills. Sea Lord von Hopfberg has aggravated the situation by calling Tyrkel's Nordland accent 'charming' and buying him drinks. The lieutenant is anxious for an opportunity to make a name for himself, earn a legitimate admiralty, and return to Nordland.

Tyrkel is posted to the wolfship *Harvest Moons*, which has only lifted anchor once. He's stationed in the officers' quarters at the Reiksport docks. Nordlander shipwrights at Spee Boatyards have introduced Tyrkel to Herr Arnold Spee and the Hook gang, who've confirmed that the First Fleet is rife with anti-northern bigotry. Lieutenant Tyrkel is using his extended shore leave to explore the city, and he's prepared to upset a few apple carts along the way.

LORD TYRREL VON HARGENFELS, IMPERIAL FIRST FLEET LIEUTENANT HUMAN BOATSWAIN (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	51	32	32	32	57	44	55	31	33	49	12

Traits: Armour (Body) 1, Weapon (Hook) +7

Skills: Athletics 54, Bribery 59, Charm 64, Climb 37, Consume Alcohol 47, Cool 36, Dodge 59, Endurance 52, Evaluate 36, Gamble 46, Gossip 62, Intimidate 42, Language (Wastelander) 34, Leadership 59, Lore (Heraldry) 41, Melee (Basic 66, Fencing 61), Perception 67, Row 42, Sail 54, Swim 47

Talents: Attractive, Doomed (*A distempered Spite, from the Isle of Wights, on a bag of Ranald's Delight*), Etiquette (Nobles), Noble Blood, Orientation, Read/Write, Sea Legs, Suave, Strider (Coastal), Strong Swimmer

Trappings: Monocle, Steam Powered Hydraulic Hook Prosthetic (Counts as a Hand Weapon with the *Entangle* quality), Leather Jack

REIKSPORT NAVAL DOCKS

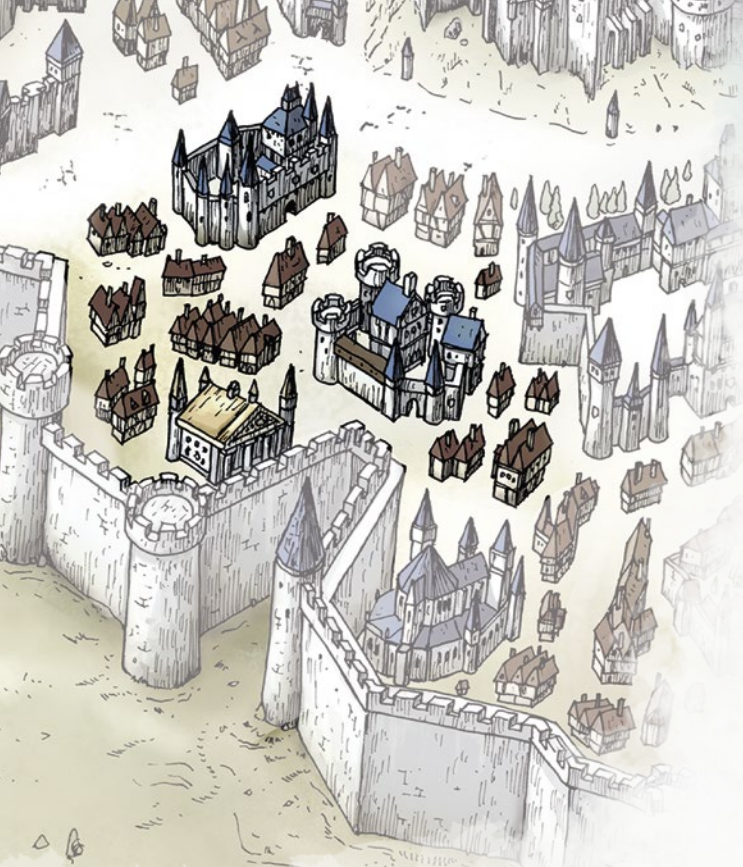
The Imperial First Fleet is stationed in Altdorf. Ten galleon-sized ships can harbour at the Reiksport docks for resupply or repairs. Warships normally drop anchor in the river instead of mooring at the docks. The rivers are deep enough for naval ships to sail as far as Nuln or Talabheim provided strong winds, but smaller patrol craft are better suited to travelling upriver. The Reiksport docks include supply warehouses, officers' quarters, and brothels that cater exclusively to the Imperial Navy.

Warships of the First Fleet are decorated with elaborate woodcarvings and painted in gaudy colours. Sailors from the Imperial Second Fleet, which defends the rugged Nordland coast, mock their First Fleet counterparts as inexperienced landlubbers. Although the First Fleet is larger, its older ships serve mainly as transports for moving soldiers up and down the rivers. Only rarely do First Fleet warships ever sail west beyond Marienburg into the open ocean.

BURNING A BIGGER BARGE



Emperor Karl-Franz recently summoned experienced sailors and shipwrights from across the Reikland to Altdorf for purposes of upgrading the First Fleet. The turnout exceeded demand, leaving the city full of unemployed ship workers. Duke von Bildhofen of Carroburg is exploiting this surplus to build a Third Fleet, against the Emperor's wishes. Recruitment agents are hiring sailors, carpenters, cooks, and rat-catchers on behalf of the ambitious Duke of Carroburg. Some fear what the Duke might do with such a fleet, and would be quite happy if some enterprising arsonists were to put the whole dock to the torch.



HAMMERPFAD

Hammerpfad is as much a military camp as a city district. Amongst the houses are heavily fortified buildings and barracks housing soldiers, knights, and officers. Although not one of the more affluent parts of the Imperial capital, the presence of the military ensures that the district draws a large amount of financial investment. During the day, the streets and squares are a hive of military activity. To the noise of trumpets and barked orders, infantry and cavalry drill in tactical manoeuvres. There is even a Halfling presence here, archers who lodge at a barracks known as Ashfields — so-called because it seems every other soldier there bears that surname.

Arms and ordnance receive serviced here, but the military reserves firing exercises for the Artillery Fields to the east of the city. The atmosphere is one of controlled chaos. Outside the western gate are the training fields of the Altdorf standing army. During the day, there is a constant flow of troops in and out of the gates. Troops pass unhindered, but the guards treat all others with the same contempt as their colleagues at the other gates.

Day and night, soldiers patrol the area. During the day, many civilians move about, mostly delivering supplies and performing menial services. During the nights, only the patrols are present. They stop any suspicious persons moving about the area and demand they account for themselves. Those without a satisfactory explanation spend the rest of their night, if not longer, in a military cell.

TEMPLE OF MYRMIDIA INCAZZATA

The domed temple to Myrmidia is relatively new, its construction dating to shortly after the crowning of Magnus the Pious. When it was first sanctified, the building was named for Myrmidia Incandescente, reflecting her associations with blinding light and warrior spirit. Over the years, visiting Tileans have insisted that Incazzata is the better word.

Thick walls protect the temple and the wider complex, which contains an adjoining barracks as well as several martial training grounds. During the days, the followers of Myrmidia fill the grounds, training to improve their skills and to show devotion to their goddess. A great silver and blue-marble statue of Myrmidia stands in front of the central temple. Marching initiates clench their fists and strike their chests as they pass beneath the gaze of the goddess.

The cult has established itself as a popular place for aspiring middle-class folk to send their children. The promise of a respectable military education is often enough to entice the youngsters (or their parents), but they soon learn that for Myrmidia to see them as worthy warriors, they need a well-rounded education. This promises to serve them well in any venture they might engage in as they meet their fate in the world.

The temple complex also contains a small library. It is a repository of writings on warfare, siege craft, and the fostering of peace after conflict. Allurian's *Elven War Studies* is a set text, a book that seems to recommend winning a war whilst avoiding actual fighting. Those few Ulricans who visit find it a strange philosophy, though they are pleased to note that it shares the shelves with several treatises on Teutogen battle tactics.

A DUEL TO THE DEBT



- One of the Characters is challenged to a duel, and the best place to prepare is at the Myrmidian temple. But how will the party convince the priests and teachers that their cause is just, noble, and worthy of the attention of the goddess of war without making a donation to the Temple beyond what any of them can afford?
- The priests of Myrmidia have uncovered a great secret: the location of a legendary sword buried in a forgotten tomb accessible through the sewers under Altdorf. The Cult of Myrmidia has selected the worthy champion Henrietta Finn to retrieve the sword. But, alas, navigating the nauseous catacombs below is something no training has prepared her for, so the priests ask the Characters to assist her in her quest and escort her to the burial place.

MILITARY GAOL

The black stone edifice of the Military gaol hides in a dark and foreboding alley, out of sight and out of mind. This is where soldiers find themselves when they transgress the military laws. Some infamous villains remain here for life, although most sentences are shorter, disciplinary affairs. It is said that Konrad, the infamous warrior, was once imprisoned here. Although the common folk now view him as a hero, the soldiers of Altdorf remember that good Imperial soldiers fell to his blade during the course of his exploits.

MILITARY MATTERS



- ☠ Captain Meinhard Trosst is a rare thing in the Empire — a commander who truly cares for his soldiers. When the company von Hart was leading fled in the face of the enemy, the punishment was to be 40 lashes for every coward. Aghast at the punishment, von Hart offered himself up in their stead, and has languished in the Military Prison ever since. His erstwhile soldiers would like to break him out, but on closer inspection a prison break was a bit too dangerous for them. They will however pay well to anyone who can free von Hart from the prison.

REIKSTEMPLE

The Reikstemple is a place of worship for the soldiers of the Empire who revere Sigmar. Officers and common soldiers seek solace and quiet contemplation within the hallowed walls of the structure, which they reverently refer to as 'The Hammer'. The temple is quiet and subdued, providing a soothing counterpoint to the babble of the Altdorf streets.

The temple sports a multitude of high columns, pointed arches, ribbed vaults, and tall stained-glass windows, all to impress a visitor and make them reflect on the deeds of Sigmar. In the centre of the building stands a magnificent statue of the first Emperor himself wielding Ghal Maraz, surrounded by twelve of the warrior chieftains who helped him forge the Empire. Beyond the statues lies the Tomb of The Unknown Hero, honouring all those who fall in the service of the Empire on unknown battlefields, never to receive a proper burial.

SIGMAR, GIVE ME A SIGN



- ☠ A group of soldiers believed dead after an ambush by Orcs and Goblins suddenly turn up at the Reikstemple. Bloody and ragged, they look more like beggars, but they bear the standard of the lost company. They demand to pray at the feet of Sigmar, but the priests refuse them, suspecting a deception of Chaos. A contentious debate follows. A priest calls upon Sigmar to give him a sign... and the sign points to the Characters. Can they do Sigmar's work and find out the truth about the lost company?

CHAPTER HOUSE OF THE ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS PANTHER

The Knights Panther are one of the Empire's most prestigious military orders, dedicated to its protection. Given their importance in Imperial politics and history, their presence in the capital is surprisingly modest, at least when it comes to size. They still wield considerable influence at the Imperial court, and maintain this chapter house mainly to stay on top of Imperial politics. The knights stationed here are more accustomed to courtly intrigue and politics than the knights visiting from the main chapter house near Carroburg, or from their other influential centres of Talabheim and Middenheim.

The Ostermarker Commander Hermann Röntgen leads the chapter house, a battle-weary veteran of several crusades against the enemies of the Empire. During his time in Altdorf he has become adept at playing the political game. Paradoxically, this has eroded his position in the Knights Panther. Other veterans of the order remark that they have a duty to serve the Empire, not question it.

LANCE CROSSED LOVERS



- ☠ The party is drawn into a deadly plot to assassinate Grand Master Röntgen. The culprit is the treacherous knight Halmut von Harbingen, Röntgen's second in command. The knight believes his leader is dishonouring the chapter with his political manoeuvring. A young novice, Viscount Norrich Oberholt, has inadvertently learned of the plot. Feeling he has nowhere to go within the order, he seeks outside help identifying the traitor and securing evidence to present to the grand master.
- ☠ Commander Röntgen is in need of help. He suspects that some enemy of the order has sent a spy to seduce one of his knights. He needs the Player Characters to find the woman, Maxine Eissler, and learn all they can about her and her affair with the knight, Egon Backhaus. The lovers have been seen together at a nearby fancy tavern named the Plume and Pennant, a popular haunt for the knights. Who is behind all this? A competing order, a foreign power, or even a cult of Chaos? Or is it simply true love?

BARRACKS

The barracks of Hammerpfad houses the different companies of Altdorf's armies. Although their propensity for parades and spectacular drills is the subject of frequent heckling, nonetheless these soldiers have shown great bravery defending the capital in times of crisis. They are lavishly equipped and well-armed, and proudly display sigils of the crown, hammer, or griffon on their uniforms. Veterans also wear commemorative seals or medals of honour. The company colours fly over the barrack gates, and their battle banners hold a place of pride in the mess hall.

Up until recently, Grand Marshal Blucher von Vincke was responsible for keeping order among the companies. His position is now vacant, and this has spread unease among the soldiers.

They are divided between support for Marshal Holbert von Knast (an inspiring example of personal heroism without a tactical bone in his body) or Marshal Waldemar von Lüssen (a strategic genius whose unbridled megalomania is clear to anyone who spends five minutes with him). Some even call for reinstating von Vincke, who still visits the grounds at times (he's a renowned war hero, but his arthritis is so severe he can barely mount his horse).

Many famous companies are stationed here. Altdorf's Company of Honour, also known as the Sons of the Reik, is one of the most well known. They often march the streets of the city, the blast of their trumpets reminding everyone of their presence and allegiance to the Emperor. Led by Otto Helstein, the company recruits exclusively from other Altdorf regiments, and considers only the boldest and fiercest soldiers for service.

FOMENTING DISSENT

☠ Trouble is brewing, as political conflicts hinder the appointment of the new grand marshal. A mysterious figure hires the characters to discredit both von Knast and von Lüssen – and pave the way for a reinstatement of von Vincke – by sowing strife between their supporting factions.





Reinholdt Waffenkammer

Senior quartermaster of the Hammerpfad barracks, Waffenkammer is embroiled in both the military and the manufacture and purchasing of weapons for soldiers. He secretly controls several smithies producing weapons in Altdorf, and is in constant negotiation with inventors and engineers, including Altdorf's Elf and Dwarf weaponsmiths, to get a jump on new technologies.

He can provide gold to any adventurers who retrieve military artefacts, and might even become a reliable patron for skilled Characters with a proven track record. He is proud but greedy, and very much aware that his influence is due to his understanding of the arms market, not because the nobles have any great love for him. He walks with a cane, having suffered a leg wound during his last active battle.

REINHOLDT WAFFENKAMMER HUMAN OFFICER (GOLD 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	67	64	35	54	47	33	47	70	55	61	18

Traits: Armour (Body) 2, Weapon (Spear) +7

Skills: Athletics 43, Charm 76, Climb 45, Consume Alcohol 74, Cool 75, Dodge 43, Endurance 59, Evaluate 85, Gamble 75, Gossip 71, Haggle 71, Heal 85, Intuition 67, Language (Battle) 80, Leadership 76, Lore (Warfare) 85, Melee (Basic 87, Pole Arm 82), Navigation 67, Outdoor Survival 75, Perception 62, Play (Fife) 57, Ranged (Bow) 74

Talents: Combat Aware, Commanding Presence, Doomed (*Your nemesis shall strike from the shadows*), Etiquette (Military) 3, Iron Will, Marksman, Public Speaker 2, Read/Write, Savvy, Suave, Unshakable, Wealthy 3, War Leader 3, Warrior Born

Trappings: Breastplate, Spear, Uniform, 25/-



Lothar von Liebnitz

Von Liebnitz is a hero of the Empire, a fighting man of great gallantry and prowess, and a dreadful excuse for a human being. He rose to prominence as the only surviving officer of a company that fell to a Beastmen ambush whilst on manoeuvre outside Altdorf. His troops love him, attesting to his personal courage, practical leadership, and the fact that his sword cut down the bull-headed giant leading the enemy force.

Von Liebnitz is thoroughly enjoying his newly acquired reputation and surrounds himself with sycophantic young nobles to further polish his ego. He is an incorrigible womaniser, a proud ignoramus, and a ticket to trouble for anyone who crosses his wayward path. One of his favourite pastimes is to crash the parties of the rich and powerful, make a stink, and then challenge anyone who questions his behaviour to a duel.

LOTHAR VON LIEBNITZ HUMAN SERGEANT (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	62	56	36	44	53	32	40	51	54	56	18

Traits: Armour 5, Weapon (Sword) +7, Ranged (Pistol) +9

Skills: Athletics 52, Charm 69, Climb 51, Consume Alcohol 59, Cool 82, Dodge 47, Endurance 59, Gamble 76, Gossip 71, Haggle 61, Heal 56, Intuition 63, Language (Battle) 61, Leadership 76, Lore (Warfare) 71, Melee (Basic 90, Fencing 87), Navigation 63, Outdoor Survival 61, Perception 68, Play (Fife) 60, Ranged (Blackpowder) 76

Talents: Combat Aware, Beat Blade, Combat Reflexes, Distract, Doomed (*Bad reaction to a bee sting*), Etiquette (Military), Fast Shot, Feint, Step Aside, Suave, Warrior Born

Trappings: Hand Weapon (Sword), Pistol and 12 Shots, Full Suit of Plate over Mail and Leather, 3/7



FUNDGRUBE

Two buildings dominate the Fundgrube district: the Vault, which stores much of Altdorf's treasure, and Empire House, the heart of the City Watch. Residential buildings are few, and reserved for the upper echelons of the Watch and their families. The taverns here cater to watchmen finishing their shifts at Empire House, and most of the people one meets here work for the City Watch in some capacity.

During the day, when Empire House is open, people who have business there assemble in front of the building. At times the district can get quite busy, despite the fact that there are few taverns and no markets. Heavily guarded coaches pull up to the Vault and unload chests or crates for storage in the deep belly of the fortress. Impatient watchmen oversee it all and drive away any loitering commoners.

EMPIRE HOUSE

The headquarters of the City Watch of Altdorf is a huge stone structure that resembles a fortress more than an administrative building. The small windows are barred, and watchmen stand guard at the parapets, embodying the promise that Altdorf's law enforcers are forever vigilant. The thick walls have withstood many riots; there is a freshwater well in the building, ample stores of supplies, even a small wine cellar. The dungeon's small cells hold prisoners awaiting trial or transportation to Mundsden Keep. Local watch posts tend to deal with drunkards and brawlers, so prisoners brought here are usually suspected of major crimes, like murder, counterfeiting, or smuggling.

Anyone can enter the building, walking under the Imperial Arms that hang over the main doors. The reception hall is large and high-ceilinged. A long wooden counter bisects the room, behind which a dozen watchmen handle queries. After hours, six watchmen remain stationed here, ready to respond to any alarm. Be it day or night, the Watch is prepared to deal swiftly with any commotion, often with brutal force.

From dawn to dusk, the hall is packed with people jostling for position in line and trying to catch the staff's attention. The air is pungent with body odour, and fouler smells waft up from basement cells. Empire House issues bounties on criminals and mutants, even Beastmen and Greenskins. The watchmen on duty here have grown quite accustomed to groups of rowdy adventurers swinging monstrous heads around and demanding payment.

Visitors who pass the counter must have official business with someone in the building, and that person must escort them while they are inside. On the first floor is a common room, the sleeping quarters, the kitchen area, and — in direct proximity to those — the armoury.

At the back of the building, two watchmen guard a smaller entrance. Its primary use is for watchmen or important personages to leave the premises without attracting attention.

The offices of the upper floors have only small windows, so candle and lantern must keep the gloom at bay. A distinguished watchman who can read and write might earn promotion to Watch administrator. The post includes an office, which administrators may keep for the rest of their careers. Many watchmen spend years pounding Altdorf's cobblestoned streets before retiring, some under pressure, to perform internal duties. The veterans here spend their time reading and cross-referencing reports from district Watch posts, or reviewing information about suspicious individuals seen passing through the gates.

Rumours abound that Empire House also serves as a safe house for spies and agents of the Emperor. Although official sources deny it, the mysterious Schattenkabinett, Karl-Franz's secret police and an arm of the Altdorf Black Chamber, operates from here under former master spy Franz Gernhein. The masterful bureaucrat and legendary chess player runs the organisation with frightening efficiency. The aristocracy despises Gernhein, and nobles are keen to find anything that might end his career — and maybe even halt the investigations of his Schattenkabinett entirely.



THE BAG MAN



- A mysterious clerk from Empire House contacts the Characters. A courier has disappeared, and his satchel with classified information with him. He was supposed to leave via the north gate, but there is no record of this happening. The satchel contains secret information that must not fall into the hands of foreign powers. The Schattenkabinett wants it back.
- Empire House is always on the lookout for people to join the City Watch. The Player Characters might join of their own free will or face recruitment after showing their worth to the powers that be. The new watchmen are assigned to one of the districts, where they operate from one of the Watch houses. Their main tasks are to patrol the streets and alleys of the district, guard against fires, assist tax collectors, escort nobles doing business, and expel beggars and vagrants from the city.

THE VAULT

When the wealthy and powerful need treasure stored, they go to the massive fortress known as the Vault. The building contains the City Treasury, although the Imperial Counting House to the north handles coin raised through taxes. In addition to the worldly treasures, much information is hidden away among the gold and gems: ledgers, diaries, correspondence, even forbidden grimoires. There are thousands of vaults in the fortress, most of them small and crowded with heirlooms of the various noble families of the Empire. Larger vaults may span several rooms, and are located far down in the dungeons below the fortress. An elite order called the Knights of the Vault guards these treasures, and spells woven from the blue wind of Azyr provide additional protection.

Custodians grant access to the vaults only upon receipt of the proper documents accompanied by a seal or a sigil of the client in question. Of course, there have been several attempts to break in over the years — most ill-fated. Yet, rumours abound among the criminal underworld of the infamous illusionist thief Esmeralda Deudonné, who is said to have stolen the very crown of the Emperor from the Imperial vault.

THE APFELTEUFEL ACQUISITION



- A powerful artefact has slipped out of the party's hands. After some digging, our adventurers find that it is held in the Vault, specifically in the Apfelteufel family strongroom. To retrieve the artefact, all they have to do is find a way of breaking into the most heavily guarded banking house in the Old World.

RATCHETT LINES COACHES HEAD OFFICE

Ratchett Lines is run with an iron fist by Gertrude Ratchett, direct descendant of the coaching line's founder. Ratchett is one of the oldest coaching lines in the Empire, and is the line favoured by its noble families. Established and based in Altdorf, it is a fierce competitor of the Four Seasons. Being a smaller operation, Ratchett lacks the reach of its larger rival.



The competition has not been kind to the Ratchett business, and its fleet of old-fashioned coaches has seen better days. Even so, the Ratchett line charges more for its seats than its competitors. Tradition has it that noble families should travel with the proper coaches and enjoy suitable respect and services while doing so, which means that the Ratchett line still has its part to play. The company also has contracts with some of the major merchant houses of the Empire to act as a line of communication between important trading hubs.

The coaches of Ratchett Lines arrive and depart at the head office, in seclusion from the hustle and bustle of the Altdorf streets. Coaches don't depart according to a regular schedule: nobles hire coaches to depart whenever they so wish, and the other coaches depart once all seats are taken.

SCHEDULE SPECIFICS



- The Ratchett coaches are plagued by highway robbery. Someone is selling information about passengers carrying valuable cargo, such as their schedule and route. Ratchett Lines will generously reward anyone who uncovers the culprits. Is it a plot by Four Seasons, or simply an ambitious clerk working with the bandits?

THE GRAND GLOCKENTOR

The Grand Glockentor combines the best of art and science and results from a collaboration between Altdorf University's Department of Art and the Imperial School of Engineers. It is a marvellous mechanism, a large triumphal arc set with bells and clockworks. At certain times during the day, intricate mechanisms activate, and the bells play a slow and melancholic version of the anthem of the Empire, *'Hail to the House of the Third Wilhelm'*.

The Glockentor and access to its innards are guarded by the City Watch. They allow only specially appointed Imperial Engineers inside to service the mechanism.

THE ALTDORF GUILD OF PHYSICIANS

The art of healing is not only reserved for the Shallyan priests and priestesses. The Altdorf Guild of Physicians organises the doctors and barber-surgeons who operate in the city. They are officially known as the Physicians to the Crown, and this stamp of approval protects them from the disapproval of the lower classes in times of plague and disease. This also means that they are under the control of the Emperor's administration, and they are called upon to advise him in times of medical crisis.

The guild keeps thorough records on all who work as healers in the city, and none may operate without the guild's seal of approval, unless they work for the military. Although most residents turn to the Shallyan temples for their ills and sicknesses, these temples are often crowded with long and virulent queues of the sick and the needy. Thus, the Altdorf Guild of Physicians is popular among the more affluent classes of the city, such as the nobles and the wealthy merchants. It also assists Witch Hunters in need of a healer's skills to keep their subjects alive for as long as possible.

THE VON CULPER ESTATE

Baroness Helena von Culper is a prominent socialite. A spiked iron fence encloses her stone manor house and a servants' lodge. The gothic four-storey manor is embellished with mischievous-looking cherubim statuary. The baroness hosts lavish dinner parties in the dining hall, after which guests retire upstairs for cocktails and gossip in the parlour. Baroness Culper has fostered close relationships with the servants who escort her from one party to another on Festag nights.

Altdorf's more protective nobles entrust the striking, middle-aged widow with chaperoning their children while they study at university. Young rakes can learn proper nightlife etiquette under the baroness's wing. She humbly accepts gifts of jewellery and artwork offered by their parents in gratitude. Over the course of Culper's 18 years in the city, many of her young charges have matured into savvy politicians while remaining good friends with the baroness.

THE MECHANICAL QUIRK



- Whispers say that Imperial engineers could only complete the Grand Glockentor after stealing sacred plans from the Dwarfs. Thus, there are Dwarfs who feel that the Glockentor is an insult to them and their engineering traditions, and are working to destroy this blight on their honour. Can the characters stop them, or would they rather join them?

FIRST, DO NO HARM



- Heidi Hilfer is a physician on the run. She assisted the Witch Hunters in the interrogation of suspected witches and mutants for years, until finally the horrible secrets they confessed broke her mind. She is now operating without a licence among the outcasts of Altdorf, helping beggars, tramps, and harlots who shy away from the Shallyan temples. It is said she even treats mutants; for this reason, the Witch Hunters want her back in their cells.



MIDNIGHT RENDEZVOUS



- Baroness Culper's young charges are mocked as 'Inkies' by drunken fraternity bullies, despite many of them not even belonging to the bookish student group. Her entourage simply ignores these taunts. Late at night, however, club-wielding Culper servants often attack the bullies. The Characters witness von Culper herself emerge from the shadows, instructing her servants to bundle the unfortunate victims into the back of a coach.
- Von Culper is secretly a vampire of the Lahmian bloodline, with the mission of delivering state intelligence from Altdorf to the Vampire Queen Neferata. To that end, Culper has mentored young Amadeus von Mencken as the eventual replacement for current Chancellor of the Seal, Otto von Bitternach. The 'Iron Graf' von Bitternach will soon meet an untimely demise if nobody alerts him to Culper's devious scheme.



'Filthy' Harald Kleindeinst – Watch Captain

Harald is an intimidating man, over 6 ft tall and in excellent condition, despite his advancing years. He was once a watch captain in Altdorf's Luitpoldstrasse Station. Whilst he took no credit for it, many believe that Harald's efforts effectively ended the last Waterfront War. His career was finished when he killed Ulli von Tasseninck. Harald testified that the nobleman was threatening a young girl with menace, but since Ulli was the nephew of an Elector, Harald was bundled off to obscurity in order to avoid a scandal.

The Beast Murders brought Harald back into the spotlight, and his expertise proved significant in closing the case. Harald found himself in an awkward position, hated and patronised in equal measure. He counts corrupt watch captains, Fish war chiefs, and no fewer than two Electors amongst his enemies, yet he enjoys the protection of Emperor Karl-Franz.

HARALD KLEINDEINST WATCH CAPTAIN (GOLD 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	62	58	58	59	54	49	50	57	65	45	26

Traits: Armour 1, Weapon (Club) +9, Ranged (Throwing Knife +7, Magnin Throwing Knife +8)

Skills: Athletics 69, Charm 50, Climb 78, Consume Alcohol 59, Cool 80, Dodge 69, Endurance 79, Intimidate 78, Intuition 74, Gamble 77, Gossip 68, Haggle 48, Hardy, Leadership 60, Lore (Law 72, Reikland 80, Riverways 72), Melee (Basic 87, Brawling 77), Outdoor Survival 72, Perception 74, Ranged (Throwing) 83, Row 73, Sail 64, Swim 73, Stealth (Urban) 59, Track 69

Talents: Accurate Shot, Alley Cat, Ambidextrous, Coolheaded, Deadeye Shot, Disarm, Doomed (*Oh, hello shadow*), Fearless (Criminals), Nose for Trouble, Read/Write, Robust 2, Savvy, Shadow, Sprinter, Strike to Stun, Strong Swimmer, Tenacious, Warrior Born, Waterman

Trappings: Full Set of Leather Armour, Hand Weapon (Club), 5 Throwing Knives, the Magnin Throwing Knife, 6/7

Harald remains unperturbed, facing troubling developments with calm and equanimity. He remains tough, honest and without the cynicism of many Watchmen. As a reward for his diligence and expertise, he has been placed in charge of the Atrocities Kommission, which looks into the most appalling crimes committed by Altdorf's most hardened criminals, and pattern killings. The job is not what he is used to. The Kommission has too many men, too many ledgers, and too many conventions. Harald is beginning to regard himself as a simple street copper forced to do an investigator's work.

THE MAGNIN THROWING KNIFE

Harald's signature weapon is a large throwing knife specially forged by Magnin the steelsmith of Marienburg. It is perfectly balanced to suit Harald's hand and the strength of his arm. It is far heavier than a standard throwing knife, and the quality of the steel is such that Harald can hone the edge to razor sharpness. Harald can use the knife as a Dagger in melee or as a Thrown weapon with the profile below.

The Price and Availability represent that such a weapon is really a labour of love on the part of (in this case) a very friendly master weaponsmith. It is possible that someone else might come to wield the Magnin during an adventure. It counts as a Dagger in melee. If anyone throws it, the Magnin counts as a normal Throwing Knife but gains the Imprecise and Slow Weapon Flaws unless the thrower is at least as strong as Harald and at least as skilled in Ranged (Throwing). Only by taking the *Train with Unusual Weapon* Endeavour (see page 219) can a Character use the Magnin with the same effect as Harald.

Weapon	Price	Enc	Availability	Range	Damage	Qualities
Magnin Throwing Knife	—	0	—	SBx2	+SB+3	Impact



DOMPLATZ

Domplatz is the very centre of the Empire's spiritual life. It is the site of the Grand Cathedral of Sigmar, which many deem the most awe-inspiring architectural wonder of the Empire. Many other buildings and institutions around the district are important to Sigmar's cult. These are linked by narrow alleyways, high walkways, and tunnels, giving the impression that the cathedral itself is one sprawling giant structure of many eras and styles, carved spires, gilded cupolas, and flying buttresses.

Not just a religious centre, the platz is a natural city hub for people going about their secular lives. The cathedral is a place of pilgrimage and a focus for other visitors to the city, so street entertainers, beggars, hucksters, and pickpockets are all part of the daily crowd.

There are a number of stalls around. Some sell religious mementos like lucky charms, Magnus soap, and Sigmar icons, but most sell more mundane items, like food and drink, to locals and visitors alike. This is against local by-laws, and the vendors need to keep an eye out for Knights of the Fiery Heart who might move them on, especially when the Grand Theogonist is due to attend the cathedral.

GRAND CATHEDRAL OF SIGMAR

Physically dominating Domplatz, politically dominating Alt Dorf, and spiritually dominating the Empire, is the Grand Cathedral of Sigmar. The structure has many names: the Holy Temple of Sigmar, the Grand Temple, the Great Cathedral. As important as the structure and all it contains are to the complex workings of the Empire, so too are they to the daily life of the simple citizens of Alt Dorf.

The structure is by far the largest temple dedicated to Sigmar in the old world, and the largest religious building in the Empire. It is able to accommodate many thousands of worshippers at once. The highest points of the building are visible from almost anywhere in the city, and it rivals even the Imperial Palace for scale and grandeur.

Scholars suggest that long before the time of Sigmar, the site of the temple was an elven place of power, probably a shrine or site of magical focus. The cult and secular authorities do their best to play down such stories. Altdorfers prefer not to share the provenance of their places of worship, especially their most prominent ones.

Architecture

Construction began shortly after Sigmar left the world. Dwarfs led the work in their inimitable, stark architectural style. This was their homage to Sigmar and an acknowledgement of their alliance with Humans. The Dwarfs were also satisfied in their demolition of any remaining elven structures.

Since the cathedral's completion in 1000 IC, many annexes, antechambers, cloisters, and extensions have been added to the original structure. A convoluted network of corridors, walkways, and tunnels link it all together. The original Dwarf stonework has also been adorned with ever more decorations and sculptures over the years. Now the structure is a somewhat confused mixture of styles and influences. Despite this, or because of it, the cathedral is an impressive pile and manages to awe even the most secular visitor to the capital.

The central Great Hall is octagonal to symbolise the original alliance of the eight tribes of the Empire under Sigmar. This includes a high bell tower that rings out on the hour, every hour. The bells are tuned to a complete octave, embodying the symbolism of eight in sound as well as spectacle. The grand cupola of the bell tower is in turn decorated with an enormous golden hammer, a motif that recurs throughout. It is said that if the bells ever stop ringing, then the city will fall (never mind that the Dwarf Engineers' Guild has shut them down for maintenance many times).



Worship

Services and ceremonies are held in the Great Hall, which can accommodate many thousands of worshippers. Knights of the Fiery Heart wearing full armour stand guard in pairs at strategic points across the hall. Worshippers file their way past an ornamental fountain to enter the hall. Brightly coloured frescoes and rich tapestries decorate the walls. The eastern wall is fronted by a great stone altar adorned with golden paraphernalia, above which hangs a huge, stylised warhammer hewn from Grey Mountains granite.

Twice a day, a lector takes a service and reads a lesson from the *Life of Sigmar*. The weekly service on Festag is usually taken by an arch-lector, or even the Grand Theogonist. This is when the pilgrims who have travelled from every corner of the Empire receive their blessing. Whereas the daily services have sporadic attendance, the Festag service is seen as almost mandatory, and any serious Sigmarite should make efforts to attend. This is especially true when the Grand Theogonist is taking the service, which often results in the congregation spilling out into the square. Many adherents get only a glimpse of the holy personage or faintly catch his distant utterance.

The greatest occasions at the Cathedral are presided over by the Grand Theogonist. These include the Procession of the Skull and Sceptre and the Triumphal March in Defiance of the Dark. The Grand Theogonist is also present at the celebration of Saga, where tradition obliges him to listen to the many tales of Dwarf greatness. This event formally encourages Dwarfs to visit the cathedral, though they are welcome throughout the year.

When there is no service in progress, the main floor of the cathedral is treated as a public space for people to meet and talk. Ushers are on hand to make sure that conversations remain respectfully quiet, and that there is no rowdy behaviour.

Most Altdorfers are very proud of this grand building and see the Great Hall as belonging to the people and their communities, not merely a place where the clergy tells them what to do.

HAMMER BLOW



☠ Hilde Grappl approaches the characters in the Domplatz. She is a beatific-looking priest dressed in holy robes and carrying a golden hammer medallion, always on the lookout for gullible pilgrims. She offers to guide the Characters around, but everywhere she takes them charges several times the going rate, and Hilde gets her cut.

☠ One evening, the Characters witness an irate Sigmarite priest strike a beggar, accidentally killing him. They are the only witnesses. If they try to get something done about it, the cult leans on them to drop the matter.

Sacristy

Beyond the main chamber and away from the general public is the sacristy, where the priests of Sigmar prepare themselves for services and rituals. Dominating this chamber is a great map of the Empire, cut into the stone of the wall. This is set with precious stones from every corner of the Empire: amber from Nordland, lapis lazuli from Ostermark, silver from Wissenland, and so on. Before a service, the priests bow before the map and pray to Sigmar, remembering the integrity of, and their responsibility to, the entire Empire.

The map also depicts the now-defunct Imperial province of Westerland, a constant reminder that part of this implicit vow to Sigmar has been broken, and that the priests should not rest until Westerland is returned to the Empire.

Great Library

One annex of the cathedral is dedicated to the Great Library of Sigmar, a collection of all the great works that celebrate Sigmar, and also many other religious works from across the Old World and beyond. It is one of the foremost collections of religious works in the Empire. However, access is restricted to members of the cult only. Any outsider wishing to access the records must gain special permission from a lector. Members of friendly cults, especially Shallyans and Verenans, traditionally receive admission. For others, it can be extremely difficult. Staunch Ulricans have expressed frustration at this process, though the Sigmarites insist they are treated with the same respect as everyone else.

Connected to the library, but hidden away behind heavy locked doors and guarded by Knights of the Fiery Heart, is a section housing forbidden tomes and heretical treatises. This collection is considered too dangerous to ever leave the vault. The very knowledge contained within has the power to twist the body and mind of the reader. A cadre of blind and silent priests tend the vault.

The Cult of Sigmar is forever looking to add to this hidden collection. Senior clerics of the Order of the Anvil vet any suspicious book. The books deemed dangerous are not destroyed. The cult believes that these warped heresies may contain the key to defeating the very powers they espouse. Only the wisest and most trusted priests of Sigmar are permitted to enter the vault.

Underground

Ranking members of the cult are eligible for burial in the cemetery on the cathedral grounds, but the most prominent cultists are interred within the catacombs below the cathedral. This honour is awarded to only a few Sigmarites these days. Even greater personages, such as war heroes and Grand Theogonists, are interred within vaults in the walls of the Great Hall itself.

Accessed via an almost-forgotten corner of the catacombs is a vault that feels strangely different from the Dwarf-built substructure. The ceilings are taller and the stone of its construction more smoothly hewn. In the centre of the vault, part of the underlying rock formation, is a large blue crystal. This chamber is almost all that remains of a mysterious elven structure that was here long before the Dwarfs.

The reliquary stores many of the cult's most sacred artefacts safely underground. Some of these are powerful indeed. At the word of the Grand Theogonist, the cult may remove certain relics from the vault for the Imperial armies to use in battle. These artefacts include the Shroud of Magnus, the Mace of Helsturm, and the Griffon Banner. The underground network also includes a sanctum where the Grand Theogonist and the various lectors meet to discuss the cult's most secret business. A set of secret tunnels link this sanctum to other strategic parts of the cathedral complex.

A network of underground passages beneath the cathedral allows the clergy to avoid mixing with the common people as they move about the complex. It has also given them the means of escape when the populace revolts. It is fair to say that no one person knows all the hidden ways beneath the cathedral. There is even word that the Dwarfs laid out an additional system of secret access, which they never revealed to the cult.

DEAD RINGER



- ☠ A dispossessed noble requires his great-great-uncle's signet ring to prove his inheritance. Fortunately, his map of the catacombs promises to lead to that ancestor's resting place. Now, he just needs someone to go down there and retrieve the ring from those mouldering old bones.
- ☠ Siegfried Waltz suspects that a dark influence within the cult is recruiting naïve initiates into a secret fraternity. To root it out, he needs suitably exploitable-looking agents to join the next influx of initiates and feign gullibility.





PALACE OF THE GRAND THEOGONIST

Though the official seat of the Grand Theogonist is the cathedral, his residence is the nearby palace. Seemingly just another grand building in a district of grand buildings, when seen from the outside the palace commands none of the awe of the cathedral. However, the presence of Knights of the Fiery Heart guarding the entrance gives a clue to its importance.

Inside, the building leaves no doubt as to the power and majesty of Sigmar. The palace comprises several residences that have been combined, enlarging over the centuries to the point that it almost seems bigger on the inside. Here, the Grand Theogonist's staff deal with his personal business as well as his official duties — his life and the cult are inextricably intertwined.

It is here, too, that the Grand Theogonist entertains on behalf of the cult. A great, gilded feast hall is the centrepiece of the bloated complex. Among the tortuous passageways and tunnels is also a secret route to the inner sanctum beneath the Grand Cathedral.

DRESS FOR SUCCESS



☠ The Grand Theogonist is soon to give his lesson to hundreds of expectant devotees. Unfortunately, he has left his notes at home. An attending priest requests the Characters to fetch them speedily. Can they gain admission to his residence, find the notes, and return without being distracted by all the potentially interesting items?

☠ Among the ambitious hierarchy of the cult, even the Grand Theogonist's personal dresser is a position of influence and power. A prospective dresser hires the Characters to sabotage the Grand Theogonist's wardrobe in a scheme to get the incumbent dresser dismissed. In fact, this is all a scheme of the Cult of the Vengeful Blaze.

CHAPTER HOUSE OF THE ORDER OF THE FIERY HEART

The Order of the Fiery Heart is the personal guard of the Grand Theogonist, the official guard of the Cathedral of Sigmar, and the most senior of all Imperial military orders. So it's no surprise that its chapter house takes pride of place in Domplatz. It is a grand, imposing stone building that suitably conveys the order's importance to the Cult of Sigmar.



The order is responsible for all ceremonial guard duties around Domplatz. Wearing their full battle armour, polished to perfection, and their spotless white livery with striking Fiery Heart blazon, the knights are a common sight around the square. (Although the real leg-work is done by the more humble Altdorf infantry regiments.) Because of their role as trusted guards, members of the Fiery Heart have access to locations and personages that other military orders do not.

Despite its heavy presence in the city, the order is always well represented on the far-flung campaigns of the Imperial military. This is especially true in the wars against the Greenskins, for whom the order has particular enmity.

ARISE, NOBLE KNIGHT!



- A cleric captain at the chapterhouse needs a message delivered to a fellow cleric captain (on campaign in the Grey Mountains, or perhaps just at the pub). It is a sensitive message, and the cleric captain insists that no one else from the Fiery Heart read it. Can the Characters defy their betters and get the message to its target unread?
- A Character's Fiery Heart acquaintance has fallen badly for the beautiful daughter of a local magistrate. The only time he can spend with her corresponds to his bodyguard duty for the Grand Theogonist himself. Seeing as they are about the same height, the knight asks the Character to don his armour and stand in for him. (Hopefully, the unit is not mobilised and marched off to the Border Princes during the duty...)

LIBRARIUM SECULARUM

Originally conceived as a small annex to the cathedral, the Librarium Secularum, or secular library, has grown over the years to encompass a number of rooms linked by a maze of corridors. It was Magnus the Pious's wish to house every known work, and thus the sum of all worldly knowledge, within the cathedral.

The library's centre is the reading room, which connects to a number of halls several storeys high, all lined with books. These are linked by well-trodden corridors that also feature bookshelves from floor to ceiling. The far-flung corners of the labyrinth hide little-used crannies and dank storerooms stacked with neglected, rotting tomes.

The complex is served by a great number of lowly librarians who scuttle about at the behest of the readers, looking for obscure books and updating their catalogues. These are usually young initiates doing their time until they receive consideration for more interesting duties.

In order to gain access to the library, one must be a senior member of the cult or have a reference from another respected institution. Despite this, it has thousands of members and hundreds of regular users. The reading room is always busy during the hours of daylight, with wizards and priests of all stripes, and academics and professionals from other walks of life.

THE BOOK THIEF



- Senior clergy suspect one of the librarians of smuggling books out and selling them to local bookshops. The Characters must pose as academics to keep an eye on the suspect and then follow him around town. Actually, the culprit is keeping the books for himself. A theme links the seemingly disparate books, which could reveal a deadly secret.
- One member has several overdue volumes and is not responding to the Librarium's missives. A priest hires the Characters to go to the member's home and retrieve the books. The 'academic', however, is a high-ranking grey wizard. She agrees the Characters can have the books – if they can find them.

TEMPLE CEMETERY

Though many of the most important servants of Sigmar are interred within vaults inside the cathedral itself, the Temple Cemetery is the final resting place of the more humble cultists. The graveyard has a plain, regimented air. The ground is hard and dusty, in the shadow of the cathedral walls, and the gravediggers here joke that they have the hardest job in the city. The surrounding cathedral complex shelters the graveyard, and cultists often come here to contemplate. Despite its starkness, it is one of the few places that offers peace and quiet in the heart of the city. In fact, it can feel unnervingly quiet.

Because the cemetery is firmly within the confines of Domplatz and strictly under the Cult of Sigmar's jurisdiction, it has never appeared officially in the Cult of Morr's records. Over the years, Morrian priests have visited it and protected the dead with their rituals. However, this informal tradition only continued through word of mouth, and died out about twenty years ago. Now burials continue under Sigmarite protocols, while no one stops to wonder where the Morrians are or what protects the dead from necromancy.

A MORTAL MISTAKE



- ☠ The dead are abroad in Altdorf. On certain nights, they rise up and attack the living. No one knows that this activity is centred on Domplatz and is actually caused by the Morrian absence from the Temple Cemetery. If the Characters can work out the truth, the Cult of Sigmar richly rewards them... and not-so-subtly tells them to keep quiet about it.
- ☠ If they have the right sort of reputation, the Characters receive a job that requires a bit of grave-robbing. Their criminal patron tells them to make sure they get a Temple Cemetery body. Such corpses are more valuable: certain mysterious customers specify this provenance as the bodies tend to be 'unsullied'.

CLOISTER OF THE SACRED ANVIL

High, narrow windows adorn this tall stone building. Above the main entrance is a large sculpture of an anvil, leaving no doubt as to which order of the cult occupies the structure. The most insular of all the branches of the Cult of Sigmar, the Order of the Anvil is concerned with the rules and doctrines of the cult. This usually involves painstaking research on, and learned interpretation of, the canonical writings on the *Life of Sigmar* and the examples of historical Grand Theogonists and Venerated Souls. The Order also keeps records of the cult's internal matters, official meetings, and disciplinary procedures. Although its function tends to be low-key, it wields great power behind the scenes.

Monks and priests from the cult run the cloister, and many of its most learned voices are, of course, drawn from among them. However, they also meet regularly with a variety of lay readers and celebrated academics from many fields. The Sacred Anvil hosts lectures and presentations on the life and works of Sigmar, followed by rigorous discussion.

☠ Recent research has discovered a discrepancy among some obscure translations. The passage in question is an account of Sigmar's journey up a largely insignificant tributary of the Reik. The Order needs some resourceful folk to travel to the site described and confirm whether there are three large boulders overlooking a plunge pool in which the god once bathed, or only two. Unfortunately, the so called 'Two-Rocker' sect takes this matter very seriously indeed, and will not allow anyone bearing news of a blasphemous third boulder to return to Altdorf alive.

☠ An academic friend asks a Character to deliver a lecture at short notice. It does not matter that they are not learned in the lore of Sigmar; the Character should simply read the lecture with confidence. Of course, the friend doesn't mention the question and answer session to follow.

ALTDORF'S DWARFS ON SIGMAR

Imperial Dwarfs consider Sigmar to be the embodiment of a selfless Dwarf-friend (Dawongr) and superb warrior — the best Manlings could offer. Sigmar's single-handed rescue of High King Kurgan Ironbeard, furthered by his treatment of Dwarfs after becoming Emperor, cemented his legacy among the elder species.

Dwarfs living within and around Sigmar's Empire believe in his dream of a united land that functions as a bulwark against the enemies of both Dwarfs and Manlings — more so than even the Manlings living within its borders. As such, even during the years of fragmentation and corrupt Emperors, the Dwarfs have long fought, and continue to fight, to protect the Empire from enemies within and without.

Though the Manlings believe Sigmar is a mortal ascended to godhood (much like the chief Dwarf gods Grungni, Valaya, and Grimnir), Dwarfs perceive the veneration of Sigmar as akin to Ancestor worship. Lacking proof that Sigmar sired the typically requisite multitude of children, Dwarfs consider him 'father of the Empire', having birthed it in the Battle of Black Fire Pass and nursed it as the Empire grew during his 50-year reign.

Owing to their high regard of Sigmar, Dwarfs do not hold grudges against the Manling species as a whole. Rather, a Dwarf directs any ill feeling at the individual Manling who wronged them. In the Empire, Dwarfs seek satisfaction for such grudges within the confines of Imperial Law.



Freya Husslhaus

A senior priest in the Order of the Anvil, Husslhaus is in charge of cataloguing and filing many of the internal records of the cult, especially those regarding internal disciplinary procedures. She is known, in her small circle, for her dedication and fastidiousness.

Recently, Husslhaus purchased an anvil icon pendant from a shop in Echt Strasse. The stylised, slightly curved, anvil shape, and the subtle ‘eye’ motif appealed to her. She has been wearing it ever since. For some reason, she now keeps getting the urge to move things around at work without good reason, to file important documents in the wrong place, and to mix up others’ paperwork when they are not looking. The result is only just starting to manifest, but the longer she goes on like this, the more disarray there will be within the cult.

FREYA HUSSLHAUS – HUMAN PRIEST (SILVER I)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	37	36	36	54	53	52	35	71	42	51	17

Traits: Dagger +5

Skills: Art (Writing) 55, Athletics 62, Charm 66, Cool 65, Endurance 74, Entertain (Speeches 76, Storytelling 61), Gossip 56, Heal 76, Intimidate 51, Intuition 73, Leadership 64, Lore (Heraldry 86, Politics 86, Reikland 96, Theology 91), Melee (Basic) 40, Perception 73, Pray 76, Research 101

Talents: Bless (Sigmar), Doomed (*A righteous spear pierce your stinking guts*), Holy Visions, Impassioned Zeal,

Read/Write, Savvy, Super Numerate, Warrior Born

Trappings: Dagger, Robes and Vestments, Assorted Holy books worth 3 GC, Cursed Amulet

CHANGING TIMES



- A young priest has been excommunicated for his part in an unsavoury incident at the Rottfurt Geheimnis Fayre. He swears on Sigmar’s hammer that it was nothing to do with him, that he has never even been to Rottfurt, but the cult insists. Could the Characters look into the matter?
- One of the Characters learns of their official appointment as priest of Sigmar at Ferlangen in Ostland (or some other town halfway across the Old World). This is despite their clear unsuitability for the job. They can either choose to go there and do their duty to the cult, or try to find out how such a mistake could happen.

WITCH HUNTERS’ GREAT TEMPLE

The vast, imposing Great Temple is the headquarters of the Witch Hunters in Altdorf, and therefore all the Empire. It also serves as the chapter house for the Order of the Templars of Sigmar. Here, the Witch Hunters come together to discuss malevolence in the Empire and design strategies to eradicate it. They also discuss how to improve interrogation techniques and better recognise the manifestations of the Dark Gods.

The complex includes quarters, stables, a smithy, a library, an infirmary, and other amenities associated with such a powerful institution. But most famously, it houses a gaol. The notorious torture chambers of the Witch Hunters strike fear into even the most innocent of his Imperial Majesty’s subjects.

Because of the role of the order, its library and vaults contain books and artefacts that are dangerously profane. The order cannot tolerate these contents to leave the institution, but does not understand the items well enough to destroy them.

A VERITABLE WITCH HUNT



- An acquaintance approaches the Characters about their son, who has been accused of witchcraft. He is currently residing in the dungeons below the Great Temple, ‘helping’ the Witch Hunters with their enquiries. Dare the Characters bring this up with the Witch Hunters and stake their reputation on this person’s good character? Or will they shun an old friend out of caution?
- A small number of Solkanites have infiltrated the Order of the Templars of Sigmar. They are unknowing pawns of the Cult of the Vengeful Blaze, who provide legal cover for their actions. Witch Hunter Brother Marek is concerned. He has received a suggestion to alter policy to persecute wizards, Halflings, and Shallyans in the city. It’s sanctioned by some senior figures in the religious and legal hierarchy. He approaches the Characters incognito – can they help him uncover why such an order is circulating?



Zavant Konniger — Investigator, ex-Priest

Zavant Konniger is one of the Empire's finest investigators, with a wealth of scholarly knowledge, and a quick and deductive mind. His network of connections stretching from the palace to the underworld ensures efficient results. He is a strange sight: there is something vaguely barbaric about the style of his long white hair, though in his domed forehead and hawk-like nose he carries the bearing of the Professor Emeritus he once was. He is often accompanied by his assistant, Vido. Konniger derides Vido's practical and unlettered approach to problem solving, though he benefits from the Halfling's assistance more than he likes to admit.

ZAVANT KONNIGER – DETECTIVE (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	37	32	33	54	60	58	59	65	63	45	19

Traits: Armour (Body) 1, Weapon (Sword) +7

Skills: Athletics 68, Art (Writing) 74, Charm 50, Climb 48, Consume Alcohol 64, Cool 73, Dodge 73, Endurance 64, Entertain (Lecture 65, Storytelling 65), Gamble 85, Gossip 65, Haggle 65, Heal 75, Intimidate 53, Intuition 80, Language (Bretonnian 80, Classical 85, Khazalid 85), Leadership 60, Lore (History 80, Law 85, Politics 75, Reikland 68, Science 80, Theology 80), Melee (Basic) 62, Perception 80, Pray 55, Ranged (Bow) 35, Research 85, Stealth (Urban) 78, Track 80

Talents: Bookish, Coolheaded, Doomed (*Thou must labour long and hard to keep ahead of thine harriers*), Etiquette (Scholars), Linguistics, Read/Write, Savant (Law, Theology), Savvy, Speedreader, Shadow, Super Numerate, Tower of Memories 2, Warrior Born

Trappings: Hand Weapon (Sword), Journal, Leather Jack, Quill and Ink, Magnifying Glass, Halfling Assistant, 24/3

Once a member of the Cult of Sigmar, Konniger's open-mindedness and scepticism led to his dismissal. Whilst he was not convicted of heresy, he was labelled 'theologically suspect', and his relationship with the cult has become unclear. On one hand, it does not wish to be publicly associated with him, nor is it willing to reliably fund his research and investigations. On the other hand, it does recognise his expertise, and surreptitiously employs him through proxies in order to investigate matters of concern. For his part, Konniger is a loyal, if unorthodox, Sigmarite. He does not begrudge the cult his assistance, though he treats most priests with withering intellectual disdain. A public reconciliation between Konniger and the cult is a long way off.

OPEN CASES

In a city like Altdorf there are always intrigues and murders to be investigated. Those affecting the upper classes might draw the eye of investigators such as Zavant, whilst those occurring in the slums might be made the subject of inquiry by the Atrocities Kommission. Either way, the Characters may be drawn in to help solve the mystery.

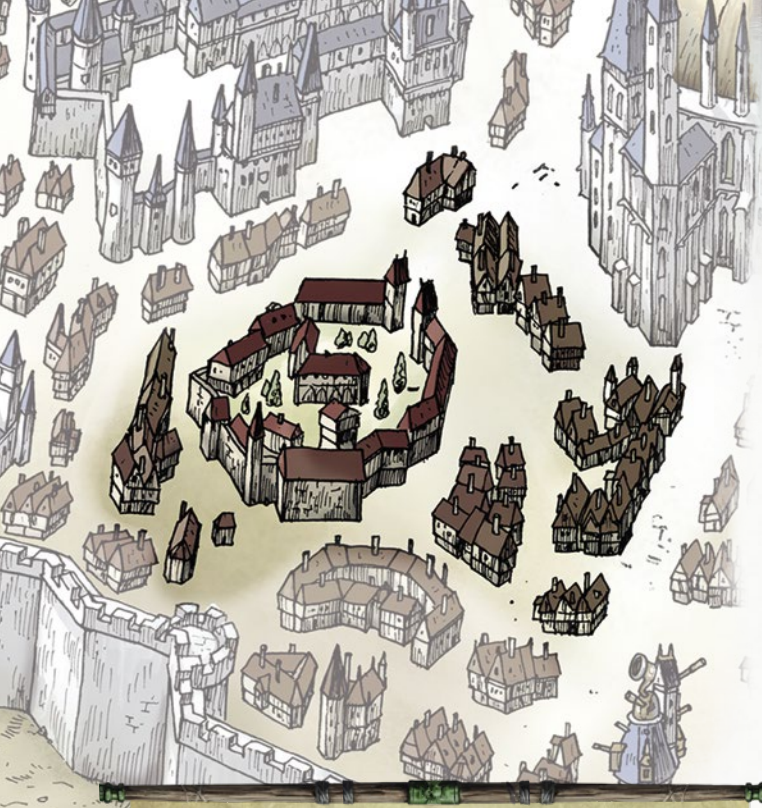
Wolfgardt Raus, the new head valet at the von Ekstein estate, was badly injured handling a soup tureen that had been heated to a dangerous degree. He blames anti-Ulrican elements within the staff, and is comforted in his anguish by the butler, Josef, a fellow Ulrican. In fact Josef, who fears that Wolfgardt plans to replace him, is the culprit.

A band of merchants have returned from a hunting expedition in low spirits. One of their fellows, Dalberta Muller, was shot from her horse. What looks like an accident is actually part of a plot by members of the League of Karl-Franz to remind the middle classes to keep their place.

A recently arrived Estalian traveller is found dead at his boarding house without a mark on his body. The Watch are baffled, but members of Altdorf's criminal class suggest that a man called Cicuta from Miragliano has recently been boasting about his skills with poison. Cicuta is still at large, but how can someone who kills without trace be tried for murder?

A pattern killer stalks the docks, choosing their victims from among the Hooks. The suspicion falls immediately on the Fish gang, and Breem in particular. However, those who know Breem figure this isn't her MO (the killings are nowhere near sadistic and messy enough). The true killer is an assassin hired by Willi Pick to help him with his house-clearing operations.

After a vagrant turns up floating downstream from Altdorf with his throat slit, even the Atrocities Kommission is about to give up on the crime. The only clue is a tattoo of a red skull, inscribed on the corpse post-mortem. It is surely of ritual significance, but is one cult trying to frame another?



ZOOGARTEN

The great cathedral overlooks the Zoogarten district, named after the Imperial Zoo at its heart. Zoogarten boasts broad leafy avenues between the walled estates of the nobility, interspersed with the quarters of their servants and local traders. There is a strange mix in the district, with the grand estates standing aloof behind their gates and gardens, whilst exotic noises and odours from the Imperial Zoo lend the place a fantastical – and sometimes unnerving – air.

Old money still inhabits the local manors, but the area is becoming increasingly unfashionable. Many of the great houses are falling into disrepair, their owners having primary residences elsewhere. Some of these noble families have rural estates in far-flung corners of the Empire. Others have even ceased to exist, while their oblivious staff continue to keep their traditional home.

Those who have moved into the area appreciate the exoticism of the zoo and the area's atmosphere of opulent decrepitude. These are often aspiring artists and artisans hoping to benefit from the esteem that their address still engenders among the middle classes.

THE IMPERIAL ZOO

The great Imperial Zoological Garden of Altdorf sits on Goellner Hill. It houses many strange and exotic plants and creatures from across the Old World and beyond. A high stone wall with sturdy wooden gates encloses and protects the gardens. A hastily scrawled notice nailed to the gate reads: *'Wanted, gryphon and dragon eggs, highest prices paid.'* It is unclear whether this is a request from the management, or a very mischievous prank.

From the gate, a long walled corridor leads to the zookeeper's cottage in the centre of the complex, which provides access to all the enclosures. There are Arabyan Zedoncs, Lustrian Tiguanas, Bretonnian Pegasi, Tilean Murs, Estalian Bordles, Baffins from across the Great Ocean, and even reptilian creatures from Lustria. Deathclaw, the Emperor's famous battle mount, is sometimes displayed here. But the mighty Griffon inevitably gets restless for campaign, and eats the other exhibits. The Imperial Dragon is also housed here occasionally, but utterly resents the indignity.

PESTS AND PORTRAITURE



- ☠ After a sighting of a strange animal in the Grey Mountains (or anywhere the GM needs to send them), zoo officials hire the Characters to track it down and bring it back. This is lucrative for the zoo, so the promised reward is a handsome one. Unknown to the Characters, a second group of desperate adventurers have the same mission.
- ☠ A Tilean Mur has escaped from its enclosure and is stalking prey in the local area. The zookeeper offers a sizable bounty if Characters find it and bring it back, but they need to keep the whole affair quiet. If the Characters do kill it out of necessity, they will only get half their money. (As the GM, it's up to you to decide what a Tilean Mur actually is.)
- ☠ Konstantia von Öbelstein, a second cousin twice removed of a noble family from Ostland, has discovered that she is heir to a manor house that no one has occupied for over 50 years. She needs a group to undertake a rigorous house clearing. She doesn't realise that a pair of Harpies escaped from the zoo and have been roosting in the eaves of the attic.
- ☠ Pablo Ripasso, an almost-famous artist from Magritta, discovers one of the Characters and insists they must sit for him. He is willing to pay (not much) to have the Character sit there for hours on end, while he paints his new muse. If the Character can stand the hours of boredom, the finished work resembles a child's infantile daub. Characters who complain publicly may win the respect of Mornan Tybalt. He despises modern art.



The Stirland Abomination

The Stirland Abomination is a great woolly beast with three wicked horns protruding from its head. It is new to the zoo, and was initially a popular attraction. For the first few months it was here, it rampaged manically about its enclosure, repeatedly head-butting the stone walls and iron bars. So ferocious was its rage, it broke off one of its own horns. Now, however, it just stands there glumly staring into space, as if acknowledging its inescapable captivity. This is, of course, not so entertaining for the paying customer.

The creature is closely related to the smaller Rhinox, and was used as a beast of burden on a recent incursion across the Worlds Edge Mountains by a raiding Ogre band. It somehow became detached from the war party and fell captive to local Stirlanders, eventually finding its way to Altdorf. Despite its seeming placid state, if the creature ever gets a chance of escape, it violently seizes the opportunity.

THE STIRLAND ABOMINATION

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	55	-	60	51	25	23	-	10	35	-	72

Traits: Belligerent, Bestial, Die Hard, Fury, Horns +8, Size (Enormous), Weapon +9

A CAUSTIC COMPANION



☠ The zookeepers have concluded that in order to pep the Abomination up a bit, it needs some company. Assuming this one is male (it's too dangerous to inspect closely, even in its melancholy state), they want a likely bunch of adventurers to travel to Stirland and capture a female of the species. It is likely that the Characters will need to travel a lot further east than Stirland if they are to come across another of these.

☠ A hapless foreign noble, Gilles Pfeffel d'Antagnanan, has managed to drop his signet ring into the Abomination's enclosure. It will be very inconvenient to his grand tour if he does not get it back as soon as possible. All it will take is a nimble volunteer to climb the wall, nip over the iron bars, find the ring in the grassy verge, and clamber back to safety. What could possibly go wrong?

THE NEW COLLEGE OF HERALDRY

The ancient institution of the New College of Heraldry — not to be confused with the even more ancient institution of the Old College of Heraldry — is concerned with the research and allocation of coats of arms. Their clients include both newly ennobled folk of the Empire and those born to noble families. They try to make sure their designs best reflect the history and achievements of their clients, but often succumb to the fashion for increasingly elaborate motifs.

The building itself has the sorts of details one might expect from such an institution. Its walls are crenellated like those of a fortress, and liberally decorated with paintings and plaques of the College's most flamboyant and prestigious work. Anyone can commission the New College to create a coat of arms for them. This is officially meaningless, however, until the Old College researches, approves, and registers the design and enters it on the rolls. This can take time, and ambitious arrivistes often try to bribe or force their way to the front of the queue.

A LION LUITPOLD



☠ For Baron Hessinck von Hessinck's coming of age, the New College of Heraldry has drawn up a dozen large paintings of his new coat of arms. Unfortunately, the artist erroneously gave the Gryphon Or a green pizzle instead of a red one. The college urgently needs discreet Characters to break into the young baron's courtyard and repaint all the members before the next day's celebrations. They need to make sure they do it neatly, too.

☠ The braggart Baron Luitpold von Pfeildorf wishes to add a lion to his heraldry, as he claims to have recently killed one. The staff of the New College doubt this and think investigative Characters are perfectly placed to have a word with him and uncover the truth. It might take a little careful questioning — and a lot of wine — to get to the bottom of this tale.

THE SIERT MANOR

This walled estate is the Altdorf base of the Siert family, Westerland nobles who lost much of their property and wealth when Marienburg seceded from the Empire. The family still schemes to win back the Wasteland and so contributes to the Imperial Navy as best it can. The manor house is grand and foreboding, exuding the sort of authority and dominance that one might expect from angry, dispossessed nobility. It still depicts the old Westerland coat of arms above its door. The powers that be tolerate the Siert obsession with reclaiming the Wasteland, but rarely take it seriously.

Typical of an influential and wealthy noble family, the manor is home to all manner of staff from the lowest chamber maid to haughtiest seneschal. The Sierts even employ a powerful grey wizard to facilitate their spying in Marienburg and political machinations closer to home.

ARSON AND OTHER LOST CAUSES

☠ An anonymous member of the Siert household will pay the Characters to wreck a Marienburger caravel currently berthed at the Beloved of Manann docks. The boat happened to belong to the Sierts before it was seized by revolutionaries, and this is one small way the family can hit back at *'those damned secessionists'*. The mysterious employer assures the Characters that they will find no legal trouble from the matter; the target is, after all, rightfully Siert property.

☠ The Siert family have a number of pro-Imperial contacts lying low in Marienburg. They want the Characters to travel to that city and visit each of these, to 'reactivate' them as agents of the Empire. Of course, all but the most blinkered can see that the struggle to regain Marienburg is now futile. But do the Characters want to turn down an all-expenses-paid trip?

A GIBBERING WRECK

☠ Hans, one of the zookeepers, has become obsessed with the Gibberbeast. He listens to it all day long and has stopped doing his work. The Gibberbeast has told him that it would be great if he stays behind one evening and frees all the creatures of the zoo from their enclosures. Fortunately, the Characters are nearby to witness the attempt.

☠ Any criminal (a killer is ideal) who the Characters track down can reveal that they were told to do it ... by the Drakwald Gibberbeast. This may cause the Characters to question how to apportion blame. It will be even more problematic when the creature speaks to them, and it all seems to make sense...



The Drakwald Gibberbeast

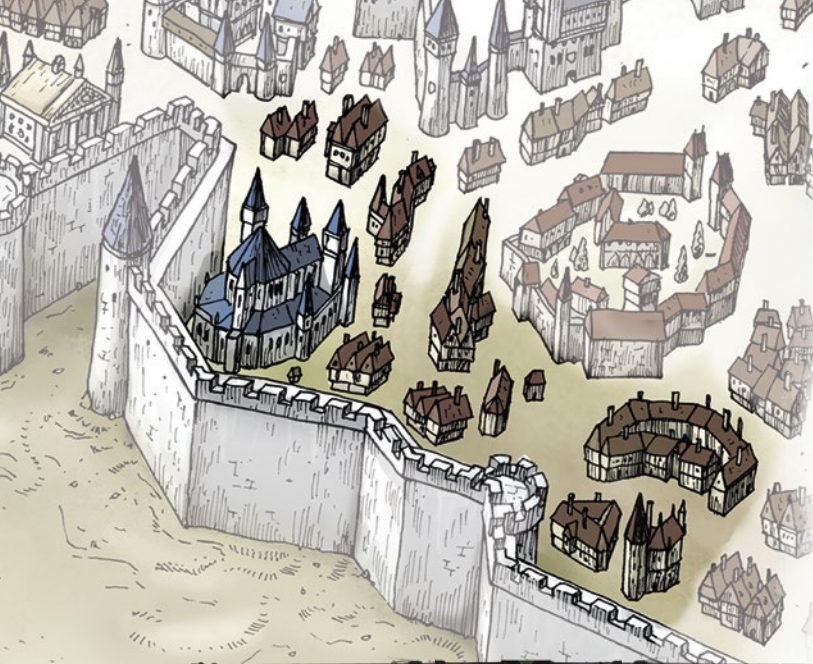
The Drakwald Gibberbeast has recently been acquired by the Imperial Zoo. It truly is a creature of Chaos. Its strangely lithe body and many limbs are covered in hundreds of small mouths. These organs seem to constantly whisper, and occasionally shout, gibberish to each other. It has certainly been attracting large crowds, and many visitors to the zoo believe they are having genuine conversations with the creature.

In fact, the creature does not talk nonsense, but perspicacious insights into the lives of whoever is listening. The creature manages to sense the thoughts and feelings of anyone attuned to it. If one takes the time to concentrate on the gibbering, they can learn a thing or two about themselves. However, this is a creature of Chaos and, ultimately, only damnation and corruption can be got from listening to the sinister susurrus.

THE DRAKWALD GIBBERBEAST

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	42	-	52	56	17	35	-	56	55	-	80

Traits: Armour 2, Corruption (Minor), Night Vision, Size (Enormous), Weapon +9, Spellcaster (Hedgecraft, Witchcraft)
Spells: Curse of Ill-Fortune, The Evil Eye, Goodwill



MARKT AN DER WAND

An upmarket commercial district, Markt an der Wand is huddled up against the southern wall protecting Altdorf. It is mostly made up of small shops and boutiques offering high-quality wares. Well-kept grocery stalls sell fresh vegetables, fruits, berries, and even beautiful flowers imported from the meadows of Upper Gris Mere. Streetside delicatessens offer steaks and sausages from the Averland cattle. Every weekend, a busy flea market specialising in antique furniture and clothes draws visitors from all over the South Bank.

The people moving about here are mostly servants from the affluent areas of the city, purchasing the produce they need for tonight's dinner. The streets are busy with wagons and carts delivering goods to the district's shops and stalls. The taverns are busy with members of the serving class taking the opportunity for a flagon of well-deserved cold beer before continuing their errands. The City Watch patrols the district frequently, but watchmen seldom get involved unless tempers spill over during a particularly contentious haggling session.

RAUSCH'S TAILOR SHOPPE

Rickard and his son Ramm are foppish and masterful costumers and tailors, fiercely passionate about the latest fashion, and virtuosos in the creation of taffeta puffed sleeves or slashed layers of linen and wool. Rausch's ability to predict next season's fashions is almost precognitive. This is the tailor to go to for extravagant finery, be it for actors or wealthy nobles or merchants. Rausch's creations are the talk of masked balls and aristocratic parties. Even so, his style has its detractors. Staunch Sigmarites prefer a more toned-down, traditional Reiklander look and often mock more modern fashion.

Rausch only sells to those who can pay, and his prices start at twice that of more common tailors. He displays mannequins with his more affordable garbs outside his shop, while his finer creations hold a place of honour behind the glass windows. This is one of the few places where commoners might meet the aristocracy without having to deal with ranks of middlemen. Most clients try to stay discreet and visit only with their most trusted butlers and bodyguards. However, if someone approaches with proper etiquette and respect, nobles often engage in small talk to while away the time while Rausch or his son take their measurements or show them samples of the latest fashion.

COSTUME CAPERS



☠ Halmut Clausewitz, the great impresario of the Grand Opera House, has asked Rausch to create grand new costumes for his leading pair at the opera. Unfortunately, one of Rausch's competitors, Franz-Heinz Nadel, is doing all he can to sabotage the creation of the costumes. He has hired hoodlums to burn down the shop and has bought up Altdorf's entire supply of red taffeta. As if all this weren't enough, trying to please the two opera divas Belladonna Firaglio and Maximillian Schloss is taking quite the toll on poor Rickard. Can the party help him through this ordeal?



CHAPTER HOUSE OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE JADE GRIFFON

The Knights of the Jade Griffon is a templar order, dedicated to Sigmar. Members strive to eradicate a shameful past to redeem the order in the eyes of their patron god and the Emperor. From amongst their ranks arose one of the greatest Champions of Chaos the Empire has ever known. The tragedy of Aekold Helbrass festers like an open wound among the proud warriors of the Knights of the Jade Griffon. A cloud of suspicion hangs over the templar order: where one Champion of Chaos has emerged, others are sure to follow.

Though many years have passed, every knight of the order knows of Helbrass's downfall, verse by verse. Although Aekold Helbrass had all the luxuries of living in an opulent mansion house in the finest district of the capital, his life of wealth and power only tasted ashen in his mouth. He wanted more; he wanted to change the world. And thus, he fell in with a secret society: the Brethren of the Golden Eagle. As he devoted more and more time to their cause, he fell deeper under the influence of The Lord of Change, until finally his secret was revealed. His fellow knights came to arrest him, but when they wouldn't listen to his words, they fell under his sword. Helbrass escaped Altdorf, leaving his grieving family and fiancée behind. Little is known about what transpired after this, but legends tell that Aekold Helbrass journeyed north, towards the Chaos Wastes. When he emerged from the shadows, he commanded an army of Tzeentch, having transformed into a true Champion of Chaos.

The treachery of Aekold Helbrass has created a culture of paranoia among the knights. Every member of the order faces ceaseless questioning to ensure they do not suffer from corrupting influences. This is an order with very much to prove, both to itself and to the other knightly orders.

The Knights of the Jade Griffon are fearsome warriors and train religiously with their signature zweihänders. Their skill and fervour have won renown all over the Old World. Small groups of knights often carry out expeditions to uncover and destroy Chaos infestations; the order takes pains to ensure these missions are as public as possible. The order has a fraught relationship with the Witch Hunters of Altdorf. The Witch Hunters see the Jade Griffon knights as a resource to fall back on when combating the enemies of the Empire, but remain always suspicious of heresy in their ranks.

GUILT BY ASSOCIATION



- A distant relative of Aekold Helbrass has learned of the existence of documents in the order's library that can prove the disgraced knight was not the monster the order claims. Instead, everything that happened was a plot to bring down the Helbrass family. Now, she just needs someone to help her gain access to the chapter house so she can retrieve the evidence to redeem her ancestor.
- The knights need more evidence in order to move against a malefic cult. They turn to the party, asking the Characters to infiltrate the household of Alfred Apfelteufel, a rich and influential wine and cider merchant living in the Fundgrube district. If successful, the Characters learn that Axel Apfelteufel, Alfred's younger brother, is indeed running a hedonist cult dedicated to Slaanesh. They also learn that many members of the Apfelteufel household are totally unaware of the heresy. This might prove difficult to explain to the Knights of the Jade Griffon, who are eager to storm the premises and put everyone inside to the sword.
- As sworn enemies of Tzeentch, the order has clashed with several cults over the years, but none more frequently than the Purple Hand. The cult fears the zealous knights to be a very real and present threat to its existence, and so is actively trying to discredit the order to bring it down from the inside. The cultists turn to the Characters to find, or even manufacture, dirt on the knights.



THE HOUSE OF HAESSLER

Merchants doing business in Altdorf have more than their competitors to fend off. Criminal organisations such as the Hooks or the Fish, as well as common thugs and thieves, plague many businesses. To mitigate this threat, it is common for the merchants of the city — as well as nobles without military companies of their own — to engage groups of bodyguards to protect their persons or their businesses.

The House of Haessler is one of the most famous of these organisations. Colonel Reinhald Haessler offers guards of various sizes, species, and genders, all dressed in distinctive black and grey attire. The colonel himself is actively involved in running the business, even leading most of the training sessions in spite of the horrific injuries he sustained whilst soldiering in the Imperial army.

He is recognisable by his scarred face and the silver prosthetic that has replaced his left hand. Haessler uses his distinctive features to his advantage when marketing his services, and the bodyguards all carry a badge adorned with a silver hand, which they use to identify themselves to the City Watch or other law-keeping organisations.

The House of Haessler is looking for a team to act as bodyguards for the Bilbali ambassador Elena Fuerza, a stunning celebrity obsessed with attending as many social events in Altdorf as humanly possible. Bodyguards must observe the correct etiquette at all times. This actually proves to be the greatest challenge for the ambassador's protectors, since she herself has all the social grace of an Orc raiding party.

RUMSTERS' PIE SHOPPE

The Rumster clan are a Halfling family famed for their prolific production of hot snacks. The Rumsters' shop is the place to buy their pies, be they sweet or savoury. Lovisa and Herbert Rumster employ a dozen or so cooks to prepare and bake the pies in their bakery.

From their shop, they organise a veritable army of pie sellers who roam the streets of Altdorf. The most popular savoury pies are made with pork or chicken and spiced with currants or bits of apple. Finer variants are stuffed with beef or lamb. The sweet pies on offer are made with apples, cherries, or blueberries.

The Rumster pies might not be considered classy, but they are cheap and easy to carry, making them a favourite among Altdorfers on the go. Also, there is no better food to still your hunger after a bout of hard drinking — many pie sellers lurk near the doorways of taverns. Still, pies are largely seen as food for the lower and middle classes, and Rumster pie sellers seldom try hawking their wares in the upper-class districts.

Someone has poisoned a batch of Rumster pies, causing the customers to experience bouts of vomiting and runny bottoms. Whether this nefarious deed was done during the baking or if any of the ingredients are to be blamed is anyone's guess. The party will have to track down the culprit, a vindictive Halfling pie maker named Gerhard Shortbottom, who is determined to bring down the competition and take their place.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE

While many of the city's theatres can accommodate some sort of musical band, this is the city's only purpose-built opera house. Its gaudy gold-and-purple-painted frontage is the sort of thing Altdorfers imagine the sophisticated Miraglianese appreciate. But behind the façade, it feels as if the grandeur has long since faded.

For some reason, the enthusiasm for Tilean grand opera that is long established in Nuln has never really reached Altdorf. While the Grand Opera House puts on standards like *Otenno* and *The Magic Suit*, the crowds are more likely to go for bawdy Bretonnian comic operas like *La Belle Matilde*, or *Orron* and *Erris*.

Halmut Clausewitz tries his best to put on classy opera even though he knows deep down that the public would prefer a cheeky romp. Even worse is knowing that the nobles in their expensive boxes are so uncultured as to be unable to differentiate between a *cadenza* and an *obbligato*.

A STAGE SUMMONS



- ☠ A member of the cast has suddenly taken ill. A panicking Clausewitz trawls the nearby taverns for a suitable replacement to play the role for one night only. He assures the Character that all they have to do is stand there in a toga and hold on to their spear, and the pay is excellent. What Clausewitz does not mention is that they also have to sing the operetta's famous aria.
- ☠ Everyone is singing the catchy aria from the latest operetta. No one who has heard it can get it out of their head. They keep singing it. But if one were to compare the lyrics to a daemonic Slaaneshi summoning spell, they would be in for a nasty surprise.



Gretchen Schwanz (and Emperor Nitnit IV)

Gretchen Schwanz and her small but vicious companion Emperor Nitnit IV are one of the most experienced rat-catcher duos in Altdorf. They are a common sight in Fleischmarkt, where Gretchen has a running contract with the merchants to patrol the stockyards. She keeps rats from spreading disease among the livestock or consuming their feed.

Gretchen is scarred from an encounter in the early days of her career with a rat of strange proportions, a creature that crawled from the sewer atrium one Geheimnisnacht eve. Whiskers to tail tip, it was close to five feet in length, and ferociously violent. Had it not been for the sacrifice of Emperor Nitnit II, Gretchen would have died that day. Now her left eye is blind, she walks with a limp, and she's missing a finger on her right hand. This has not impaired her ability to catch and dispose of the rats that plague the capital. She charges more than her less-experienced colleagues, but Gretchen is worth the price.

GRETCHEN SCHWANZ HUMAN RAT CATCHER (SILVER 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	48	46	34	52	34	39	28	29	44	33	17

Traits: Armour 1, Weapon (Club) +8, Ranged (Crossbow) +9

Skills: Animal Care 44, Animal Training (Dog) 44, Athletics 54, Charm Animal 54, Consume Alcohol 72, Cool 49, Dodge 49, Endurance 44, Evaluate 32, Gossip 38, Haggle 46, Lore (Poison) 49, Melee (Basic) 66, Perception 54, Ranged (Crossbow) 56, Sling 66, Set Trap 48, Stealth (Urban) 59

Talents: Doomed (*They'll find you in Bilbali, laid down in the street, with a bottle in your hand, a mad grin on your face, and a dagger in your back*), Enclosed Fighter, Flee!, Night Vision, Orientation, Resistance (Disease), Savvy, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Hand Weapon (Club), Crossbow with 12 Bolts, Full set of Leather Armour, Small Friendly Dog



Thomas Fahber

Fahber is a moderately successful importer of cloth and spices from far-off Cathay and Ind. His business venture, *Exotische Waren*, is one of the main suppliers of silk to the respectable and fashionable tailors in Altdorf. The business also provides condiments and spices to taverns and restaurants. Many nobles wear garments made from Fahber's stock. Even though he supplies vital merchandise to the nobility, Fahber is growing increasingly bitter over the fact that he will never be accepted as their equal.

Fahber does his best to make a good impression, using his money to throw parties and dinners where he invites select people from the aristocracy and other people of interest. His efforts are mostly in vain, as the fickle nobles still have nothing but contempt for the upstart merchant and his attempts at social climbing. They are content to drink his wine and eat his expensive and exotic dinners, but never show him the respect he feels he deserves. Recently Fahber has found his temper increasingly hard to control when dealing with such folk.

THOMAS FAHBBER HUMAN MERCHANT (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	55	36	25	33	52	40	56	23	58	10	17

Trappings: Ranged (Bow) +6

Skills: Animal Care 71, Bribery 78, Charm 83, Cool 33, Consume Alcohol 48, Drive 67, Evaluate 81, Gossip 81, Haggle 83, Intuition 20, Language (Cathayan 66, Guilder 71), Leadership 61, Lore (Local) 71, Perception 47, Ranged (Bow) 39

Talents: Blather, Briber, Dealmaker, Doomed (*It might well make thee wither to thy bones, but someone's got to eat it*), Luck, Marksman, Numismatics, Orientation, Read/Write, Suave

Trappings: Fine Clothing, Cathayan Amulet (a recent gift, the amulet is suffused with Aqshy and has been affecting Thomas's mood), 12 GC



SÜDKÜSTE

Every sunrise, a dawn chorus breaks out in Südküste. For some unknown reason, this riverside district is home to thousands of birds: pigeons nested in empty garrets, starlings and sparrows calling from gardens, and every other variety to be found in an urban setting. Birdsong gives Südküste a lighter, more airy ambience than the rest of the city. This is a wealthy district; the grand riverside residences house successful merchants and nobles who can afford to live close to the Imperial Palace. The most notable mansion is the Altdorf residence of the von Krieglitz family, counts of Talabheim and former Emperors.

Perhaps inevitably, expatriates from Talabecland tend to settle here, representing a sizable minority from all walks of life. Visit a tavern such as the Green Chalice or the Old Stag and you could see a minor Talabheim noble drinking with a Volgen-born tinker and a wheat merchant from Küsel. There is little friction with the other denizens of Südküste, other than light-hearted banter about how the merits of the Reikland compare with those of Talabecland.

Südküste has its less salubrious pockets — dark courtyards and overgrown properties left untended by absent owners. There are several small parks, but some are wild and tangled with brambles. Wedged between mansions is the tiny Frobelspark, a garden all but abandoned to the vicious starlings that fill the trees and attack anyone who enters the gate.

Along the river, there are some truly impressive buildings. Many have steadily extended out over the Reik, with the upper floors projecting far over the water below. Altdorf wags comment that it will take the weight of just one pigeon to bring a whole building crashing down into the river.

TEMPLE OF RHYA

The Cult of Rhya usually shuns the Empire's larger settlements, so visitors are often amazed to find a temple in one of the busiest cities in the Old World. Standing at the south-east edge of Südküste is a low wooden hall where one can pray to the goddess of life. Around the building is a wild garden meadow with tall grass, flowers, wild grains, and a small secluded pool. The garden is popular with lovers, as it offers a remarkable degree of privacy.

A standing stone carved to resemble a wheatsheaf stands at the heart of the temple: a relic dating back to Unberogen worship of Rhya. Temple attendees kneel on a reed-strewn floor to pay respects to Rhya. A warm hearth burns all year round. Festivals attract many worshippers, but the rest of the time only rural visitors or agricultural merchants come to pray. In times of famine, Altdorfers conveniently remember Rhya and flock to pay respects.

The senior priestess is Mother Jeska Schopf, the Green Watcher of Altdorf. She is humble, quiet, and uncomfortable with city life. Her calling is simple: to mark the changing seasons, offer counsel to troubled families, and pray for those wishing to conceive children. Rural nobles ceaselessly petition Schopf to act in their interests in the Emperor's court, but she has a deep-seated aversion to politics.

MALIGN MEADOWS



At the western boundary of the Rhya temple garden meadow a corrupted Ogham lies just beneath the soil. In ancient times this was used for blood sacrifice, and it still retains some malignant influence. The characters hear of a pair of lovers who went missing two days ago, last seen entering the meadow.

THE BOUNTIFUL ACRE

A high wall surrounds the Bountiful Acre, a private garden at the northern end of the district. Within are an orchard of fruiting trees, a tangle of berry bushes, and scattered patches of wild herbs. The plants here are thriving and bountiful, which many attribute to the attentions of the Jade College. The wizards own the Bountiful Acre and harvest its abundance from time to time.

But the plants are enriched by something more sinister than the head gardener's care. During the Black Plague, this land was used as a plague pit. The nutrients from thousands of corpses feed the plants that thrive above.

STEVEDORES' GUILD

Everyone knows that Stevedores' Guild members are some of the toughest workers in Altdorf. They make only cursory attempts to hide their gang activity against the Hooks and Fish. Very few citizens want to cross Guildmaster Hieronymous Johanssen or the people of his guild.



The stevedores use their tough reputation to their advantage, but they also take great pride in the professional skills involved in their job. Unloading and loading a great ship is a complex operation that requires proper planning and care. Johanssen is at great pains to remind people of the difference between his members and mere dock labourers who can barely work a crane, let alone calculate the optimum placement for a heavy cargo during a storm. The stevedores are fiercely protective of their role and enforce guild rules with great enthusiasm. For example, if a non-member lifts anything from a docked ship or boat, they will be warned and threatened immediately. Of course, they know better than to mess with elven ships or the occasional dwarfen vessel.

The Stevedores' Guildhouse's location is an anomaly, an accident of history from the Great Fire of Altdorf. The original guildhouse burned down, and members of the guild took over a riverside mansion on the south bank. When the rich merchant owner returned after the fire, he initially demanded his property back. He then underwent an unexplained turn of face, and bequeathed it to the guild.

VARYING VISIONS



- Guildmaster Johanssen wants to elevate his members through education and greater alignment with the merchants. But dock foreman 'Crabclaw' Golt wants the guild to show some muscle and ally with the Fish. He's looking for anyone who can discredit Johanssen with the guild members or sabotage relations with the merchants.

CHAPTER HOUSE OF THE KNIGHTS OF SIGMAR'S BLOOD

The Knights of Sigmar's Blood draw recruits primarily from the nobility of Talabecland, Averland, and Stirland. The order prides itself on piety and requires each novice to spend a year in study with the Cult of Sigmar before judging them worthy of becoming knights. The stringent selection process breeds arrogance and a rigid, hierarchical organisation in which independent thought is less important than following commands from on high. The brother knights treat the order's servants and novices with disdain, only caring about their reputation amongst their peers and officers.

The chapter house in Altdorf is subservient to the Order's home at Heldenname Keep in Talabecland. Chaptermaster Rudolf Weskar oversees a small regiment that mainly serves the Cult of Sigmar and nobles from the home provinces. Weskar is an argumentative character, and other military figures dislike him.

The chapter house is a high-walled compound that stands alone on the corner of Lanzstrecke and Dieterstrasse. Banners and polished orc skulls frame a tall gate, which gives access to a small cloistered courtyard. At the centre of the courtyard, an equestrian statue of Sigmar stands surrounded by broken lances in tribute to the fallen. The hall, stables and dormitory are accessed through stone archways carved with reliefs of Sigmar in battle.

ALL IN JOUST



- The Brotherhood of Steel are the most exalted in the Knights of Sigmar's Blood. They have a strong dislike of the Reiksguard, who they see as godless upstarts who should stay within the boundaries of the Reikland. At the next tourney, Chaptermaster Weskar wants the Brotherhood of Steel to best the Reiksguard. He is too honourable to cheat, but he welcomes – and rewards – any intelligence on the Reiksguard's likely competitors and their jousting form.

THE CELESTIAL BODY PRESS

Each morning, a former turnip warehouse on the waterfront resounds with the noise from the printing presses churning out hundreds of copies of the *Celestial Body*, one of the city's most popular news sheets. For just 2 brass pennies, Altdorfers can read about scandals in the nobility, the perfidy of foreigners, the stupidity of northerners, and lurid descriptions of recent executions.

The editor and writer of the *Celestial Body* is Calvin Kenzig, an energetic man of strong opinions, who presents himself as the voice of the decent, hardworking folk of Altdorf. He uses the *Celestial Body* to attack anyone who wants to upset the proper order of things. He's a vocal supporter of Chancellor Tybalt's stance on pretty much everything.

Kenzig has perfected the art of the sensational story unconcerned with the truth. For example, 'TROUSERS-DOWN THYRUS TRYSTS WITH TROLL!' claimed the former Supreme Patriarch was seduced by a river troll. 'NORRLAND NOBLE ATE MY PRIEST!' reflected a common theme in the *Celestial Body*: Nordlanders depicted as Norse savages.

The *Celestial Body* offices are chaotic. Kenzig sits at a desk writing most of the content, and fielding visits from informants. Sweating dogsbodies run around with ink and typesets laying out the next edition. The air is thick with gossip, which any visitor can easily listen in on.

A GUIDING HAND



- The *Celestial Body* has a powerful secret benefactor: Jaan van de Kuypers of Marienburg. The wealthiest man in the Wasteland funds the *Celestial Body*, on the condition that Kenzig prints stories that advance the van de Kuypers's financial and political interests.

THE VON KRIEGLITZ MANSION

Overlooking the river is the most impressive mansion in Südküste: the Altdorf residence of the Grand Duke of Talabecland. A five-storey building surrounding a small courtyard, it was built at great expense with stone from the great crater that surrounds Talabheim. Each higher storey increases in size and ornamentation, with stylised arboreal sculpture and gargoyles fashioned to resemble stags, wolves, and bears.

Whenever Grand Duke Gustav stays here, he receives visitors in the high-vaulted audience chamber overlooking the Reik. Priceless tapestries cover the walls, but pride of place belongs to a massive skeleton — the remains of a giant, which a former Grand Duke slew with his Runefang.

A DUCAL DEBUT



- Grand Duke Gustav wants to enjoy himself like his social inferiors. A manservant offers to pay the Characters to accompany the disguised duke on a night out on the Street of a Hundred Taverns. They just need to make sure he gets home safely by midnight. Discretion is essential.

The Celestial Body

EST. 2430

Brauzeit 6

2d

TERRIFIC TYBALT TAXES THUGS CAN CHANCELLOR MOURNAN TYBALT DO WRONG? WE SAY NO!

"I for one welcome the new brick tax," said one Altdorf resident. "Yes there might be some impact on people who happen to live in houses, but let's be honest — the thrown brick is a favoured weapon of thugs, northerners and other undesireables, so it's a small price to pay, I say!"

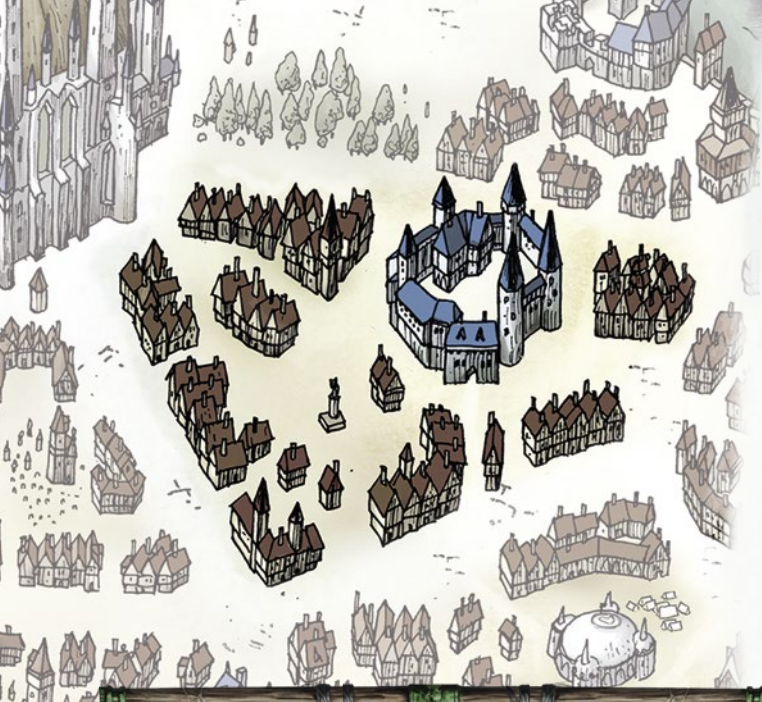
While there have been some rumblings among civically challenged sorts about the recent Brick Tax, we here at the Body were happy to hear from patriotic Altdorfers who are only too happy to pay a small tax on each brick in their home if it means an

naturally there are exceptions for the larger sort of home where such a tax would prove overly onerous. One local member of the nobility who didn't wish to be named was only too happy to point out that the many services provided freely by the Empire's aristocracy would more than make up for

time to pay these so-called taxes?" We can only agree, Grafina. Bravo indeed! So, to those claiming that this desperately needed public order fee is some kind of 'attack on anyone who lives indoors,' or the whingers who claim 'I'll starve, is what I'll do!' we say buck up and pay what's

OOPS!

Whilst here at the Object we do our best to vet all sources by asking them outright if they are liars, we do sometimes get things wrong. This week's retractions and revisions include, but are not limited to,



GROßGRUNDBESITZ

This is Altdorf's most exclusive district, where magnificent walled gardens surround opulent mansions. Private military companies patrol the area, keeping undesirables from loitering within the wide tree-lined boulevards, making sure that only those who have good reason to be there pass unmolested.

The Großgrundbesitz district is sparsely populated, in great contrast to most other districts in the great capital. During the day servants running errands for their master or mistress make up the majority of those who move about the area, although the affluent upper class can be seen strolling about the parks during sunny days. During the night, the torchlit streets are all but deserted, apart from late-night revellers and hardworking politicians and administrators returning home, accompanied by the private guards keeping the peace. The upper class living in the area most often use their private coaches when they leave the safety of their mansions, perhaps to attend an opening at the Grand Opera or a private gathering of like-minded aristocrats.

THE ALTDORF MUSEUM

The Altdorf Museum, also known as the Imperial Museum, puts a great many strange and wondrous items on display. Although the items in the museum are mostly of historical value, some items might be desirable for collectors or people with special interests, so the tall building is guarded on the outside by the City Watch, and by a handful of hired wardens on the inside. The mission of the museum is to preserve and present the storied history of the Empire, assembling exhibitions where special collections are displayed for visitors to gawk at in awe and wonder. Most visitors are students from the Altdorf University or the Colleges of Magic, and given that the museum is located in the Großgrundbesitz district, the clientele is further limited to those respectable enough to be allowed through by the guards patrolling the streets.

The museum curators are headed by the Gesichten twins, Ulla and Ursula. They are eminently competent historians, although they tend to disregard the more fantastic stories attached to any items they are considering for display at the museum. Ulla and Ursula readily conduct impromptu guided tours, relishing any opportunity to dazzle the visitors with their extensive knowledge of the displays.

There are several popular exhibitions in the museum. The Hall of Beasts Defeated contains skeletons and trophies from both common and uncommon enemies of the Empire. Pride of place is given to the helm of the orc warlord Gorbak Ironclaw, who dropped it as his army retreated from the ill-fated siege of Altdorf. One entire floor is taken up by Arms and Armour of Our Heroic Knights, an exhibition that displays the banners and full suits of armour and arms of the major knightly orders defending Altdorf. In the exhibition named Sigmar's Heirs, portraits of many of the Emperors and Empresses who have ascended the throne are hung alongside larger paintings of major historical events. Some less popular sections include The Engineering Brilliance of Altdorf's Sewers, Taxes through the Ages, and Dark Age Pie Making (although many Halfings seem to enjoy the pie display).

The Altdorf Museum struggles to display everything delivered to its curators. Some items are too mundane to consider including in an exhibition; others are so obscure that Ulla and Ursula simply don't understand how to present them without undertaking research. These items are stored in the damp dungeons below the museum, locked up in chests or simply stowed away, covered with a linen sheet. There are artefacts that have been here for centuries, packed away by curators who are now long dead.

EXIT, EXHIBIT



- ☠ Strange accidents are happening at the museum. A visitor has fallen down a flight of stairs, a fire erupted unexpectedly in the kitchen, a sword fell from its display almost decapitating Ulla Gesichten, and a suit of knightly armour has vanished. This can all be traced to a new exhibit, where the remains of an ancient ruler from the frozen land of Kislev are displayed together with his grave goods. Unless his crown and sceptre, displayed separately, are returned to him the corpse king wreaks further havoc.
- ☠ In the Hall of Beasts Defeated stands a curious skeleton. It is labelled as 'walking rat, giant', and the historians and zoologists argue over whether this is just an unusually large specimen or a single mutant rat, akin to a Beastman, albeit without horns. Other theories have gained less traction, but one day the skeleton disappears. The tracks of the burglars, curiously like large paw prints, lead down to the museum basement and into the sewers.

ALTDORF PALACE OF THE VON KÖNIGSWALDS

Like finding a fat fly floating in a tureen of bisque, the dark and forlorn palace of the von Königswalds lies at the heart of Großgrundbesitz. This was once the home of one of the most celebrated noble families of the Empire, the von Königswalds, hereditary Electors of Ostland and avowed defenders of the Emperor. Their palace reflected the influence they wielded at the Imperial court, and it is said that no one could rise to become Emperor without Ostland's approval. All this was lost when Oswald von Königswald fell under the influence of the mighty necromancer known as Constant Drachenfels. The actions of Oswald brought ruin on the von Königswalds, and during a night of flashing steel and fire their home was raided by Witch Hunters and Knights of the Black Guard of Morr. After this the remaining family and their servants fled the wrath of the Emperor, leaving behind only ghosts and malevolent spirits wandering their palace's deserted halls.

Now the place is considered cursed and haunted. It is avoided by all sensible folk. The noseless spectre of Schlichter von Königswald can be seen wandering the grounds when Morrslieb is full, and it is said that a dog who recites the sonnets of Tarradasch haunts the kennels. In the nursery, a child bleeding from hideous wounds is tended by a skull-faced governess, and ghouls are said to prowl the dungeons.



PRETERNATURAL ACTIVITY

Alabast Dunkelheit is a paranormal investigator intent on documenting the hauntings of the von Königswald home. He has managed to obtain permission to bring a small expedition to the palace, and is now looking for brave souls who will join him in spending a night there and help him gather information about the ghosts that haunt its halls.



CLOISTERS OF THE SISTERS OF SIGMAR

The Cloisters of the Sisters of Sigmar in Altdorf is home to an unfortunate order of devout Sigmarites who once had their convent in the now ruined city of Mordheim. They are seen with distrust by the Witch Hunters and the general populace, but as they are fiercely dedicated to Sigmar they are grudgingly allowed to exist and operate in the capital. Their since has remained the same ever since a terrible ruin befel their former home: to protect the people of the Empire from the corrupting influences of wyrdstone, especially that brought from the cursed ruins of Mordheim.

WANDERING WARPSTONE

The Sisters have been warned that a piece of warpstone has reached Altdorf, brought in by an adventuring party returning from the ruins of Mordheim. Now the order needs someone to find the offending wyrdstone. Locating the guilty party should be simple enough, given their boasting of their successful expedition. But the adventurers don't have the chaos rock, having sold it to an alchemist, who then lost it to a burglar, who pawned it for gold at the Reikerbahn district, where it now resides in the vaults of the pawnbroker Ralf Schuld.

MEETING CHAMBER OF THE PRIME ESTATES

Even though the power of the Emperor might seem absolute, there are institutions that act as checks and balances, and ostensibly ensure that any extreme political manoeuvres can be countered before they wreak havoc in the Empire. The Prime Estates is one such institution, formed during the days of Boris the Incompetent.

When the corrupt Emperor proclaimed his favourite racing horse a Duke even the more sycophantic Electors agreed that measures had to be taken. They set up a body of diplomats in the capital tasked with warning them of any abuses planned by the Emperor. This body became established in later years as the Prime Estates. Today the organization is supposedly open to any person of noble birth, provided they have the nous to appraise the reigning Emperor critically but discreetly. Recently the Prime Estates have rather lost their way. The diplomats waste their energies intriguing amongst themselves rather than acting as balancers of Karl-Franz's power.

The chamber where the representatives meet is a large and opulently decorated area, with floors of polished marble and a central sparkling fountain. In the centre of the fountain stands a large statue of a racing horse with no rider, radiating an aura of authority and arrogance.

PAWNS OF THE COURT



☠ The Emperor wants to know what the representatives in the Prime Estates are saying about him and his policies. The Schattenkabinett in Empire House wants to recruit a couple of disposable adventurers and set them up with the fake personas of nobles openly critical of the Emperor, so that the secret police can infiltrate the Prime Estates and learn their secrets.

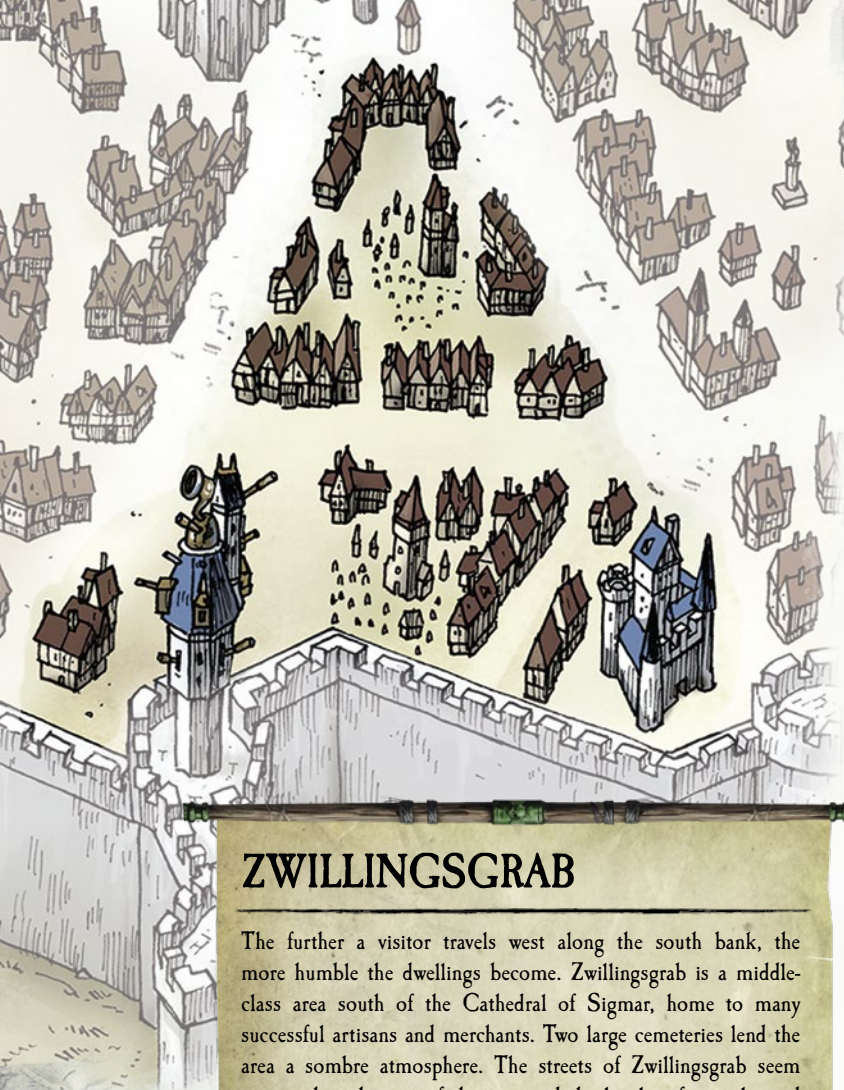
LORD'S BOUNTY

The Lord's Bounty is an upscale restaurant famous for its select clientele. Only members are allowed, and among them are found the most elevated and powerful families in the Empire. Gilded black oak panels cover the walls, and sparkling chandeliers light the premises with a soft glow. In the main dining hall, guests are seated on plush and comfortable chairs, dining by candlelight and enjoying luxurious dishes cooked by the very best Bretonnian and Tilean chefs. They are entertained by sweet notes conjured from a golden harp by one of the foremost elven bards in the Old World and served by a company of waiters and waitresses who see to their every need. For those that require true privacy, there are private rooms that can only be accessed via a special entrance, by special appointment.

Payment is neither offered nor accepted at the table, it is instead most often a transaction between family lawyers and the stern clerks of the Lord's Bounty. As they say, if you have to ask, you can't afford it.

Philomena Balourd, the Bretonnian master chef, is in a desperate situation. Karl-Franz himself is unexpectedly dining at the Lord's Bounty tonight, and most of the ingredients for a meal fit for an Emperor are missing. Now Philomena needs someone to scour the city in search of powdered gold flakes, doves bred only on pearls and barley, beets fresh from the black soil of Bloodpine Woods ... ingredients that make a proper meal for the ruler of the Empire.





ZWILLINGSGRAB

The further a visitor travels west along the south bank, the more humble the dwellings become. Zwillingsgrab is a middle-class area south of the Cathedral of Sigmar, home to many successful artisans and merchants. Two large cemeteries lend the area a sombre atmosphere. The streets of Zwillingsgrab seem quieter than the rest of the city, and the local craftspeople tend to specialise in the slower, painstaking trades such as jewellery-making, embroidery, and bookbinding.

Other than a preponderance of small gargoyles, the buildings of Zwillingsgrab are understated. Although well maintained, they have an aged look to them. The inhabitants tend to be older and more prosperous than the average Altdorfer, and inclined towards nostalgia and introversion. There are only a few inns and hostelries in Zwillingsgrab.

The contemplative atmosphere is undisturbed by any major thoroughfares. Some residential streets feel almost forgotten by time and the bustle of the city. One pervasive intrusion is the sound of grinding clock gears and mechanisms. For reasons unknown, Zwillingsgrab has a weird abundance of clock towers and sundials.

THE NORTHERN CEMETERY

The high stone wall around the Northern Cemetery is crumbling, held together with rotting mortar and ivy. The sepulchres are overgrown, with broken gravestones tumbling into one another. Many tombs have great cracks through which one can see broken coffins and even bones. Some of the more grandiose mausoleums have been looted for treasures or even the bodies themselves.

When the Liche Arkhan attacked the city in the Fourth Siege of Altdorf, he used dark sorcery to raise the dead in the Northern Cemetery. When he departed, the undead collapsed, and workers hastily reinterred them without much care or attention for their proper places.

The cemetery has never recovered. The High Watcher for the Northern Cemetery is Mother Ursula von Bohfels, but she is too busy politicking in Luccini to waste time on such a low-profile cemetery. She comes from a long line of senior Morrite priests and sees position as more important than minor responsibilities.

Under the brambles, there are countless tombs for Altdorf's great and good of before the Fourth Siege, such as the undisturbed mausoleum of Witch Hunter Gottlieb the Stern. This domed edifice houses his full account of the 'Cleansing of Sylvania', the campaign he led in 2158 IC to rid the Empire of the Von Carstein line.

ANCESTRAL LEGACY



- In centuries past, the von Falkenhayns buried their dead in the Northern Cemetery. Graf Heinrich learned recently of a distant ancestor, Bulstromm von Falkenhayn, who wielded an enchanted axe. He wants the Characters to locate the von Falkenhayn plot and recover the weapon. Once they find the grave, it is a simple matter to gain entry. But what will the Characters do when they discover a skeleton with three arms and two heads?

THE SOUTHERN CEMETERY

The southern Garden of Morr is a complete contrast to the northern. Pristine wrought-iron railings surround an orderly expanse of gravestones, tombs, and mausoleums. Grave Watcher Wanda Pabst carefully maintains each. Despite being a lowly initiate of Morr, she takes pride in her responsibilities. It is Pabst who keeps the grass trimmed and graveyard free of brambles, allowing only black roses of Morr free rein to grow over the memorials to the dead.

For many centuries, it has been a tradition to bury in the Southern Cemetery commoners who died in service to the Empire's armies. Pabst herself was once a captain in the Reikland State Army, before becoming an initiate of Morr. The most famous civilian tomb is the mausoleum of the great dramatist Tarradasch. Pretentious actors often come to pay tribute before playing one of his great roles such as the lonesome prisoner Baron Trister; the tyrant Ottokar, who yearned for Myrmidia; or Morr.

Beneath the 5th Reikland Officers' Mausoleum is a small network of tunnels that houses a colony of ghouls. When Captain Wahlmann's regiment was lost on campaign in Kislev, they turned to cannibalism. Despite having degenerated into ghouls, the soldiers found their way back to Altdorf. The remains of the regiment dwell below the cemetery in a parody of barracks life, drilling in the tunnels, feasting on the newly buried, and occasionally venturing out to 'the mess' for fresh meat.

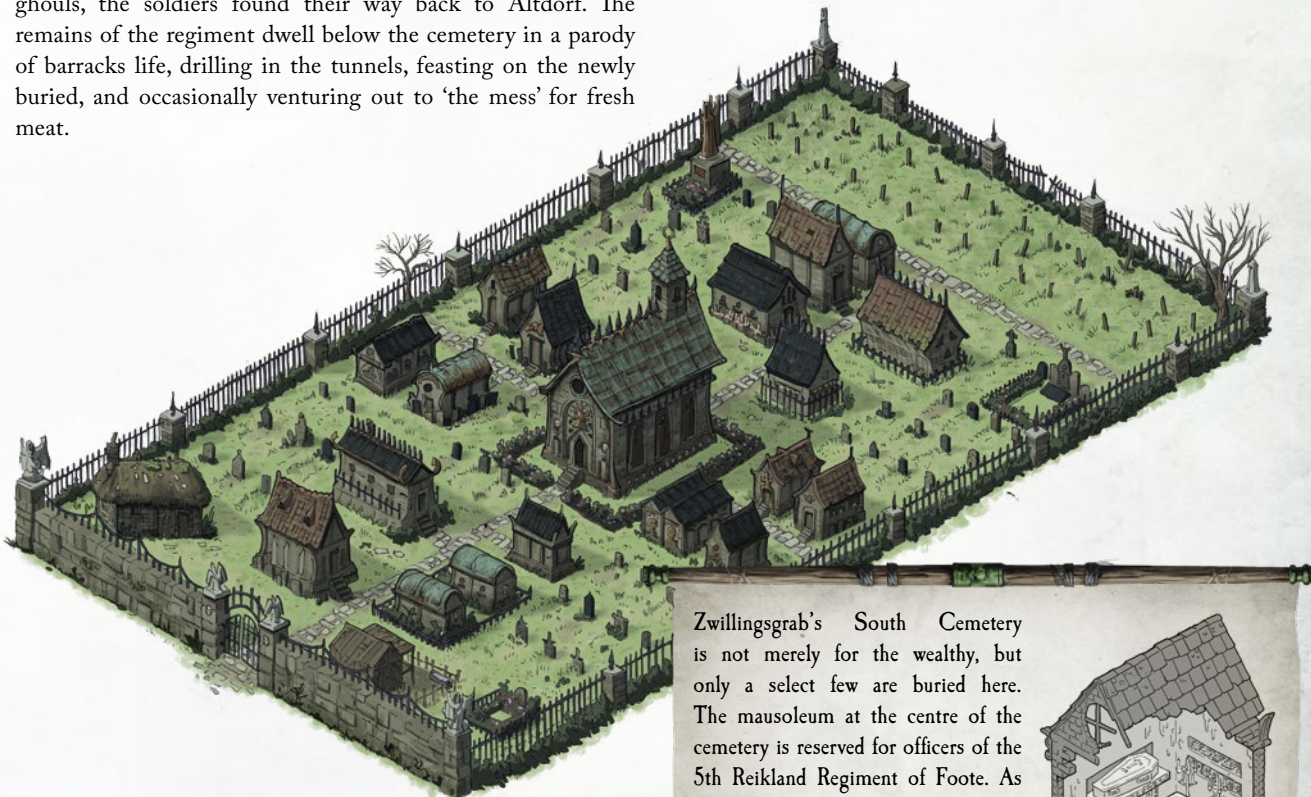
REGIMENTAL RETRIVAL



Even in his degraded state, Captain Wahlmann feels shame. When his regiment was lost, the Altdorf Company of Honour found its banner and returned it to the city. He is determined to reclaim the banner. The Characters see him scuttling with his men through the twilight fog towards Hammerpfad...

THE LUNAR DIAL

The Five Ways is a junction where five small lanes meet. At the centre of the square is an unusual feature, a timekeeping device designed to tell the hour at night. The Lunar Dial is a marble disc mounted horizontally on a limestone plinth. The gnomon is made from a dull grey metal and casts no shadow at all during the day. When Morrslieb and Mannslieb rise on a cloudless night, each moon's light casts a shadow that points to a series of symbols around the rim of the disc. These correspond to the hours, but the icons are obscure: a scowling face, a snake's head, intertwined spirals, and so on. The shadow from Morrslieb points to different symbols than that cast by Mannslieb.



Zwillinggrab's South Cemetery is not merely for the wealthy, but only a select few are buried here. The mausoleum at the centre of the cemetery is reserved for officers of the 5th Reikland Regiment of Foote. As recently deceased officers are interred within the main vault older bodies are moved to coffins placed on shelves, and from there moved to be buried in one of the external plots.



ECHT STRASSE

On the eastern edge of Zwillingsgrab is Echt Strasse, probably the only noisy street in the district. The street is famous for the sheer number of priests and charlatans peddling dubious charms, blessings, and relics to the unwary and desperate.

During the day, the length of Echt Strasse is a riot of colour. Mobile shrines and wooden stalls line the street, while solitary preachers harangue the crowds and aggressively push their wares on passers-by. The sheer number of hawkers reflects the diversity of gods in the Empire and beyond. All the Empire's major pantheon are represented. Shoppers can buy a fragment of Sigmar's tent, a holy Taalstone from Talabheim, or a fish head that supposedly whispers to the tides when to turn on behalf of Mannan. Some priests and traders sell trinkets for more obscure deities. These include minor gods from across the Empire, such as Katya (the Reikland goddess of disarming beauty), Gargali (a Wissenland mining deity), or Kakarol (Ostland's god of horses).

Foreign gods have representation too. Men and women in strange attire tend small shrines for obscure gods such as the deities of Kislev, one of Cathay's countless divines, and even for the supposedly-benevolent gods of southern Norsca. There is no Dwarf or Elf presence, but a few Halflings tout 'Esmerelda's holy pies' at a considerable markup. A curious fixture is Hathmog, a confused Ogre who offers to eat part of a person's body to bestow a blessing from her obscure and ravenous god.

SIGMAR'S SHAKEDOWN



Religious traders aren't the only people making money on Echt Strasse. The shrines and stalls attract crowds, and crowds attract pickpockets, bawds, and conmen. Characters who accept the oh-so-tempting invitation to visit the 'Shrine of Sigmar's boot' find themselves jumped by muggers in a back alley.

THE OLD COLLEGE OF HERALDS

Hidden down a back street is one of the oldest buildings in the city, half sunk into the soft earth so that the lower floors have become dank basements. Centuries of repairs to the roof show in the variety of shapes and colours of tiles. The building is bent with antiquity; each corner and wall is out of true.

Inside, the building manages to be both damp and dusty. The corridors display hundreds upon hundreds of plaques and shields, each one bearing a different coat of arms. Many of them are centuries old, and barely legible for wormholes and peeled paint.

Deeper within, a corridor opens into a large chamber lined with heaving bookshelves of volumes and scrolls. More books lie on the ground, or stand in precarious stacks. At the centre of the chamber is a massive desk, laden with manuscripts and documents. Two archivists staff the desk, forever engaged in making notations of the parchments set before them.

The archivists resemble the building they inhabit, in that their ancient bodies are crooked and twisted. Despite their age and infirmity, they remain sharp-minded and can locate a particular volume in the chaos of the chamber with pinpoint accuracy.

Anyone seeking to learn of a particular Imperial coat of arms finds the archivists an invaluable resource. Their knowledge of the heraldry of other human nations is second only to the great archivists of those countries. Their knowledge of Dwarf and Elf heraldry is shakier, and they can provide only educated guesses as to more exotic icons and sigils.

STRAFFIN'S FRIVOLITIES

Down a cul-de-sac in the heart of Zwillingsgrab is a tiny shop with dusty mullioned windows showing a range of exquisite wooden puppets, including a large striped cat, a dancing lady, and a frog playing a mandolin. This is the workshop of Amalie Straffin, an elderly toymaker who has lived alone in Zwillingsgrab all her life.

For many years, Straffin has plied her trade from this little shop. She carves each puppet by hand from Reikwald wood and sells them at whatever price she sees fit. If a child enters the shop and she takes a liking to them, they can have a toy for shillings. For a spoiled brat, the price can inflate to many gold coins.

The shop interior is cramped. Amalie sits at her worktable slowly carving or painting her latest doll, and occasionally playing with one of her pet mice. It can take her months to complete a project, but her creations are very much in demand. Many wealthy Altdorf parents covet a Straffin puppet for their little one. Each puppet is extraordinarily lifelike and built with ingenious hidden articulation to make it fully poseable. Most remarkable are the eyes, which seem to sparkle with mischief.

Amalie carves toys taken directly from her dreams, which are more vivid to her than any real-life experience. Most are whimsical creations, but locked in a back room are several dozen of her 'nightmares' — horrific monstrosities that she knows she must hide and never show to the public. But now they seem intent on getting out...



KRANKENFELD

The Shallyan Temple of Alessa's Grace dominates the Krankenfeld district. The temple has stood on this site for thousands of years, predating even the birth of Sigmar. It is no surprise that the area attracts the sick and injured who need the attentions of the goddess of mercy and healing. The local trades and many residents practise professions or sell services associated with the treatment of the body. Others feel trapped here — too comfortable to move down in the world to a poorer area like Ogasse, but not wealthy enough for life in Zwillingsgrab or Grossgrundbesitz.

Walking the streets of Krankenfeld can feel like walking through an open-air hospital. Many Reiklanders believe that mere proximity to the temple can bring recovery, so the houses are crowded with supplicants crammed in by greedy landlords. Beggars and makeshift shelters for the unwell line the lanes. Around the temple itself is a large tent village, with its own communities and trades. After a major battle in the Reikland, the district becomes an open field hospital, with walking wounded limping through the gore-streaked streets.

Few people relish the presence of the unwell in such numbers. Unless they're sick, Altdorfers tend to avoid Krankenfeld.

THE TEMPLE OF ALESSA'S GRACE

The Temple of Alessa's Grace is one of the Shallyan cult's greatest. The first Reikdorf temple was reputedly founded by Sigmar himself, in service of the priestess Alessa. She was his staunch ally, and legend tells that he entrusted the cursed Crown of Sorcery to her protection. The links between the Cult of Sigmar and Shallya's temple remain strong to this day.

The temple has always benefited from wealthy benefactors, which allowed the cult to raise a magnificent edifice to their goddess. A huge dome rises above walls supported by buttresses of pristine white marble. The same stone lines the flagged courts and cloisters. In the central chapel, worshippers can pray to the surplice of Alessa, which rests in a silver reliquary behind the altar. A series of bright hallways radiate out to the infirmary, baths, and wards, each lined with rich tapestries.

Many years ago, the arch-lector of Shallya decreed that the gates of the temple must be open to all who need healing. Now the grand halls and serene passages are overrun by the sickly and insane. While the sisters of Shallya try in vain to tend to their needs, it is a real test of faith; some dissatisfied patients can be abusive and violent. Many people remain behind after recovering, carving out a new existence in the temple grounds or in the tent village just outside.

High Priestess Anja Gustavson has had enough of showing mercy to the undeserving. She's looking for someone to lead the 'patients' away from the temple. She suggests a pilgrimage to Couronne or to seek the waters at Shallya's Falls in Hochland.

THE SMARAGD BATHHOUSE

The Smaragd Bathhouse is a Krankenfeld institution. The host is Vasile Ceorbu, a Sylvanian who couldn't wait to get out of his gloomy home province and move to somewhere with more life. Now he bustles around his bathhouse with his booming laugh, pouring water on to hot coals and chucking buckets of ice on to his grateful customers.

Officers from the south bank Watch commonly patronise the bathhouse, so it's a good place to pick up fairly reliable rumours of what's happening in the city.

TENT VILLAGE

The precinct of the Temple of Shallya was once a place of quiet convalescence, with well-tended lawns and paved terraces. Now the white stone courtyards are filled with tents, crude lean-to hovels, and beds left out in the open air. The legions of sick and injured who have made this place their home have trampled the gardens to mud. The dwellings spill out across the grounds and nearby streets.

This is a community in itself, where enterprising Altdorfers have set up an economy to feed and tend to the needs of the tent village. There are even 'streets' between the tents, with nicknames like 'Leper's Hobble', 'Raving Alley', and 'Legless Lane', named for the types of patients who settle there. There is even a tavern of sorts, 'The Three Heads', where the sick cram into a damp single-storey hut to buy soup and get drunk.

The Shallyan sisters worry more over the tent village than about the patients in the temple itself. They see it as their calling to minister to the inhabitants. All day and night, white-robed priestesses and initiates tend to the sick and injured. They know that disease thrives here in the filthy conditions, with hundreds of infectious people crammed together and exposed to the cold and damp of Altdorf's air.

PESTILENTIAL PERFUMES



- The Shallyans are right: the tent village has the perfect conditions for spreading disease. This hasn't been lost on the Tinean Fellowship, who intend to use it as a laboratory for testing new diseases concocted by their magus. They plan to distribute tainted pomanders, claiming these are proof against any sickness.

THE HERB GARRET

In the roof space above an old warehouse is the Herb Garret, which stores and sells dozens of herbal supplies for physicians and healers. Bunches of dried herbs hang from the rafters, and the floor is lined with baskets full of fragrant leaves, twigs, and roots. The elderly apothecary Arno Stiefel shuffles about, clipping off bundles of medicinal herbs, dispensing advice, and extolling the virtues of his wares.

Anyone wishing to buy herbs from Stiefel must climb a spiral staircase in a tower on the side of the building. The Garret is a long, dark room with no windows, lit only by small braziers burning smokeless herbs. Stiefel and his family make their home in the lofts, screened off from the rest of the garret. Verra, Arlo's wife, tends to the stock. Their two small children, Otto and Hilde, run around giving surprisingly astute advice on the uses of various herbs.

The Herb Garret is open to all, although the Shallyan sisters are the most frequent customers. The selection of herbs is excellent, and includes raw ingredients for most plant-based drugs and poisons (see **WFRP** pages 306–307). There is also a range of plants and fungi used as ingredients for Lore of Life spells.

FUNGAL RECALL



- Stiefel claims that an infusion of brittleleaf can cure pretty much anything, especially when it comes from his family's farm in the Grey Mountains. After selling through the latest batch, Stiefel receives a letter from his brother warning him not to; it was possibly contaminated with spores from goblin mushrooms.



HERR DOKTOR THADDEUS WILDEN, CHIRURGEON

The medical practice of Doktor Wilden is the greatest show in Krankenfeld. Crowds flock to watch the 'educational' demonstrations of surgery in his anatomical theatre.

Wilden's property is an impressive townhouse, with a chalk sign showing what surgery or anatomical dissections he will perform that day. For 2 shillings, observers can enter the building, examine the jars of medical specimens, and then take a place in the operating theatre. This is a small round auditorium, with tiered seating looking down into a pit lined with sawdust. In the centre is a stout table where the doctor straps his patients down.

Despite official condemnations from several temples, members of every strata of Altdorf society attend Doktor Wilden's shows, from budding artists and student doktors to curious gawkers and fascinated wizards.

The good doctor is a true performer. He accompanies his surgery with jokes, songs, and anecdotes. Sometimes he dissects a corpse, always with a silent Priest of Morr in attendance as proof against necromancy. On other occasions, he'll perform amputations, remove tumours, trepan a skull, or 'just generally improvise' as he puts it. After sewing up the patient, Wilden always gives them a complimentary haircut and beard trim. This includes the corpses. Should the corpse take him up on the offer, as is rumoured to have happened on at least one occasion, the priest of Morr steps in.

On the way out, enlightened observers can buy bottles of Pritzstock Riesling at a knockdown price — this is the very vintage Wilden uses to anaesthetise his patients so effectively. It is a particularly sweet vintage that pairs as well with a mixed plate of cheese as it does with a clean amputation.

THE HOTEL HORVEN

- ☠ The Light College has always taken an interest in the Foundling House, looking for orphans with aethyric potential for possible apprenticeship. But now Brother Hummel refuses entry, and the College is growing suspicious. Can the Characters gain entry where the Wizards have failed? And if they do get inside, will they be able to get back out?

THE DOKTOR WILL SEE YOU



- ☠ Doktor Wilden surgically removes small mutations for a nominal donation to the Temple of Shallya. He adopts an attitude much at odds with his public persona, becoming compassionate and genuine in his desire to help. Unfortunately, rumours of this practice have reached the Witch Hunters. One offers the Characters an opportunity: somehow fake a mutation in order to catch the good Doktor in the act of offering succor to a mutant. Should the Characters refuse to comply after meeting with Doktor Wilden, the Witch Hunter will be furious enough to 'mistake' the fake mutation for a real, if elusive one, and start warming up a pyre...
- ☠ A large crowd has gathered to watch Doktor Wilden extract a huge kidney stone from a sickly cabbage merchant. As the good doctor makes an incision in the patient's back, a nurgling forces its way out of the cut and scurries towards the Characters.

THE TUSSEN-HOCHEN FOUNDLING HOUSE

From the outside, the Foundling House makes a grim impression. Tall and timbered with grimy oak, an imposing arch overshadows the door, carved with the antler-and-axe arms of the Tussen-Hochens and the motto '*Seek solace ye little ones, Shallya protects even the destitute wretch*'. The interior is worse, with dark staircases, few windows, and a workroom lined with benches where orphans toil away sewing cheap garments and making tawdry charms for sale on Echt Strasse.

The Cult of Shallya founded the orphanage in 2454 IC with a stipend from the Hochland Baron von Tussen-Hochen. The baron lamented at the countless orphans he saw begging on the streets whenever he visited Altdorf. The trust ran out years ago, so the orphanage became a workhouse. Brother Harald Hummel apparently runs the place at a profit by keeping the gruel thin and the workload high.

When the Shallyan sisters visit, they find quiet, obedient children working to better themselves. But when the doors close, the power balance shifts. Hummel and the adult servants resume work at the benches and the real master of the Foundling House takes charge — an eight-year-old known as 'King Horven'.

Horven is an intense boy with deep red hair and piercing green eyes. He was found floating alone in a boat on the Reik and soon found his way to the orphanage. Through some supernatural influence he can bend others to his will. Now the children luxuriate and dine on fine foods while the adults do all the work.



OGASSE

Ogasse, a once genteel neighbourhood, has become an undesirable corner of the city. The name is short for Miragliano Gasse, after one of its streets that does point vaguely in the direction of Tilea. Ogasse boasts a sizeable Tilean community, who consider themselves proper working Tileans as opposed to the poseurs of Little Tilea north of the river. The joke among Reiklanders, however, is that on arrival in Altdorf, the Tilean immigrants here couldn't be bothered to travel any further. In truth, Tilean names are only a little more common here than any other part of the city. Even the landlord of the *Eagle of Luccini* is a Reiklander.

The area is respectable enough, and used to be quite fashionable, but is becoming increasingly run-down. At its centre, Schmutzplatz is vibrant and prosperous, and by day swings to the sort of urban vibrancy typical of any busy area of the city. This quickly fades as the sun goes down, and law-abiding citizens disappear indoors. Away from the square, the narrow, twisting alleyways hide petty criminals and ruffians, especially at night. There is a one-person watch post (really more of a watch-hut) in the middle of Schmutzplatz, but the watchman stationed here makes sure to disappear before nightfall.

The Beast of Ogasse, so they say, has haunted the area for many years. However, descriptions of the Beast vary drastically over time. Is it a cat-like predator, perhaps escaped from the zoo? Is it a shambling tree monster, summoned by the Jade College? More recently, it seems to be a ragged, feathery bird-like creature. Rumours have also recently been doing the rounds that the Beast is the secret second son of Karl-Franz. Whatever its nature, anyone capturing the monster would receive a true hero's reception from the district residents.

DOVE OF LOVE

The Dove of Love is a soup kitchen run by the Sisters of Shallya. It distributes meagre food to the needy twice a day, and a line of poor folk snakes around Schmutzplatz in anticipation of mealtimes. Because of the popularity of the dole, ne'er-do-wells and down-and-outs tend to hang out in Schmutzplatz, which further sullies the area's reputation.

The Dove is run by Lena Marks, a petite and fiercely determined Sister of Shallya. She is loved and respected, and none of the regular recipients of the dole would ever cross her. She usually has local lay members of the cult helping out, and novice priests when she manages to convince the cult officials to lend her the personnel. They usually stay for a three-month stretch as part of their initiation into the cult. That was to be Lena's stint, but she has been here over ten years now.

SOUP STANDOFF



While Lena is giving thanks to Shallya, a group of thugs push their way to the front of the line. Lena refuses to give out any food until they apologise and go to the back of the queue, but they refuse. The stand-off has already been going on for an hour, and things look like they might turn nasty.

Having finally had enough of the low-lives that hang around Schmutzplatz, a Sigmarite priest and a band of local residents turn up to shut down the Dove. The poor folk waiting for their dole are desperate to prevent this. It looks like they will come to blows, unless the Characters step in.

THE EAGLE OF LUCCINI

Once a raucous drinking den famous for its Tilean mercenary clientele, the *Eagle of Luccini* has lapsed into the sort of quiet establishment where old men drown their sorrows and think back to the good old days.

The beer is cheap and the wine is no longer Tilean. There are still a number of Tilean ex-mercenary locals, but their number dwindles every year. In their place are the sort of ne'er-do-wells who only drop by Schmutzplatz to take advantage of the free food at the Dove of Love. What money they save on food at the morning dole, they spend on beer until it's time for the evening dole.

The *Eagle's* inn sign is a green eagle on a red and white field, but the painting is so faded and indistinct that it looks a bit like a chicken. A local nickname for the place is the Tilean Chicken. Tilean Chicken is a famous culinary dish, but this is also a deliberate slight against the old Tilean mercenaries who drink here.

☠ Mauric Wissen, the hapless landlord, has finally had enough of the low-lives and criminals who litter his tavern. In an effort to regain respectability, he hires the Characters to keep them out and attract a more sophisticated clientele. The first task involves simple brute force, but the second should actually tax them.

☠ A band of bravos from the League of Karl-Franz comes down to the *Eagle* on a hunt for the Beast of Ogasse. While getting drunk, they decide they might need some local guides to help them in their quest. The Characters could take their money, but then would have to put up with these boorish clients for a whole evening. Of course, the Characters face real trouble should any harm befall the noble youths under their watch, whether from local muggers or even the fabled Beast itself.

MAGPIE'S PAWN SHOP

Magpie Lostpockets, the Halfling who runs this pawn shop, is one of the odder and more famously eccentric residents of Schmutzplatz. He is urbane and well-spoken, and gives the air of someone who would be more at home in the Emperor's palace than down in Ogasse. For the past couple of years, he has worked alongside Grunthaa Headsplitter, a hulking Ogre bouncer. She displays a maternal warmth towards Magpie, and is only too happy to live up to her sobriquet should anyone threaten him.

The building is smart and well maintained. While it holds the sort of knick-knacks and objets d'art one might associate with gentility, it also stocks its fair share of sad tat and stolen goods. Despite Magpie's apparent refinement, the shop, like most downmarket pawn shops, is a fence for any number of criminal gangs and local larceny.

KLAMMERINGSTRASSE WATCH STATION

A few minutes' walk from Schmutzplatz, down the busy Klammeringstrasse, is the only proper Watch Station in Ogasse. It is an uninviting, squat stone building. The station, and the whole idea of law and order, seems to be an afterthought for the local council. The place is busy, its resources stretched, and the Watch has effectively given up bothering about all but the most serious crimes. Captain Steik, the head of the station, does his best with the hand dealt him. His belief in the law and largely fair-minded attitude to his task often make the job harder.

This station also runs the one-person watch post in the middle of Schmutzplatz. On the rare occasion that the watchman posted there makes an arrest, they can lock up the small structure as a temporary gaol — although a determined criminal could probably punch their way out through the rotting wooden walls.

OGASSE AUTOPSY



- ☠ Captain Steik has managed to get enough funds together to hire a band of troubleshooters to take out the dominant criminal gang in the area, an offshoot of the Fish called the Ogasse Lurkers. The job simply requires the Characters to wade into the Ogasse slums, fight their way into the underworld den, and kill or capture Herr Gross. The grateful captain even allows the heroes to keep any ill-gotten coin they should reclaim from the gang's lair.
- ☠ Someone showed up to the station demanding a reward for what they claim is the corpse of the Beast of Ogasse. Captain Steik is not convinced and needs someone of intelligence and education to examine the body and give their opinion. In fact, the body is a mix of several domesticated and wild animals, and a fish, stitched together.

A SUBTLE SWAP



- ☠ A victim of theft has asked the Characters to reclaim their prized marble statue, *Gilles le Breton and the Three Naughty Nymphs*. They know Magpie's got it. However, Magpie has selected it for his private collection, which he keeps well protected in his private quarters above the shop. Can the Characters persuade him to part with it?
- ☠ A local shopkeeper has had her eye on a precious stone brooch in Magpie's for a good while. Unfortunately, it's above her price range. However, she has managed to procure a very similar piece of costume jewellery. If someone with a light touch could work out a way of switching the two items, she would pay them a quarter of the jewellery's value.



THE CLOCK TOWER

Locals claim Schmutzplatz's rickety clock tower is the oldest clock in Altdorf. That this claim is easily refuted does nothing to diminish its popularity. The clock is nonetheless very old, and the now-broken movement will be of great interest to any horologists who should examine it. The locals are very proud of this landmark, and anyone wishing to arrange a meeting in Ogasse is almost bound to meet under the clock tower on the hour — even though it no longer tolls.

The tower has a ground floor of stone, but above that are several floors of rotting and warped half-timber. The clock mechanism, faces, and bell are very heavy, and this significantly stresses the timbers. The whole structure could collapse at any moment. The clock has not worked for years, and the intricate faces that used to depict the phases of Mannslieb (and Morrslieb, as best it could) are now tarnished and barely recognisable.

A ROUGH ROOST

- ☠ A strange flying creature has been spotted around Schmutzplatz at night, and some animals — and even a small child — have gone missing. A witness said they saw the creature fly up to the top of the clock tower and disappear through one of the damaged faces. Someone needs to go up there and see what it is.
- ☠ The good burghers of Schmutzplatz decide that it is time to get the clock working again. They just need some likely party to go up there and clear the way for the clockmaker. Almost anything could be living up there, after all. Of course, the Characters' weight is likely to collapse the entire structure if they are not careful. If the tower does fall down, the locals will certainly blame the Characters.

MORR'S STREAM

A couple of brooks surround Garden Hill cemetery like a moat. They merge below its northern slope, and then flow towards the Reik. The stream follows the route of the city wall for most of its journey, but even the soldiers that man the walls relieve themselves elsewhere, out of respect for the clean water and a slightly eerie feeling about it. Morr's Stream, as it is called, is unusually clear, but it does not belong to Morr. An ancient Naiad lives here, keeping the water clean and the flora of the nearby cemetery healthy. It thrives off whatever worship, or at least vague appreciation, it can get.

The spirit was well known to the Old Faith. Even today, the occasional Old Faith travellers visit to wash their faces in the stream. This is disquieting for the locals, who make it clear they're not welcome. The spirit can be fickle. If it has a mind to, it can heal anyone who bathes in its waters. Or it can pull them under, drown them, and spit them out in the Reik.

TROUBLED WATERS

- ☠ A number of Ogasse residents have been found drowned on the muddy banks of the Reik, just downriver from Morr's Stream. Rumours of the Beast of Ogasse abound, as usual. But if meticulous Characters were to examine the water in the lungs of the victims, they would find it preternaturally clear — nothing like the famously filthy waters of the Reik.
- ☠ The Characters witness a confrontation between angry locals and keepers of the Old Faith who have come to bathe in the stream. The locals are disingenuously accusing the visitors of poisoning the water. To the Old Faith devotees, this is an accusation of gravest blasphemy!





Maren Mauer

Mauer is a lucky charm seller who plies her trade in Schmutzplatz, up Klammeringstrasse, and throughout the surrounding streets. She sells posies to ward off illness, sheep-teeth necklaces as 'ogre-teeth' charms, the 'bullet with your name on it' (which protects one from being shot), and things like that. This is only a small part of her living, however.

Mauer is one of the visible elements of the Ogasse Lurkers crime gang. Her cold-sell techniques are a distraction, while the pickpockets of her gang get to work on their unsuspecting victim. Her street presence allows her to spy on potential mugging victims who drift away from the safety of Schmutzplatz. She also uses her cover to sound out empty premises for the burglars in the gang.

MAREN MAUER – HUMAN PEDLAR (BRASS 4)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	27	34	31	38	52	48	46	45	33	60	12

Traits: Weapon (Dagger +5, Knuckledusters +5)

Skills: Bribery 70, Charm 75, Climb 41, Consume Alcohol 48, Drive 58, Dodge 58, Entertain (Storytelling) 70, Evaluate 58, Gamble 60, Gossip 83, Haggle 85, Intimidate 41, Intuition 67, Lore (Local 55, Reikland 48), Melee (Basic 32, Brawling 37), Perception 62

Talents: Acute Sense (Hearing), Alley Cat, Beneath Notice, Blather, Carouser, Criminal, Doomed (*The third time upon the seventh bridge, stumble thou and never rise*), Gregarious, Savvy, Suave

Trappings: Dagger, Lockpicks, Various Charms and Amulets, Knuckledusters, 15/2

A GOOD LUCK HARM



Mauer approaches a Character in Schmutzplatz and tries to sell them a lucky charm. Later that day, if the pickpocket was successful, they notice their missing possession. A few days later, they see Mauer in the square again, and have the opportunity to spot the pickpocket at work. Pursuing Mauer and her accomplice into the slums might not be the best idea, however.

Mauer and her gang stole a strange glowing rock from a funny-looking fellow the other day. They don't know what it is, but they think the Characters are just the sort of similarly funny-looking folks who might be interested in buying it. They are asking a ludicrously small amount for something clearly magical, so it's got to be tempting, right?

GARDEN HILL

Known simply as Garden Hill, this Garden of Morr perches on a scenic hilltop overlooking the entire district. The thriving greenery and incessant birdsong give the whole area a bucolic and oddly calming atmosphere. There is a small shrine to Morr here, but this is rarely staffed and the rampant undergrowth encroaches on it. A local myth says the dead buried here do not travel to Morr's realm, but stay behind and become trees.

Back in the day, when the hillock was outside the city, it was a focus for the Old Faith. Even then, it was unusually verdant and stood out amidst the farmland in the way it now stands out among the tightly packed buildings. Followers of the Old Faith still visit the site and make the locals uneasy. Even the local footpads make sure to commit their crimes a healthy distance from the hill. It is rumoured the Beast of Ogasse makes its lair here, within the dense foliage.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD GODS



Morr has no say over the souls interred upon the hill. They are taken by the gods of the Old Faith. Particularly strong spirits yearn to walk again. In the dead of night, strange, sinuous saplings shamble down the hill. They lash out at anything they meet.

Something odd is going on. Followers of the Old Faith gather upon the hill under the moonlight. They enact strange rituals, sing haunting threnodies, and sacrifice an animal, letting its blood spill across the ground. Surely, someone must put a stop to this blasphemy? But the spirits will go restless if denied their due.



Genarro Gastoli

Gastoli is a grizzled Tilean campaigner who looks older than his years. He served in the Duke of Miragliano's army for a dozen years before arriving in Altdorf. The action he saw around Miragliano left him physically and mentally scarred. Gastoli came to Altdorf a few years ago for the quiet life, and drinking most of the day in the *Eagle* is as quiet as it gets.

Gastoli was involved in a number of excursions into the Blighted Marshes. He doesn't like to talk about it, but it was here that Gastoli nearly met his end when his unit was ambushed by ratmen. He fled, leaving his comrades to their terrible fates — though would have surely died too, had he remained. Now, in his cups he obsesses about the fate of Miragliano. He believes the city-state will fall within ten years to an unstoppable onslaught of ratmen. He even believes the Beast of Ogasse to be a ratman.

SKAVEN SAVVY



☠ If the Characters have trouble with Skaven, they might well hear of Gastoli, who some consider an expert. He might be able to give the Characters some advice, or just ominous warnings, from the safety of the *Eagle*. Convincing him to accompany them into Skaven territory, however, is no mean feat.

☠ The son of an old Miraglianese acquaintance (and master swordsman) has tracked Gastoli down after many years. Gastoli owes the man's father a great deal of money, and the son has come to collect. Gastoli cannot afford to pay and is not fit to fight the duel that will settle the debt. Fortunately, the rules of Miraglianese debt duelling allow for one of the Characters to step in on his behalf.

GENARRO GASTOLI – HUMAN SOLDIER (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	51	43	35	42	38	34	34	35	46	25	15

Traits: Armour (Chest) 3, Weapon (Sword +7, Spear +7), Ranged (Crossbow) +9

Skills: Athletics 44, Charm 35, Climb 45, Consume Alcohol 52, Cool 61, Dodge 49, Endurance 52, Gamble 45, Gossip 38, Haggle 30, Language (Battle 55, Tilean 40), Melee (Basic 66, Polearm 61), Outdoor Survival 45, Play (Drum) 44, Ranged (Crossbow) 68

Talents: Doomed (*The Dwarf plays rough to prove his height*), Marksman, Orientation, Rapid Reload, Savvy, Sharp, Warrior Born

Trappings: Breastplate over Leather Jerkin, Uniform bearing no insignia, Sword, Spear, Crossbow and 12 bolts, Rough Drawings of Skaven, 1 GC 12/5

◆ THE EAST END ◆



ROUGH AND TUMBLE

The East End of Altdorf has a grim reputation for poverty, lawlessness, violence, and revolutionary sentiment. It is true that swathes of the area are given over to jostling terraces, cramped tenements, and the maze-like alleyways of Altdorf's rookeries. Cartographers often complain that Altdorf is unmappable, with the unnatural vicissitudes of the Hexxerbezrik being mostly to blame. But the rookeries of the East End also alter constantly. Residents erect barricades to defy watch patrols or delineate Fish-held territory from that of the Hooks. Fire can burn through the jostling shacks with fierce speed, but the construction of replacement dwellings is commenced as soon as the earth has cooled.

To the east the dwellings are not so poor and cramped. The Imperial School of Engineers nestles close to the Dwarf quarter of Metallschlacke. Life here is somewhat more civilised. The Schlecht Laden area provides a buffer between the rookeries and the engineers' school, and even the toughest Fish war chiefs know to not start trouble with the Dwarfs.

- E1 Isle of Eels
- E2 Reikerbahn
- E3 Schlecht Laden
- E4 Fleishmark
- E5 Sudwand
- E6 Metallschlacke
- E7 Dampfplatz





ISLE OF EELS

A low-lying, muddy island connects to the Old Docks via a single bridge. This is the Isle of Eels, a precarious place both geographically and socially. The Fish effectively run the place, and PLANT is highly active here. The agitators are close to convincing Fish war chiefs to declare the island independent of the city. They argue that the bridge is easily blocked and the Fish could barrage any approaching patrol boats with missiles. This state of siege could last long enough for PLANT agitators to whip up the mob in support. For now, the Fish agree with the agitators in theory, but are reluctant to make a public declaration.

At the moment, the isle is a no-go area as far as the Watch are concerned. Excise takers argue that the cost of collecting taxes from the place is barely worth it, considering the area's extreme poverty. State and city councils debate what should be done. Most say that the Emperor should treat the seditious islanders with clemency, or that it is too small and poor to bother with. Others, the dour Marshal Braun foremost among them, yearn to swiftly and bloodily teach the islanders their place.



THE FLOATING BLOAT

Tavern-boats are wide barges converted from carrying cargoes to storing barrels of ale, which they sell to fellow travellers and riverside communities. Many regulations affecting river traders are waived for floating taverns, but this makes them a tempting target for smugglers. A couple with hopes of earning enough to open a proper tavern used to manage the Floating Bloat, until Fish smugglers killed the proprietors and pitched them into the Reik. These capably murderous coves now berth the Bloat at the Isle of Eels.

Ormil Schwartzwasser is the new proprietor. His gang affiliation is hard to hide, as his cheeks are tattooed with images of rampant Stirpike. Many of his fellow Fish patronise the bar, but they respect the fact that Ormil prioritizes smuggling over innkeeping. Customers know not to complain when he unceremoniously shuts the bar, turfs them out, and sets off down the Reik.

THE BLOAT AFLOAT



- ☠ Rumours say Ormil keeps a chest in his cabin that contains a hundred crowns — all the better for striking an opportune deal should he hear of one. Altdorf's Ranaldans, who have no love for the violent smuggler, may well suggest a larcenous Character try to acquire the chest.
- ☠ War chiefs of the Fish prefer to dispose of undesirables by throwing them into the Reik. Fellow Fish often commission Ormil to take some wretch out on the Floating Bloat, never to return. Characters who witness a person being pitched from the boat find themselves hounded by the Fish unless they keep their mouths shut.

OFFICE OF THE KOMISSION ON PUBLIC SAFETY

Even within the relatively anarchic society of the Isle of Eels, there is need for law, order, and justice. The Komission on Public Safety is the name given to the committee that drafts local legislation and organises its enforcement. This committee almost wholly comprises Fish war chiefs, alongside the occasional Klozsowskiist poet to give their pronouncements a literate gloss. An old ship's figurehead stands propped outside the front entrance to the office, styled as Verena.

Legislation is modelled on codes of conduct between dockers, the piratical society of Sartosa, and the finders-keepers attitude of Halflings. Bylaws are redrafted regularly and nailed to the front door. There are certain consistent core principles to the isle's law. Unless property is in hand or correctly banked, it belongs to anyone. Profits made on the island should be invested in the island. And if injuries can be shrugged off, then they ought to be forgiven.

HEALTH AND SAFETY GONE BAD

- ☠ The reality is that the island is run by whichever war chief can summon the most muscle at any one moment. The spirit of free trade that the Komission purports to stand for is easily subverted by anyone with money. Scraps between dockers are often resolved with a handshake, but those who offend the war chiefs usually drown a short while later.
- ☠ The Komission tasks the Characters to undertake an investigation. To the embarrassment of the Komission, every morning a flow of tears spills from the statue of Verena's eyes. Komission members suspect sabotage. They are right. A local witch is making creative use of the Spring petty magic spell to make a point about miscarriages of justice.

LEER ON ME

- ☠ Brother Belada is under pressure from the Fish to allow them to purloin the Temple of Lothar's Wyvern skull to sell. They promise funds raised will go into securing resources for 'the cause'. Brother Belada believes when Fish talk of 'the cause' they refer to the cause of lining their pockets. He hopes the characters can help him protect the temple from predatory Fish.

THE UBIQUITOUS EEL

Riverwardens often intercept traffic to the Isle of Eels. Whilst Imperial authorities are reluctant to upset the delicate balance of order in the East End by subjecting the island to violent subjugation, they are not averse to interfering with cargo. The provision of a cheap and sustainable source of food is therefore a priority for those who seek to promote the island as a workable project. Slop houses serving fare made from locally foraged ingredients are liberally scattered about the island.

The Ubiquitous Eel is one such slop house, doling out bowls of eely stew to the huddled masses of the island. Katya Hetzer and Heidi Kettenkrad run the Eel. The two women can be found here throughout the day, tending to their boiling cauldron. They are warm and garrulous hosts, who encourage their customers to sit together on wooden benches in the hall and gossip as they eat.

TROUBLE STEWING

- ☠ Katya and Heidi are agents of PLANT. They carefully note and report anything they overhear that might conceivably threaten or interest the Komission on Public Safety.
- ☠ Katya, a principled revolutionary, has recently been given pause at just how eager people are to get their morning bowl of stew. She assumes deprivation and hardship are to blame. Katya would be very angry indeed if she were to learn that Heidi laces the cauldron with Randal's Delight in order to encourage repeat custom.

TEMPLE OF VALIANT LOTHAR

Even upon the anarchic Isle of Eels, the worship of Sigmar is considered good and proper. This small but sturdy temple is one of the few stone buildings on the island. Though it has been reverently maintained, it shows its age and has subsided noticeably into the soft earth. Lothar is a venerated soul, a Sigmarite martyr who died defending the Emperor Sigismund from the Wyverns of Gorbard Ironclaw. Stained glass windows in the temple depict the ravages of Greenskin invaders, and an old wyvern skull, coated in centuries of candle wax, forms the centrepiece of the altar.

Brother Belada Vaedecker officiates, a slender but strong man, all lean muscle and weather-beaten skin. He is one of the few members of Altdorf's establishment who can come and go from the island without facing suspicion and harassment. He walks in two different worlds; the revolutionaries and Fish gangers of his congregation urge him to protect the island's independence, while senior priests pressure him to foster a respect for authority and hierarchy.

LACHS AND STÖR LITIGANTS

Amongst the island's clapboard shacks is a small but tidy timber-framed house: the office of Lachs and Stör. Altdorf's professionals regard the Isle of Eels as a stain upon the city, but the spirit of revolution inspired Lachs and Stör to set up practice here. The litigants do not propose legislation (that is left to the Kommission on Public Safety) but interpret it for the benefit of the islanders.

Lachs and Stör came to the island with the belief that, shorn of its ties to the rule of Altdorf's legislators, the populace would flourish in a spirit of liberalism, equality and freedom. Instead, they have found it stagnating, and they have grown cynical and self-interested.

THE BAY OF BORCHBACH

There is an official temple to Borchbach, God of Rhetoric, attached to the philosophy wing at the University of Altdorf. It is a rather staid affair, where adherents dedicate their time to discussing dry, reasoned rhetoric. Common practice is to leave quills upon the altar before important student debates.

On the Isle of Eels is another, illicit, Temple of Borchbach. It caters to agitators and celebrates the crafting of compelling, passionate arguments against the status quo. The temple's keeper is a wild-looking man called Klove 'the Wasp' Herzog. He established it in a small waterlogged cave, only accessible to those willing to trudge along the muddy banks of the island at low tide.

Worshippers gather at the cave, but the atmosphere here is more rambunctious and collaborative than at the university. Calls go out throughout the congregation to share their insights into how to grab the attention of an audience, how to turn the jibes of hecklers against them, and how to incite listeners to rebellion.

THE BORCHBATIC METHOD

Klove has the distinction of being the only known miracle-working priest of Borchbach. In many ways, he is the innovator of the faith, cobbling together a collection of lore from various sources. He could initiate an interested Character into the mysteries of the god, if they earn his trust.

Klove is called 'the Wasp' due to the fact that anyone who disputes him ends up feeling stung. After having her opinions on the virtues of Bretonnian marquetry thoroughly monstered, Lise-Perry de L'Escalier of Quenelles seeks revenge. She would richly reward any character who publicly bamboozles Klove.

SOMETHING LACHING

Lachs, an energetic but corpulent man, wishes to attract business to the island. He sold a swathe of waterfront property to Hartigan Fulk, a Wissenlander business magnate, in the hope that the investor would generate prosperity and complicate Altdorf's reclamation efforts. The association has ruined Lachs's reputation. Fulk is a brutal slum landlord whose bailiffs vie with the Fish for viciousness. Lachs seeks capable Characters to force Fulk off the isle.

Stör is a thin-lipped, scowling woman who sports an unconvincing ginger wig. She has come to hate her partner, who she finds lewd and grotesque. She has sponsored a bevy of locals to levy charges of gross indecency at his feet, but whilst Lachs is libidinous his behaviour never crosses the line into illegality. Stör hires the characters to dig up additional dirt on her partner, or manufacture evidence if none can be found.





The Reikerbahn Pike

As a poor fisherman's son in Altdorf's East End, Arnold Schtimmer knew that he was never likely to win wealth or influence, but still he was obsessed with power. He figured that power of the body determined everything — that might made right. He grew strong, vicious, and greedy, aggressively obsessed with fishing rights. He dealt with his competitors by swimming up to their boats as they fished by moonlight, and dragging them under to drown. Legend says that he started to enjoy the taste of his victims' flesh. The blessings of Tzeentch altered his form. His legs fused into a great thrashing tail, his arms atrophied, and his face extended into the long, fang-filled snout of a Stirpike.

Now the monster is forty feet long, a murderous fish-man haunting the waters just off the Old Docks. Arnold retains much of his mind, though his wild emotions and mutant jaws hinder his speech. He is a cunning, ruthless and lethal adversary, skilled in sudden surprise attacks, preferably striking at night. He still understands Reikspiel and is able to avoid traps and counterattacks by listening to his pursuers' shouts and orders. The Fish are terrified of this beast and offer a handsome reward to anyone who can bring them Arnold's swollen ichthyoid head.

THE REIKERBAHN PIKE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	65	5	62	54	35	40	5	18	45	04	40

Traits: Amphibious, Armour 2, Belligerent, Bite +8, Big, Cold-blooded, Dark Vision, Frenzy, Hatred (Fishermen), Hungry, Size (Large), Tail Attack +7, Territorial

Skills: Melee (Unarmed) 68

Mental Corruptions: Unending Malice, Unholy Rage



Hattie Adler

A chilling Reikerbahn tale concerns Hattie Adler, a washerwoman who was known for her passion for feeding the gulls and pigeons that perch all around the Old Docks. It is said that one cold winter night, she took a wrong turn and lost her way among the nooks and crannies, stumbling to her death in the freezing Reik. Ever since that day, she's haunted the Old Docks. Sailors and dockworkers claim to have seen her lonely shade perch on top of ships' masts, yearning for the warmth of the living.

There is some truth to the story, but Hattie Adler didn't freeze to death. She was touched by Chaos. At first, patches of her hair turned into soft feathery down. That fateful winter night, she realised that she could no longer keep her transformation secret. And so she hid among the familiar dock constructions, away from the prying eyes of the Witch Hunters. To survive, she feasted on her beloved gulls and pigeons — and that broke her mind. In time, she sprouted wings and claws, and began to roam the night looking for food. She is no longer quite Human, but atavistic comforts remain, such as wrapping pewter cutlery about her fingers and keeping her old hat in place. She is very cautious and feeds mainly on rats and fish, but she's not averse to human prey if the opportunity arises.

HATTIE ADLER

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	49	25	45	30	55	55	35	22	35	15	13

Traits: Armour 1, Belligerent, Bounce, Claws +6, Distracting (Hideous Cackling), Fast, Infected, Night Vision, Hungry, Stealthy

Mental Corruptions: Shaky Morale



OLD DOCKS

The Old Docks are a complex labyrinth of ladders, platforms, pontoons, and piers. The docks are popular with smugglers dealing with illegal contraband, and the area is under the control of the Fish. No business goes on here without the Fish taking their cut, and they extort exorbitant fees from the barges forced to dock.

Local stevedores take orders from a large and burly Fish ganger known only as Earnest Erich, who hires and fires workers at whim. Every morning and evening he takes up position outside the Broken Barrel tavern, right by the docks, and hands out jobs to the throng of applicants. He prefers to give the best jobs to the workers he knows to be loyal to him and to the Fish, but is not averse to trying out new talents to test their potential. The jobs are mostly loading or unloading cargo, running delivery errands, or providing muscle at negotiations for docking fees with those hapless captains who weigh anchor at the Old Docks. Those who win the trust of Earnest Erich might receive more lucrative smuggling assignments, or even missions to sabotage Hook-managed businesses on the other side of the Reik.

The Old Docks play a major part in the Altdorf black market economy, much to the frustration of the city's tax collectors and the City Watch. Still, the cost of moving into the district to police this illicit trade is prohibitive in terms of both money and personnel. The commerce continues unabated, only disturbed by occasional raids at the outskirts of the district. Thus, the Old Docks have become a haven for the criminal underworld. In addition to the Fish, there are many smaller gangs operating, as well as well-connected people willing to shift stolen or smuggled goods.

REIKERBAHN

The Reikerbahn is an old and decrepit district that contains the Old Docks. These were the original docklands used when the settlement that became Altdorf was still known as Reikdorf. Today, commercial freight has mostly abandoned the Old Docks, although smugglers move a lot of contraband through. Bargees and freighter captains favour the Docklands, right across the Reik. Still, when there is no room to berth at the Docklands, captains reluctantly land their cargoes at the rotten piers of the Reikerbahn district.

The cobblestones of the Reikerbahn have all been prised up during numerous riots, and the streets are now covered with mud, water, and filth. Behind the Reikerbahn is a teeming and hopeless rookery, one of Altdorf's seedier districts. The Altmünze, as it is called, is a warren of towering, interconnected buildings, and a person can spend their whole life there never seeing the sun. The only notable businesses amongst the beggars' hovels and thieves' dens are cheap beer halls and Kat hauses.

TRAWLING FOR ADVENTURE



- The Fish are always on the lookout for people who can lift and carry heavy loads. Cargo needs hauling all hours of the day and night. The pay is poor, but there is always work to be found. This line of work is ripe with opportunities for adventure. The ongoing conflict between the Fish and the Hooks, smuggling, mysterious cargoes and passengers, barges carrying illicit goods, even burning barges from which cargo must be saved.
- The nobleman Jürgen Vasser has dropped a family heirloom in the waters just outside the Old Docks. He is desperate to regain it and will pay up to 50 gold crowns for its retrieval. But how to carry out such an operation? Can the Characters use their skills and ingenuity to trawl the murky waters of the Reik, or will they luck out and meet a fisherman who found a shiny amulet inside a pike?

CANDLE SQUARE

From the workshops of the many chandlers, the smells of sandalwood and cinnamon mix with wafts of lavender and the deep, cloying stench of simmering tallow. Contrary to popular belief, inhabitants of Altdorf keep themselves reasonably clean, and the chandlers here also produce most of the city's soap. This is usually plain, but when a major religious festival approaches, exotic scents mingle in the air.

Candles and soap bars are sold wholesale to Fish gangers, who fetch and carry crates to the Old Docks for distribution further across the city to shopkeepers, bathhouses, and inns. Wealthy clients occasionally appear in person at the square, seeking the most exotic and unique candles for that special occasion. These clients are always accompanied by a bodyguard or two, lest they fall victim to robbers or pickpockets.

THE AMBERGRIFT

- ☠ People are disappearing, and the trail leads our adventurers to Candle Square. Are the victims being abducted to serve as illegal labour in the rendering yards and caustic lye pits? Or could even more nefarious purposes lie behind the abductions? After all, there are plenty of cultists who are happy to pay a premium for certain candles used in their blasphemous rites — those with tallow rendered from Human fat.
- ☠ Johannes Gutgeruch, a merchant selling luxury candles and soap to the Altdorf nobility, approaches the Characters. He has heard tell of a monstrous horned whale, known as the Behemoth, and the pungent ambergris it produces. He is willing to pay hundreds of gold crowns for just a few pounds of this substance. All the Characters have to do is find some.

FLOWERS FOR BLUMENTHAL

- ☠ Kristina Blumenthal is a merchant selling flowers imported from Marienburg. It is of utmost importance that her bouquets reach her customers as quickly and as fresh as possible, but she is unable to pay the price Otto's Flats charge for speedy transport. Can the stalwart adventurers find a boat and help Blumenthal deliver her flowers in time? Will they make their delivery without attracting unwanted attention from Pentzlerr and his cronies?

SCHULD'S PAWNBROKERS

Citizens in desperate need of money can try their luck with Ralf Schuld, one of the most prolific pawnbrokers in the Reikerbahn district. In his fortified pawnshop, he pays good coin for valuable objects — as long as sellers solemnly swear to Sigmar and Shallya that their wares are not stolen. After spending over twenty years in the racket, Ralf has a wide range of objects for sale, ranging from Common to Exotic availability. When something of importance is stolen in the city, there is a good chance that it passes through Schuld's.

Outside the pawnshop, two Fish toughs stand guard. They vet any potential customers and demand that visitors leave their weapons at the door. In the pawnshop itself, Ralf Schuld stands behind a barred counter, and the objects offered for sale are kept in locked display cases. Only after payment does a customer receive the key to the case. The most valuable items are kept in a vault in the basement. Schuld carries the keys to the vault on his person at all times.

SCHULD WE TAKE IT?

- ☠ The characters are on the hunt for a certain object that they learn to have been pawned with Ralf Schuld. Now it is in his vault. They need a cunning plan to retrieve it, since Ralf is holding it for a special client.

OTTO'S FLATS

Thousands of small boats and barges ferry people and goods across the river Reik. Many of these are organised by one of Altdorf's larger ferrying companies, a collective of nine ferrymen operating out of the Reikerbahn district. Led by one Otto Pentzlerr, the union is striving to take control of as much of the river ferry traffic as possible. They built their fiefdom by monopolising the ferrying business to and from Kaldach, outside Altdorf. From this base, they hired, bribed, or bullied their rivals out of business. They are carefully expanding their fleet with the goal of controlling all passenger and cargo traffic across the river. Allies receive preferential treatment and never want for a ferryman to take them or their goods across, while those who refuse to pay the company's somewhat inflated rates must find other methods for getting their wares over the Reik.

Pentzlerr and his colleagues pay dues to the Fish to operate out of the Old Docks. Thus, they also enjoy the protection of the gang, and anyone who crosses their path will have to deal with vicious thugs.

BOSCO'S BONES

The burly Bosco is a small-time mobster specialising in gambling and betting. His club is the destination of choice for gamblers who don't want their games of chance ruined by uptight concierges raising objections to pipe-smoking, card-counting, or drunken renditions of bawdy shanties at the table. Bosco pays dearly for the protection of the Fish, making this establishment a fairly safe place for patrons from all walks of life to bring their coin, and then steadily lose it. He provides his visitors with dice and cards, letting them play what they want provided they keep themselves liberally refreshed from his bar. In the basement, he has dug a small pit for dog baiting and crat fights. Rumour has it that duels between Human contestants are sometimes fought in that arena, with higher stakes in gold and blood.

Bosco and his men quickly deal with serious cheaters and those who resort to violence at the card table. Depending on the severity of their crime, transgressors face a ban from the premises or a long walk off a short wharf.

COUNTING CARDS



☠ Bosco is convinced that a gang of scoundrels are cheating at cards in his den, but he doesn't know how they are doing it. He will handsomely reward Characters who identify the cheaters and their method. In truth, the gambler responsible for a string of unlikely wins is a Dreamwine addict, who receives prophetic flashes as to how to stake his bets. In many successful rounds he fails to look at his cards at all. His opponents are furious.

THE ALTDORF ROYALE

At least once a year, though on no schedule anyone can decipher, the Altdorf Royale is called – a series of interconnected games of skill and chance played at taverns, clubs, and less typical venues across the city. It costs a full 10 Gold Crowns to enter, with the final pot coming to at least 500 Gold Crowns most years. However, the true prize is always some singular item such as a magical artefact, ancient book, or the deed to lost holdings deep in the Reikwald. No one knows exactly who organises the Altdorf Royale, though The Dicemen are enthusiastic participants, and the hosting venues are always paid in full and in advance. Here are some previous events.

2508 I.C. – Events included betting on a race between two Halflings across the city, a game involving imported Cathayan cards, and a competition to see how deep one could dive into the Reik without drowning. The final prize was a Dwarf axe said to have been lost in the reign of Magnus the Pious.

2505 I.C. – Events included an archery competition, an event that involved rolling a cheese wheel down the length of the Street of a Hundred Taverns, eating said Cheese Wheel in the shortest possible time, and a duel to first blood between the remaining participants. The prize was a purported deed to Castle Drachenfels, which was turned down by the eventual winner.

2503 I.C. – Events included a game of chance using a series of unusual five-sided dice, a competition to insult the largest number of Dwarfs in one hour, and a mock naval engagement on the river Reik that was ultimately broken up by the city Watch. The prize was to be a map and claim to a tract of land in the Border Princes containing a productive gold mine, but no participants survived to claim it.





Gustav Zasle, the Humble Mastermind

For an elegant doublet or a jerkin that fits perfectly, one should visit Zasle the tailor. His discreet shop in Grandmarkt caters to wealthy Altdorf merchants who want bespoke garments of the finest fabrics. Zasle is softly-spoken and always immaculate.

What Zasle's clients don't know is that this small, meek man is behind some of Altdorf's most daring crimes. From the back room of his shop, Gustav stitches together the most intricate heists, assembling the city's accomplished criminals to ensure a seamless job. The man himself never leaves the shop, but with the right team of burglars, marksmen, and con artists, he can pull off the most unbelievable crimes.

The City Watch still wants to know how Grafina Elena von Midwald lost her emerald choker. They wonder how Ernard Hoffman was decapitated in his cell at Mundsen Keep. Watchmen and knights both are still trying to figure out how someone stole the skull of Hedrich I from his sacral room at the Palace, right under the noses of the Knights Griffon.

Gustav Zasle makes a good patron for criminal Characters, as he's always in need of people with unique skills. Alternatively, he could be an adversary for a party investigating one of his heists.

GUSTAV ZASLE - HUMAN CAT BURGLAR (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	34	40	52	49	45	48	46	43	55	46	18

Traits: Armour (Body, Arms) 1, Melee (Crowbar) +9

Skills: Athletics 73, Bribery 56, Charm 71, Climb 72, Cool 80, Consume Alcohol 10, Dodge 68, Endurance 69, Evaluate 63, Gossip 59, Haggle 59, Intuition 65, Language (Guilder) 53, Leadership 56, Lore (Local) 68, Melee (Basic) 37, Perception 65, Pick Lock 61, Research 53, Secret Signs (Thief) 68, Set Trap 56, Sleight of Hand 56, Stealth (Urban) 73, Trade (Tailor) 66

Talents: Artistic, Break and Enter, Catfall, Criminal, Doomed (*The crooked child shall return*), Etiquette (Criminals, Guilder), Fast Hands, Read/Write, Savvy, Shadow, Step Aside, Strong Back, Suave, Tinker, Warrior Born

Trappings: Crowbar, Fine Clothing, Tailors Guild Licence, Trade tools (Tailor, Thief), Apprentice and Workshop, Leather Jerkin, Sack (Exquisitely Made)



Honorla Kohle, the Rat Queen

Down in the warrens of Reikerbahn, the name of Honorla Kohle is spoken in hushed tones. She has been an active member of the Hooks pretty much since she could walk, and over the last 40 years she's only grown in reputation. In that time, she's been through three husbands and given birth to half a dozen strapping young men who would die for their mother.

Kohle controls a block of rookeries through violence and intimidation. The slum-dwellers pay her protection, and in return she eats their best food and allows her sons to take what they want from their homes. Even the Hooks find Kohle's aggression excessive, but she pays into the gang funds. Besides, the war chiefs know it can occasionally be useful to have someone so notorious on their side.

Honorla's nickname 'the Rat Queen' comes from the voluminous ratskin cloak that she wears over her corpulent frame. Recently it's become more literal, as she seems to attract vermin wherever she goes. There are even East Enders who whisper that the rats do her bidding. Old Granny Furst was found half-eaten in her bed after she swore at Honorla's youngest boy last month.

Kohle is a nasty piece of work. If one of her victims approaches the Characters for help, the moral Characters may step in to end her reign of terror. Less scrupulous Characters could work with Honorla and her horrible family, perhaps helping with their dirty work.

HONORIA KOHLE HUMAN CRIME LORD (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	49	25	45	30	55	55	35	22	35	15	13

Traits: Armour 1, Ranged (Crossbow) +9, Weapon (Dagger + 7)

Skills: Animal Care 49, Bribery 62, Channelling 52, Charm 62, Consume Alcohol 70, Cool 72, Dodge 52, Endurance 80, Evaluate 57, Gossip 65, Haggle 52, Intimidate 88, Intuition 35, Language (Magick) 49, Leadership 57, Lore (Local) 59, Melee (Basic 68, Brawling 73), Perception 35, Sleight of Hand 35, Stealth (Urban) 52, Ranged (Crossbow) 44

Talents: Arcane Magic (Witchcraft), Commanding Presence, Criminal, Dirty Fighting, Doomed (*Beware the Grey and the White*), Embezzle, Etiquette (Criminals), Instinctive Diction, Iron Will, Kingpin, Menacing, Petty Magic, Robust, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Suave, Very Resilient, Very Strong, Warrior Born, Wealthy, Witch!

Trappings: Crossbow, Dagger, Treats for the Little Ones, Leather Jack, Network of Informants, Cloak with many hidden pockets stuffed with straw and droppings

SPELLS

Petty Magic: Animal Friend, Eavesdrop, Produce Small Animal

Witchcraft: Blight, Creeping Menace, Curse of Ill-Fortune



SCHLECHT LADEN

There's an Altdorfer joke that ends with the punchline, *'Death to the north, anarchy to the west, blood to the south, and gunpowder to the east. Why wouldn't I live in Schlecht Laden?'* The joke isn't very funny, especially to those who make their home here. But it's a fair reflection of life in Schlecht Laden: the area is unpleasant, but on every side is a district that's worse. There's a palpable feeling of tension, like something bad is about to happen.

This a place of strange juxtapositions. Only in Schlecht Laden will one likely see a swaggering gang of Hooks pass a funeral procession heading towards Toteninsel, or a herd of pigs driven to slaughter ahead of a patrol of nervous soldiers from Pauper's Keep.

Most of the housing in Schlecht Laden consists of dilapidated rookeries, but the people who live here are more lethargic and less rebellious than East Enders elsewhere.

BUTCHER'S WHARF

Most livestock enter Altdorf on foot, but a steady flow of barges also brings farm animals into the city for slaughter. The boats dock at Butcher's Wharf in Schlecht Laden, from where the animals go to the knackers' yards and markets of Fleischmarkt.

The wharf is a collection of jetties projecting into the Talabec and a range of pens to hold livestock during unloading. It's noisy and hectic, but wharf boss Hanne Carveln carefully manages and organises the activity. She is a distinctive sight in Schlecht Laden, with her wide-brimmed hat, weathered plains clothing, and thick Averlander accent. Years of herding cattle on the plains of her home province honed her skills handling animals.

At any time of morning, there are sheep, goats, cattle, and horses penned in on the Wharf. Riverfolk, dockers, and herders bustle about, counting heads and kicking the more recalcitrant beasts to get them moving.

Butcher's Wharf is Hook territory. Dockers and wranglers affiliated with the gang sometimes use the dock to bring contraband or fugitives into the city unnoticed. Hanne turns a blind eye, providing they don't disrupt the smooth operations of the wharf. She'd rather have a quiet life.



CROWNING GORY

- ☠ The Red Crown are planning to sneak Beastmen into the city in a barge full of woolly cattle. Two miles downriver on the Talabec, they killed a boatman and hid 29 Gors amongst the cows, with some sedation to keep them calm for the trip. Once they arrive at Butcher's Wharf, a little petty magic will spur the Gors to action, causing mayhem as they rampage into the East End.

PAUPER'S KEEP

The watch commanders at Empire House may have given up on the Reikerbahn, but they don't want to sound a total retreat. They can always point to Pauper's Keep as evidence of their continuing fight against lawlessness and sedition in the East End.

The keep is a tall fort at the western edge of Schlecht Laden, with high walls and multiple watch towers projecting up from the ramparts. This is both a barracks and a watch station, with little to distinguish between the soldiers and watchmen other than regimental colours. When they must venture out, both wear substantial armour and hurry back to the fort as soon as possible.

The Watch and the regiment come under the command of Captain Holger Udern, a recent appointee to the fort. Before he arrived, complacency was rampant in Pauper's Keep. Soldiers performed cursory patrols before coming back to a warm fire and ale. The watchmen made their way to a favourite hostelry for their shift and returned at the slightest hint of rain. Why make life hard?

But Captain Udern is looking to make his reputation. He's stepped up patrols and wants to make a greater show of strength to the local gangs. He's hand-picked the toughest and bravest from his command and set them up as a band of 'head crackers'. This lot get extra pay for going out and beating or killing members of the Fish. It's only a matter of time before Fish war chiefs organise reprisals.

A BOLD BREW

- Pauper's Keep veterans claim that Reikerbahn's criminals drink a sorcerous infusion to increase their fighting prowess. Supposedly, a mysterious follower of the Old Faith who lives in the Old Docks brews up the concoction. Captain Udern is not convinced, but he'd like someone to investigate and, if the story is true, steal the formula.

EMMANUELLE'S SLOPHOUSE AND FLOPHOUSE

Emmanuelle's is little more than a large shack with holes in the walls, floor, and roof. The interior features collapsing benches and stolen crates where diners can enjoy a bowl of lucky slop for 1d. Lucky slop is not a meal; it's an emotional journey for the taste buds. This is a unique concoction, based on a delicate blend of Reik and Talabec water, infused with the essence of bones and soil.

The chef adds a variety of locally sourced ingredients to this stock: potato peelings, weeds, and unidentified clumps of fur. Then there is the finishing touch that makes the dish 'lucky' — the chance of finding a piece of 'meat', boiled lovingly to a distinctive shade of grey.

The owner of the Slophouse is Emmanuelle D'Artoigne, self-professed 'Knight of the Culinary Arts'. He is on a crusade to bring gustatory enlightenment to Altdorf. The destitute customers who shuffle into the Slophouse are willing to tolerate D'Artoigne's grandiose nonsense when he doles out the slop, providing he keeps the price low.

A LONG NIGHT

- Some bowls of lucky slop really are lucky. Last week, a beggar found a severed ear in her bowl, with a silver earring attached. Emmanuelle makes a little money during the night, as he rents out space on the floor of the Slophouse and Flophouse to anyone who pays the price of two pennies. The floors are cold, hard, and damp, and guests must provide their own bedding. But at least they have a roof over their heads and a locked door between them and the East End. In the morning, they are also provided with a freshly stewed bowl of slop, though observant guests may note that there are always a few beds mysteriously empty come morning.



GUDRUN'S GUARDS

The East End is a dangerous place for outsiders. If one really must venture into the Reikerbahn or beyond, they could always hire some muscle from Gudrun Cragsdottir.

Gudrun operates from a low brick building on Hackmesserplatz. The steep-pitched roof is held up with thick beams marked with Dwarf runes, which denote this as a home for Norse Dwarfs. Inside is a hearth, fur-covered benches, and steps leading down to sleeping quarters. Seated around the fire at all hours are a small group of shirtless Norse Dwarfs, drinking ale and singing in their peculiar dialect of Khazalid.

Customers explain to Gudrun how long they'd like protection and where they're going; she'll propose a price and provide one of her bodyguards to accompany them. The base rate is 2 GC an hour, with lower rates for safer destinations and greater prices for especially dangerous destinations like the Isle of Eels.

The guards' protection is very effective. Every one of them is a solid block of muscle, but it's not really the *immediate* threat of violence that keeps customers safe. It's common knowledge that if you mess with Gudrun's lads, you'll soon face twelve angry Norse Dwarfs, including Gudrun's brother Agur. He has sworn the Slayer Oath and loves an uneven fight.

A DELIGHTFUL DUNKING

- ☠ Gudrun's Guards like to show everyone that they don't feel the cold. Whenever the Talabec freezes over, they strip naked and dive through the ice for a swim. The Dwarfs of Metallschlacke bemoan the mad behaviour of their northern kin and would like this tradition to end. The Altdorf authorities just want to see fewer Dwarf behinds on cold days.

THE BLACK PIKE

The *Black Pike* is one of the roughest taverns in an area known for rough drinking spots. The building skulks on the waterfront, black-timbered and forbidding. This is a hangout for Hooks, and it takes a brave or oblivious stranger to enter the bar and remain long.

The landlord of the *Black Pike* is 'Hatchet' Axel Berger, a man known for his sour mood and impatience with customers. 'Hatchet' has a southern accent and a long scar down one side of his face. He's never told anyone where it came from, nor has anyone dared ask.

The patrons of the *Black Pike* are gang members, dock workers, and other locals drowning their sorrows with cheap rotgut. On alternate nights, the tavern attracts a large crowd to watch and bet on the eel fights.

In the middle of the tap room is a large wooden lid, which lifts to reveal a crude pool under the floor. Customers bring half-starved Reik eels in barrels and drop them in the water to fight, while the crowds cheer and place wagers. It's a bloody but popular entertainment, and there are several locals who make a living from catching and training eels as prize fighters.

LIVE PREY

- ☠ The Hooks sometimes use the *Black Pike's* eel pool to dispose of bodies and train their most vicious eels at the same time. Sometimes the bodies aren't quite dead.

THE PALACE OF MISERY

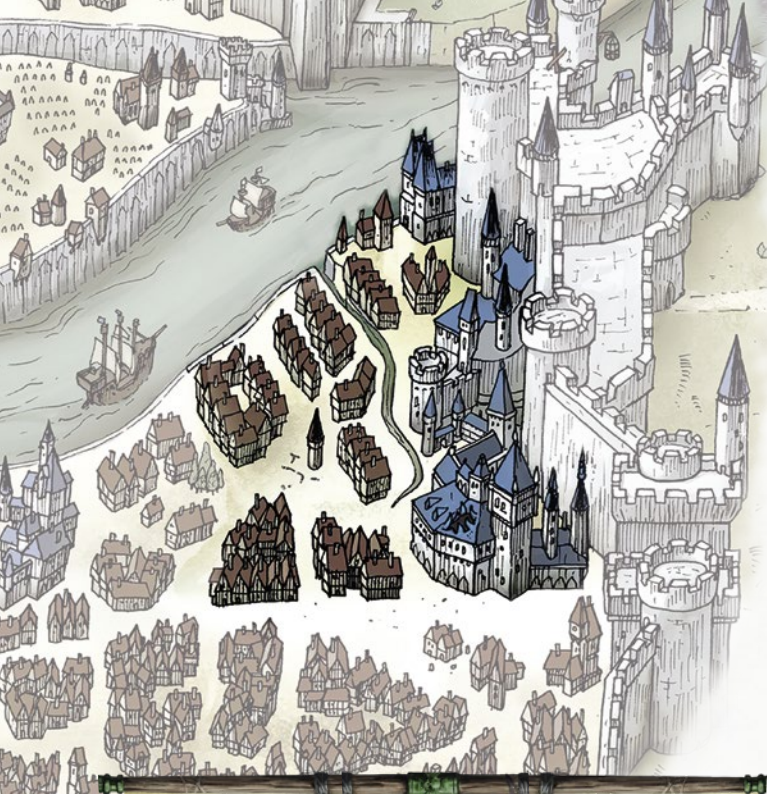
The rookery 'Palace of Misery' got its nickname from the dire conditions within and the depressing view of Toteninsel's many graves. It stands, or rather *lists*, at the southern end of Reaper's Crossing.

From the outside, this is an especially ramshackle specimen of an East End rookery. There are so many decrepit wooden galleries and rooms thrusting out into the street that the original buildings are indiscernible. The dirt-smeared wattle-and-daub is patched and soggy. Hollow-eyed children stare from gaping windows with broken shutters. Gutters leak water and filth through sagging roofs.

Inside is even worse. The air seems tainted with despair and the rooms are so small, filthy, and squalid that the residents sit in sullen silence. Each family lives in a single room, strung with washing and stinking of human deprivation. The corridors and staircases wind in crazy directions, tunnelling through the structure like the burrowing of a maggot through a corpse.

ROOKERY REGRET

- ☠ The rookery grew through several centuries over a beautiful mansion. The original building is still intact beneath the layers of the decrepit structure. Little do the poor inhabitants realise that a few feet away is an opulent mansion, sealed off from the outer world hundreds of years ago and still stuffed with priceless antiques.
- ☠ Last month, a dying Untersuchung agent hid in an attic room to escape the Purple Hand cultists hunting him. He stashed his reports behind a rotten beam and died. Now his corpse lies on the floor, mouldering and forgotten. The reports contain some very compromising names. Both the Purple Hand and the Untersuchung are desperately searching for the notes.



DAMPFPLATZ

The home of the Imperial School of Engineers was once called the Nebelplatz, as low-lying land here trapped the morning fog. Now, the area is better known for its smoking stacks and the gouts of steam from rattling gimcracks that undergo constant testing in the ward's public spaces.

The Dampfplatz is an unusual part of the East End; it is not considered a desirable place to live, but neither is it a crime-ridden rookery. The Imperial School of Engineers attracts learning — and not a little wealth — but is dirty, noisy, and viewed with distrust. The official reason for establishing the school here is proximity to the East Gate and an area of bare land set aside for an artillery range. It is also an open secret that Altdorf's south bank worthies wanted it as far from their manors as possible.

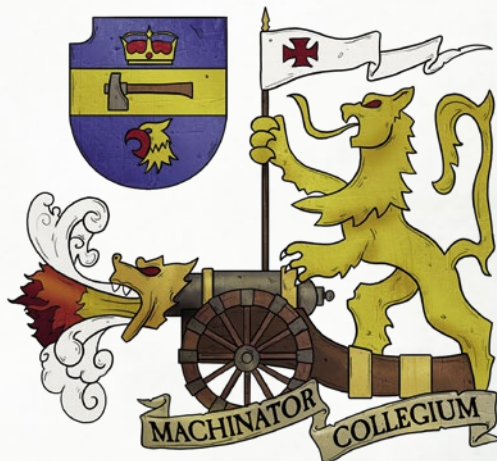
THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL OF ENGINEERS

Founded in Altdorf in 1212 IC by Leonardo da Miragliano, the Imperial School of Engineers has produced a vast arsenal of deadly weapons and marvellous contraptions. Prospective students flock from Tilea, Kislev, and Grand Cathay to study the principles taught here. Even the Dwarfs, who are rightly proud of the achievements of their Engineering Guild, respect the ingenuity, innovation, and industry of Altdorf's engineers.

A foundry adjoins the school, which focuses on production of big guns. The feared multi-barrelled Helblaster volley guns are fabricated here. Whilst the secrets of constructing steam tanks seem to have died with Leonardo, the school's workshops have kept eight of them in working order despite centuries of use.

The school buildings consist of dormitories for the students and a vast lecture theatre where master engineers expound on theories and principles. The upper floors of the building are given over to small workshops where inventors tinker with prototypes or draw up new designs. The walls to the north are swathed in scaffold after an accident involving an innovative rocket design. The unfortunate incident resulted in a number of deaths and damaged the integrity of the building. Towering smoke stacks rise from the foundries, and a wide wooden platform tops the structure. Upon it stand a signalling device and an observation tower. This is the northernmost terminal of a chain of semaphore machines that pass messages between Altdorf and Nuln.

The engineering school is a model of cooperation between military leaders, wizards, alchemists, artisans, and politicians. Businessmen see the sponsorship of a contraption as a great way to market their own enterprises. As such, the area can be a surprisingly good place to mingle and network.



MALIGN MISSIVES



- ☠ Katya Vares is a young enthusiast of semaphore machines. Unfortunately, her code-breaking is not accurate, and she has misinterpreted messages promising a bumper harvest in the Vennland for warnings about an imminent invasion from Kislev. Her careless gossip is growing into a conspiracy theory throughout the East End, and Kislevites in Altdorf are coming under attack from paranoid mobs.
- ☠ An unknown Cathayan gentleman has been standing outside the college and loudly proclaiming the theft of his designs for a multiple rocket launcher. He says Imperial engineers stole his design and used it in their war machines. He also claims that unless he is richly compensated, the Dragon Emperor will visit a terrible revenge on Altdorf.

THE DAMPFPLATZ PRESS

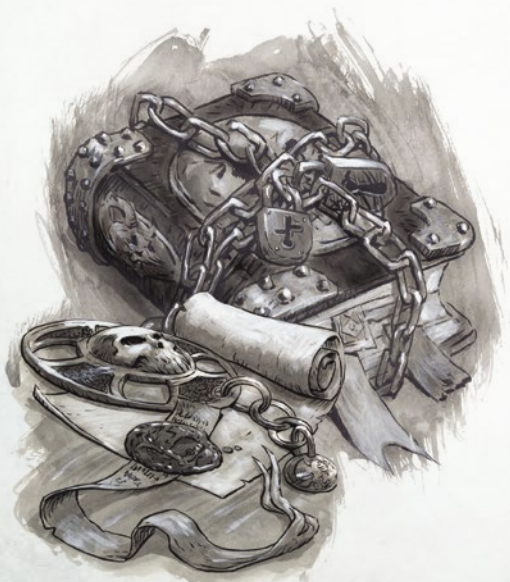
Hermann Gotz keeps a workshop in the Dampfpfplatz dedicated to printing and binding books. It is a good location; leather and glue come cheaply from the neighbouring Fleishmarkt district, and Dampfpfplatz is home to learned and wealthy customers who appreciate a good book.

His business is large: four presses run throughout the day to produce the printed pages, and several artisans work to stitch folios together and paste them to leather-bound covers. Hermann is proud of his products, and his books are invariably beautiful works of art, no matter the subject.

Hermann's customers include Detlef Sierck, who orders small runs of his best plays as gifts for his patrons; Mornan Tybalt, who believes his proposals for new legislation carry more weight if presented as leather-bound books; and many of Altdorf's engineers and wizards.

ARCANE BY ACCIDENT

- Recently, Hermann Gotz has brought his business to the verge of penury by printing a huge volume full of his own poetry – 90 folios of artless doggerel. His workers moan about the waste of it all. Hermann is a member of the Dice Men, and the publication of the book is the result of an unfortunate roll. However, the rambling tome is oddly popular among some of the city's more esoteric denizens, and some claim it contains hidden truths that even Hermann is ignorant of.



THE ALTDORF IMPERIAL SOCIETY OF PIGEON FANCIERS

In the East End of Altdorf, it has become a popular hobby to keep and train homing pigeons. A club of pigeon fanciers keeps a small Dampfpfplatz office. From here, crates of birds are despatched to faraway cities and released. The owner of the first bird to be recorded returning to Altdorf can win glittering prizes and the admiration of their peers. The office is a small building with a cramped reception area and an office heaving with reports, trophies, and a few stuffed birds. These pigeons, their metabolic processes now only of interest to historians, bear plaques like 'The King of Remas' and 'Sigismund the Conqueror'.

The Altdorf Pigeon Fanciers have an uneasy relationship with the Imperial School of Engineers. On one hand, many engineers show an interest in flight and navigation. On the other, they tend to wish to weaponise pigeons in a manner that is usually fatal for the birds. The newly erected signal towers also cause professional strife.

PIGEON PIED

- One of the organisations that make extensive use of carrier pigeons is the Purple Hand. Occasionally, members of the Altdorf Pigeon Fanciers intercept their birds. They are suspicious of the coded messages, but don't know what to do with them, so typically stash the notes in the society's office. This makes them the unwitting custodians of a great deal of intelligence about the cult's activities. On the one hand, they are disrupting the cult and gathering valuable information. On the other hand, any curious Witch Hunter who recognised the Purple Hand's ciphers would have some very difficult questions for the society.
- A crate of birds was bound for Akendorf, south of Black Fire Pass. Before they even reached Averheim, the birds went missing. The trustees of the society would reward anyone who could find them. The reward is surprisingly generous, for the pigeons are actually intended to bring news of import to the organisers of PLANT.



FLEISHMARK

In the midst of the East End, the Fleishmark district deals almost exclusively in the slaughter of animals and the processing of their meat. Every morning, drovers from farms and pastures around the Reikland queue at the east gate, hoping to gain entry to the city before the boom of the artillery fields starts up.

Once through the gates, they make to the holding pens and knacker's yards of the Fleishmark, either to sell their livestock or see them rendered down into meat and bones. There are many odoriferous businesses in the area, such as tanneries and glue factories, making efficient use of the waste products of slaughter. A thick layer of blood and manure besmirches the cobbles, and disease breeds in the tightly packed tenements that line the alleyways nearby.

MARKET SQUARE

The Fleishmark market square is different to those found in other parts of the city. This is a place for livestock auctions; the few stalls and hawkers here merely sell snacks to those whose primary purpose is to purchase animals. The auctioneers speak a strange tongue, a pidgin-Reikspiel dealing in quantities and prices that only experienced buyers and sellers understand. Newcomers to the markets find the noise and bustle confusing, and are best advised to find a guide should they wish to make purchases of their own.

Animals fill the pens and cages around the area. These are mostly sheep and chickens, for such livestock is easily raised throughout the Reikland. Cattle and horses come from further afield, some having been driven all the way from the wide fields of Averland. Eggs and milk are also sold here, so cheesemongers and bakers patronise the Fleishmark, as well as butchers. Game is rarely sold at the Fleishmark, usually making its way straight to the tables of noble households or fancy clubs.

RUMSTERS' PRODUCTION HAUS

Numerous smoking stacks protrude from a great wooden shack. Barrows of flesh and pepper go in, barrels of spiced mincemeat come out. The Production Haus is not a retail outlet but a factory, dedicated to churning out pie filling and sausage meat for distribution to Rumster shops and stalls throughout the city and nearby towns.

The Rumsters are not fussy about the meat they procure for processing. Apprentices carry slopping buckets of blood from slaughterhouses. They even intercept barrows of guts headed for the Sewer Atrium, willing to pick through the carnage for chunks of fat or gristle. It all goes to the Production Haus, where Henricus Rumster, foreman of the mincers, sees all the gore and gristle rendered into halfway-edible fillings.

BUTCHERY ON HIGH



- ☠ Last Pie Week, a delegation of Ogres approached the palace. They claimed they could employ energies emanating from the Production Haus in a great ritual. The Emperor has postponed their request until next year. Authorities ask Characters to research the Ogre religion in the meantime, to see if such a magical working would be beneficial or malign. A follow-up task for such investigators might involve the delicate task of turning the delegation down...



A STAG HAUNT



- ☠ When vast cuts of venison are produced by butchers in the Fleishmark, Altdorf's Wood Elves begin to question its origin. A Hinterglade champion, who rode upon a magnificent giant stag, was scheduled to visit his kindred in the city. He was last seen several weeks ago. The Elves' concern isn't merely for their lost champion: they warn that Great Stags are only partly real and the consumption of their flesh is not healthy.
- ☠ Stampedes are not uncommon around the Fleishmark. However, when a spooked herd of cattle fatally tramples the young son of a cousin to Baron Holzkrug, questions arise. How did their pen come to be unlocked just as a tremendous explosion occurred at the Engineers' School?

OFFICE OF THE BUTCHERS' GUILD

The Butchers' Guild is the most important guild in the district. An impressive three-storey building, with its stone ground floor and half-timbered upper levels, stands testament to their influence. The guild sets guidelines on what constitutes a particular cut of meat, the recommended retail price, and how old and ranky meat can get before it is fit only for prisoners and the destitute.

Human burghers dominate most guilds in Altdorf, but the Butchers' Guild has a significant Halfling presence. This is the result of a long campaign of lobbying and entryism by the Rumster family. In centuries past, the regulations laid down by the guild expected the Halflings to meet stringent standards. Thanks to their careful subversion of the Guild, Rumsters can now ram almost anything into the Production Haus hoppers.

A PLUCKY SORT

Jeorgie Rumster has been in contact with a member of the Mundane Alchemists' guild. He has sponsored them in the creation of a chemical dip within which to immerse chickens. After twenty seconds the birds are dead, featherless, and sterile. All a cook has to do is remove the guts and roast them. Despite the Rumsters' influence, many in the guild suspect foul play and seek spies to discover the chemical constitution of the dip. Others imagine a rather different use for such a caustic mix.

Gorrum Gluttongut's shop presents a challenge to the guild (see page 145). Many guild members would like to ignore his business in the hope that he surrenders to wanderlust and moves on. Others argue that he sets precedent for butchers to refuse their dues or ignore regulations. Gorrum's enemies in the guild are considering hiring discreet assassins.

THE SEWER ATRIUM

Many of the marvels of civil engineering to be found in Altdorf inspire awe and wonder, but this is not the case with the Fleishmark sewer atrium. Nearly everyone deems it an absolute disgrace for its stomach-churning stench and appearance, and the local grocers and food stalls complain that it affects their trade disastrously on hot days.

In years past, it was customary for the knackers and butchers of Fleishmark to wheel barrows of extraneous waste on to a long pier and dump it in the centre of the Reik. However, folk living downriver, particularly the nobles of the South Bank, complained about the stinking offal floating by their homes. So, the Sewer Atrium was constructed: a vast brick-lined pit into which all the by-products of butchery could be cast, along with used tannery swill, to rot down and leach through to the city sewers.

ATRIUM ADVENTURES

Whilst the Atrium does provide a convenient place to dump the capital's most noxious rubbish, it provides cover and resources for Altdorf's enemies. During the night, Skaven prowl the edges of the atrium. What Altdorfers deem inedible they find delicious or, at least, fitting fare for their slaves.

In recent years, the Atrium has become the headquarters of those among the Tinean Fellowship who have fallen the furthest in their devotions to Nurgle. Doktor Festus has established a base of operations in one of the culverts that lead from the main entrance, where he brews all manner of maladies from the rotten stews within.

PAETER KOHL SADDLEMAKER AND ARMOURER

To the west of the Fleishmark proper is the Werkstette area. This is a compact but busy hive of stinking industry devoted to rendering the by-products of slaughter into saleable goods. Gut drawers produce strings for bows and musical instruments, glue makers boil hooves and bones, and rows of stinking tanneries produce cured hide.

The leatherworkers endure the stench of the tanneries for the benefit of being able to quickly source the best hides. There are many leatherworkers in Werkstette, and most of them are specialists. Frau Kenner produces nothing other than the covers of books, Johan Gotter makes pouches and purses, and Paeter Kohl makes saddles and leather armour. His workshop has no windows, though the dinginess is a small price to pay for some relief from the stench of the tanneries. A sign denotes the goods he produces. The inside is dark and cramped, filled with unfinished pieces.

MASKED INTENTIONS

Paeter does a sideline in leather masks, and often creates them for guild rituals or costume balls. Recently, a new customer has commissioned nine masks, all in shades of gold and purple. These are to be worn by the inner circle of the Purple Hand at their next Geheimnisnacht meeting. Paeter does not know this, but is somewhat suspicious of the odd character who insisted on knowing how well 'blood and finest sulphur' would wash out of the leather.

GLUTTONGUT'S DELIKATESSEN

Gorrum Gluttongut has a rare versatility of touch for an Ogre. He not only serves meat raw, but also after scalding it in hot fat. His Delikatessen used to be a two-storey house, but Gorrum has refurbished by demolishing the furniture and half the ceiling. It is now a gore-streaked charnel house where the *thwack!* of his cleaver is accompanied by the constant drone of blowflies. The stench of rot is cloying. Whilst Gorrum deals in fresh meat, his sole concession to hygiene is to slurp up the blood from his chopping block.

Gorrum does profitable trade owing to the fact that he is not only a capable butcher, but also willing (indeed, enthusiastic) to slaughter livestock and carry carcasses himself. His shop draws many Ogres (who find other meat markets stingy with portions), but also Human, Halfling, and occasional Dwarf customers who don't mind if their meat is a little squashed and gnawed, provided it is cheap. A small community of Ungols and other steppe nomads lives in Fleishmarkt, and are used to Ogres.

THE BUTCHER OF FLEISHMARK



☠ Gorrum has taken a commission to dispose of human remains for Willi Pick (see page 36). The Ogre is reliable and discreet about this sort of work, but has decided to say he has 'bigger Fish to fry' if anyone asks about recent disappearances. The quip is just too hilarious to pass up. Willi, in need of discretion, would not approve of such humour.

☠ Access to one of the busiest slaughter yards outside of the Ogre Kingdoms is keeping Gorrum's wanderlust at bay for now, but one day he will move on. Before he goes, he plans on one last culinary adventure, involving a daring heist from the Altdorf Zoo! He may wish to hire larcenous adventurers to help him in this endeavour.





KHAZID URBAZ TOWN HALL

A council of Dwarf elders meets as necessary to govern Metallschlacke, independently of the human city council. The most senior elder, Rogar Rubyfinder, is chairman, but everyone's voice is equal. Decisions pertaining to infrastructure, law enforcement, and diplomacy are debated and resolved by consensus over many mugs of ale. The last councillors standing after an all-nighter of drinking and debating usually get their way.

The main council building is a spacious beer-hall of ancient construction. Khazid Urbaz (which translates to 'trading post town') was founded circa -480 IC, shortly after Unberogens settled across the river fork. Elders claim Khazid Urbaz was the very first Imperial Dwarf town. The hall's newer wings contain offices, ale stores, watch headquarters, and a small gaol. Its cellars link to important Metallschlacke buildings via access tunnels through the Niederwind subdistrict.

METALLSCHLACKE

Several thousand Dwarfs live in Altdorf's East End. Census estimates are unreliable because only a minority of Dwarfs live aboveground in Metallschlacke. The majority reside in an underground subdistrict called Niederwind. Metallschlacke's sturdy stone houses are rarely taller than a single storey, but often incorporate two or three subterranean levels. Dwarf taverns and smithies attract customers of all species, especially during the annual Brodag drinking festival.

The city's Dwarf quarter was an independent town (or 'khazid') centuries before the Empire was founded. Today, its Dwarf residents are subjects of the Emperor but retain a degree of autonomy. Imperial Dwarfs dress like their Human allies and even take up traditionally human professions. Dwarfs built Altdorf's entire sewer system, large sections of the city wall, and several of the city's great bridges.

JUDGE AND JURY



- The town council acts as a jury for crimes committed in Metallschlacke, with Chairman Rubyfinder mediating as judge. Criminal trials are comparatively sober affairs. Although everyone stands trial under Dwarf law, convicted non-Dwarfs are handed over to the Altdorf Watch for punishment. A Human litigant named Stellan Muenchbek, fluent in both Dwarf and Reikland law, provides expert counsel to clients who can afford his exorbitant rates.
- The Khazid Urbaz council can muster two regiments of Imperial Dwarf soldiers on relatively short notice. When the Emperor deploys an army to the mountains, it usually includes Imperial Dwarf detachments. Dwarfs are also highly skilled sappers and engineers. Imperial Dwarf soldiers often work as mercenaries between tours of duty for the Emperor.

DWARF DIPLOMACY

The town of Khazid Urbaz is not part of the Dwarf state of Karaz Ankor, the 'Everlasting Realm'. Instead, its Dwarfs are subjects of the Emperor. Mountain Dwarfs from the holds of Karaz Ankor consider themselves 'true' Dwarfs, which Imperial Dwarfs find condescending. Nevertheless, the Khazid Urbaz council is influential because Metallschlacke plays a key role in Altdorf's engineering, defence, and infrastructure. Dwarf diplomats from the mountains often lobby Khazid Urbaz for support before petitioning the Emperor directly.

Many Khazid Urbaz Dwarfs still recognise Thorgrim Grudgebearer as High King of their people. Recently expatriated refugees often remain loyal to their home Karak while pledging token fealty to their new Human Emperor. The councillors of Khazid Urbaz sympathise with these conflicting loyalties and try to consider everyone's perspectives. Several of the town's elders were once refugees themselves. Young third- or fourth-generation Imperial Dwarfs, used to Manling ways, tend to consider their mountain cousins stuffy and conservative.

GUILDHALL OF THE DWARF ENGINEERS' GUILD

Inside Altdorf's east gate is the largest Dwarf guild outside of the Karaks. Two large blockhouses face the street. Between them is the guild's only above-ground entrance, a heavy studded oak door. To gain admittance, members knock thrice and whisper a secret password through a discreet hatch. Dwarfs are highly protective when it concerns their trade secrets. Beyond the blockhouses is a sprawling complex of workshops and drafting studios.

The guild's workshops extend three levels underground into the Niederwind subdistrict. Visiting non-members are only supposed to be admitted to Niederwind if they are Dwarfs or Human members of the Imperial Engineers' School (which is located conveniently across the street). Imperial engineers have oversight as a condition of the Dwarf guild's charter. According to rumours, however, a top-secret sublevel exists for inventions that the Dwarf engineers aren't ready to share with Humans.

MARCHING ORDERS

- Imperial engineers have borrowed many experimental designs from Dwarfs. Leonardo Miragliano adapted a Dwarf steam engine design to power his famed steam tanks. Maverick Dwarf engineers sometimes work in private workshops outside the guild, to prevent others from taking credit for their work. The Imperial Engineers' School pays informants to monitor these experiments, and occasionally bribes Dwarf guild members to trace plans.
- Young Dwarf engineers are expected to make a pilgrimage to Zhufbar, where they can learn from masters at the original Dwarf Engineers' Guild. The Altdorf guild has even built several Gyrocopters with cooperation from Zhufbar. However, the road to Zhufbar passes through grim Sylvania where the dead do not rest. Apprentice Dwarf engineers often seek travelling companions to accompany them on this dangerous journey.

SMITHY OF DALBRAN FELLHAMMER

The noise of clanging and singing from Dalbran's smithy is audible across Metallschlacke. Twenty journeymen and sixty-five apprentices produce quality armour and weaponry under Dalbran's supervision. The smithy's many forges rely on a complex mechanism of billows, ducts, shovels, and fans designed by the Dwarf Engineers' Guild. Special chimneys harness ambient heat to power the machinery. At any given time, half of the apprentices are busy operating various contraptions.

Dalbran Fellhammer came to Altdorf nearly twenty years ago on a commission from the Emperor's father, Luitpold. The renowned armourer was to design innovative articulated joints for the Empire's plate mail. When Karl-Franz was crowned, Dalbran fashioned the new Emperor's panoply by moulding black gromril around pieces of the relic-armour of Magnus the Pious. Dalbran still pledges fealty to King Thorgrim and intends to resume serving the Karaz Ankor one day.

RETURN TO SENDER, OR ELSE

- The busy assembly line produces armaments for elite regiments such as greatswords for knights. Dalbran personally forges custom orders to the highest craftsmanship (albeit for a steep price). He enjoys his profits in Altdorf, but on some level also regrets abandoning his people. He sponsors Dwarf-led expeditions to the lost Karaks, providing armour, weapons, and other metal supplies in exchange for intelligence on the holds' present occupants. Adventurers are expected to return important artefacts to Altdorf.
- Hiring Dalbran's services can be an adventure itself. The legendary smith has a long waiting list of customers, so he turns down commissions that don't interest him. Noble customers visit the smithy daily to remind Dalbran of swords they ordered months ago. Dalbran is passionate about armour and gives top priority to pieces that incorporate rare or unique materials.



KHUFER'S BREWHOUSE

One of the city's most notorious Dwarf taprooms belongs to master brewer Alvin Khufer. Premium strong beers are piped directly from the adjoining brewery into the tavern. Patrons venture from across the city to 'get drunk like Dwarfs' at Khufer's. The beer is so strong that non-Dwarfs often struggle to finish a single pint. Rowdy regulars are quick to taunt weak-stomached patrons, and are doubly harsh with Dwarf lightweights. Behind the brewery is a locked malthouse containing cisterns of soaking grain.

Alvin's ancestors lived in Altdorf centuries before he was born. He's unconcerned with politics and has never visited a Karak. In the past, Alvin has supplied Dwarf resistance fighters, including Bugman's Rangers, with beer and malt through an underground smuggling ring. After the destruction of Bugman's Brewery, Alvin tried to replicate Josef's beers, but the results were less than perfect. True aficionados miss the complexity of the classic brews, though many of Alvin's attempts are close enough to draw a tear from those who recall the true experience of Bugma's Best Bitter. Alvin hasn't seen Josef Bugman in years, but the rangers still visit occasionally.

TUNNEL TROUBLE

- The cellars under the brewhouse store barrels of Khufer's high-quality malt. Secret tunnels extend for miles to wooded locations beyond the city. In addition to smuggling beer and malt, Alvin helps wrongfully convicted Dwarfs escape punishment. Alvin also participates in a black market for elven artefacts that are occasionally recovered from the lost vaults of Kor Vanaeth. Although Alvin's enterprises appear politically motivated, he's mainly concerned with making money.

MIGDHAL ELGIDOK

Altdorf's oldest building was originally the Lord's Hall of a fort dating back to the War of Vengeance (or 'War of the Beard', as Elves call it). After the Dwarfs destroyed the High Elf city of Kor Vanaeth, they built Migdhal Elgidok across the river from the elven ruins. The fortified outpost, whose name translates to 'Fortress Elfwatch', guarded the river estuary against elven counterattacks. The fort was abandoned at the end of the war.

Migdhal Elgidok was abandoned for over 1,000 years, until the founding of the Dwarf town of Khazid Urbaz. Over time, occupants dismantled its original fortifications to make room for housing. Today, the Lord's Hall is a residence for visiting mountain Dwarf nobles and diplomats. The fort's underground chambers are still partly intact. Dwarf refugees from the mountains can board in Migdhal Elgidok's sublevels, which are nicknamed '*kazad krunk*' (the sunken fort) by Imperial Dwarfs.

A PLEA FOR AID

- Migdhal Elgidok is a symbol of Karaz Ankor, the Everlasting Realm. The hall serves as a central meeting place between visiting Dwarf lords and the Elector Counts' representatives in the Prime Estates. By conducting their diplomacy with Imperial provinces here, Dwarf envoys avoid spending months touring the Empire on foot. Oftentimes, these Dwarf lords are seeking military support to break an Orc siege of their home Karak — and are not too particular about whose help they accept.

GROMBAR GATE

A Dwarf bastion gatehouse provides artillery and reconnaissance support for Altdorf's east wall. Atop the bastion is a cannon battery, a semaphore tower, and a gyrocopter pad. A round arsenal tower abuts the bastion, providing wide angles for musket and crossbow fire. The Grombar entrance is preferred by miners and quarrymen to avoid east gate traffic. Non-Dwarfs can use the gate, if they're willing to be questioned and searched by guards.

THE BREAKOUT

- Grombar Gate ('the gate of defiance') is the only remaining fortification of Migdhal Elgidok. Altdorf has been assailed by undead and greenskins throughout history, and Dwarfs were always instrumental in the city's defence. Runesmiths have warded Grombar gate so many times that the winds of magic barely touch it. The bastion includes a prison capable of holding powerful necromancers and Chaos sorcerers. The Colleges of Magic occasionally use Grombar Gate as a holding cell for accused black magisters awaiting trial. Breaking one out would be dangerous, but unimaginably profitable.





Lunn Yorrison, Engineer

Through hard work and perseverance, Lunn Yorrison of the Ironfist clan has risen in the ranks of the Dwarf Engineers' Guild. Though not among the more gifted engineers, Lunn is very loyal to his kinsman and Altdorf guildmaster, Manfrek Ulthersson. Manfrek recently honoured the affable Lunn with the appointment as Guild Liaison to the Imperial School of Engineers. In this role, Lunn's primary tasks are to accompany and cooperate with the Manling engineers for periodic tours of the guild, to answer inquiries about ongoing projects, and to arrange meetings between Manling school leaders and guild members. Lunn also uses his position to secretly observe the Manlings. The guildmaster has expressed concerns about possible theft of guild secrets. Lunn is positioned to determine if and how the Manlings are doing this. Perhaps there is a thief among the Dwarfs' numbers. Is it possible that a disgruntled Dwarf engineer (or two) could be blackmailed into turning over plans?

LUNN YORRISON – ENGINEER (SILVER 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	45	40	37	42	37	23	52	44	56	30	16

Traits: Armour (Body, Arms) 1, Ranged (Repeater Pistol) (20) +8, Weapon (Hammer) +7

Skills: Consume Alcohol 44, Cool 65, Dodge 33, Drive 28, Endurance 50, Evaluate 47, Intimidate 40, Language (Guilder) 46, Lore (Engineer) 48, Navigation 40, Ranged (Engineering) 44, Research 47, Trade (Engineer) 55

Talents: Craftsman (Engineer), Etiquette (Guilder), Magic Resistant, Marksman, Night Vision, Orientation, Read/Write, Relentless, Strong-Minded, Sturdy

Trappings: Guild Licence, Trade Tools (Engineer), 24/4



Kazran Dernsson, Master Gunsmith

A prominent member of the Thundergun clan, Kazran Dernsson is the finest gunsmith in Altdorf. He is assisted in his shop by his wife, Tarni Finnsdottir, and his sons and apprentices, Borm and Thori. Kazran's pistols and hunting rifles (half the length of a Hochland long rifle, half the range, and half the cost) are works of art. All Kazran's blackpowder weapons are of fine and durable quality. His clients include the Emperor, many of the Electors, and a number of Imperial officials.

Kazran only takes new customers through referrals from his current clientele. He will not sell to Elves, nor anyone who freely associates with the fey folk. Kazran accomplishes his most meticulous work in the underground levels of his shop, where he can craft absent fear of those interested in his secrets. When not in his shop, Kazran can be found in the taproom of the *Dragonbreath Tavern*.

KAZRAN DERNSSON MASTER GUNSMITH (SILVER 3)

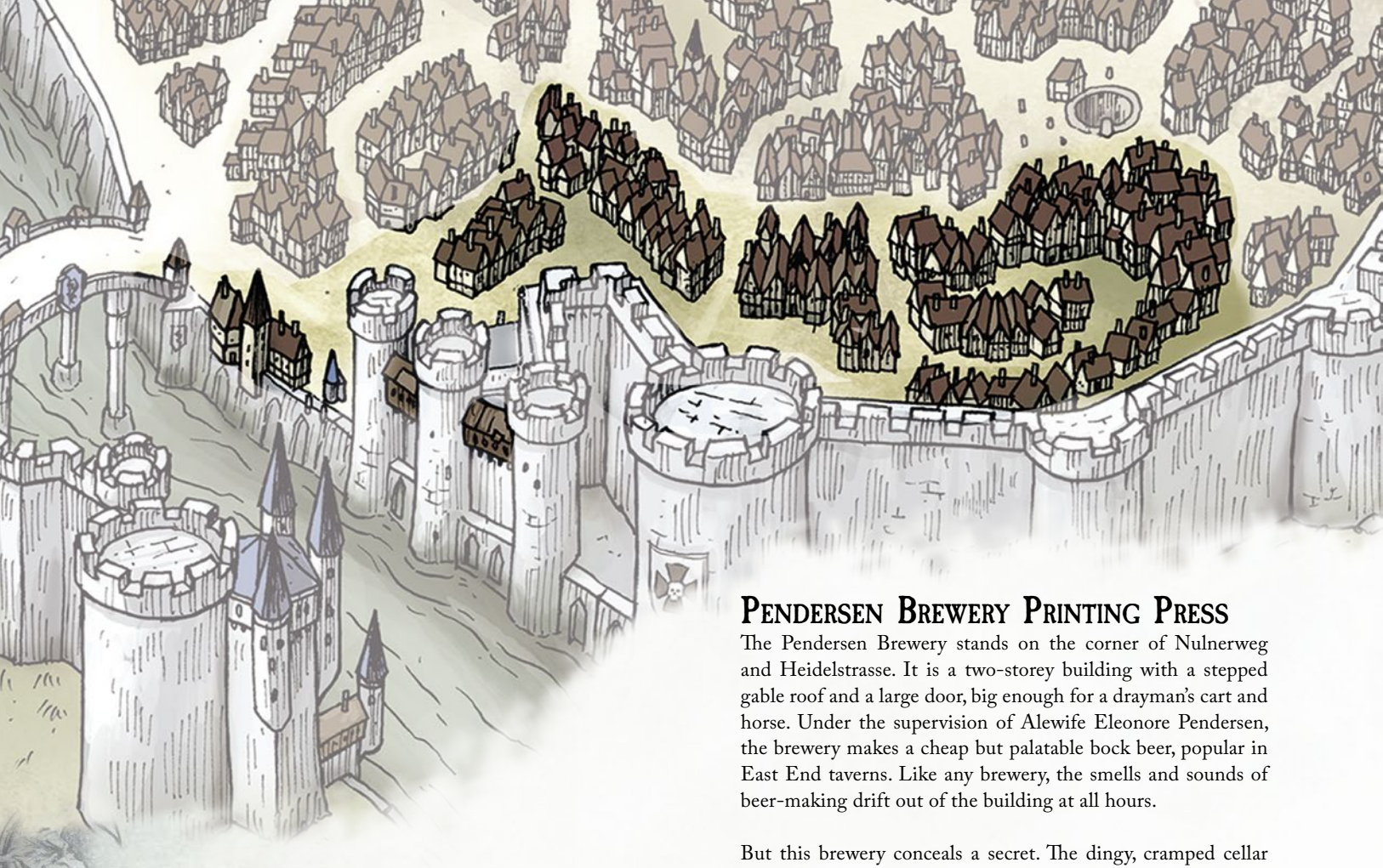
M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	42	38	50	58	34	21	59	33	67	30	21

Traits: Armour (Body, Arms) 1, Ranged (Dwarf Handgun) +10

Skills: Cool 69, Consume Alcohol 69, Dodge 33, Endurance 74, Language (Classical 70, Guilder 65, Khazalid 93), Lore (Engineer 73, Geology 58, Metallurgy 60), Melee (Basic) 46, Navigation 62, Perception 67, Ranged (Blackpowder 71, Engineering 66), Research 70, Trade (Engineer) 86

Talents: Artistic, Craftsman (Engineer), Gunner, Magic Resistance, Marksman, Night Vision, Read/Write, Sniper, Strong-minded, Sturdy, Tinker

Trappings: Dwarf Handgun and 24 shots, Leather Jack, Guild Licence, Trade Tools, Assorted Firearms, 30/5



PENDERSEN BREWERY PRINTING PRESS

The Pendersen Brewery stands on the corner of Nulnerweg and Heidelstrasse. It is a two-storey building with a stepped gable roof and a large door, big enough for a drayman's cart and horse. Under the supervision of Alewife Eleonore Pendersen, the brewery makes a cheap but palatable bock beer, popular in East End taverns. Like any brewery, the smells and sounds of beer-making drift out of the building at all hours.

But this brewery conceals a secret. The dingy, cramped cellar is home to a printing house that produces the *Griffon's Tail*, a satirical pamphlet devoted to the Glorious Revolution of the People (Reformed), a Kloszowskiite group. The constant noise of the brewery conceals the sound of the printing press, while the comings and goings of delivery carts provide cover for shipping out the pamphlets.

Behind it all is the pseudonymous 'Blackberry Fudge', a Halfling poet who dedicated her efforts to the cause at the urging of Prince Kloszowski himself. She is dogged in pursuit of any story that could discredit the nobility and their lackeys.

SUDWAND

The district of Sudwand is cramped, overcrowded, and restless. Squeezed between the southern walls and the Nulnerweg, the locals constantly rebuild and remodel their homes to accommodate a growing population. Few leave the district, choosing instead to enlarge their hovel with a rough wooden extension or new ramshackle floors added to the roof. The result is an ever-changing confusion of flimsy dwellings and temporary constructions. Tight alleys and winding streets appear and disappear from month to month.

The eastern streets of the district are home to most of Altdorf's poorer Halflings, who lack the influence and connections of their Haffenstadt relations. These are the under-cooks and downtrodden servants, the unlucky rogues and the overlooked potboys. Making the situation worse is the domineering presence of Lefra and Ambur Lowhaven, a Halfling couple who effectively rule the community. Their power comes from intimidation and blackmail. Thanks to a network of terrified gossips, Lefra knows every Halfling's secrets, while Ambur has a key to every home. They even have Human families under their thumb.

PAPERBACK WARRIORS



☠ Calvin Kenzig of *The Celestial Body* loathes the *Griffon's Tail*. It embodies everything he hates, being idealistic, seditious, and arguably even witty... and it's now selling better than his own pamphlet. Kenzig is desperate to expose where the *Griffon's Tail* is printed, and willing to pay the Characters to find out.

☠ Blackberry Fudge is looking for a big story, something to make people angry rather than amused. If the Characters can supply her with a really scandalous tale, she can reward them with information or introductions, maybe even arrange a meeting with Prince Kloszowski himself.

SANATORIUM OF MERCY

The sprawling Sanatorium of Mercy is an incongruous sight in the heart of Sudwand, a formidable white-washed presence amongst the ever-changing homes of the residents. Very few know what happens behind the high fence. Unlike the Temple Hospice in Krankenfeld, the Shallyans here are highly selective about who receives care. Visitors are not permitted. Family members who inquire after a patient receive weak excuses, and those who recover say nothing about their therapy. Rumours abound about what goes on in the Sanatorium of Mercy, but everyone knows the treatment is the best in Altdorf.

The central building itself is a former barracks, which was requisitioned to quarantine those afflicted with the Yellow Shakes in the 2472 outbreak. The rest of the building extends across several half-timbered annexes. The whole complex is surrounded by a wrought-iron fence with thick stone fence posts, each topped with a carved dove. Every morning, dozens of sick and infirm supplicants wait outside the gates, but the priests deem few worthy of treatment.

The current head of the sanatorium is Mother Berga Hirkeit, an aloof figure rarely seen outside the walls. Herr Doktor Kahler is her right hand man, a secular physician with connections at the university. They are apparently married.

CAGED CURE-ALLS

- ☠ Hirkeit and Kahler have a miracle cure. By extracting the living tissue from a transforming Doppelganger, they can cure the patient that the creature is mimicking. There was a pair of Doppelgangers imprisoned in the basement, but one just escaped. The healers know that dabbling with chaotic creatures is dangerous. If they want to keep the Witch Hunters away, they need to get it back fast.

THE BRONZE APPLE

Squeezed between a row of Halfling terraced cottages and a dense crush of Human tenements is the *Bronze Apple*, a tavern that welcomes anyone who can find it in the maze of Sudwand alleys. The large taproom is busy from morning to midnight, with Humans and Halflings huddled around the barrel tables or crammed into the undersized booths. Even the snug has a constant buzz of gossip and banter, fuelled by strong Mootland cider and Reikland porter.

The tavern was originally built from clapboard and painted green, but the proprietors have added several extensions since. The construction materials include wicker fencing, gigantic beer tuns, and even a hay cart. A large stone chimney carries out smoke from the wide hearth. The ceilings are low, so Humans need to stoop a little inside, but the warm welcome from landlady Gudmilla Hollyfoot makes it worth the inconvenience. She is a whirlwind of activity, sweeping through the tavern serving jugs of cider, taking payment, serving massive sausage rolls, and sharing pithy comments as she passes.

The clients are many and varied. Labourers from Sudwand and off-duty guards from the city walls mix with would-be revolutionaries, layabouts, and bawds. One apparently permanent fixture is a group of four elderly Halflings who sit on barstools commenting on anything and everything that comes to mind.

NO HAVEN FOR LOWHAVENS

- ☠ Gudmilla loathes the Lowhavens and their hold over eastern Sudwand. She's gathered a small group of like-minded locals together, who meet in the Bronze Apple after hours to plan the downfall of Lefra and Ambur. Unfortunately, each conspirator is compromised in some way by the secrets the Lowhavens know about them. Perhaps the Characters could help?

THE BLACKFIRE CHAPEL

This unusual temple of Sigmar is built into a narrow tower against the city wall. The attendant priest is Father Germund, a hulking giant of a man who saw many battles during his years as a warrior priest with the Reikland State Army.

The chapel is little more than a shrine squeezed into the ground floor of the tower, with room for less than a dozen worshippers to stand during Throng. Germund's sermons tend to be long, rambling anecdotes about his own experiences fighting the enemies of the Empire. A local joke shared between those who visit the chapel and those who do not goes like this:

'I just attended service at the Blackfire Chapel.'

'Oh yes? Did Germund happen to mention Sigmar at all?'

◆ THE CITY NORTH ◆

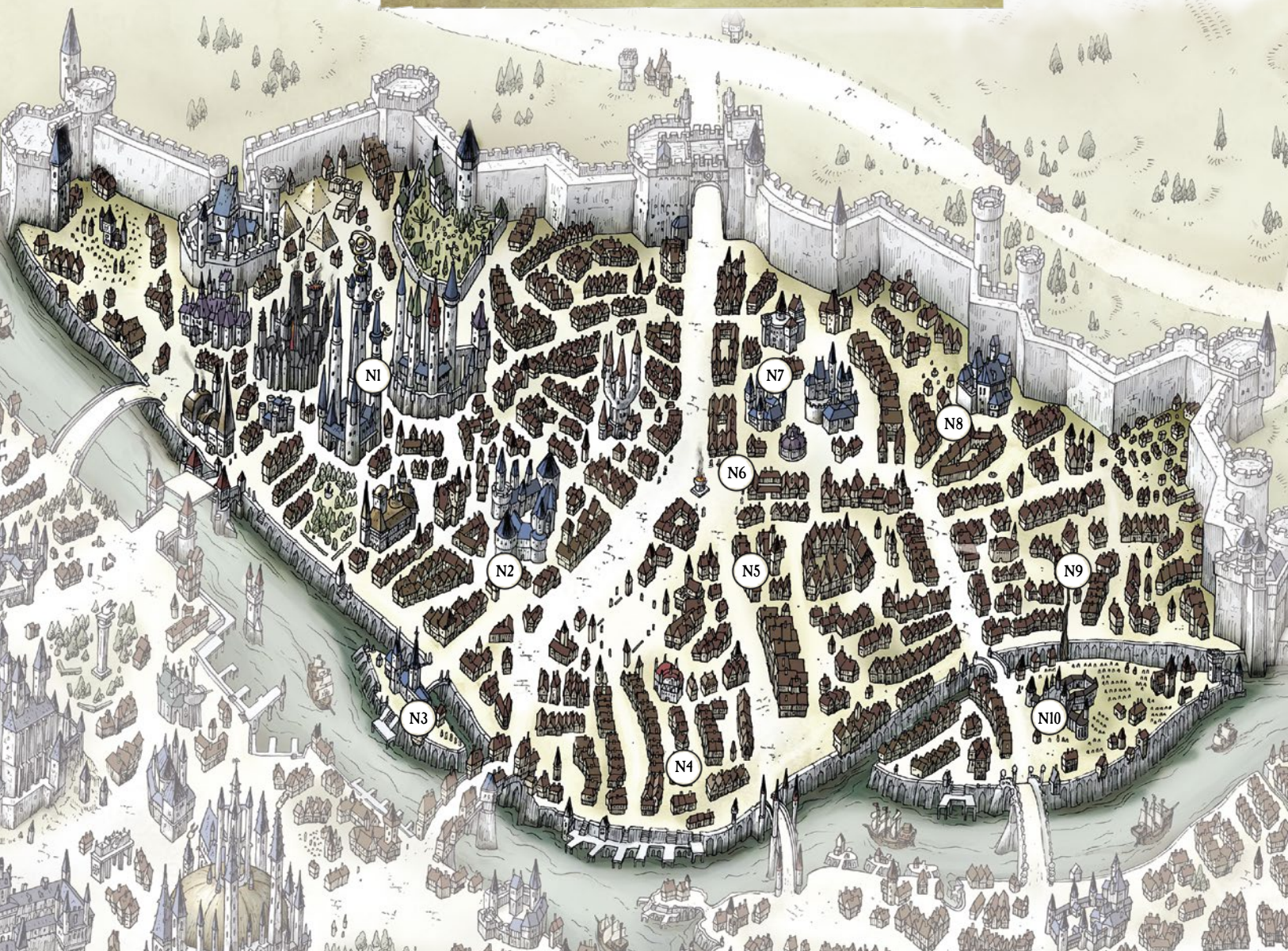


TRICKS OF THE TRADE

Aldorf's north is the part of the city most familiar to casual visitors. The great commercial areas are here, so most of the traffic coming to the city via roads or rivers has the north as its eventual destination. Much of the north is given over to the Hexxerbezrik, which holds the various arcane facilities necessary for the tuition of magic.

N1 Hexxerbezrik
N2 Schulergegend
N3 Großvaters Zuhause
N4 Dockland
N5 Fishmarkt

N6 Konigplatz
N7 Wolfstor
N8 Neuesgeldt
N9 Grandmarkt
N10 Toteinsel





THE HEXXERBEZRIK

Before the colleges, the various quarters of the Hexxerbezrik were city wards of their own standing. Now, people who aren't used to wizards and magic find life here difficult. The notorious warping of Altdorf's geography is concentrated in the streets and plazas of the district, and it takes a strong will and open mind to thrive in the vicinity of the colleges. In places, whole blocks have vanished — or burned down, in the case of tenements near the Bright College. Domiciles have given way to greenery around the Jade College, or to Nehekharan statuary around the Light College. That magical institutions so dominate the area is a source of bitterness, particularly amongst poorer residents who fled to east end slums following their establishment.

WORKING MAGIC WITHIN THE HEXXERBEZRIK

The winds of Aqshy, Azyr, Chamon, Ghyran, Shyish, and Ulgu suffuse the Hexxerbezrik. Any attempts to Cast or Channel spells from the Lores of Metal, Life, Heavens, Shadows, Death, Fire, gain a +10 bonus within the district.

Light Wizards find it no easier, and no harder, to work magic here than they normally would.

The city repels Ghur. Channelling and Casting Tests made to cast Arcane spells using the Amber Wind suffer from a -20 penalty within the walls of Altdorf.

THE HAUNTED CEMETERY OF OLD ALTDORF

This was once the most desirable cemetery in Altdorf, but it has earned an eerie reputation since the establishment of the Colleges of Magic. It is ringed with a high, spiked wall and beds of black roses. The wall is in disrepair in many places along its length, but few would breach the sanctity of Morr's realm.

Beyond the wall are countless ancient graves and mausoleums of generations of Altdorfers, some plain, others decorated with ornate carvings and morbid statues. There are also thousands of unmarked graves of those who perished during the Red Plague of 1786 IC. The garden is forbidden to Altdorfers, who leave their dead at the iron gates. Only anointed Priests of Morr are allowed in the garden, and they rarely leave.

FAMILIAR SPIRITS



- ☠ A corner of the cemetery contains serried ranks of tiny graves. This is where sentimental wizards have their familiars buried. Familiars in life are barely half-real and shaped according to the whims of their masters. Their ghosts are even stranger.
- ☠ At the centre of the cemetery is the mortuary: a great, plain slab of a building accessed through a foreboding stone portal. Despite its size, the contents of the building are a secret known only to the Cult of Morr. The priests claim it mitigates baleful magical energies that might encourage undead activity, but suspicious folk suggest it has other purposes.

THE THAUMODIVINATOR

This awesome device is an attempt by several wizards and engineers to pool their talents into the creation of a precognosticating machine. Alchemists from the Gold Oder created an engine of several overlapping brass shells. Symbols and icons decorate the machine, representing thematic forces affecting future events. These include archetypes drawn from fortune telling cards and religious symbols.

All a person must do in order to receive a reading from the machine is place a drop of blood in a small timble, pay the associated fee, and wait whilst it scrys their future.

Doomsayers of Morr voice concerns that the machine impinges too greatly upon their appointed task. The wizards and engineers behind the Thaumodivinator deride the Doomsayers for their professional jealousy. They point out that the device is often more accurate, predicts more than just the manner of death, and does not limit itself to a single consultation.

PREDICTING TROUBLE



- ☠ The existence of the device has prompted the formation of an unlikely alliance of scryers, Doomsayers, Dreamwine imbibers and other Luddites. The group may approach Characters such as Priests or Seers in order to concoct and enact a plan to sabotage the device.



THE ARCAINE TOWERS

Six towers reach up from a spacious platz, each facing a different direction. To most observers, the towers are a strange enough sight — tall and slender structures topped with inscrutable mechanisms. Experts in the history of magic say they derive from unearthed elven structures. They point out spectacular items atop the towers: Leonardo's Prism of Power, which refracts the separate winds of magic, and vanes of Meteoric Silver, barometric devices that predict fluctuations of aethyr.

Those with witchsight can glean the purpose of these mechanisms. They draw forth magical energy, separate the winds, and funnel each one towards the college that specialises in its use. There are six towers rather than eight; the cityscape repels *Ghur*, and *Hysb* requires subtler arts to control.

TOWER OF WRONG

- ☠ Gottra Solvegsdottir the Assiduous is an expert in Grudgelore from Karaz a Karak. She has come to Altdorf to learn more of the Arcane Towers. If she can prove that they date from the War of the Beard, she will call for punitive reparations from both the Elves (who she argues made baleful and unnatural use of the towers during the war to the detriment of Dwarfs) and the Empire (who have profited from this wrongdoing in the meantime). Many wish to see her done away with, but others realise her death would draw the wrath of High King Thorgrim.

THE TOWER OF VOLANS

Altdorf's earliest magical institution, the Tower of Volans, is the palace of the Supreme Patriarch. A prototype college constructed by order of Magnus the Pious. As the number of Wizards grew it became practical to grant each order a specialised site, but there are many laboratories still in use here. However, the tower now serves as the residence of the current Supreme Patriarch.

At the base of the Tower of Volans is a large octagonal chamber known as the Hall of Duels. Every eight years, a wizard who has proved himself a serious contender may challenge the sitting Supreme Patriarch. The Staff of Volans, a powerful magical artefact and symbol of office, is set in the centre of the hall. The wizard who grasps it becomes the next Supreme Patriarch.

THE CELESTIAL COLLEGE

The sixteen turrets of the Celestial College are an architectural wonder. The blue-and-white stone towers are among the tallest structures in Altdorf, decorated in carvings of comets, stars, and crescent moons. Each culminates in a shimmering dome of enchanted glass — the laboratory-observatories of the Astromancers. The wizards record information and feed it into a vast astrolabe which gyrates around an enchanted silver fulcrum. They study its movements to deduce premonitions.

The air within the college is bracing, cool, and fresh. Floors and walls of corridors and courtyards are decorated with friezes and mosaics depicting the night sky and signs of the zodiac. Private libraries and observatories line the corridors, interspersed between the quarters of resident Astromancers.

Few visitors arrive unexpectedly. The Astromancers tend to receive detailed precognitions of events occurring in and around the college. Guests find it deeply unnerving that their hosts often know more about their business than they do.

GATHERING STORM

- ☠ A killing occurred on the grounds of the college. The Astromancers claim a visitor meant to do them harm, and a poisoned dagger found on the corpse seems to confirm this. But is the presumed assassin really the victim of a devious frame?
- ☠ Within the central courtyard is a large coach house containing the college's fleet of Hurricanums, magical chariots bearing immense orreries. These act as loci for Azyr, and can summon lightning, gales, and even comet strikes. Many enemies of the Empire would pay and risk much to capture one of these contraptions.

DUEL WIELDERS

- ☠ There are many who wish to see the practice of duelling abolished. They complain that the practice ensures a belligerent wizard wins the office, not the most scholarly or wise. Characters may be brought into a conspiracy to discredit the practice.
- ☠ Proponents of magical duelling argue that the practice helps assure the common folk of the utility of wizards. Were the Supreme Patriarch to be anything other than an accomplished battle mage, they would treat wizards with greater disdain. Interested parties may ask the Characters to investigate rumours of a conspiracy to discredit this time-honored tradition.

THE GREY COLLEGE

A cramped maze of alleyways defies mapping of one corner of the Hexxerbezrik. Mutant births are commonplace here, and rumours of Daemonic manifestations persist, though never quite confirmed. The Grey Order's college is here. The building is modest, constructed of ancient and crumbling stone. It is an eerie sight: the walls are missing stones, the windows stained and moss-covered. A parliament of white owls nests in the college's lone, listing tower.

The interior looks just as decrepit. Grotesque statues line the walls, and footsteps echo throughout the empty rooms. A few deserted laboratories house old equipment shrouded in dusty cobwebs. A great library is said to be found within, containing volumes of lore and secrets of the dark cults in the Empire. However, only a Shadowmancer could ever hope to find this library, if it exists at all.

TRUTH BOMB



- ☛ The Cult of Verena is hostile towards the Grey Order, accusing them of evading justice and obfuscating knowledge. A strange Verenan approaches the Characters with a mystical artefact, asking that they sneak it into the College. The artefact destroys illusions, rendering the truth of the college bare for all to see.

THE AMETHYST COLLEGE

The Amethyst College is built of dark stone and decorated in baroque flourishes. The doorways have pointed arches, the windows are tall and narrow, and morbid gargoyles brood on steeply pitched roofs. Numerous narrow towers rise from the bulk of the building.

The air within smells musty, and carries a hint of embalming fluid. Black and purple drapes hang in dark corridors, where dust lies thick on the floor until stirred into choking clouds by intruding feet. Doors open into empty rooms where dark, heavy furniture stands wreathed in cobwebs. Small shrines to Morr occupy most rooms.

Whilst the college may appear at first glance to be uninhabited, anyone who ventures in further than the outer shell will find the Amethyst wizards. It is rare to meet them in the corridors. Towards the building's centre, the doors to most rooms are closed, often locked, and bear name plates. These are the wizards' personal quarters. Located deep within the structure are libraries, laboratories, and a vast echoing dining hall.

THE COLLEGE FOUNDRY OF THE GOLD ORDER

The Gold College is five stories high at its tallest point. Its many towers and courtyards connect through a maze of passages, laboratories, dormitories, and forges. Lofty chimneys belch out pungent multi-coloured smoke, and culverts divert the waters of the Reik to cool furnaces and power water wheels.

Despite its brutal exterior, the college's reception areas are luxurious. Draped with rich carpets, heavy velvet curtains, comfortable couches, and gilded statues of past patriarchs and matriarchs. The private rooms of the great lord magisters of the order overlook the River Reik from the fourth storey, near the back of the building.

At the very centre of the college is a massive library with thousands of books on alchemy, metallurgy, and herbalism. Myriad laboratories occupy the bulk of the building. Rows of skylights let in as much light as possible whilst venting noxious vapours. The laboratories are cluttered with alchemical equipment and countless glass bottles of liquids and powders.

FORBIDDEN FOUNDRY



- ☛ It is said that within the deepest cellars of the college, there are several lead-lined chambers where senior Alchemists carry out dangerous experiments. The old adage has it that the Gold wizards seek to turn mundane ore into purest warpstone in this hidden sanctum.

MUNDANE ALCHEMISTS' GUILD

Mundane alchemists, as they are known, have no skill in the practice of magic. Nonetheless, their curiosity as to what constitutes matter and how it can be manipulated makes them bedfellows (and rivals) to the wizards of the Gold Order. Their laboratory complex is built in the Hexxerbezrik, close to the Gold College.

Before the establishment of the colleges, mundane alchemists theorised that all matter derived from combinations of essential elements. However, the Gold Order quickly demonstrated the limitations of this view. Resentment between mundane alchemists and their magical counterparts grew. After important treatises 'disappeared' from the Gold College library, several mundane alchemists suffered injury in laboratory 'accidents'.

Ever since, there has been an uneasy peace. Wizards of the Gold Order have leaps of comprehension into the nature of matter, which they report to the mundane alchemists, who try to work out the material reality behind such insights.

ARBORETUM OF THE JADE COLLEGE

The grounds of the Jade College are beautiful parkland where the vegetation is always verdant. Aside from a few circles of banked earth or standing stones, the only structures are made from the trees themselves. Several streams run through the grounds and converge in a vast silver pool. An immense wall surrounds the arboretum, over 60 feet in height and unbroken by windows or towers. Spirals, triskeles, and oak leaf symbols decorate the green-glazed brick.

Jade wizards may enter without question, even when they bring friends. Amber wizards are also welcome. Whilst the Amber College is outside the city, the Shamans maintain small sites in the arboretum for use in extreme circumstances.

A dense grove of trees forms the heart of the college. Magic has shaped these trees into a living hall. Branches and leaves form the walls and floors of a great domed chamber. Around this are many smaller rooms, which members of the College use when they choose to stay here. The rooms are all similar, furnished with carefully shaped branches and upholstered with moss.

FEN AT WORK

The Jade College maintains a score of Fenbeasts tasked to fetch and carry, maintained by the ceaseless channelling of dozens of apprentices. Should those apprentices be distracted, or drugged, the elemental constructs might run wild.

GREAT PRECINCT OF THE LIGHT COLLEGE

The precinct is a great space of strange architecture and grotesque statuary, desert sphinxes and monumental ankhs with details picked out in azure lapis. The buildings are grand in scale but constructed to straightforward blocky or pyramidal designs. The symbols and hieroglyphs of ancient Nehekhara are inscribed onto the walls of buildings, inside and out.

At the centre of this mystic jumble are three great pyramids — though people without magical sight have difficulty perceiving the third. Unlike its neighbours, it is not constructed of stone, but is an artifice of light itself, captured and held around the main offices and laboratories of the Light College. Within its labyrinthine dungeons, rumours say, is a great hoard of arcane treasure, which also contains a number of malefic artefacts. It is the sacred duty of the Guardians of the Light, an arcane society of the order's most powerful wizards, to keep them locked safely away from the world.

The hierophants of the order insist that the strange appearance of their district is necessary in order to capture the notoriously elusive energies of Hysh for their rituals and studies. Their excuses do little to comfort typical Altdorfers, who find the whole area an eerie blight upon their city and a source of constant speculation regarding the secretive and foreign nature of the Light Order.

PATRIARCH AT LARGE

Part of the reason the Light College suffers a poor reputation is as a result of the very public fall to Chaos performed by Egrimm Van Horstmann, who was once their Patriarch. The Light Order offers substantial rewards to anyone who can bring them news of the location, movement, or intentions of the renegade.

ELVEN SCHOLARSHIP

Long before the Colleges of Magic were founded, elven scholars had been visiting Altdorf University as guest lecturers. Most of these 'professors' were secret agents tasked with retrieving lost tomes and artefacts for patrons back in Ulthuan. During the twenty-year period when Teclis was teaching wizardry, King Finubar dispatched scholars from Ulthuan in greater numbers. Their mission was to broaden Human understanding of astrology, mathematics, and philosophy — the prerequisites for advanced magical theory. A few of these academic missionaries even made the city their home.

Although Human patriarchs and matriarchs now govern the Colleges of Magic, High Elf wizards remain as advisors and overseers. The city's magical nexus is too powerful to be left unsupervised, and human apprentices struggle to pronounce *lingua praestantia*, the arcane language derived from Eltharin. The Altdorf Asylum attracts elven physicians for research opportunities, and the School of Navigators pays large stipends to its coveted elven instructors.



Zofia Miska

Zofia was born in the northeast corner of Hexxerbexrik, the daughter of Kislevite émigrés. She has the poise and commanding presence of her Gospodar forebears, but her dense black hair and big brown eyes suggest Ungol heritage too. Zofia's parents certainly claimed that they could trace their heritage back to Khan Queen Miska herself. Though, if this is true, their branch of the family has fallen into destitution since. Maybe the legacy of the Khan Queen has left its mark on Zofia, for she shows great aptitude for magic.

As a Kislevite magic user with rather frosty airs, many assume Zofia must harbour sympathies with the Ice Witches of Kislev, or even have ambitions to become one herself. This assumption could not be further from the truth, for she abhors witchcraft. Her mastery of Hysh is in line with her personality: harsh, difficult, and pure in its defiance of Chaos.

Zofia has never heard of the Cult of the Vengeful Blaze, but Mornan Tybalt is aware of her. He is weighing the risks of inviting her aboard. If he took the chance, he would find her a powerful and devoted convert.

ZOFIA MISKA - HUMAN MASTER WIZARD (GOLD 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	38	27	28	30	51	53	38	64	61	23	14

Skills: Channelling (Hysh) 81, Charm 28, Cool 66, Dodge 58, Evaluate 67, Gossip 26, Haggle 26, Intuition 56, Language (Magick) 89, Leadership 28, Lore (Magic) 84, Melee (Basic 48, Polearm 53), Perception 66, Ride (Horse) 56

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Magic (Light), Attractive, Detect Artefact 2, Doomed (*The first fire you set liberate you, the second fire enthrone you, the third fire consume you*), Fast Hands 2, Instinctive Diction, Magical Sense 3, Menacing, Nimble Fingered, Petty Magic, Pure Soul, Read/Write, Savvy, Second Sight 2, Sixth Sense

Trappings: Wizardly Robes, Ingredient Pouch, Grimoire, 4 GC 22/-

SPELLS

Light: Aethyric Armour, Aethyric Arms, Banishment, Blast, Blinding Light, Bolt, Clarity of Thought, Net of Amyntok, Pha's Protection, Speed of Thought

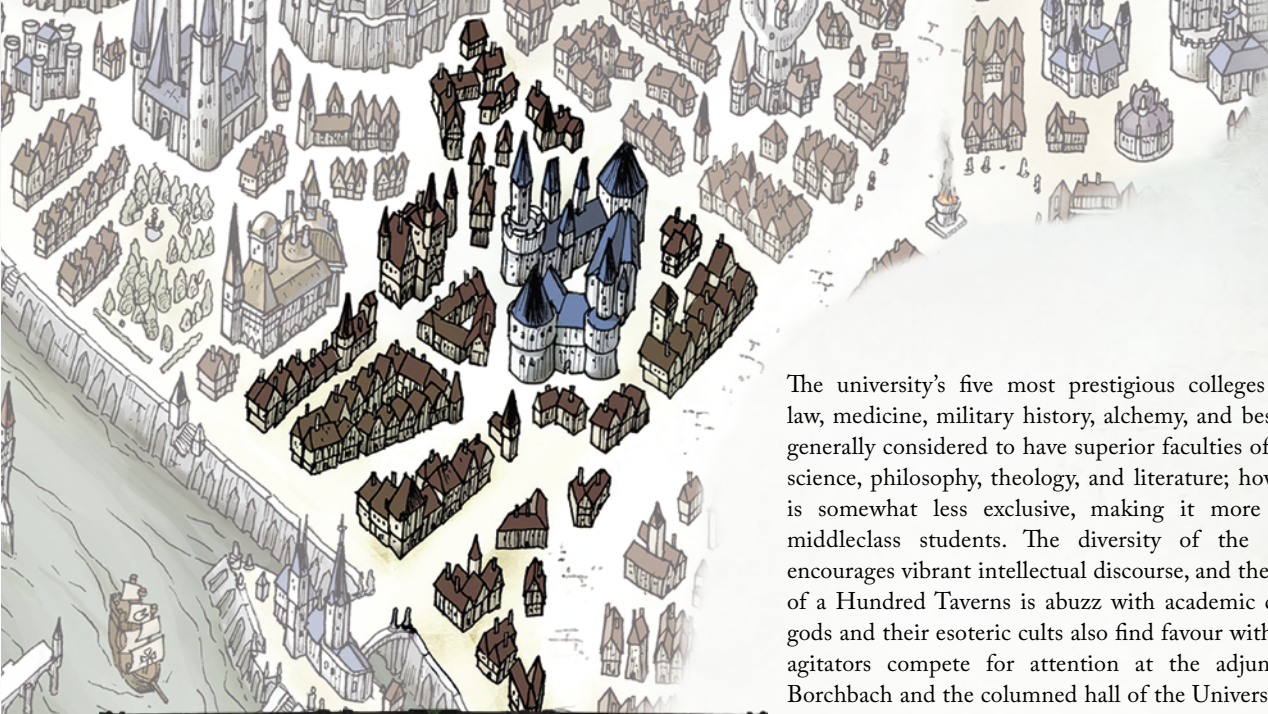
Petty: Dart, Dazzle, Light, Magic Flame, Purify Water, Shock

THE BRIGHT COLLEGE

When it was first built, the Bright College stood within a jumble of tenements and alleyways. Nearby buildings have since been reduced to ash, and the college stands alone behind black wrought-iron railings. Within the gates, six imposing red brick towers rise high, blazing with flaming braziers. Streams of liquid fire run from the mouths of gargoyles and through channels down the sides of the building.

The interiors of the college buildings are entirely stone, and flaming braziers light the corridors. The few windows are mere outlets for smoke, and what sunlight does creep in pales next to internal fires.

Personal rooms have a wider range of decorations, and those on the inner side of the range have glazed windows overlooking the courtyard. However, illumination by open flames is universal, and at the heart of the college a gigantic beacon burns day and night. The number of fires means that the interior is oppressively hot.



SCHULERGEGEND

Altdorf's academic district is an eclectic mixture of classical architecture, timber-framed office buildings, and dilapidated tenements of grey brick. The Altdorf University complex occupies roughly a third of Schulergegend. West of the university is the Schlafstadt quarter, a shabby neighbourhood of poor students and menial workers. Schlafstadt's many shops sell books, antiques, used furniture, tools, and weapons. The book vendors cater mainly to university faculty and students, but they also attract customers from across Altdorf and beyond.

East of the university complex are private clubs, administrative buildings, and townhouses rented by junior professors and middle-class students. The constant ruckus from the Street of a Hundred Taverns makes the eastern district a less desirable place to live. After business hours, buildings are locked securely against burglary attempts by drunken students and weirdroot addicts. Most of the fights that break out in Schulergegend involve gangs of rakish young noblemen and drunken tavern patrons.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALTDORF

Altdorf is said to be the first centre of learning in the Empire. Although the University of Nuln is technically an older building, a tradition of sharing knowledge and keeping records is said to have been practiced in Sigmar's Reikdorf. Today, the walled university complex is one of the Empire's famous wonders. Five gates provide access to a sprawling maze of lecture halls, dormitories, and office buildings. A confusing array of staircases connect the multi-tiered open quads where students hurry between classes. Visitors without guides are bound to become disoriented.

The university's five most prestigious colleges are those of law, medicine, military history, alchemy, and bestiara. Nuln is generally considered to have superior faculties of mathematics, science, philosophy, theology, and literature; however, Altdorf is somewhat less exclusive, making it more accessible to middleclass students. The diversity of the student body encourages vibrant intellectual discourse, and the nearby Street of a Hundred Taverns is abuzz with academic debate. Minor gods and their esoteric cults also find favour with the students; agitators compete for attention at the adjunct temple of Borchbach and the columned hall of the University's sanctuary to the classical god Clio houses archaeological finds discovered in and around Altdorf.

A meister represents the professors of each college, and reports to the chancellor and vice-chancellor. Meisters are concerned with securing as much financing for their faculty as possible from the chancellor's office. The Kommission of Procuration handles admission, funding, and discipline. The university employs its own watchmen (called 'porters') and enforces night curfews with a variable degree of success. The gates are closed during curfew hours, but adventurous students have found that sections of the wall are easy to climb down from within (although getting back inside can be difficult).

ALMA MATTERS



- Young rakes and their sycophantic entourages often make cruel sport of less well off students. Any who prove to be particularly adept academics are singled out for particular insult, derided as 'inkies' by their supposed betters. To protect themselves and one another, the bullied students have formed a resistance group called the Inkies' League.
- Before the Colleges of Magic were founded in 2304, Altdorf University briefly housed a wizards' college that taught classical southern arcana. Many of the old grimoires are now proscribed, but wizards from the eight colleges still use the great library and teach classes in theoretical magic. Visiting elven scholars receive almost religious reverence. According to rumour, a statue of Clio that stands outside the Chancellor's office actually depicted an Elf long ago, before erosion rounded its features.

THE LODGE OF THE LEAGUE OF KARL-FRANZ

The university's oldest lodge receives funding from aristocratic alumni. Its lodge is a turreted, stone building ornamented with wolf and griffon statuary. The League of Karl-Franz is infamous for the debauched behaviour of its membership, who revel in both this reputation and their apparent immunity to consequences for it. By long tradition, the revered bust of Ulric in the front hall is turned towards the wall between dusk and dawn so that he doesn't have to witness League members disgrace themselves. Membership is restricted to noble students, few of whom would be tolerated if not for their family titles.

NEW BRAT IN TOWN



Chaplain Karsten Glicholdt's wishes to reform the lodge without compromising its founding principles — ostensibly the instruction of the youth in the virtues displayed by the Emperors for which the lodge is named (and re-named, with each new monarch). Many of the League's sponsors encourage its membership to oppose revolutionary groups and other reformers in the city, often by destroying their homes and businesses. Were this activity uncovered the Chaplain would have ample justification to reform the group. He would like to hire some discrete professionals to infiltrate the lodge, endure its notorious initiations, and gather evidence of this sort of activity. Of course, the Characters might be frustrated to find that the perpetrators face no real repercussions beyond academic censure and a letter home to their parents...

ULLI VON TASSENINCK SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS STUDIES

The university's theological college operates with funding from the Knights of Everlasting Light and the noble von Tasseninck family. In front of the modern, brick building is a statue of Ulli von Tasseninck, an Ostland nobleman who was executed without trial during the 2506 Waterfront War. A vandal removed the statue's head some time ago, and pranksters often substitute it with a pumpkin. The student body includes initiates and lay scholars of both noble and common parentage.

SHAKEY FOUNDATIONS



Von Tasseninck was himself a professor and knight of Verena. His family founded the college after his death. Faculty members praise Tasseninck as a champion of religious freedom who exposed corruption amongst his noble peers. Unfortunately, Ulli's legacy suffers from rumours of depraved crimes and mistreatment of his servants. Several of the faculty are crypto-Brustellites who urge students to organise protests under the PLANT banner. The League of Karl-Franz claims the school is a breeding ground for violent revolutionaries.

TEMPLE-LIBRARY OF VERENA

The Cult of Verena maintains the great library of Altdorf University. Researchers can only enter the library by way of the temple. Four tall spires surmount the sandstone structure. Within the temple are side chapels to Sigmar and other major gods; however, only priests of Verena attend daily. Verena's chapel is a quiet reading vestibule that connects the temple to the great library. Manfred Archibald is the high priest; he is a tall and dapper man of considerable academic ambition.

The library proper was the first of its kind in the Empire. Long ago, it housed original writings of the elven physician Gaelen alongside laws and treaties recorded by Sigmar's own heralds. Though these original scrolls have disintegrated, their contents were preserved in copies translated by priests and bound into books. The university adds new library wings whenever the ever-expanding collections exceed capacity. Verenan initiates aid students to navigate the stacks using a complex cataloguing system. Gifted youths who cannot afford university tuition receive tutoring from a Verenan lorekeeper, Ludolf Traugott.

ANCIENT MYSTERY

-  The library's restricted cellar vaults contain tomes ranging from apocryphal to heretical. The Order of Mysteries, a Verenan organisation devoted to recovering lost knowledge, found many of these volumes in recent years. The order's expedition leader, Oliver Kampf, is presently on a sea journey to Khemri with the Knights of the Scroll, leaving the order undermanned in Altdorf. Scholar-adventurers who impress Manfred Archibald can find employment as field researchers..

LAYER OF LITERATURE

-  In the sewer below Hoffbahn Street is an inconspicuous rusted iron door leading to Estlemann's secret vault. A trapdoor in the shop grants access to the sewer. Inside the vault is a small library, with lists of customers and titles pinned to the shelves. Some of the shelf spaces are empty. Others contain stacks of rare (and occasionally heretical) tomes.

THE GROVE

Situated apart from the noisy taverns and thoroughfares is a social club for mature scholars. The Grove clubhouse was once the residence of a prosperous merchant, forced to flee Altdorf under accusation of sorcery. High stone walls enclose a courtyard garden with a fountain in the likeness of an elephant. The club's interior is decorated in soft colours and warmed by daylight streaming through tall window arches.

Philosophy students from the university plan the Grove's social events, even though the clubhouse technically belongs to the Light Order. The club operates as a cooperative in which members gain standing by volunteering to clean, garden, and cook. Non-members are welcome, provided they leave their shoes at the door. Every room is comfortably furnished and contains books of esoteric academia for casual reading.

SORCERY SOCIETY

-  Several of the city's most powerful wizards are Grove members, however they usually attend the club dressed in ordinary attire. Guests may be surprised to find out that some of the club's 'cleaning staff' are wizards just doing their part to be responsible members. Erudite guests can make valuable contacts from both Altdorf University and the Light College.

ESTLEMAN'S BOOKSHOP

Janus Estlemann is the most famous of Hoffbahn Street's many book dealers. The crafty antiquarian rents the ground floor of a neglected five-storey brick building. Upstairs, penniless students and other ne'er-do-wells live in cheap apartments. Nobles, scholars, and wizards purchase books from Estlemann despite his shady reputation. Estlemann is fluent in classical languages, and he can find rare books that none of his competitors stock.

The city watchmen believe Estlemann sells stolen merchandise; in truth, he operates a blind trading ring. Customers acquire rare titles in exchange for books from their own collections that appeal to other customers. Estlemann has a knack for making scholars boast about the contents of their libraries. His complicated system involves promising books that he doesn't yet own and buying books that he doesn't yet need.



Professor Frederick 'Old' Weirde

Those who know Old Weirde find him a genial, eccentric character, with a seemingly bottomless knowledge of the many cultures of the world and how they wage war. People tell tall tales of his past — that he was once a sorcerer, that he has travelled to every continent, and that he has advised the Emperor, Tsarina of Kislev and the King of Bretonnia on how to triumph in battle.

None of these are quite true, but Professor Weirde can seldom be bothered to counter the myths — he's too immersed in his research. Many an Altdorfer is familiar with seeing the venerable scholar shuffling between the Altdorf University Library, his home in Schulergegend and his favourite drinking haunt, the Crown and Two Chairmen, where he enjoys many a pint of Speckled Hen by the hearth.

The good Professor is foremost a historian and scholar of warfare. Copies of Old Weirde's *Tacticus* are essential reading for those who are learning the military arts. In the last 30 years, he has also produced a series of pamphlets on the history and lore of the many nations and creatures of the world. Olde Weirde's *Incunabula* is an expansive collection of his learning on the Unliving Denizens of Khemri, the Savage Greenskins, the Reptile Folk of Lustria, the Blighted Tribes of the North, and many other fantastical species. He attempted to publish a tract on the Skaven, but the manuscript was stolen.

Professor Weirde is sceptical of prior scholarship, and prefers to rely on first-hand accounts rather than believing the work of other academics. As such, his knowledge is more accurate and reliable than most scholars' work. If characters want to know more on unusual civilisations or species, he is happy to expound on what he knows, preferably in exchange for a bottle of Estalian port and tales of their own encounters with the esoteric or unusual.

FREDERICH 'OLD' WEIRDE - PROFESSOR (GOLD 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	26	24	30	48	63	33	52	65	60	55	19

Skills: Art (Writing) 72, Bribery 75, Charm 75, Consume Alcohol 68, Entertain (Lecture 75, Rhetoric 70, Storytelling 70), Gamble 85, Gossip 75, Haggle 75, Intuition 83, Language (Classical 85, Gospodarinyi 85, Norse 85, Ungol 85), Lore (Bestiaria 85, Heraldry 75, History 75, Reikland 88, Warfare 85), Perception 83, Research 85

Talents: Bookish, Coolheaded, Doomed (The end is near, but you ne'er get to see it), Etiquette (Scholars), Linguistics, Magnum Opus, Public Speaker, Read/Write, Savant (Bestiaria, Warfare), Savvy, Speedreader 4, Sharp, Super Numerate, Tower of Memories 4

Trappings: Writing Equipment and Study, Research Library, Correspondants in exotic locations



Chancellor Eberhardt von Festschrift, University of Altdorf

The Chancellor of the University of Altdorf has been a von Festschrift for three generations. Although the position is in no way hereditary, the ambitious family cling to the position's prestige and power far more than they have ever valued scholarship. After all, the University of Altdorf is more than a place of learning. Many noble scions spend years ostensibly studying in its chambers and lecture halls, so the institution has considerable political influence in Altdorf and beyond.

The Chancellor is a small man with protuberant eyes, a weak chin, and a commanding bark. He struts about the city in his academic robes with a small entourage of scribes and clerks running alongside to record his every utterance. He haunts the Palace's corridors of power, and noble households, ensuring that the Empire's upper echelons send their scions and gold to the University. He involves himself in political discussion, inveigling himself in the Imperial court as an advisor and powerbroker. Elements in the University faculty who undermine his standing are dealt with swiftly. The disruptive radical Professor Brustellin was dismissed by von Festschrift personally, and he was recently tipped off that Professor Quintus Fassbinder is a trouble-causer of a similar type.

For appearance's sake, von Festschrift writes long-winded academic treatises on the influence of Dwarf culture on the Empire's early Human tribes. To save time, a small group of junior academics do the research and writing on his behalf, ensuring to keep it turgid, purely for authenticity.

Despite this, the Chancellor has genuine respect for the Dwarfs, and has cultivated good relations with the elders in Metallschlacke. He is currently making overtures to the Dwarf Engineer's Guild to help the University establish a more impressive School of Engineering than his hated rival the University of Nuln.

CHANCELLOR EBERHARDT VON FESTSCHRIFT PROFESSOR (GOLD I)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	37	33	31	51	53	33	59	65	53	58	19

Skills: Art (Writing) 81, Bribery 68, Charm 78, Consume Alcohol 61, Entertain (Lecture 78, Rhetoric 73, Storytelling 73), Evaluate 85, Gamble 85, Gossip 88, Haggle 68, Language (Classical 85, Khazalid 85), Leadership 78, Lore (Heraldry 75, History 85, Law 85, Philosophy 75, Politics 75, Reikland 68), Melee (Fencing) 52, Perception 73, Play (Lute) 69, Research 90

Talents: Bookish, Coolheaded, Doomed (*Beware the Griffon's Tail!*), Etiquette (Guilders, Nobles, Scholars), Linguistics, Luck, Magnum Opus, Master Orator, Noble Blood, Public Speaker, Read/Write, Savant (History, Law, Philosophy), Savvy, Speedreader 3, Shadow, Suave, Super Numerate 2, Tower of Memories 3, Wealthy 2

Skills: Symbol of Verena, Somber Academic Robes

KOMISSION OF THE IMPERIAL ARCHIVES

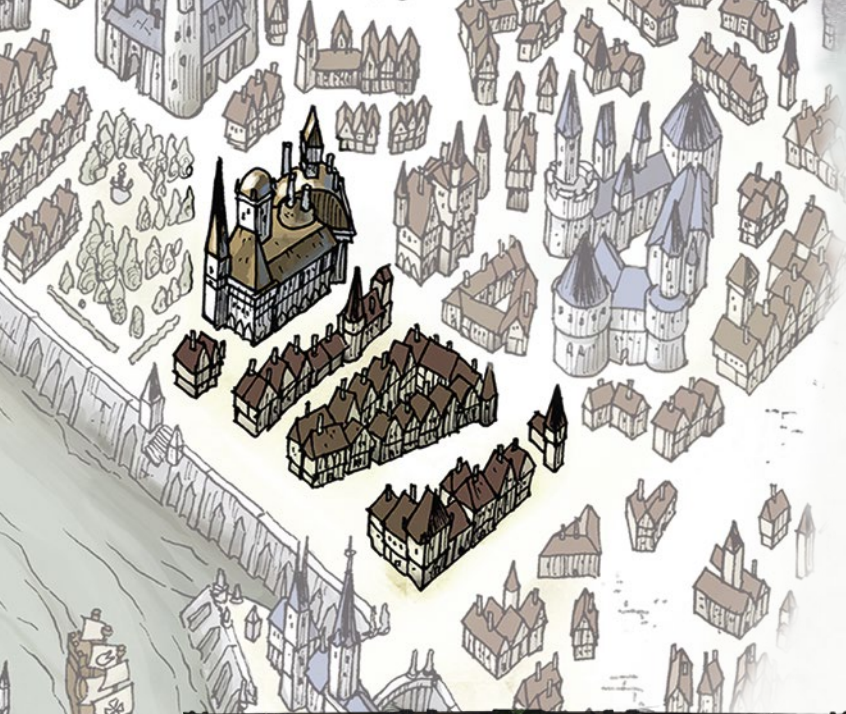
Near the waterfront is the Imperial archive building. The modern stone structure dates to 2431, after Emperor Wilhelm II relocated the throne from Nuln back to Altdorf. A tall clock tower, designed and maintained by the Engineers' School, displays Imperial standard time. Official reports and court records are stamped according to the Kommission clock. A clerk files information requests and adds to a long waiting list.

In the interest of Imperial security, citizens are forbidden from searching the archives. Visitors interact with clerks through iron bars in the lobby. Persistent researchers might receive a meeting with Master Archivist Jurgen Kuiver, who provides a heavily redacted report and a verbal summary of the Kommission's findings. Jurgen's chief concern is to put Altdorfers at ease.

SENSITIVE INFORMATION



- Politically sensitive court documents detail the Marienburg secession, the 2429 deposition of Emperor Dieter IV, and scandals involving the von Krieglitz family of Talabecland. These records could ignite a civil war if released to the public.
- A dedicated vault contains Watch reports of Skaven sightings in the city, organised chronologically by timestamp. Open knowledge of the full extent of these reports would risk mass panic.



SAPHERIAN EMBASSY

The Kingdom of Saphery has long standing diplomatic ties with the Empire. Its embassy building was a residence for visiting elven wizards even before the founding of the Colleges of Magic. Distinguished by a gleaming white marble tower, the embassy is conveniently located dockside so that elven dignitaries can disembark from their ships without hassle. Delegates from Lothorn use the Sapherian embassy when visiting Altdorf on behalf of Phoenix King Finubar.

Anurion the Green is the reclusive loremaster and Archmage of Saphery. His younger brother Yrtle was one of three archmages to fight alongside Magnus the Pious during the Great War Against Chaos. Sadly, Yrtle lost his life to a greater daemon of Slaanesh. Teclis and Finreir went on to establish the Colleges of Magic. Since his brother's death, Anurion the Green has kept busy tending his palace garden in Ulthuan.

TURMGARTEN

Altdorf's elven minority mostly resides in a quiet quarter near Altdorf University and the Colleges of Magic. Fewer than half of Turmgarten's residents are Elves, and even these are mostly staying in Altdorf on short-term engagements. The remainder are Human professors, doctors, and wizards who work in other districts. Student parties rarely spill over into Turmgarten because elven magic can put a crowd of noisy drunks to sleep instantly. The quarter owes its nickname 'tower garden' to the mysterious elm park near Hexxerbezrik.

Most of the buildings are timber-framed townhouses owned by Human landlords. Elves typically rent a floor or two for the duration of their stay in the city. Intermixed with the human architecture are white stone houses echoing graceful Ulthuan style. These houses were built in the 24th century by elven scholars and wizards serving long-term commitments as diplomatic envoys or 'enlightenment missionaries'.

SAPHERY'S SECRETS



- ☠ Anurion wishes to fill his garden with every species of flora in existence. High Elf adventurers search the Old World for obscure plants and return them to the embassy potted in their native soil. Occasionally, for unknown purposes, Anurion delivers potted seedlings to the embassy with transplantation instructions for a distant site.
- ☠ Sapherian Loremasters understand the Old Ones' geomantic web: an ancient gridwork of magical ley lines that stabilises planetary weather, orbit, and rotation. Altdorf is a major nexus point on the web. High Elf adventurers serve the embassy as ley line restoration agents in remote parts of the Empire. This usually involves righting toppled waystones or performing maintenance rituals.

ELVEN POLITICS

High Elves exert more influence in Altdorf than they do in any other human city. Sigmar had warned the Empire's tribes that only Elves could wield sorcery safely. When Archmage Teclis established the Colleges of Magic in 2304, it was at the behest of Emperor Magnus the Pious. Since that time, Emperors have retained at least one court advisor from Ulthuan. The elven advisor to Emperor Karl-Franz is a taciturn sage-princess from Lothorn named Daendra Stillwater.

The city's Elves are not politically united. High Elves expect one another to provide sound justifications for abandoning the defence of Ulthuan to live amongst Humans. Each High Elf therefore considers their own business to be of utmost importance. Most swear fealty to the Phoenix King and hold temporary positions as envoys or scholars. Rivalries between the provinces of Ulthuan are hotly debated in Altdorf's elven parlours. The city's sub-minority of urbanised Wood Elves feels no special kinship for their Asur neighbours.

NEW WORLD DINERY AND DELICATESSEN

Located on the quiet, residential Asurstrasse is a vendor of traditional Ulthuan cuisine. The front room of the timber-framed shop is a delicatessen selling waybread, pickled eel, capers, and other elven favourites. Each table in the back restaurant has a brass whale oil lamp and a curtain separating it from the next booth. The excellent food draws both homesick Elves and gastronomically curious Humans.

The New World's proprietors, Casadora and Evandrel, are second-generation Altdorfers who fell in love and decided to make a life together after their families returned to Ulthuan. Casadora is the chef, meanwhile Evandrel runs the delicatessen and hosts the dining room with the couple's young daughter Ofelia. Customers never question the dinery's ability to serve fresh squid and shark meat so far from Ulthuan's shores.

A LACK OF ELF AWARENESS

- The couple knows a smuggler from Marienburg's Elftown district who makes weekly deliveries to Altdorf with his sleek Elven corvette. Port officials never question him because he's an Elf. The captain transports exotic seafoods from the Manannspoort Sea up the Reik, along with Moonflower that he sells to Altdorf's many dens of iniquity. The smuggler is secretly a member of the Cult of Pleasure.
- Altdorf's High Elf ambassadors and envoys are regular clients. Customers can meet influential elves at the dinery, and overhear politically sensitive conversations, in Eltharin, through the curtains. Casadora and Evandrel are discreet about their clients' business, but the innocent Ofelia tends to answer questions that she shouldn't.

ELVEN COMMERCE

Ulthuan's merchants rarely have cause to visit Altdorf. They can buy Reikland trade goods from Marienburg middlemen who regularly ship to Lothorn. Conversely, Reikland merchants can buy elven goods on the Marienburg exchange without having to sail trading cogs across the Great Ocean. On the rare occasion when elven trade catamarans come to Altdorf, dock officials take them for diplomats and direct them to the embassy. High Elf merchants pay with Marienburg guilders and Ulthuan sovereigns, rather than Imperial currency.

Visiting Elf merchants are usually from either the kingdom of Cothique or the Elfsgeemete district in Marienburg. Traders from Cothique operate independently of the Sapherian embassy and flagrantly ignore its diplomatic policies in their dealings with Humans. Wood Elf traders from the Laurelorn and Reikwald forests occasionally buy goods in Altdorf that are not available in smaller towns and villages. The Queen of Laurelorn has agents watching Altdorf's black market for ancient elven relics.

GREAT ALTDORF ASYLUM

Altdorf's asylum was founded during the reign of Magnus the Pious for veterans who were traumatised during the Great War Against Chaos. At present, only the third floor houses patients of unsound mind. The cellar and first two floors have been converted to a sanatorium and quarantine facility. 'The hospital' (as locals call it) connects to a Shallyan shrine by a walled garden. Shallyan nuns run the asylum with the assistance of male orderlies.

HEALING AND HYPNOTISM

- An Elf physician, Professor Freydion Starwise, advises the nuns. The professor specialises in treating Chaotic afflictions of the mind. Starwise uses hypnosis and dream analysis to discern Daemonic possession from true madness. Elven scholars have learned a great deal about the Realms of Chaos from interviews with possessed inmates. Sigmarite inquisitors who cannot extract Daemons by exorcism or torture might entrust corrupted victims to the Shallyans as a last resort.

WAVERIDER TRADING HOUSE

The Waverider company is a joint venture between three merchants from Altdorf and four traders from the rugged eastern kingdom of Cothique on the isle of Ulthuan. Cothiquian traders are adventurous by nature and enjoy seeing faraway places. The Waverider office is an elegant, white stucco building with a tearoom on the ground floor and offices on the upper two floors. The company's clerks and agents are primarily Humans.

Waverider's Altdorf partners want to challenge Marienburg's monopoly on elven trade. Its elven partners feel the same about Lothorn's monopoly on human trade. Despite Cothique being the nearest kingdom to the Empire, its coastal reefs aren't navigable by Human merchants. The company is unpopular with Elves whose commercial interests align with Marienburg and Lothorn. Altdorf merchants respect Waverider as a feisty underdog nipping at Marienburg's heels.

WATCHFUL WAVERIDERS

- The company's Cothiquian owners don't entirely trust their Human partners, but they have little patience for office work. They sometimes hire High Elf adventurers as sales agents or caravan guards, with a dual mission of monitoring the Altdorfers for embezzlement activity. When the Cothiquians are away at sea, they expect Elf employees to attend tedious and extravagant meetings as representatives of the esteemed race.



Melinda Greyweave, Watcher of the Watchers

Melinda came to Altdorf 200 years ago as a spy for the Queen of Laurelorn. Living in the human city for so long has taken a toll on her mind, and now she wanders the streets at night muttering to herself. Melinda wears a tattered dress and covers her head with a threadbare shawl. Although she habitually avoids eye contact for anonymity's sake, her sunken face no longer resembles that of an Elf.

When the Colleges of Magic were built, the Queen of Laurelorn questioned Teclis's judgment. The site was a powerful arcane fulcrum upon which Kor Vanaeth had existed millennia earlier. The keen-sighted Melinda was sent to monitor Teclis's overseers and ensure the fulcrum wasn't corrupted. Although the queen's spy was untrained in sorcery, she has observed so much magical instruction that she has learned to harness the winds of magic. Melinda has been left haunted by the Chaotic influences she was exposed to by her unorthodox path to power.

Melinda sleeps in a Turmgarten alleyway under a shelter of elm branches. She's surprisingly lucid when encountered at the Wall of Remembrance, where she eats picnic scraps and converses with tiny, glowing Spites. Melinda has nearly forgotten her original mission, although she recently discovered a new glade of magical Lornalim trees while shadowing Amber Wizards to the hills south of Altdorf. The grateful Queen of Laurelorn despatched a company of Elves to the Amber Hills, and their camp occasionally sends someone to check on Melinda's wellbeing.

MELINDA GREYWEAVE – ELF WITCH (BRASS 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	57	41	31	38	51	62	42	48	65	53	15

Skills: Bribery 63, Channelling 75, Charm 63, Climb 46, Cool 75, Endurance 48, Entertain (Act) 63, Gamble 58, Gossip 68, Haggle 63, Intimidate 41, Intuition 56, Language (Eltharin 53, Magick 58), Melee (Basic) 62, Outdoor Survival 53, Perception 64, Secret Signs (Scout) 58, Sleight of Hand 52, Stealth (Rural) 75, Track 54

Talents: Acute Sense (Sight), Arcane Magic (Witchcraft), Blather, Criminal, Etiquette (Nobles, Scholars), Instinctive Diction, Lip Reading, Night Vision, Petty Magic, Read/Write, Rover, Second Sight, Sixth Sense, Shadow

Trappings: Tattered Clothing,

SPELLS

Petty: Dazzle, Drain, Murmured Whisper, Eavesdrop

Witchcraft: Curse of Crippling Pain, Curse of Ill-Fortune, Haunting Horror, Evil Eye

WALL OF REMEMBRANCE

By the waterfront is an elm garden encompassing an ancient section of crumbled wall. The wall is a remnant from the elven city of Kor Vanaeth, destroyed over 4,000 years ago during the War of the Beard. Under the serene canopy, visitors can temporarily forget they are in Altdorf. Elves plant flowers for Isha and light candles for Asuryan. Occasionally, a Dwarf comes to honour his fallen ancestors.

Wood Elves enjoy taking their meals in the garden to reconnect with nature. A majority of these 'orphans of Isha' originate from a small kinband that's gradually integrating into the Reikland. Despite their human garb, however, indigenous Reikwald Elves do not forget that their forebears were driven from Kor Vanaeth long ago. The handful of Wood Elves who remain as resistance fighters in the Reikwald forest consider them traitors.

A LEACH OF SHYISH



☠ The nearby Arcane Towers permeate the garden with life and death magic. When Mannslieb is full, the garden converges with a mystical realm that Wood Elves call 'the weave' and Bretonnians call 'the otherworld'. On those nights, an Elfghost drifts through the streets of Altdorf seeking lost family and loved ones. Humans have disappeared from the garden during full moons.



Chylis Lightbringer, Tower of Volans Ritual Leader

Chylis is one of several High Elf mages from Saphery appointed to oversee the Colleges of Magic. The ritual leader has only been in Altdorf for a few years, but it's already felt like an Elven lifetime. Chylis is visibly bored of the Human wizards' rituals. Usually she stands aloof and buries her nose in a grimoire. Chylis' silver hair cascades down to her ankles over turquoise robes, and she often carries a wand.

High Loremaster Teclis appointed Chylis to Altdorf after Thyrsus Gormann won the post of Supreme Patriarch of the Colleges. Although Chylis reports directly to Gormann, her first duty is to Teclis. She counts the days until the next magical duel for College leadership, so that she can return home to Ulthuan. Chylis is certain that apprentice wizards deliberately mispronounce their incantations just to catch her attention.

Chylis resides in an upstairs suite at the Sapherian Embassy. On most days, she can be found at the Tower of Volans advising Gormann and avoiding apprentices. Chylis welcomes any excuse to leave the colleges for an afternoon. In the event of a magical emergency, Chylis has secret orders to activate an augmentation crystal at the Arcane Towers which should, in theory, calm the winds of magic in Altdorf, but it is a dangerous artifact in itself. If not installed properly, the resultant magical surge could open a portal to the Realm of Chaos. For now, she stores the crystal in the vaults beneath the Cathedral of Sigmar.

CHYLIS LIGHTBRINGER ELF MASTER WIZARD (GOLD 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	62	44	31	33	64	63	44	80	80	23	17

Skills: Animal Care 90, Channelling 100, Charm 38, Cool 100, Dodge 83, Evaluate 85, Gossip 48, Intimidate 46, Intuition 84, Language (Battle 85, Eltharin 115, Magick 105), Leadership 48, Lore (Magic 100, Warfare 95), Melee (Basic 67, Polearm 82), Perception 87, Ride 78, Sail 66, Swim 37

Talents: Acute Sense (Sight), Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Magic (Fire, Heavens, Life), Night Vision, Petty Magic, Read/Write, Savvy, Second Sight

Trappings: Sapherian Robes, Grimoires of the Three Lores she Favours, Locket from a Long Dead Lover, 12 GC, 14/-

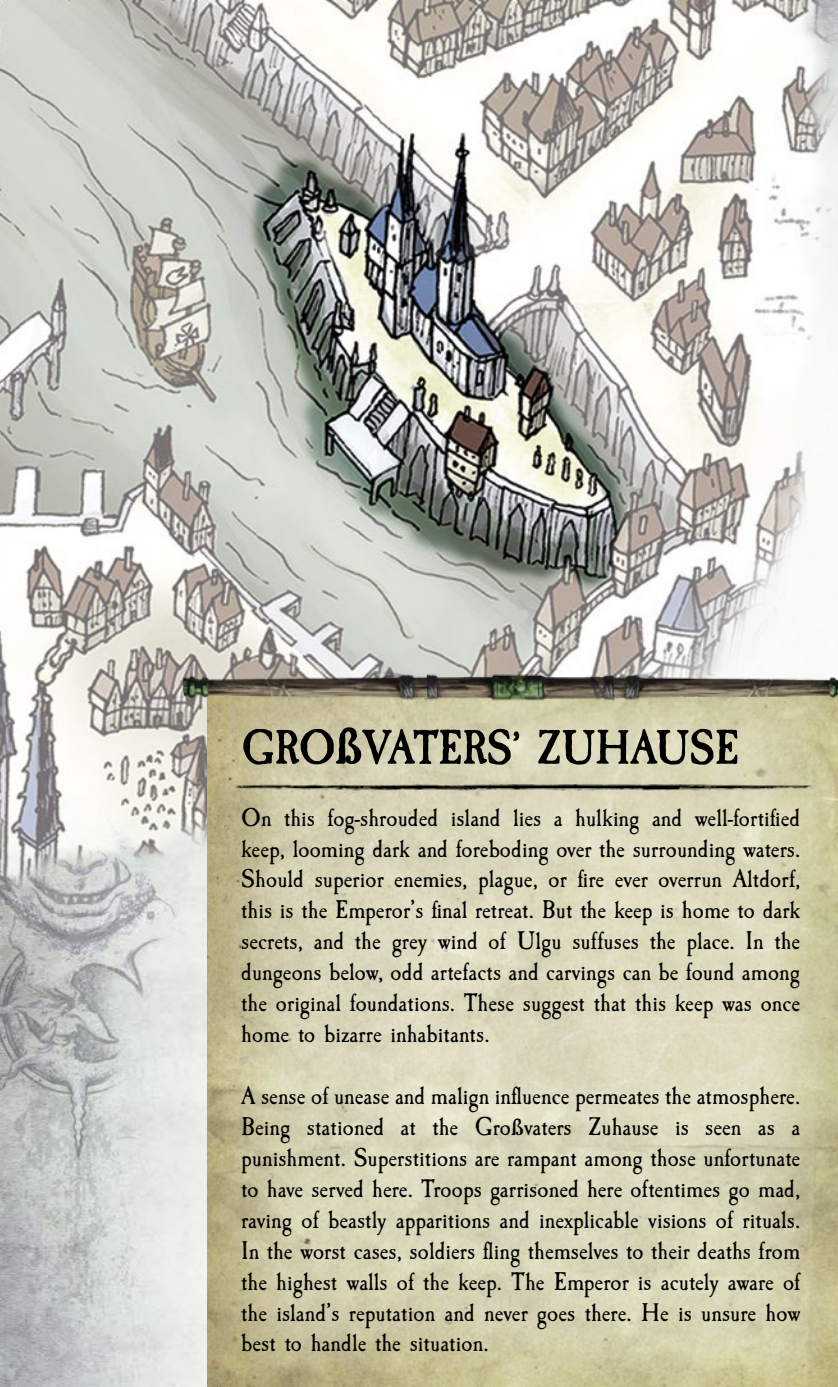
Spells: Chylis knows every Petty Magic and Arcane Spell, plus all those from the Lores of Fire, Heavens, and Life.

ALTDORF'S DWARFS ON MAGIC AND ELVES

While Runic Magic is seen as a gift from the Ancestor Gods, most Dwarfs believe that no good comes from the colour magic those pointy-eared Elves (Teclis and his companions, Yrtle and Finreir) taught the foolish Manlings. They understand that magic used by the enemies of Dwarfs and Humans corrupts its practitioners (even Elves) and inevitably leads to Chaos. Thus, the majority of Dwarfs fault Emperor Magnus the Pious for foolishly allowing Manlings to be taught a power that in the end will consume them.

Despite the obvious utility that wizards played in the Great War Against Chaos, most Imperial Dwarf veterans still hate magic and abhor its use. There was nothing the Dwarfs could do when Emperor Magnus, the Victor of Kislev decided to incorporate the Colleges of Magic in Altdorf and deployed wizardry graduates into the Imperial army. All they could do was grudgingly acknowledge this reality of the situation and hope for the naive manlings to come to their senses.

The presence of the Colleges of Magic in Altdorf is quite disconcerting. Dwarfs are not normally sensitive to magic, but they feel uneasy around the college buildings. Dwarfs are rarely found in the streets of the Hexxerbezrik.



GROßVATERS' ZUHAUSE

On this fog-shrouded island lies a hulking and well-fortified keep, looming dark and foreboding over the surrounding waters. Should superior enemies, plague, or fire ever overrun Altdorf, this is the Emperor's final retreat. But the keep is home to dark secrets, and the grey wind of Ulgu suffuses the place. In the dungeons below, odd artefacts and carvings can be found among the original foundations. These suggest that this keep was once home to bizarre inhabitants.

A sense of unease and malign influence permeates the atmosphere. Being stationed at the Großvaters Zuhause is seen as a punishment. Superstitions are rampant among those unfortunate to have served here. Troops garrisoned here oftentimes go mad, raving of beastly apparitions and inexplicable visions of rituals. In the worst cases, soldiers fling themselves to their deaths from the highest walls of the keep. The Emperor is acutely aware of the island's reputation and never goes there. He is unsure how best to handle the situation.

MADNESS GATE

A drawbridge leads to the island and its only gate. This entrance is known as Madness Gate. It derives its name not from the island's reputation, but rather from the grotesque statues and gargoyles that decorate the gate itself.

The governor's special guards staff the gate. Dour and humourless, they follow orders without question or doubt. Their primary task is to keep people out, which is actually quite simple since no one visits Großvaters Zuhause without very good reason. Papers signed by the proper Imperial bureaucrats are requisite to gain access to the keep.

THE KEEP

The official way to reach the Großvaters' Zuhause keep is to traverse the ancient bridge that connects the island to the northern embankments of Schulergegend. The bloated fortress that dominates the island is a curious construction, erected upon ancient foundations thought to predate the settlement of Reiksdorf. Discerning eyes can make out different strata of rock used to erect the buildings and the walls surrounding them. Some stones were cut by Dwarfs, some by Elves, but most by Imperial stonecutters.

Governor Jürgen Mensch runs the keep. Peers call him the only bureaucrat already mad enough to accept the position. He has held the office for over fifteen years, never venturing far from the central tower where he maintains his offices. His main tasks are overseeing the soldiers and servants stationed at the keep and making sure that everything is kept in order, according to the Emperor's edicts.

Numerous storage rooms are accessible from the courtyard. Stock is replenished every month. Jürgen has become obsessed with keeping the stores stocked exactly as their manifests outline. Knowledge of the smallest shortfall literally keeps him up at night. To be fair, there isn't much else for him to do.

The Emperor maintains an opulent suite of rooms here, fully furnished and always ready to accommodate his presence should the situation in Altdorf so require. A large war room adjoins the suite. The floor is inlaid with a splendid mosaic map of Altdorf to support strategic planning in a time of crisis. But these rooms are all empty and eerily silent; the only visitors are reluctant servants who keep the premises tidy.

A haphazard, labyrinthine dungeon lies below the fortress. Delving deep into the dungeons reveals caves and winding burrows. No one alive knows where these corridors lead, but legends say traversing the maze takes one far from Altdorf.

STAFF REQUIRED



- ☠ The party needs the proper papers to get inside the keep and complete their goal. Can they find someone to bribe, or should they take a job delivering goods to the keep? The governor is always looking for people to drive the wagons and carts, since most people fear the taint of madness that lingers about the keep.

The Emperor's Beacon

The central tower of the keep holds the governor's offices as well as his living quarters. Mensch is quite aware of the madness that taints the keep and haunts his manservants, but — seeing as he was already out of his gourd — it's had little effect on him. Amongst his staff, those who stay for any prolonged period tend to be eccentric themselves. Even with this handful of faithful servants, the governor is constantly strapped for qualified help.

At the very top of the tower is a huge iron basket, which holds a roaring fire in times of unrest. An intricate system of coloured crystal glass panes enables the governor to send out a beacon of varying colour to signal the level of threat the capital faces. The colors range from green, for 'all is well', through to blood red, when a major crisis looms. A glass pane in the beacon has cracked, and the governor hires the party to locate a glass-blower that can create a replacement. But Olga Abenfrau, the only artisan with the skill to do so, has gone missing. Luckily for the adventurers, they are approached by one Albertus Winklehaus, who can offer the glass they need. Canny or suspicious Characters realise that Winklehaus is selling Abenfrau's wares as his own. He has the real glass-blower imprisoned in his basement.

MONSTERS AND HAZES



-  The party is hired to retrieve a cache of smuggled goods. Unfortunately, the shipment ended up on the Großvaters Zuhaus, somewhere below the walls of the keep. The adventurers might try retrieving the goods by boat, which runs the risk of crashing against the jagged cliffs that surround the island. Or they could try to gain access to the fortress by joining the garrison or their way inside the walls.
-  What is the curse that has befallen Großvaters Zuhaus, and how can it be lifted? The governor is looking for expendable heroes to investigate the dungeons of the keep. In the darkness below, they find the remains of creatures long believed lost to this world, and worse. Clues suggest that the keep might have been built not to protect Altdorf from an invading force, but to keep something altogether more sinister locked in.





WOLFTOR

The Wolftor district huddles around the great northern gate of Altdorf. It is common knowledge that Wolftor is named for its place on the road to Middenheim, the City of the White Wolf. Suitably, the area is populated largely by Middenlanders and other north-easterners, who take pride in that name. Many consider it an outpost of Middenheim, rather than merely a district of Altdorf. Even the Reiklanders here buy into the prevailing ideal of the brave northern wilderness, though some have never set foot outside the city.

GUILD OF IMPERIAL CARTOGRAPHERS

This tall and well-kept building boasts an underground vault stocked with a copy of almost every map the guild has created. This acts as an unofficial record of much of the Empire, and the knowledge herein can always be re-sold. The vault is too small for the job, however, and it is stuffed and disorganised. There are any number of useful maps available, for those inclined to search through the mess.

The guild has many clients. The work it does for the Emperor is an obligation tied to the guild's charter, and is very low-paying. The guild actually loses money on much of this work. However, the charter affords it the prestige to earn good money on private commissions. There is a steady stream of work at the guild house, and the guild is always in need of skilled draughtsmen.

IMPERIAL COUNTING HOUSE

Every penny raised through taxation in the city finds its way through the Imperial Counting House, to be counted, logged, re-counted, and re-logged, in triplicate. Guards surround the fortress-like building. Its walls, it is said, can withstand an artillery barrage. A steady stream of heavily guarded wagons makes its way in and out at every hour of the day.

Anders Clemens is in charge of the audit trail and spreads sheets of numbers all over the counting room tables, keeping track of every penny. One mistake could mean his job. He allows none of the clerks to go home at night until the books are exactly balanced.

SURVIVING THE SURVEY



- ☠ Harald 'Freundlich' Mörtel needs a numerate and literate group to hang out around the Counting House making a note of exactly what goes in and out of the complex, and when. The Characters should make sure they don't attract anyone's attention; if they are caught with this sort of information on them, it would only mean one thing.
- ☠ An official the Characters are dealing with suddenly realises they need to get a chest of gold to the Counting House before dark, and there is no time to lose. Clearly the Characters are trustworthy enough to do the job, and they will be well paid. Rushing a chest full of gold halfway across the city as night falls — what could possibly go wrong?

EXCISE BOOKS



- ☠ The guild might send the Characters almost anywhere. Any group with the right expertise would be useful, and clients come from all over the Empire and beyond. Whether a job means mapping an entire mountain range on the edge of the Border Princes, or settling a petty land dispute between two Reikland smallholders, it needs a cartographer.
- ☠ A local baroness wants to claim a large expanse of disputed land. She figures that if a highly educated thief were to break into the vault below the guild house, they could change the relevant map and entitle her to the land. And she has heard there is a secret way into the vault which involves just a short trip through the sewers.

CHAPTER HOUSE OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE BLAZING SUN

For arguably the wealthiest order of knights in the Empire, the Altdorf chapter house is remarkably modest. The building resembles a large inn complex with the famous—sixteen pointed star hanging where one might expect the inn sign. There is little hint of the fortress that many other chapter houses resemble. The only knights here are those passing through on their way to duties elsewhere, and those detailed to receive new recruits and put them through their paces.

As the Blazing Sun prides itself on its itinerant knights, protecting pilgrims, and a continual quest for military excellence, there is little need for a lavish base in the heart of Imperial civilisation.

Klara Dunkelberg is the chief administrator. She has long since retired from active duty but maintains the sort of fastidious military demeanour that old soldiers are known for. She is still known to clunk around in full armour despite her failing knees. There is a shrine to Myrmidia in the complex, and this attracts Myrmidians from throughout the city.

TWO CHANCES TO SHINE



- ☠ Berentzen Schnapps is a Knight of the Blazing Sun who has been staying at the chapter house for several months, drinking himself silly every night. This is poor form, and he risks being thrown out of the order. Klara Dunkelberg asks the Characters to convince Schnapps to return to a more devout path. Berentzen, however, has a dark secret and is drinking to forget.
- ☠ Klara needs a quantity of coin shipped up to the mountains near Ubersreik, at short notice, with no questions asked. She needs intermediaries to negotiate the job with the Fish: intermediaries who tread the narrow path between the honest military and the unscrupulous underworld. And she needs some sort of guarantee the money will arrive safely.



THE WOLFTOR TEMPLE

A large sculpted wolf's head gazes towards, and beyond, the Wolftor gate. Apart from a few high windows, it is the only feature to adorn an impressive, tall, stark tower of stone. This temple is one of two dedicated to Ulric in the city. This one prides itself on being the people's temple, as it is located in the heart of the Middenlander area. Worshippers here joke that the rival temple is just part of 'all the Imperial stuff' on the other side of the Reik.

Despite the independent streak of the typical Ulrican, High Priest Beorn Eisenbach is keen that the alliance between Sigmarites and Ulricans stays as strong as possible. He tries to get both sides to rise above their petty differences. He sees the struggle against the Dark Gods to be much less distant than most people in the city believe.

While most of the congregation are content with life in the soft Sigmarite south, some troublemakers resent that cult's power and influence over Ulricans. A mob shouting Ulrican slogans has recently beaten up a number of lone Reiklanders, including a couple of soldiers. This has caused tensions in the area, and off-duty Reiklander soldiers have been getting boisterous in response.

CRYING WOLF



- Thuggish Characters are hired to beat up some random innocent victims while shouting pro-Ulrican slogans. The shady patron claims to be a worshipper at the Wolftor Temple. If, however, the Characters manage to learn his real identity, he turns out to be a member of PLANT trying to foment division.
- Siegfried Waltz of the Black Chamber has got wind of anti-Sigmarite agitators at the temple. He needs some loyal Imperials to pose as Ulricans and join the temple, while keeping their ear to the ground. Of course, if their Ulrican cover-story slips, things could get nasty.

TEMPLE OF RANALD

The Temple of Ranald is all things to all the god's followers. It is more of a collection of adjacent buildings than a single structure. Although the various structures and rooms connect through a tortuous series of tunnels, passages, and hidden doors, no links are apparent to outsiders. Even careful observation and even painstaking analysis of the city rolls cannot reveal how the faithful slip about within the complex.

The façade of the temple comprises the Cross Hands boarding house, the Black Cat tavern, a number of modest shops selling all sorts, and a few innocent-looking residences.

All of these are functional in the way one would expect, but they also offer a way into the temple-proper for the initiated. The temple ensures only the faithful get in through a combination of passwords, calling cards, interrogation, and divine magic. The main hidden elements of the complex are the shrine, the casino, and the meeting hall. These are all just as insulated from each other as they are from the gateway establishments. If infiltrators compromised any given area, the rest would be safe.

The octagonal shrine is set out to resemble, very vaguely, a shrine to Sigmar. This is, they say, just a little joke rather than a blasphemous travesty. There is an altar with a gold cat sculpture, and a painted triptych showing three of Ranald's aspects: the Night Prowler, the Protector, and the Gamester. The Gamester takes centre stage here, as it does throughout most of the Temple. Groups more dedicated to the Night Prowler and the Deceiver are found elsewhere in the city.

The meeting hall is nothing of the sort, but actually a series of small, secure, secluded rooms discussing sensitive business without fear of discovery. The sanctity of these meeting places is absolute, and no one would dare to eavesdrop on any of the conversations going on here (fingers crossed).

The gambling den is the most popular haunt, and usually accessed through the Black Cat tavern, where bouncers demand passwords. Almost any game can be found here, and a good number of the clientele are open to new ones. Some are played for fun, but most are for money. Some surprisingly large amounts are won and lost.

VIVA WOLFTOR



- If the Characters wish admittance into the temple, they will need to prove themselves true Ranaldans. Petra Schneller, a priestess here, could do with a new feather for her cap. She asks the Characters to get a tail feather from the Stirland Abomination in the zoo. Of course, Abominations don't have tail feathers and they are extremely dangerous. If she could get the unsuspecting Characters to enter the Abomination's enclosure though, that would be a proper feather in her cap.
- Mia Chanz has a foolproof system to win at Nulner Whist (which is a lot like Herziger Whist, but sixes are wild). She just needs a couple of accomplices to learn her complex series of signals and plays. And then to follow them meticulously at the big game, all while making sure the house does not suspect a thing.



Count Jäger

Wild-eyed, theatrical, and ostentatiously ragged, old Count Jäger is a famous — though usually fleeting — sight from the slums of Altdorf to the parties of highest society. Wherever he goes, he is a blessing, bringing good fortune to those who see him, and the best of luck to those who can shake his hand, touch his robes, or get him to utter a greeting.

They call him a count, but noble lineage is uncertain. Some say he is not Human, but an avatar of Ranald in the world. Some say he turns into a cat when you are not looking. The old man just seems to go about his way oblivious to all this fuss, taking advantage of any free wine, good company, and song. People enthusiastically shower this good will upon him wherever he goes. Ranaldans are always especially pleased to run into him, and know it will bring luck.

Avatar of Ranald

Physical manifestations of the gods appear a great deal in Elven legend, but most Altdorfers scorn the notion that Count Jäger is divine. Lief of Stromdorf, a Grey Order scholar, is convinced that Count Jäger is more than a mere mortal, and has spent a year searching for him. Despite numerous near misses his search has been in vain.

For his part, Count Jäger declines to confirm any rumour. Asked about his divinity he shakes his head, winks, and hints that all tall tales told about him, even those that contradict each other, are somehow absolutely true.

COUNT JÄGER

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	56	34	33	33	78	78	68	76	66	62	15

Traits: Blessed (Ranald), Dark Vision, Magic Resistance 3, Miracles (Ranald), Stealthy, Ward 3
Skills: Athletics 93, Bribery 82, Charm 82, Climb 53, Cool 86, Consume Alcohol 53, Dodge 98, Drive 88, Endurance 53, Entertain (Acting 92, Conjuring Tricks 87, Storytelling 92), Evaluate 96, Intimidate 53, Intuition 98, Gamble 96, Gossip 87, Haggle 87, Language (Thief 96), Leadership 72, Lore (Art 91, Genealogy 81, Heraldry 81, Law 96, Local 96), Melee (Basic 76), Perception 93, Pick Lock 88, Research 86, Secret Signs (Thief) 91, Set Trap 88, Sleight of Hand 98, Stealth (Urban) 88, Trade (Engraver) 88
Talents: Ambidextrous, Attractive, Alley Cat, Blather, Break and Enter, Briber, Cardsharp, Carouser, Cat-tongued, Catfall, Criminal, Dealmaker, Diceman, Embezzle, Etiquette (Criminals, Nobles), Fast Hands, Flee!, Gregarious, Luck 5, Master of Disguise, Nose for Trouble, Numismatics, Read/Write, Resistance (Disease), Secret Identity 4, Shadow

RANALD'S BLESSING

Count Jäger's luck seems to be catching. Characters who enjoy a drink, a game of cards, or other appropriate pursuit with him gain a temporary Fortune point. If it is not spent, the point is lost the next time the Character loses a game of chance.

Characters may desire to seek out the count, but he is impossible to find for those who explicitly search for him. The best a Character can do is spend time in the lower-class streets, bars, and gambling dens that the count is known to frequent, and hope to quite literally get lucky.

A MAN YOU DON'T MEET EVERY DAY



• Primrose Crowberry sells charms and trinkets in the marketplace. If someone could steal a genuine scrap of Count Jäger's robes for her, she would pay a top price. However, as lucky as it is to meet the count in good faith, it is equally unlucky to behave so cynically.

• A visiting aristocrat has heard all about Count Jäger. He simply must meet the fellow. But he's only in town for a few days. His wealthy friends need a likely stand-in. One of the Characters should cut the right kind of dashing figure.



KÖNIGPLATZ

The great open square of Königplatz is the heart of Altdorf. Throughout the day it throngs with people, many there to gawk at public spectacles and the splendour of the statues of the Emperors. Military parades, official proclamations, feast day fairs, and even executions draw the crowd here. With them come pie sellers, bunko artists, pickpockets, and drunks.

FOGFIRE SITE

At the centre of the Königplatz is a squat brick tower — the site of the Fogfire. The structure is thirty feet high, and topped with an iron fire basket. A small room at the base of the tower stores firewood and oil. When the Altdorf fog rolls in over the city, the Imperial Militia light the Fogfire. The fire is less a beacon than a symbol that their dedication to vigilance continues unabated.

A priest of Ulric also lights the Fogfire during the winter solstice festival, Mondstille. When the fire is lit, Königplatz becomes a winter market, filled with small bonfires and stalls that sell candied apples, hot mulled wine, and other delicacies to celebrate the turning of the seasons. Buskers dress up in the pelts of wolves, performing traditional winter entertainments, and impromptu choirs form to sing hymns dedicated to the sun and the moon. Folk musicians perform songs from the North of the Empire, paying respect to the God of Winter and Wolves.

BEACON BECKONS

- Heretics plot to kill the priest who lights the Mondstille fire. Cultists of Tzeentch have placed a stolen powder keg among the firewood so that when the priest lights the fire, the top of the tower will blow right off. They hope the blame will fall on radical Sigmarites and cause further division in the Empire.



FOUR SEASONS COACHING INN AND DEPOT

The largest and most famous coaching company in the Empire is Four Seasons Coaches. It is a rapidly expanding business with coaches on all major routes. Its headquarters at Königplatz is a walled compound and a handful of buildings that serve as the company's coach depot as well as a hotel. The depot is close to the Cartak line's depot, and the competition between the drivers of the companies is fierce and increasingly bitter.



The upscale inn is a welcome haven for weary travellers. It caters only to those who can pay up-front, and prefers passengers with trips already booked. Apertly fellow named Nikolaus Wiedemann runs the inn, which is favoured by diplomats and travelling merchants.

WHATEVER THE WEATHER



- The Four Seasons need a scribe to help with their papers. This is an opportunity for academic Characters to earn some silver, but also a way to find information on the passengers and cargo transported all over the Empire in the Four Seasons coaches. Ratchett or Cartak might pay handsomely for manifests, or the Characters could search for important documents and items lost en route to Altdorf.
- Four Seasons are looking for brave people willing to drive their coaches or ride blunderbuss. Characters who take the job are assigned to special transports that go off the usual roads or otherwise face greater danger. For instance, a noble hires a coach to take her and her family to their remote summer estate, or the City Watch wants a particularly violent bandit collected from a small village outside Altdorf.

THE STATUES OF THE EMPERORS

Tradition has it that every newly invested Emperor or Empress shall commemorate their rule by adding their likeness alongside those who have ruled before. These statues line the edges of the square, looking down on the commoners passing by and reminding them of the powers that rule their lives. The stature of an Emperor's reign can often be judged by the quality of their statue.

Sigmar Heldenhammer

This imposing statue depicts the founder of the Empire wielding Ghal Maraz and wearing just a winged helmet. The statue is inordinately popular with pigeons, whom the custodians have a hard time shooing away. The legendary hero strikes a dramatic pose, rendered in an exaggerated classical style that is quite a bit more daring than what a modern Altdorf sculpture might attempt. Sigmar's statue is popular with pilgrims from all over the Empire. Every day they leave offerings at the feet of Sigmar, hoping to receive a blessing in return.

OFFERINGS OFF THE TABLE

- There is a fable that stealing from the statue of Sigmar is stealing from the god himself. Even so, the tribute laid at the statue's feet might prove a grave temptation for those who hunger. Hungry Characters may fill their stomachs with pilfered food and wine, but soon discover that there is truth to the rumours. Until they make amends, bad luck dogs their every move.

The Royal Nubs

These are the statues of early Emperors, many whose names have been forgotten or erased from history by their successors. Now they are little more than worn remnants, vast but trunkless legs of stone. Even so, these statues are revered among Altdorf's beggars: they prove that the grandest of men are brought low with time.

GAZE UPON OUR WORKS

- A group of outcasts, beggars, and vagabonds gather to plan an act of atrocious vandalism: defacing the statue of Karl-Franz. They hope that this will send a message to the Emperor that even his place at the top is no more than a temporary luxury. The Characters catch word of this plan, but how will they react?

Magnus the Pious

Second in stature only to that of Sigmar, this statue stands alone in the heart of Königplatz, arms wide in welcome. In times of trouble, many gather beneath this statue, beseeching the gods for solace. The City Watch is always ready to break up the crowd should things get out of hand.

PIOUS PULPIT

- Throngs of people gather by the statue. Agitators take advantage of this period of civil unrest, delivering firebrand speeches, passing out printed propaganda, and generally trying to ignite the fuse of rebellion. The Characters might take a job from the authorities to infiltrate and stop the rabble-rousers, or they could lend aid should they sympathise with the cause.

Wilhelm III

Wilhelm the Wise is depicted with an open book in one hand and a chisel in the other. This symbolises his wisdom and his dedication to the modernisation of the Empire's infrastructure. Scholars customarily hold debates at the foot of the statue, and it is not unusual to find students and apprentice wizards arguing about some esoteric subject or notion of political reform in front of a small crowd of their peers.

- The Characters need access to a library of the University of Altdorf. If they embarrass Agnes Büffler, brainiest of the University's inky sophomores, in a debate at the feet of Wilhelm the Wise, they might oblige her to sneak them into the library as a forfeit. But what subject can they choose to debate?

Magritta of Westerland

During her reign, the Empress commissioned a massive bronze statue to celebrate her triumph of ascension in the face of the opposition from the Cult of Sigmar. She ordered the statue to be created twice as high as that of Sigmar himself, and many a shrine in Reikland had to give up their bronze bells to supply material for the casting. Her successors, weak despots of the Dark Age, were considering how to moderate the statue when the ground beneath it gave way and two-thirds of it sank into the ground. Legend says that on the night of the Big Plunge, even the statue of Sigmar was seen to smirk.

- The statue provides a little-known entrance into the undercity. This is a secret held close to the chest by the city's criminal elements, but the Player Characters might learn of its existence when they chase after a thief one night, only to find her disappear just next to the Empress. Searching the area reveals the entrance to the undercity and opens up many new possibilities for adventure.

Bloody Beatrice the Monumentally Cruel

An Empress of the Age of Wars, Beatrice was notorious for her relentless persecution of those that did not worship Sigmar and for debilitating taxes levied upon rich and poor alike. Her statue depicts a fierce woman holding a bag of gold up high with one hand, whilst her left foot rests on the head of a wolf.

BLOOD MONEY

- ☠ The party hears that the bag of gold held in Beatrice's hands actually contains gold. But how to get hold of it without attracting attention?



Karl-Franz I

The current Emperor commissioned his statue on the day of his ascension, and it was unveiled two years later. As it is the most recent statue, it is also the one that shines brightest. Clad in splendid full plate armour, he brandishes the Reikland Runefang in his right hand and holds a fledgling Griffon in his left.

- ☠ It is said that the statue of Karl-Franz will shed tears of blood when the Emperor is in mortal danger. This sight would undoubtedly cause concern in the capital, and forces that want to destabilize the Empire can take advantage of the omen. Are the tears real, or has someone placed them there?

OFFICES OF THE ALTDORF SPIELER

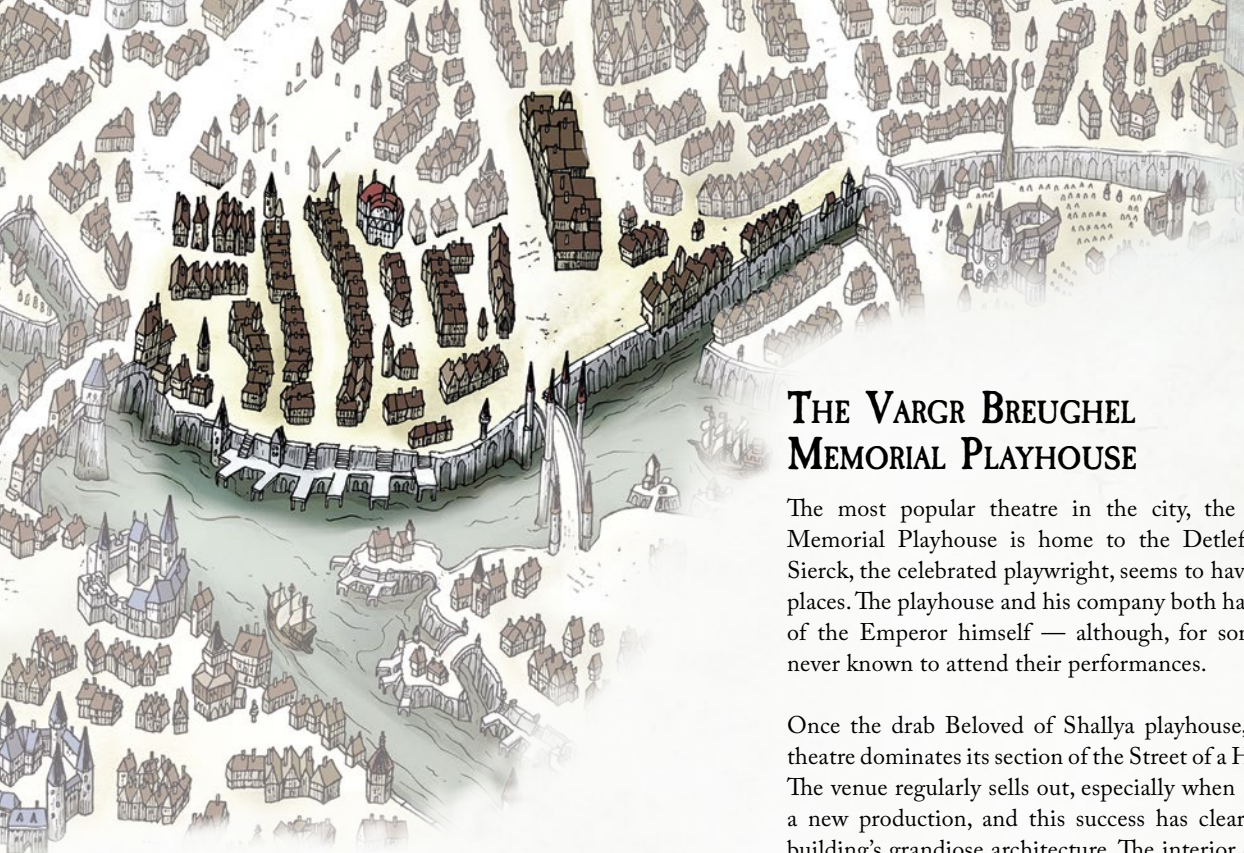
The ebb and flow of information is vital to control of the capital, and there are many who seek to influence the flow of gossip, rumour, lies, and truth. One way for Altdorfers to learn about current events is to read the latest news-sheet. The *Altdorf Spieler* is one such publication, proudly proclaiming itself the oldest newssheet in the Old World. It sells for three pennies. Printed by the two brothers Bleigestein, it is part news report, part opinion piece, part gossip, and all sensation. The *Altdorf Spieler* has its finger on the pulse of what Altdorfers of all classes deem important. It is evident that their writers are well connected among the merchant class and the aristocracy, and it has laid bare many scandals over the years.

HEAT OFF THE PRESSES

- ☠ Whilst the *Spieler* is careful to remain within the rights afforded to the press in Altdorf (which are purely at the sufferance of the aristocracy anyway) it is clear that some of their reporters know more than they ought to. Carefully edited court gossip regularly makes its way into the pages of the *Spieler*. Authorities have tried in vain to track down the source of the leaks, and their failure suggests that the culprit might be of even higher rank than supposed, maybe even sanctioned by one of the Electors. The Characters are asked to find the writer and make sure they stop their reporting, or convince them to adjust their messaging to shine a flattering light on the House of the Third Wilhelm.



Her Imperial Majesty Empress Beatrice
may Sigmar Bless her Glorious Reign



THE VARGR BREUGHEL MEMORIAL PLAYHOUSE

The most popular theatre in the city, the Vargr Breughel Memorial Playhouse is home to the Detlef Sierck Players. Sierck, the celebrated playwright, seems to have friends in high places. The playhouse and his company both have the patronage of the Emperor himself — although, for some reason, he is never known to attend their performances.

Once the drab Beloved of Shallya playhouse, the remodelled theatre dominates its section of the Street of a Hundred Taverns. The venue regularly sells out, especially when Sierck premieres a new production, and this success has clearly informed the building's grandiose architecture. The interior décor is opulent, bordering on the gaudy — which is exactly what the city's theatre-going public expect to see in a successful playhouse.

The theatre stages a range of productions, from morality plays and comedies of manners to student reviews and cutting satires. In the past, the theatre was often in trouble with the authorities for its criticism of the powers that be. Partly for that reason, there are any number of exits from the back-stage area, through which the cast can flee. These include secret doors onto back alleys and escape routes through the sewers.

DOCKLAND

The teeming waterfront, crowded streets, and myriad small businesses make Dockland feel like the very centre of the city, perhaps even the beating heart of the Empire itself. All life is here, though the area is mostly associated with the raucous poor, vicious gangs, and dodgy deals. The area has a reputation as the first place of debarkation for immigrants from all over the Empire and beyond, all coming to the big city to make their fortune. For this reason, there is much poverty here. But also there is enterprise, diversity of people, ideas, music, food, and everything else. Of course, this is also why more traditional Altdorfers look down on the area, and even fear it.

The presence of the Fish and the Hooks is as keenly felt here as it is in the East End. It can seem like one of these two dockside gangs has a finger in every pie that moves through the docks.

A western quarter of Dockland is the traditional home of Altdorf's Tilean population, and is known as Little Tilea. Tilean influence here often gets conflated with gang violence. Received wisdom across the Reikland has it that Tileans are behind all the organised crime in the city. This is, however, almost entirely down to the popularity of the penny dreadful stories of Francisco Fordino. After all, the Hooks and the Fish do not tolerate Tilean competitors.

Little Tilea is also known for its traditional cuisine, and there are a number of Tilean establishments on the Street of a Hundred Taverns.

BREAK ALL OF YOUR LEGS



☠ Rumours say the ghost of Bruno Malvosin haunts the theatre. Malvosin was a Bretonnian playwright and, at one time, the theatre's writer-in-residence. He gradually succumbed to Tzeentch's lure while working on a morality play, and his work became corrupted and decadent. Word has it he was either driven out of town by an angry mob, or he disappeared into the tunnels beneath the playhouse in the form of a Daemon, there to create his magnum opus.

☠ Detlef Sierck is the most celebrated wordsmith of his day, but rumours abound — perhaps only through envious writers — that he acquired his talent through dubious means. Perhaps he has sold his soul to the ultimate patron of the arts, the god Morr. Who knows what the King of the Underworld might demand in return? More than the odd sonnet, certainly.

LUITPOLDSTRASSE WATCH STATION

The largest watch house of Dockland is on Luitpoldstrasse. Situated right on the waterfront, it overlooks a stretch of the busiest dockside. The watchmen here have a reputation for being the most hard-nosed and unrelenting in the city, but that goes with the territory. They are still as likely to accept a bribe or turn a blind eye to petty crime as any Altdorf watchman. The watchmen patrol the area regularly, believing visibility and 'boots on the wharf' to be the best deterrent. They throw their weight around, harassing petty criminals and dockers, rummaging through cargoes and workshops, and generally making their presence felt. A lot of this activity is geared towards generating regular bribes for the watchmen.

In an attempt at better administration, the Imperial authorities have allocated each watch station an official number. Luitpoldstrasse's 317 is carved into the lintel above the main door. The joke on the street, however, is that this is the number of bribes the watchmen take in a typical week. The Dockland watchmen follow a pool-based bribery policy. All proceeds are divvied up at the end of the week based on seniority.

There is a strongroom deep within the watch house that holds all the more interesting finds and pieces of evidence. Theoretically, the Watch is waiting for legitimate owners to claim their property. Some are valuable and await the right moment to 'disappear' off to a pawn shop. Others are downright dangerous. The confiscated items resemble offerings at a shrine, owing to the large bronze statue of Vernea that overlooks the room. A secret compartment in the back of the statue contains the station's weekly take of silver. The watchmen do not see this as endemic corruption, but as their only means of getting a fair wage. They don't earn enough to keep their families comfortable, so unofficially relieving the criminal classes of their ill-gotten gains is a necessary part of the rule of law.

The notorious maverick investigator 'Filthy' Harald Kleindeinst uses this station as the base of operations for his Atrocities Kommission, which investigates pattern murders and other sensational violent crimes. The other watchmen regard him with a mixture of fear and awe, and stay out of his way.

☠ There is a working agreement between the Luitpoldstrasse station and the Amethyst College. The watchmen often call on the wizards' services to help with identifying corpses. In return, the Spiriters get first dibs on any interesting artefacts the watch might discover.

☠ The Hooks have had part of a cheese shipment confiscated. As is the custom, the Watch take one crate of cheese from each shipment for themselves. Unfortunately, they happened to take the one containing several bottles of Bretonnian Brandy that the Hooks were smuggling. The Hooks ask the Characters to pose as cheesemongers in order to buy back the crate.

The Atrocities Kommission

The kommission is run out of an office in the Luitpoldstrasse Watch Station, found not far from the Street of a Hundred Taverns. It is not a well-funded or highly regarded organisation, and consists of Harald, a few clerks, and the reliable assistance of Rosanna Ophuls.

The purview of the kommission is to investigate particularly lurid and bloody crimes. Harald has brought a number of pattern killers and gang bosses to justice over the years.

When a case is brought to the kommission, Harald and his officers perform a summary and effective investigation, but they are also rather overworked and poorly resourced. As such, you could use the kommission either to help the characters if they are stuck with such an investigation, or to employ them if they have relevant experience.

BENDRAGO'S WIGS

Bendrago, a Miragline émigré, keeps his shop on the Luitpoldstrasse. The compact building has a well-arranged showroom at the front and office in the back. The business has done well in recent years, and Bendrago purchased a modest town house nearby. His work is lifelike and practical, fit for everyday wear. He does not deal in the towering fancy piles worn at costumed balls.

Like many wigmakers, Bendrago relies upon a cheap supply of hair. He commissions a bevy of street urchins, battlefield scavengers, and the trusties of Mundsens Keep to provide him with raw materials. He pays up to a shilling for a headful of hair, depending on the quality. His wigs tend to retail for between 12 and 18 schillings, though the few wigs he keeps with truly long locks can go for as much as 2 gold crowns.

HAIR RAISING ACTIVITY



☠ Gang enforcer Heinroth Schnelling has completed a stint in Mundsens Keep. Whilst there, he had his once fine tresses shorn by a warden, and so is on the lookout for a wig. Characters shopping at Bendrago's witness Schnelling's rage at the discovery of what became of his locks. They could restrain Heinroth, earning the enmity of the Fish, or help him take his revenge on the wardens of Mundsens Keep, earning the enmity of the authorities.

☠ In his office, Bendrago keeps a few strange items for specialist customers. These include wigs made of elfen hair and false beards for Dwarfs. The loss of a beard is a sensitive and private matter for Dwarfs, and those few who patronise Bendrago in order to hide their shame would be most upset if their secret were revealed.

TEMPELSTRASSE GYMNASIUM

The Tempelstrasse Gymnasium is one of those places where low-lives of Dockland meet the upper classes of Altdorf as peers, of a sort. The nobility send their offspring here to toughen them up, and actors come here to learn how to fight. They rub shoulders with street thugs and gangsters. The owner is Arne 'The Body' Ostlander, who is famously the most muscular man in the Empire (excepting Ogres and Mutants). He spends nearly all day here, pumping iron and preening.

Arne also sells 'fitness food' to his keenest clients. He finds that the ugliest and most off-putting morsels consistently sell the best. He has 'muscle grower' made of minced offal from a nearby butcher, 'quickness soup' made from a lichen that grows on the tideline, 'stamina biscuits' which require significant stamina to even chew through, and 'cleverness pills' whose provenance even Arne can't recall. He swears by the efficacy of all of these products and threatens to fight anyone who doubts them.

There is a wrestling ring in the alleyway behind the gym. Officially, it is only for sparring, but at night it often plays host to illicit fights where big money changes hands. The bouts vary from pure 'Königinburg Rules' boxing, to no-holds-barred fights to the death.

BUILDING UP BODIES

⚔ An illicit wrestling match is due to take place behind the gym in a couple of hours. However, Manfred the Masked Man of Mannheim has cried off with a sprained finger. The Fish will win a lot of money if a contender turns up and loses to 'Mighty' Quinn, so they offer the biggest Character money to stand in for the wrestler. Just before the fight, however, a Hook approaches the Character and offers to pay ten times as much if they emerge the victor.

⚔ A couple of Arne's best fitness food customers have dropped dead. He doesn't want any bad publicity and so hires the Characters to break into their homes and remove any trace of his wares. Actually, the bodybuilder Halfling 'Sly' Brambledown has been selling a 'magic juice' at the gym, which is to blame.

FORK WHARF

Fork Wharf is a rickety jetty jutting out into the Reik. It looks like it could collapse at any moment, and is not used for docking ships anymore. In fact, the jetty is a navigational hazard, but a long-standing tradition means it is the site of an ominous-looking gibbet and cage. Any Dockland watchman caught flouting the law or acting against the interests of their Watch station is punished with a time locked in the rusty metal cage.

⚔ The Characters need information fast, but the only one who knows has been confined within the Fork Wharf gibbet for a few days. They must find a way to talk to the prisoner without attracting the attention of the Watch. The informant, quite reasonably, wants something in return for their information. But their requests get increasingly demanding. Ever tried spoon-feeding finest Carroburg cake through the bars of a gibbet?

⚔ Any Character who has done some work for the Watch and later goes up before the court could, with a clever lawyer, claim the privilege of a spell on Fork Wharf, rather than the undoubtedly worse punishment of regular law. Of course, other Characters might need to be on their toes to keep them alive during their time in the gibbet.

This punishment, of course, is not used for the sort of low-level corruption the watch is known for, and which is entirely acceptable to the powers that be. This is for cynical collusion with crime gangs and other serious crimes.

The length of punishment is usually only a matter of days, or even sometimes overnight, so it rarely results in death. Often the guilty watchmen are allowed to return to duty afterwards, suitably chastised. The gangs tend to look after their own, so a watchman who has helped a crime gang out usually receives food and water from them for the duration of their incarceration.



THE BELOVED OF MANANN DOCK

One of the busiest jetties on the Dockland waterfront, this wooden construction is showing its age and seems to creak and sag more with each ebbing tide. It is firmly within Fish territory, and Fish-controlled stevedore gangs here have a close relationship with the Watch. They boast they can get anything landed, or loaded, for the right price.

Rumour has it that the mud beneath the wooden jetties conceals a number of bodies. The stevedores here certainly believe the place to be haunted and are loath to walk alone there after dark. The area is popular with brave mudlarks, however, and when the moons are right, the tides expose all sorts of riches, as well as the odd body. The Fish have an agreement with the Luitpoldstrasse Watch station to dispose of cadavers as soon as possible. This is, of course, for their workforce's peace of mind.

STOPPED DOCK



- A decidedly spooky keening emanates from below the Beloved of Manann Dock. The stevedores are refusing to perform their illicit and lucrative night-time shift. A desperate gang leader asks the Characters to roll their trousers up and go down in the mud to see what's up. Actually, a drunk has merely fallen off the docks and is now stuck in the mud. However, his yelps have also disturbed a drowsy Bog Octopus.
- How do the Fish land their more valuable catches and keep them away from prying Watchmen? Rumours say that an underground canal goes from under the Beloved of Manann Dock to many locations below the city. It even goes all the way out beyond the northern wall of the city. The stories of ghosts are just to keep people away.

BEORGOR ZUCKER

Zucker is the agent for the Reik and Talabec trading company in Altdorf. He is from the Docklands and sees himself as a man of the people, just as likely to have been a Fish or a Hook as a successful businessman. He fancies he would have risen just as high in those organisations as he has in Reik and Talabec. Zucker is not averse to letting his implied friendship with the Fish carry weight in more respectable business circles. In fact, he is no more of a gangster than Karl-Franz, but he does not want his business rivals to realise this.

If the Characters need anything smuggled, or dubious jobs done on the dockside, they could do worse than consult with Zucker. It depends on how he perceives them as to which persona he employs: respectable businessman or dockside wide boy. He switches between the two at will, sometimes even mid-sentence.

REIK AND TALABEC TRADING COMPANY

The Reik and Talabec Trading Company occupies a once-impressive waterfront property that is beginning to show its age. The company has business throughout the Reik basin and contacts as far as Marienburg. It deals in luxuries coming through Marienburg such as Bretonnian wines, Albion linen, amber from Norsca, and spices from Araby. They return with the less exotic, like grain and wool. Because of the acronym for Reik and Talabec that gets branded onto their crates, the employees of the company are known as 'River Rats'.

The senior company official in Altdorf is Beorgor Zucker, a man who claims to have worked his way up from a mere dockhand. Zucker is known to boast that he lands more goods on the dock than anyone else, and pays less duty on it, too. Like any good shipping line, the company relies on their own watchmen rather than trust the dock Watch. These private watchmen are known as 'the Untouchables' not because they are above bribery and graft, but because Zucker put a rumour around that they were all diseased — in order to discourage the Fish from corrupting them.

R.A.T. TRAPS



- Reik and Talabec has a particularly troublesome crate that they need guarded. The company smells a rat and so does not want to waste its own resources on such a task. The company hires the Characters to stand guard overnight. The crate contains Warpstone, and a group of Skaven Gutter Runners are desperate to steal it.
- A down-and-out noble has a crate of possessions at the RAT warehouse, which he cannot access because of his many unpaid bills. He begs the Characters to get the crate for him, even if they have to steal it. He promises them a quarter share of the treasure inside. The crate contains his four best hats.

- Zucker is trying to put together a deal so that he can get rid of some goods which found their way from Araby. Part of the haul is a golden statue of a cat-headed goddess. The Characters are exactly the people he needs to connect him with a potential buyer. He gives them the cat-head icon as an example of the merchandise. Unfortunately, this icon inexplicably and irresistibly attracts every cat in the district.

- Zucker has promised to invest a lot of money into the Characters' latest scheme to make their fortune (or merely pay off their debts). However, to prove themselves to him, the Characters must demonstrate their business acumen and entrepreneurship by undertaking petty business tests over the course of several weeks.



STREET OF A HUNDRED TAVERNS

Given the filth floating in the Reik, it's no surprise that Altdorfers prefer ale to water. Every district of the capital has a number of inns, but the Street of a Hundred Taverns boasts the densest concentration of public houses in the Empire. The street is well placed, with the Dockland to the east and the university to the west. Throughout the day and long into the evening, the street crowds with all manner of people, who dodge between the carts and wagons that arrive to deliver fresh casks of ale.

THE BLACK BAT

The Black Bat is a forlorn tavern frequented by losers and whiners. The décor is dull, the drinks are cheap and nasty, and Bauman the barman, whilst yet under thirty-five, is bored and burnt out. The only songs raised here are dirges, the only jokes are bitter, and a decade ago the tavern pulled out of the local dicing league after a five-year stint on the bottom rung. Whilst the inn is close to the docks, Hooks and Fish alike avoid the place. Even gangland hardmen find the atmosphere depressing.

Bauman stocks a selection of cheap drinks, from vinegary wine to bitter ale and coarse Estalian gin. The clientele are mostly solitary men with a taste for drink and tall stories. Bauman knows his regulars are inveterate braggarts, such as 'Lewd' Milhail who resides with his ailing mother and sleeps alone, but would have folk believe that he is a legendary amorist. And there is Old Corin Brandysnap, who insists that he is the rightful ruler of the Moot, but is really just a pickpocket who has grown too arthritic to continue the trade.

THE BREASTPLATE OF MYRMIDIA

The Breastplate of Myrmidia is a drinking house that used to belong to the Hooks. During the Waterfront War, the Fish wrested it from them. It remains a hotly contested location, and many brawls start here. The Hooks maintain their stranglehold over the place because the Fish made themselves unpopular by throwing their weight behind the instigators of the Great Fog Riots. The Breastplate of Myrmidia has subsequently gained a patriotic veneer, behind which lies the criminality of the Hooks.

The current proprietor, Hilde Flickenschildt, used to run with the Hooks, and has the tattoos and scars to prove it. She is viciously partisan in who she allows to drink here, and her staff ensure that any idle talk uttered by careless customers is quickly reported to agents of Hook war chiefs. The tavern is also widely known as an excellent spot to score intoxicating substances such as weirdroot and powdered lotus.

SLIM PICKINGS



- ☠ The recent weirdroot crop has been poor, and traffickers are reduced to selling old bulbs, termed 'snakesdung' by aficionados. In addition to the normal effects, anyone partaking of this poor quality substance must make a **Challenging (+0) Endurance Test** or gain 1 Corruption point.
- ☠ Despite the recent drought in quality weirdroot, the dealer Kathe Saradat has uncovered a crop growing at the centre of the city. Her product is always fresh and of superior quality, and she charges a premium. Anyone who shadows Kathe at night may find she harvests her bulbs from a patch growing within the crown of the statue of Empress Magritta in the Konigplatz.

IRREGULAR REGULARS



- ☠ Given that just about the only interesting thing to say about the tavern is that nothing interesting ever happens there, some criminals have worked out that it is the perfect place to lay low for a while. Bounty hunters know this, and sometimes stake out the bar, which may make life awkward for criminal Characters.
- ☠ The Characters meet a man in the Black Bat who claims to have found a great treasure whilst adventuring in the undercity. Unfortunately, he contracted a stubborn case of Frothing Lung Fever in the damp tunnels, and may not return for fear of exacerbating his condition. Is he telling the truth, or is he just another tall-tale-telling tavern boor?

THE CRESCENT MOON

The Crescent Moon is the most mysterious tavern on the street. It has no colourful lamp-lit signpost, but a wrought-iron symbol barely discernible in night or fog. The tavern itself is located close to the docks, but its exact location seems to alter from week to week. Whether this is a consequence of the warping that affects Altdorf near the Hexxerbezrik or a contrivance of the venue's owners is unknown.

The tavern is popular with Altdorf's Strigany as a place they can relax and socialise without unwanted attention or gossip from suspicious locals. Wizards from the Amethyst College are also known to drink here. Persistent but unverified rumours suggest that the tavern offers a safe house to necromancers and Vampires. Regulars roll their eyes at these clear slurs.

I DON'T DRINK... WINE



Andreas Lestadt suffers from a disturbing obsession: he wishes to die, writhing and ecstatic, as a beautiful lady vampire drains his life's blood. He has come to the Crescent Moon in the hope that the patrons there will facilitate his particular desire, but they just find him laughable. He would pay well to earn their good graces, and may well hire Characters to waylay some of the patrons so that he can prove their saviour and place them in his debt.

The Strigany connection means that the inn is a reliable place to purchase Dreamwine. This magical but highly illegal liquor comes from Warpstone-tainted vineyards hidden in the Grey Mountains. Moderately imbibed, the wine is pleasantly intoxicating and induces prophetic hallucinations. Heavy use, however, results in madness and mutation.

WIZARDS ON THE STREET

Wizards are not barred from carousing on the Street of a Hundred Taverns, but they are not welcome either. A number of minor magical side effects can ruin beverages, and with so many casks of ale and bottles of wine in the vicinity, the cost of even a minor miscast could run into many hundreds of crowns.

As such, publicans and patrons frown upon spellcasting. Many of the taverns leave small placards on their tables reminding patrons 'No Frivolous Spellcraft – all spoiled drink must be paid for'. A wizard who channels magic without obvious cause usually draws an angry reaction from regulars.



DOCKSIDE PUB CRAWL

The hostelrys and bars close to the docks are generally lively and affordable. Whilst most cater to a cosmopolitan crowd of dock workers, students, rakes, Dwarfs, and criminals, certain venues attract a more discerning clientele. Such taverns are not necessarily exclusive, but patrons who flout the unwritten rules are not welcome. In order to drink in the Beard of Ulric, for example, a patron is expected to tolerate the opinions and habits of Ulricans even if they do not share them.

Tavern	Clientele	Quirks	Bedrooms
The Beard of Ulric	Ulricans	Poor quality fare	15 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 11/- 3 private (4 bed) bedrooms: 17/-
The Black Bat	Deadbeats and losers		6 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 6/- 3 private (4 bed) bedrooms: 17/-
The Blue Lantern	Watchmen		No
The Boatman Inn			No
The Breastplate of Myrmidia	Fish	'Snakesdung' weirdroot: 3/-	18 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 12/- 6 private (4 bed) bedrooms: 18/-
Bruno's Brauhaus		Poor and fine quality ale available	21 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 11/- 4 private (4 bed) bedrooms: 17/-
The Crescent Moon	Strigani (Vampires and necromancers rumoured to drink here too)	Regularly closes then reopens in a new location Trusted customers can buy Dreamwine (bottle): 1 GC	25 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 10/- Common Room: 8d
The Crown and Two Chairmen		Fine quality fare and public front for a gambling and vice den	25 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 2GC
The Dancing Dwarf	Dwarfs		20 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 12/- Common Room: 11d
The Drunken Bastard	Solitary drinkers	Pickpockets work here	No
The Ensign Vormundreich	Bretonnians		No
The Gryphon and Star			No
The Hammer and Bucket			18 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 11/- 4 private (4 bed) bedrooms: 17/- Common Room: 11d
The Holy Hammer of Sigmar	Thieves and murderers	Must earn a key to become a patron	Rooms available — speak to the management
The Mattheus II	Aristocrats and courtiers	Fine quality fare	16 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 1GC 4 private (4 bed) bedrooms: 1GC 10/-
The Mermaid	Brawlers	Cheap Ranald's Delight: 15/-	No
The One Eyed Wolf		Poor quality fare	27 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 6/-
The Seven Stars			15 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 11/-
The Short Measure	Halflings	Unattended possessions treated as public property	20 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 9/- 10 private (4 bed) bedrooms: 15/- Common Room: 8d
The Staff of Verena			No
The Sullen Knight	Brawlers		16 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 11/- 10 private (4 bed) bedrooms: 16/-
The Wayfarers Rest	Students	Cheap weirdroot: 3/-	22 private (2 bed) bedrooms: 9/-

THE HOLY HAMMER OF SIGMAR

The Holy Hammer of Sigmar is not the most rowdy or decadent of the hostelrys in the vicinity. Indeed, it is one of the quietest and neatest — as befits a private club for the city's most desperate thieves and professional murderers. Only those with a key are admitted, and these keys are harder to obtain than a private audience with Karl-Franz.

The patrons of the place are dedicated to their trade, and regard themselves as above politics, religion, or gang affiliation. A small shrine to Khaine lies beneath the tavern, adjoining a junction where the cellars end and a network of tunnels leading to Altdorf's undercity begin. The shrine is intended for private contemplation rather than ostentatious shows of piety.

A dandyish fop named Quex is a regular patron here. Whilst the killers of the Holy Hammer of Sigmar acknowledge no particular hierarchy, they regard him as their chief spokesman and broker. If a customer calls, he has all sorts of killers on his books, from cheap toughs looking to break into the murder trade, to experienced assassins with scores of deaths to their names.

- A deadly contest is held on Trickster's Day (chosen as an affront to Randal rather than to honour him). The prize for this match is a key to the tavern. A list of names circulates throughout Altdorf's underworld — cutthroats who have fallen out of favour with Quex. Any aspiring murderer who acquires the key from the still-warm corpse of one of these forsaken miscreants earns the right to patronise the Holy Hammer of Sigmar.
- There are many rumours as to who holds a key to the Holy Hammer of Sigmar, and some odd people are said to possess one. In particular, some of the spies of the Black Chamber, including the mysterious Emmanuelle Nacht, are said to have earned membership here. Discovering that a famous individual possesses a key could make for potent blackmail material.

THE TEMPLE OF DRAMA

The southern end of the Street of a Hundred Taverns is rough dockland territory. As the street winds its way northwards, towards the Konigplatz, it gains a more refined air. The Temple of Drama theatre is known for staging brave experimental productions that meet with critical acclaim, but little financial success. The large, tall red brick building proclaims its business with two large hanging masks: golden grinning comedy set aside silver gurning tragedy.

Touring companies often benefit from the open-minded attitude of Machar Shook, the dapper and refined theatre manager. Companies of Tilean players from Luccini and Miragliano are especially encouraged to visit the theatre and stage their dramas in a spirit of generous cultural cross-pollination.

THE SULLEN KNIGHT

Asked which of the many hostelrys on the Street of a Hundred Taverns is the best, many of the local cynics reply that it depends on what sort of fight one is looking for. Many of the taverns have a reputation for brawling, but there is one above all others that guarantees a fight: the Sullen Knight. Its clientele comprises drunken sailors, menacing protagonists, amateur pugilists, and members of the Hooks and Fish who fancy a quick rumble. Even the noble sons of the League of Karl-Franz are known to visit on occasion.

Whenever a fight starts, the clientele are quick to gather about and begin taking bets. Fagnar Laubrich, a strange little man who constantly hangs around the tavern, runs about making odds and taking credit notes. The tavern is also popular with harlots, who find that the bloody pugilists are often in the mood for the comforts they offer after the fighting.

BOUTY BOOZERS



- Those looking to make a name for themselves in the city could do worse than engage in a brawl at the Sullen Knight. Altdorf is a violent place, and anyone who comports themselves well in a bout or two at the tavern soon earns a reputation for being handy. Famous bodyguards have started their careers here.
- The downside of earning such a reputation is maintaining it. Upcoming contenders often want to quickly make their own reputations by taking on the current champion. Anyone who fights at the tavern in order to win fame and bets is fair game for aspiring protagonists.

PERILOUS PROPS

- A rumour has been circulating that the current production of the lurid melodrama *I Eat Your Offal* incorporates necromantic rites. The director of the production, Treyer van Larrs, is noted for his meticulous attention to detail, and the appearance of a skeleton in the third act is said to be quite real. In fact, the scene is just a cunning work of puppetry, and Treyer himself started the rumour to drum up controversy. Unfortunately no one told a real necromancer, who has taken a professional interest in Treyer.
- The Temple of Drama rarely recoups the expenses from the productions it stages, losing out to more popular theatres in the area. A delegate from PLANT has approached Machar with an offer to bail out the business in return for a few favours. Machar correctly supposes that the agent will impose a policy of performing works that celebrate PLANT's radical ideology. He hopes to find an alternate source of funds before resorting to turning his theatre into a propaganda machine.

THE WINE OF DREAMS

Dreamwine, sometimes called dark wine, is illegal in the Empire (though, of course, legally sold in Marienburg). It is hard to find, and very expensive. At first glance the dark, syrupy vintage could be a sweet dessert wine from the eastern Grey Mountains. In fact, it is no true wine at all, but abominable nectar of Slaanesh.

The wine originates in a hidden monastery above Eilhart. Twisted monks harvest the nectar of bizarre plants that grow upon the bodies of still-living people, drinkers who have succumbed to Dreamwine addiction. Some 'hear the call' which compels them to the monastery. They become living compost, perpetuating the plant's perverse lifecycle. The wine brings exquisite dreams or terrible nightmares. It is addictive — a single sip causes craving for more. Rumours say that regular imbibing prolongs one's lifespan. It certainly maintains the youthful appearance of its users. This is one of the reasons it is so sought after. Heavy drinkers are recognizable for their unnaturally dark but shining eyes.

Dreams induced by the wine are prophetic and insightful but, as a tool of Slaanesh, they mislead and deceive. The horror of the worst nightmares can drive one mad, and the beauty of the best dreams can leave one slothful and helpless. After Marienburg, the largest market for Dreamwine is Altdorf. It is most popular among the nobility and aspiring arrivistes. One must know where to look in order to procure Dreamwine. The wine is not hawked to strangers on the street, but traded by gentlefolk in private.

Dreamwine has an association with Strigani travellers. They do seem to know some of its secrets, but are loath to share them with strangers. Bigoted watchmen suspect that they smuggle the wine into Altdorf by road, but more likely it comes upriver from the Marienburg Fish. Although it is illegal, excisemen are unlikely to recognise the drink. The organisation most concerned with wiping out the trade is the Witch Hunters. Once they find a trade route into Altdorf, they attempt to follow it back to its origin, interrogating everyone implicated along the way.

PINK MAMMOTHS ON THE MARCH



- ☠ An associate of the Characters 'hears the call'. They attempt to go up into the Grey Mountains and become one with the dream flowers. Can the Characters steer them from this course, or even cut the source off at its root?
- ☠ A Character who drinks Dreamwine could receive useful information they should not otherwise have. They may think this is helpful and empowering, but eventually things are bound to sour.

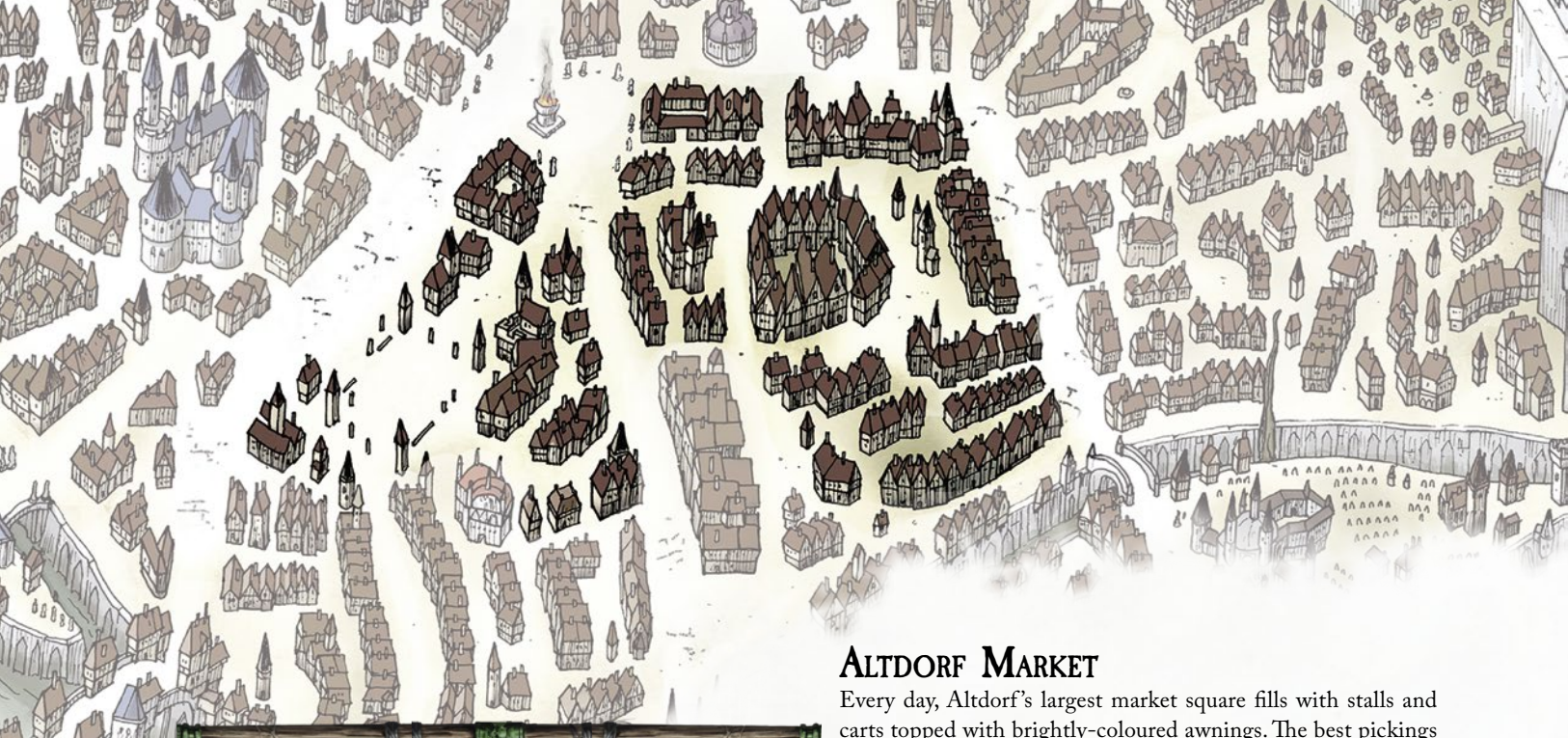
IMBIBING DREAMWINE

Consuming a glass of Dreamwine calls for a **Challenging (+0) Consume Alcohol** Test. If you fail the test, apply the usual effects with the following additions:

- ☠ Whilst under the influence, you benefit from the Sixth Sense and Magical Sense Talents. You also receive a +30 bonus to any Intuition tests you make.
- ☠ The GM decides whether to award you an extra Fortune point, or provide a private and useful insight into a dramatic event likely to occur in the near future.

Consuming a glass of Dreamwine exposes the imbiber to Minor Corruption. You must also pass an **Average (+20) Willpower** Test or 'hear the call'. You can hear the call a number of times equal to your Willpower bonus and still retain control of yourself. Should you hear it again, then you must spend a Fate point or abandon your life and travel to the Grey Mountain vineyards.





FISHEMARKT

After a good harvest, the streets of Fishemarkt are full to bursting with the abundant produce of the Reikland's farms and rivers. There are baskets overflowing with ripe apples, cartloads of cabbages, fishmongers' stalls piled high with fresh catch, and great warm loaves of fresh bread stacked in front of the bakers' shops. But when war, drought, or frost lead to a bad harvest, Fishemarkt is a desolate place, with empty streets and beggars. In a bad year, there is little more on offer than spoiled flour, pickled vegetables, and food riots.

Fishemarkt is sometimes known as Altdorf's larder because of the sheer volume of food that passes through the markets, shops, and warehouses. While Grandmarkt caters to all branches of commerce, Fishemarkt is all about food. The district gets its name from the fishmongers that dominated the southern streets, an area notorious for both the smell and the abundance of Fish gang members. The Fish have a strong presence and extract a lot of protection money from the stallholders and traders.



ALTDORF MARKET

Every day, Altdorf's largest market square fills with stalls and carts topped with brightly-coloured awnings. The best pickings are early in the morning, when the freshest food is sold. The poor prefer to shop at the end of the day, when traders offer low prices to dispose of the misshapen or rotten produce. The southern stalls are mostly fishmongers, calling out their wares at ear-splitting volume. In the centre of the marketplace are fruit and vegetable stalls, clustered around the water pump. A fringe of stalls on the north perimeter hawk unwanted goods: old clothes, books, and other junk. If a customer wants a broken coal scuttle or a chipped ceramic hen, this is the place to come.

The stallholders are their own community, which has its own dramas and traditions. There are long-running arguments over pitches, deep friendships, and unexpected love affairs. Each person has their place in the complex hierarchy of the marketplace, and woe betide anyone who tries to intervene in the tight-knit community. The unofficial leader of the stallholders is fishmonger Helga Wohnet, a tough old bird who takes no nonsense from anyone.

On Festag, the stalls are cleared and the square transforms into a playing field for Middenball. This violent ball game from Middenheim attracts large crowds, but visitors from the City of the White Wolf find the Altdorf game rather amateurish and informal.

TAKING A BEETING



- Bert Macker sells turnips, but his wife thinks he should aspire to more. One dark and stormy night, three drunk women told Bert that he is destined to lead the stallholders. Now, he plans to displace Wohnet by hiring someone to bump her off — or at least denounce her to the market's weights-and-measures men for shortchanging her customers

ALTDORF CITY ASYLUM

In contrast to the relative calm of the Great Altdorf Asylum, this sanatorium is bedlam. Head Warder Klebb is barely in control, and only judicious use of his brutal warders prevents the inmates from taking over the asylum. The staff have no aspiration to cure the inmates.

The Altdorf City Asylum is an old Sigmarite priory, a small complex of stone buildings with ecclesiastical architecture and high walls. The inmates are mostly left to wander the grounds and sleep in the straw-lined halls. The more dangerous, wealthy, or deranged are kept locked up in cells. A visit to the City Asylum is a popular leisure pursuit; for three shillings, Klebb allows Altdorfers to watch and goad the inmates.

VOGELIN'S FISH WAREHOUSE

Opposite the docks is a substantial warehouse, with a rough stone lower storey and upper floors of blue-painted timber. Above the wide entrance is a crude portrait of Captain Johann Vogelín, the proud fish merchant whose name is synonymous with 'fairly edible fish' throughout the city.

Vogelin barter with fisherman on the docks for his stock. He's a brash, larger-than-life figure, who sports smart nautical clothing and a large white beard. When haggling, he peppers his conversation with briny oaths. He loves telling stories of his past in the Imperial Navy, of the sea monsters and battles he fought on the high seas for the Emperor. Some of these stories may even be true, but details alter with each telling.

The warehouse is packed with fish from the Reik and the Sea of Claws, the latter arrives salted, packed in ice, or 'slightly rotting' via Marienburg. Vogelín sells more than your basic fish — there are sharks hanging from hooks, tangles of squid and octopi, and barrels of shellfish. In the cellar is an ice room, which currently holds a large catch of lobsters and a mostly dead juvenile Merwyrm.

Most of the warehouse workers are down on their luck teens. They toil hard, but the captain and his wife, Lotte, treat them well. As a former foundling himself, Vogelín ensures that they eat good fish and sit at the 'captain's table' for every meal.

One notable inmate is Croaking Hans, who spends his time sitting on the floor, legs crossed, nursing his pet lizards and trying to eat flies. In moments of occasional lucidity he asks visitors to tell him everything about the affairs of the Empire. Hans has been enchanted by a Slann Mage from Lustria. The ancient mystic can control Hans when the stars align, and his influence has left the man with a number of odd behaviours. The mage wishes to learn of events on the other side of the world, but there's only so much that he can discern from inside an asylum.

One of the more infamous residents is Valois de Simone, the 'Mad Poet of Moussillon'. The Bretonnian aristocrat is not allowed to have paper, so he scratches his poems into the walls with a fork. His poems are heretical, and he offers unusual insight into the Ruinous Powers, if one can decipher his cryptic pronouncements.

THE HOUSE OF THE PHOENIX

The House of the Phoenix attracts some of the city's wealthiest and high-born visitors, but there is an unmistakable air of seediness about the place. Proprietor Gottlieb Gropius doesn't mind. He knows that his patrons enjoy the frisson of a trip to the East End to seek pleasures of the flesh.

Informally known as the 'Phoenix Club', this private theatre is named for the quite tacky stuffed red birds that decorate the interior. Membership is easy to acquire if one has the capital or social status. Each evening, a troupe of exotic dancers performs shows choreographed by Gropius himself. The performances are not solely intended to excite. Between the salacious dances are satirical and humorous sketches, in which Gropius plays the role of 'scandalised' master of ceremonies. These writer of these skits is the brilliant Petra Povar, a young Kislevite dancer with an exceptional talent for comedy.

The Phoenix Club enjoyed a moment of particular notoriety when the disgraced Bretonnian ambassador Comte de la Rougierre hired several dancers to perform at an event where the Emperor and many notables were present. In public various sources decried the terrible lapse in both judgement and morality, though the scandal brought in more custom than Gropius could handle.

A STRANGE FISH

Vogelin receives a delivery of cod packed in barrels with ice, direct from Marienburg. But when he opens the last barrel, he finds a dead man crammed inside. The body wears a ring with the crest of the Knights Panther.

STAGE FIGHT

Every night, the forlorn figure of Lord Mandel stands waiting outside the Phoenix Club's stage entrance. After a short affair with the dancer Cinzia Bianchi, he has become hopelessly smitten. She broke off the affair, and Mandel suspects that she has a new paramour. He doesn't know who, but he's eager to duel them to prove his devotion.

THE RED BOAR

The Red Boar stands four storeys high on the edge of the marketplace. It's a large, busy tavern which mostly caters to the stallholders, merchants, and residents of Fishemarkt, or crowds of Middenball fans on Festag. It is a galleried building inside and out. Drinkers can set themselves up behind railings and watch the world go by in the marketplace, or stand in the courtyard galleries and enjoy the din of over a hundred rowdy patrons.

The Red Boar belongs to the Cragdur brothers, three Dwarfs who are quite at home in Altdorf. Hadran runs the bar; Yodri takes charge of security and maintains the building; and Grunaz, the eldest, is the brewer. The latter is rarely seen above ground, as his dominion is the cellar brewery.

Yodri has a standing arrangement with the Fish. They have exclusive use of the second-floor galleries and, in exchange, they don't cause any trouble on the premises. Other visitors receive a quiet word of advice from Yodri or Hadran not to drink on the second floor.

ALTDORF'S DWARFS ON TRADE

Trade with Manlings has been the lifeblood for the Karaks since before the coming of the Unberogens, long before Altdorf was a small village on the Reik. Dwarf traders descend from the mountain realms in modest-sized caravans escorted by Dwarf guards and travel overland to any of the provincial capitals. There, the Karak Dwarfs trade with Imperial Dwarf or Manling merchants who then move Dwarf-made items on to other Imperial destinations.

Dwarf traders — both Karak and Imperial — find doing business in Altdorf both rewarding and frustrating. The reward comes from the sheer number of possible customers in the Imperial capital and the money to be made selling both raw materials and finished goods. The trouble with Altdorfers is that they want to haggle over everything, but do so with little patience. Oddly, it seems they are always frantically trying to conclude the transaction in order to hurry off to some other activity or event. A very patient trader could take advantage of such a behaviour, but Dwarfs are not known for a huge reserve of patience.

Of late, however, things have become more unsettled in Altdorf. Seasoned Dwarf traders from outside the city attribute the subtle and steady degradation of the Imperial capital to the presence of the Colleges of Magic and the pernicious, contaminating influence of magic. As a result, most Dwarf traders now make their way to the Metallschlacke district, where they sell their merchandise to local Dwarf merchants. The Altdorf Dwarfs then resell some of the merchandise to Manling merchants elsewhere in the city.

ROUGH JUSTICE



☠ Zuzanka Eichelen was working as a barmaid in the Red Boar when she met High Priest Archibald of the Temple of Verena. Archibald educated her in the Verenian tradition to prove a point to his fellow scholars about the abilities of the common folk. Five years later, she's a respected priest and quite fanatical about justice. She's going back to the Red Boar to remonstrate with Yodri and take the resident Fish to task, heedless of danger.

THE FRUIT SELLERS

From early morning, the streets resound with the songs of the Fishemarkt fruit sellers. These young women carry their wares in baskets and trays around their necks, singing out for custom. Each has her own distinct and tuneful cry: *'Strawberries ripe! Two tubs for a penny' 'Who will buy my sweet cherries? Sweet cherries!' 'Get your rhubarb, lovely rhubarb! Fresh today!'* When they pass one another in the street, they harmonise, and their songs are quite pleasant to hear.

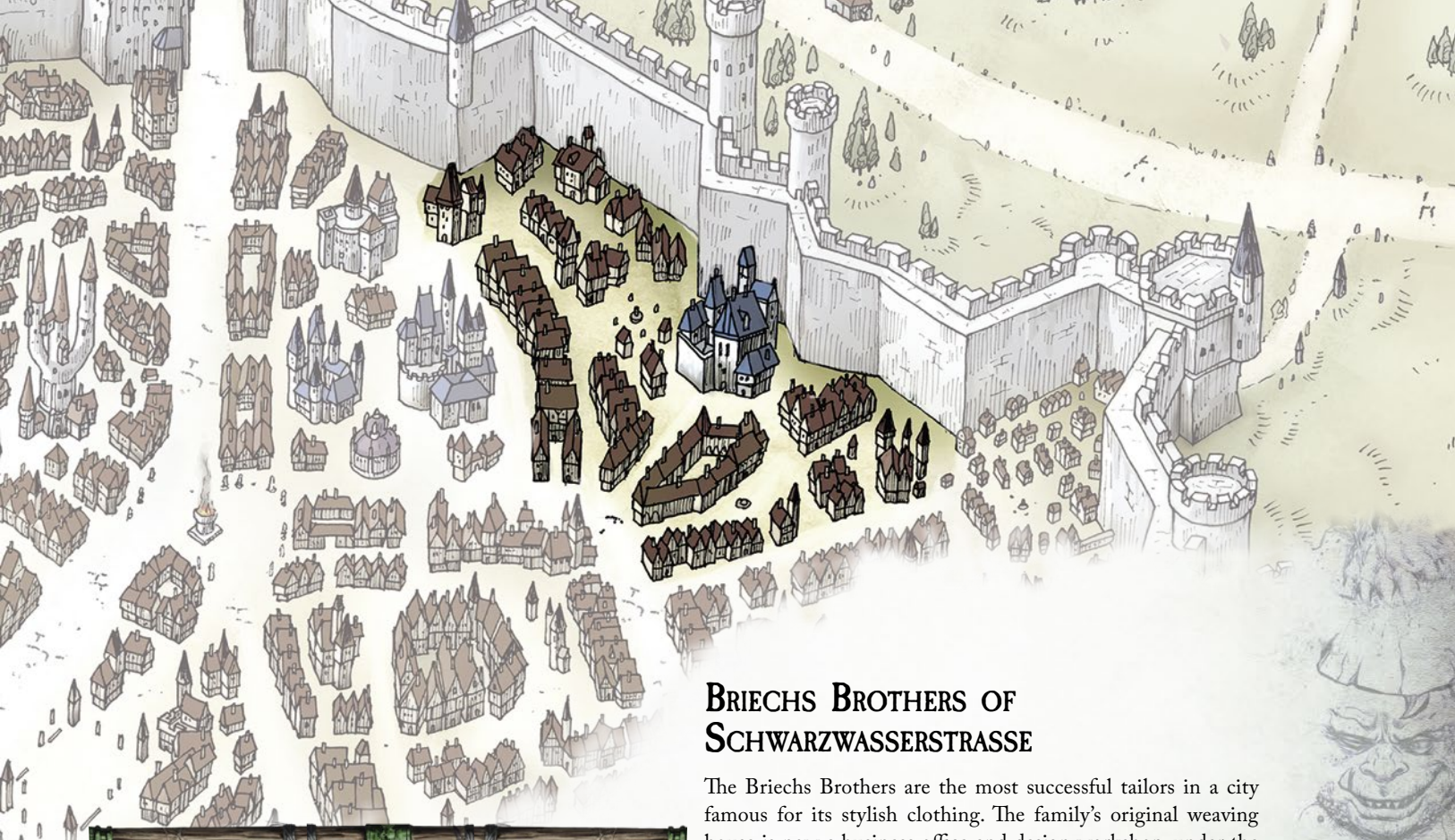
The women sell most of their wares on the streets close to Königsplatz, but throughout the morning they can be found wherever there are people. Locals look fondly on the sellers because they brighten the place up with the songs and fresh-faced good cheer. They also know not to mess with them; every single fruit seller carries a razor-sharp fruit knife and knows how to use it.

EYE FOR THE HOOKS



☠ The fruit sellers work for the Hooks as lookouts. While selling fruit, they're observing and reporting back to the war chiefs anything they see the Fish doing in Fishemarkt or Königsplatz.





NEUESGELDT

The Neuesgeldt district has a long history of commerce. In pre-Imperial times, a busy trading post occupied the square opposite the present-day merchants' guildhall. As Altdorf gradually expanded, the markets moved nearer the Reik, and Neuesgeldt became a crafting district. A handful of craftsmen maintain workshops here today, but the district has largely been overtaken with offices and modern townhouses belonging to the city's 'nouveau riche' merchants. Older merchant families generally own gothic mansions on the South Bank.

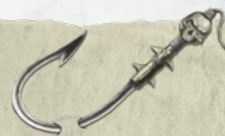
Neuesgeldt is relatively quiet most days, because bulk trading is conducted at the Commodities Exchange in Grandmarkt. The Trading Post coaching inn and Tipping Scales tavern cater exclusively to visiting merchants. Nobles eschew Neuesgeldt as a middle-class district and limit their association with its merchants to borrowing money. On occasion, Neuesgeldt hosts regional grand diets, bringing nobles from across the Reikland to negotiate tariff and taxation law in the smoky back rooms of the Merchants' Guild.

BRIECHS BROTHERS OF SCHWARZWASSERSTRASSE

The Briechs Brothers are the most successful tailors in a city famous for its stylish clothing. The family's original weaving house is now a business office and design workshop, under the supervision of younger sister Annalise. Tailoring is contracted out to craftsmen in the Altdorf suburbs who use Briechs patterns. The company fulfils large orders of coats for the City Watch and regimental uniforms for the military. The brothers, Gerold and Anshelm, are often absent from their Neuesgeldt townhouses on business trips.

Altdorf's nobles consider Briechs to be a middle-class tailor, when in fact Annalise designs the city's hottest fashions. The brothers use trade brokers to supply noble courts up and down the Reik with the latest Altdorf styles. The Breichs company has an office at the merchants' guildhall, but they are not merchants by trade. In recent years, other merchants have capitalized on the Breichs' success by poaching their tailors and stealing their designs.

SPINNING A YARN



☠ One of the company's original brokers, Jaeger's Wool Merchants, is now its biggest competitor. Through bribery and underhanded bargaining, Gustav Jaeger has monopolized the local yarn supply. Gerold and Anshelm will pay handsomely for evidence of illegal market tampering by Jaeger's company. Hired agents monitor the commodities exchange daily to ensure Gustav doesn't pull the wool over anyone's eyes.

MERCHANTS' GUILDHALL

The Guild of Merchants, Traders & Brokers takes up several adjacent buildings, variously interconnected. At the centre of the sprawling complex is the huge, timber-framed Old Guildhall. Over time, the guild has acquired neighbouring houses and connected them to the hall by makeshift renovations. The main floor of the Old Guildhall is a colonnaded lobby with richly upholstered furniture for visiting merchants and sales agents. Three upper floors contain offices for the city guild masters and their attendant clerks and scribes.

Altdorf's merchant guildmasters are powerful officials who own property in the city. The guild also represents merchants from other towns in the Reik estuary region (Carroburg, Ubersreik, Bögenhafen, and Helmgart). Associate merchants of the League of Enterprising Entrepreneurial Reiklanders are entitled to membership at both Altdorf and their local merchants' guild. The offices and meeting rooms for associate guild members are in a vast, dimly lit labyrinth of hallways and stairwells.

TRADE ENVY



Several influential guildmasters fear the League of Enterprising Entrepreneurial Reiklanders is hindering Altdorf's success. These merchants are highly protective of the bustling Reik estuary and glorify the ancient Unberogen pioneer-traders who originally settled Reikdorf. Merchants applying for guild membership undergo interrogation by the guildmasters' committee to ascertain their loyalty. New members might be shadowed by a guild spy when trading in Bögenhafen, Ubersreik, or Kemperbad.

Altdorf's trade with the freistadt of Kemperbad is profitable but politically sensitive. The Emperor is displeased with Kemperbad's trade barons allowing merchants from Auerswald and Grunburg to use the town as a tax haven. The 'Kemperbad enclave' dominates trade between Altdorf and Nuln through selective tariff exemptions. An Imperial plenipotentiary might offer journeyman traders employment as covert agents in Kemperbad.

NOT SO SHEEPISH NOW



When Felix returns home, he leaves behind poems describing his adventures with the Dwarf Gotrek. Gustav doesn't believe half of his son's tales, but Otto has signed a deal with the *Altdorf Spieler* to publish Felix's poems as bound anthologies. The first print run has caused quite a stir in Altdorf. Would-be adventurers are studying the volume entitled *My Travels With Gotrek (First Episodes)*. Felix is yet unaware of his brother's publishing initiative.

SHRINE TO HANDRICH

The cult of Handrich is growing quickly in Neuesgeldt. Merchants attend a small, circular chapel at daybreak every Marktag, wrangling deals while waiting in the queue to make their offerings. Three open archways allow easy access to the statue of Handrich within. Worshipers toss gold and silver coins into collection bowls at the feet of the plump, smiling statue. The Merchants' Guild is saving donations to construct a larger temple in the near future.

Although Handrich (Hændryk as he is known by Wastelander devotees) is a young god originating from Marienburg, most Altdorf merchants keep a small shrine to him in their homes. The head priest of the Altdorf order is Nijs Rothemuur, a trader of exotic goods whose father is a member of the ruling Directorate of Marienburg. Nijs gained influence in Altdorf through his father's High Elf contacts and decided to make the city his new home. His family is rumoured to be directly descended from Handrich.

DIVINE INVESTMENT



According to some legends, Handrich is the brother of Ranald the Trickster. The Merchants' Guild technically forbids worship of Ranald; however, Handrich purportedly grants fortune to unscrupulous traders who cross their fingers when making donations. Nijs Rothemuur has become aware of this heretical practice. He reports offenders to the Merchants' Guild, who risk losing their trading licence. The Brotherhood of Ranald secretly cases the shrine's petitioners for prospective business partners.

JAEGER'S WOOL MERCHANTS

Gustav Jaeger is the father of infamous adventurer and poet Felix Jaeger. The family home where Felix was raised is located upstairs from the office. From humble beginnings in the Reikland wool trade, Gustav's business has expanded to Nuln and diversified to other markets. Felix's older brother, Otto, runs the Nuln office under the name Jaeger & Sons. The wealthy merchants own several riverboats and caravans, and lease two warehouses in the Dockland district.

Brokering raw wool sales to weaving houses is not the most lucrative business, but it gives Gustav control of the yarn market. The real money comes from subcontracting clothiers to produce fine woollen garments for Altdorf's upper class. Gustav once aspired to nobility himself, and he even paid his sons' tuition to Altdorf University. As a young student, however, Felix embarrassed the family by duelling and agitating. Nevertheless, Gustav looks forward to sporadic visits from his wayward son.



GRANDMARKT

Altdorf's busiest commercial quarter centres around a large market plaza. In the Grandmarkt district, richly dressed nobles and merchants fraternise with farmers, dung collectors, and the occasional Ogre mercenary. Shops sell all manner of goods on the side streets. Several merchant families own offices here, but the majority are based in Neuesgeldt or the South Bank. Carriages deliver nobles and merchants to the busy commodities exchange daily.

The district's restaurants and taverns range in quality from peasant slop-houses to fine banqueting halls. Several restaurants that cater to merchants hold regular competitions. The customer who recorded the highest daily profit usually eats for free. These restaurants are members of a culinary society called the Grandmarkt Gourmand Club. The Halfling chefs of Haffenstadt are rumoured to have secret deals with Gourmand Club restaurants.

HANDELSHAFEN CANAL

Riverboats can deliver cargo directly to the Grandmarkt using a canal that connects to an inland marina. The Handelshafen enables river traders to deploy their stalls quickly on Marktag mornings, or access warehouses without requiring stevedores to lug cargo from the main docks. Only narrow boats shorter than 18 yards in length are permitted into the Handelshafen. Larger barges must unload at the docks. The marina is equipped with cranes for traders willing to hire stevedores. Three bridges cross the canal. A customs official collects taxes and tariffs from a tollbooth at the canal entrance.

ALTDORF COMMODITIES EXCHANGE

Brokers mediate most mercantile trade in Altdorf and receive a small fee from each transaction. Commodity trading occurred outdoors in the Grandmarket until the last century, when the Kaufmanshalle was established. The impressive four-storey stone and brick hall is decorated with romantic barbarian statuary. Within, three levels of balconies overlook the central trading floor. Only sales agents and guild-licensed brokers are permitted on the floor. Merchants must observe from the balconies and despatch sales agents with bids and counterbids.

In addition to matching buyers with sellers, Altdorf's brokers certify the quality of trade goods and collect taxes and tariffs. Merchants can haggle directly with other merchants, but they cannot broker deals. Sales agents are not supposed to broker deals either, although merchants can employ agents who also happen to be licensed brokers. Trade brokering is a stressful, fast-paced job that often leads to dependence on Ranald's Delight (WFRP, page 306).

BLACK MARKTAG



- ☠ Moneylending merchants provide emergency loans to buyers who overbid (either intentionally or by mistake). The wealthy Marienburg houses sometimes employ agents at Kaufmanshalle solely for the purpose of securing high-interest debts. Loans and debt collection contracts are even bought and sold as commodities themselves. Debt collection can be a dirty business requiring the help of mercenaries who hire out of the Grandmarket.
- ☠ Artists and playwrights visit the Kaufmanshalle to secure financing from wealthy patrons. On the balconies overlooking the trading floor, projects are pitched hastily and contracts are often drawn up on the spot. Financing terms are usually more demanding than the artist first realises. Occasionally, manipulative art commissioners lure applicants into the Cult of Illumination.

THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO GRANDMARKT



- ☠ Smugglers use the Handelshafen to sneak illegal goods into the city on Marktag, when customs officials are simply too busy handling traffic to inspect every cargo. Several of the marina's stevedores are members of the Fish gang. Independent smugglers who are caught without prior clearance from the Fish may end up floating face down in the canal the next morning.

THE GRANDMARKET

The square plaza from which the Grandmarkt district takes its name is Altdorf's oldest market. Although mercantile trade has largely moved indoors to the Kaufmanshalle, trade good samples are still displayed at outdoor stalls to entice buyers. Food vendors sell fresh produce from the local farms daily. On Marktags, when farmers are allowed to sell independently, produce carts line nearly every street in the Grandmarkt district. Local farmers are permitted to bring their carts through the postern gate at Haffenstadt.

The Grandmarket plaza is bounded on one side by the Kaufmanshalle and on another by the marina. Pens and stables for draft animals surround the remainder of the plaza is surrounded. Wagons and carts are permitted in the plaza and butchers can sell meat there, but livestock is forbidden. Vendors using the side streets on Marktag are exempt from the livestock rule, so it becomes difficult to find space amongst jostling mules and oxen. Dung collectors and rat catchers make a good penny here after the weekly farmers' markets.

TURNIP TROUBLES

- ☠ The Halflings of Haffenstadt get first pick of vegetables coming through the gate on Marktag. Farmers are happy to sell produce before it reaches market, and the Halflings pay generously. Human innkeepers have tried intercepting farmers' carts *outside* the city, before they reach the Halflings. But a group of racketeers known as the 'vegetable mob' always warns them off. Several innkeepers have taken to hiring bodyguards for their early morning produce shopping.
- ☠ Merchants can hire mercenary caravan guards or debt collectors at the Grandmarket. Ogre mercenaries are sought after for their intimidation value, but they're also expensive to feed. Returning Ogre guards gorge themselves on leftover food donated by the plaza's nervous vendors. A common saying amongst Grandmarkt merchants is 'eat like an ogre, sleep like a prince'.

PALMERIO'S EMPORIUM

Luigi Palmerio sells imported Tilean luxury goods from a converted warehouse. On the main floor, Luigi warmly greets clients and tempts them with delicacies such as olive oil, citrus fruit, flatbread and saffron. The second floor is the clothing and armour department, where southern fashions are sold to patrons who 'dare to be different'. Exquisite paintings, statuettes, and ivory carvings are sold on the third floor. A knowledgeable Tilean clerk staffs each floor.

Luigi informs customers that the Palmerios are merchant-princes with emporiums in every Tilean city. He's a self-proclaimed expert on southern culture; however, only the food he sells is genuinely southern. Luigi commissions his other wares from local tailors, sculptors, and smiths who copy replicas from painted images. Luigi has a merchant contact in Kemperbad who imports exotic foods, but Luigi is not a licensed merchant himself.

DODGEY DEALER

- ☠ Luigi isn't really a Palmerio merchant-prince, but rather a charlatan from the Border Princes, wanted for theft in Averheim and Ubersreik. The Tilean paintings that inspire his wares were stolen for him from noble mansions in the Empire, and his clerks are swarthy Altdorfers putting on (rather unfortunate) Tilean accents. Luigi has burglar contacts throughout Altdorf's underworld. If the City Watch ever becomes aware of his stolen merchandise, Luigi plans to accuse a scapegoat before hastily fleeing town.

HERR HOHENZOLL, WOOL MERCHANT

The Hohenzolls are one of Altdorf's old merchant families. They conduct business from a two-storey office with attached warehouse near the Grandmarket. The Hozenholl residence is a mansion on the South Bank, and they own several warehouses in the Dockland district which they lease to other merchants. The Hohenzolls consider themselves nobility because Emperor Boris granted one of their ancestors the minor title of 'junkherr' in 1113 I.C.

Herr Albrecht (von) Hohenzoll is determined to revive the family wool trade after generations of neglect. The eccentric middle-aged merchant dismisses modern trade brokering as 'lazy'. He doesn't employ sales agents or use the commodities exchange, preferring instead to roll up his sleeves and survey the docks in person for arriving wool traders. Herr Hohenzoll hopes to break the Jaeger Company's stranglehold on the yarn market by buying up as much raw wool as possible before Gustav can get his hands on it.

WOLF IN SHEEPS CLOTHING

- ☠ As a landowning merchant, Herr Hohenzoll is entitled to a small attic office at the merchants' guildhall. He takes the post very seriously despite the guildmasters never inviting him to important meetings. After completing deals, Herr Hohenzoll often invites traders to the guildhall and introduces them around to his colleagues (who call him 'Von'). Only after a few introductions do guests begin to realise that Albrecht is the laughing stock of the guild.

RIECHENFELD-KUYPERS EXOTIC IMPORTS

One of the city's most famous trading companies is a joint venture between the Von Riechenfelds of Altdorf and the Van der Kuypers of Marienburg. The trading house is a large, stone building with a storefront on the ground floor, and offices and storage on the upper levels. The Van der Kuypers import exotic goods from Lustria through their contacts in Ulthuan. Meanwhile, the Riechenfelds import luxuries from Ind and Cathay along the Silver Road.

The company is primarily a commodity trader dealing in large volumes of salt, trinkwort, tea, and spices. These expensive wares can be sampled at a stall in the Grandmarket. The company's

storefront is just a gimmick to attract business. Monkeys and colourful birds are for sale at the store, as well as ivory and exotic animal furs. A diminutive yellow-crested Lizardman is caged in the corner for public entertainment.

TALABEC BASTION

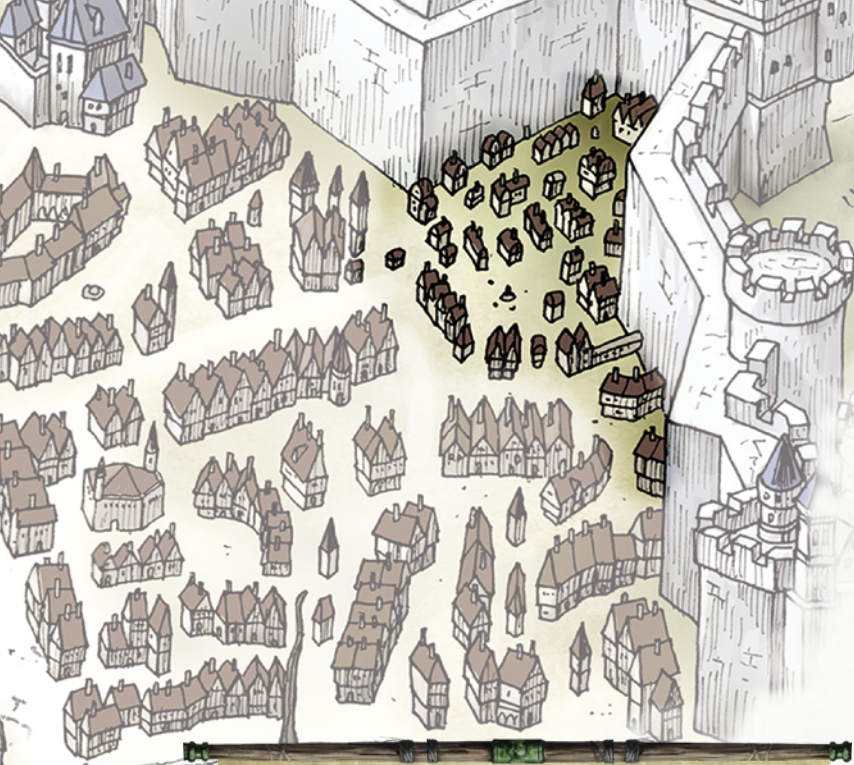
At the place where the city wall meets the Talabec river is a bastion tower. In the event of waterborne invasion, the Talabec Bastion provides crossfire to the Black Isle fortifications across the river. At its base is a grotto where mercenaries can enlist for service after disembarking at a small wharf. Crowning the bastion is the Taalspire, one of the city's highest watchtowers. The bastion's outer arsenal tower is accessible by a bridged bailey.

Both merchant families are powerful in their respective cities, which makes the trade alliance noteworthy. The Riechenfelds are one of Altdorf's old merchant families, with many connections to nobility. Through their business relationship, the Van der Kuypers have amassed substantial credit from Reikland nobles through financing and moneylending. Several of Altdorf's more conservative guildmasters want the company to fail, because it embodies their fears of creeping foreign ownership. Competitors in the exotics trade are likely to find themselves with friends in high places.

THE BONEYARD

In peacetime, the bastion is rarely used by anyone but Ogres, who prefer the spacious grotto to the city's cramped inns. A massive pile of animal bones serves as a shrine to the Great Maw. The nearby Grandmarkt and Haffenstadt provide easy access to food. Ogre mercenaries arriving down the Talabec are often the uncultured sort. Recently an Ogre Butcher, as their religious leaders are known, has taken up residence in the grotto.





HAFFENSTADT

Though Halflings can be found all over Altdorf, mixing with the 'Bigs' and working in many industries, Haffenstadt is their very own corner of the city. Barely any non-Halflings live in the district. Many of the buildings are Halfling-sized, and built to a homely rustic aesthetic. Newer buildings follow this trend. Old Big buildings are simply given extra floors by bisecting the original levels. Ubiquitous pot plants, small but thriving gardens, brightly painted buildings, coloured awnings, small ponies instead of horses, the scent of herbs, make the transition from the Big city to Haffenstadt unmistakable.

Just as any visitor from the wider Reikland might find Altdorf uncomfortably overcrowded, Haffenstadt can seem unnaturally crowded to other Altdorfers. This is due to its tight enclosure on three sides by the looming city walls, its many tall and narrow buildings, and the bustling populace. Halflings, by nature, are sociable and gregarious and feel comfortable in these cramped conditions. A postern gate leads right into the heart of Haffenstadt, so first-time visitors to the city entering here get a strange first impression.

Officially part of Grandmarkt, the Halflings of Haffenstadt consider the area to be its own distinct district. They are trying to convince the council of Grandmarkt to give them such independence. They have already set up their own 'shadow' town council at the Quinsberry Manor with its own burgomeister. The burgomeister, Harpal Chard, struts around in his regalia as if his position were the most official thing in the city. Whilst he has no official power, he still hosts painstaking debates, over very long lunches, on how things should be done.

THE COCK OF THE NORTH

The Cock is a no-nonsense tavern that caters to some of Haffenstadt's less respectable citizens and its mercenary contingent. The patrons and staff pride themselves on their lack of airs, and the friendliness of the place. However, this friendliness does not often extend to non-Halflings or even Halflings outside of the military. Bilberry Brambledown, the landlady, prefers to let her employees do the work. She is usually found holding court next to the fire, lost within a thick fog of pipe smoke. If she takes a dislike to a customer, however, she might go to the bar just to spend ages getting around to serving them.

This is the home of the all-Halfling mercenary band attached to the Altdorf garrison. 'The Fighting Cocks' (as nearly all Halfling mercenary units are fondly known) are popular with the Imperial forces, as it is believed they bring luck, even if are not the finest soldiers. During peacetime, there is bound to be a significant number of Cocks at the bar.

LITTLE CHICKENS



☠ In order to buy time to pay some heavy gambling debts, Bilberry hires the Characters to rob the Cock. Unfortunately, this quickly goes sideways. Someone discovers the robbery in progress and nearby Halflings, including a troop of Fighting Cocks, band together remarkably quickly to surround the Characters. They will need to think and talk fast to get out of this predicament unscathed. Obviously, no one would believe that Bilberry hired them to rob her own tavern!

☠ While the Characters are drinking at the Cock, a group of Halfling mercenaries challenges them to a series of tests of skill. If the Characters win too many of these, the Cocks become increasingly belligerent. Challenges include balancing feathers on one's nose, blindfolded darts, 'how many crowns you can fit in your mouth', hiding pies about one's person, and 'how many cheeses can you name'.



Peony Hayfoot

Peony Hayfoot runs a small herbs and spices stall at the local market. She seems to know everyone in Haffenstadt, though this sort of congeniality is by no means unusual in Halflings. She would make a great contact in Haffenstadt for anyone who needs to find the right Halfling for the right job.

Despite her modest stall, Peony owns a decent property in the middle of Haffenstadt and regularly entertains an eclectic range of friends. She organises musical recitals and other sophisticated soirees. She is especially ingratiating around Burgomeister Chard and his cronies at the Lodge. Peony has a reputation for being overly formal in her entertaining, exhibiting the sort of excessive propriety that Halflings consider a tedious Human trait. In fact, Peony Hayfoot is in the pay of the Black Chamber. She is always on the lookout for the odd bit of gossip that might be of interest to the Imperial spies. She uses her soirees to this end, and delivers reports via consignments of spices addressed to Siegfried Waltz at the Cathedral of Sigmar.

PEONY HAYFOOT – SPY (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	29	44	23	32	31	42	42	31	41	51	10

Skills: Animal Care 41, Bribery 61, Charm 66, Consume Alcohol 42, Cool 51, Dodge 45, Drive 52, Gamble 44, Gossip 81, Haggle 74, Intuition 41, Perception 56, Trade (Cook) 47, Stealth (Urban) 52

Talents: Acute Sense (Taste), Beneath Notice, Blather, Dealmaker, Gregarious, Night Vision, Read/Write, Resistance (Chaos), Shadow, Small

Trappings: Coarst Clothing, Herbs Worth 12/5

NO THYME TO DIE



- Peony has taken a special interest in one of the Characters on behalf of the Black Chamber. She interrogates them regarding their preferred art and over-analyses what they say. She then invites them to a bespoke soiree, where she inflicts on them what she imagines is their ideal artistic experience. The challenge for the Character is to stay awake.
- Peony has to get a message to the Black Chamber urgently. She hires the Characters to deliver a hamper of herbs and spices to the cathedral. The Characters might wonder why she's paying so much for such a simple task. If they look through the contents who knows what secrets they might discover?

QUINSBERRY MANOR

The Manor, as it is known throughout Haffenstadt, is a private members' dining and social club. Every Halfling of status in Haffenstadt belongs to the club, and it is near impossible to run a successful business here without membership. The large building dominates the area and is the closest the Halflings have to a town hall.

The Manor also acts as a headquarters for the local branch of the Quinsberry Lodge. Though the Lodge exists to promote and protect Halfling interests, its main preoccupation at this time is to get Haffenstadt recognised as a borough of the city in its own right. The burgomeister of Grandmarkt is keenly opposed to such an outcome, so the Lodge uses every trick it can think of to push its agenda. This mostly means wining and dining, and sometimes compromising, influential figures from Grandmarkt.

A SMALL CONCERN



- The Lodge wishes to turn the Grandmarkt councillor, Markus Spiel, to their interests. If they can get something on him, he will have to advance Haffenstadt independence. Spiel has a reputation for visiting all the worst establishments. The Lodge needs some non-Halflings to follow him around town and indulge in all that sort of thing, while keeping a record of his activities. All expenses paid!
- Siegfried Waltz of the Black Chamber needs to know whether the Lodge is a serious threat to the peace of Altdorf. He hires Characters who are able to infiltrate a Halfling organisation whilst remaining loyal to the Empire.

CHEESES OF THE EMPIRE

Mildred Lester runs the best cheese shop in Altdorf. She is the no-nonsense matriarch of a large extended family. Many of the clan work in and around the shop, but just as many have branched out elsewhere in Haffenstagt and the wider city. The joke in Haffenstagt is you can always tell a Lester because of the whiff of cheese about them.

The shop itself covers an entire floor of a large townhouse and the stock is stored in the extensive cellars and natural caverns beneath it. Mildred prides herself that her shop stocks every significant cheese in the Empire, from ripe Grubentreich to Bernloch Hard.

She has also written an exhaustive treatise on cheese, named after the shop, and stocks copies. There are three on a shelf in the shop itself, but she secretly stores several dozen more in the cellar. She is desperate to shift them, so an astute purchaser can get a large discount.

THERE MUST BE A WHEY



- ☠ Someone has ordered Granny's Blue-Veined Legend, which Mildred has never heard of. She is desperate to find someone willing to travel to the relevant corner of the Empire to bring back a piece of this cheese – and to find out as much about its production as they can.
- ☠ The cheese cellars seem to be attracting voracious vermin. The Lesters have done their best to wall it off from the wider cavern complex, but that has not stopped the raiding. Almost every morning, they find another cake of cheese befouled. Mildred is looking to hire a likely bunch who can find out where the encroachment is coming from, and put a stop to it.
- ☠ Mildred has recently taken delivery of a truly delectable cheese made by Deiter Käsegeier, cheesemonger extradonaire. This particular vintage is infused with dreamwine, and anyone eating a chunk counts as having consumed a glass of the stuff. Mildred is so far unaware that her customers are experiencing uncontrollable prophetic visions.





Burgomeister Chard

Harpal Chard is a rabble-rousing demagogue, anxious to see an independent Haffenstadt free from the oppression and bigotry of Grandmarkt and Humans generally — or as he calls it, 'Big-otry'. He cares little for civilised discourse, unless it helps him, and much prefers sabre-rattling in the market square or scheming in pipe smoke-filled rooms. He gives the impression that he acts only by gut-feeling and common sense, but Chard is actually much more astute than he lets on.

Chard is keen to be seen as on the side of the 'Halfling in the street'. Should one suffer mistreatment, he goes right off to raise a mob and seek revenge. He is always on the lookout for such a cause célèbre. Most politicians in Grandmarkt do not take Chard very seriously at all. This could be a miscalculation, as he is as popular among educated Halflings as among the baser sort.

THE REVOLUTION WILL BE... SHORT



- ☠ The Characters find themselves in Haffenstadt as Chard is addressing a rally in the market square. Things turn quite belligerent quite faster than anyone could expect. Amidst shouts of 'Free Haffenstadt!' and 'Down with the Bigs! Up with the Smalls!' the crowd gets nasty, and turns on any non-Halflings present.
- ☠ Chard wants to stir things up, and has offered to pay a band of Humans to toss a Halfling merchant's cart. Chard swears blind that everything is arranged with the 'victim', but he has neglected to do so for the sake of authenticity. If a band of Fighting Cocks should happen to run across this confused shake down, things could get really ugly.

BURGOMEISTER CHARD – DEMAGOGUE (BRASS 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	43	66	26	33	56	52	42	51	46	63	10

Skills: Art (Writing) 62, Bribery 83, Charm 88, Cool 61, Consume Alcohol 56, Dodge 75, Entertain (Storytelling) 78, Gamble 66, Gossip 83, Haggle 86, Intimidate 36, Intuition 71, Language (Mootish) 56, Leadership 78, Lore (Politics) 71, Perception 71, Trade (Printing) 62

Talents: Acute Sense (Taste), Argumentative, Blather, Cat-tongued, Gregarious, Impassioned Zeal, Master Orator, Night Vision, Public Speaker, Read/Write, Resistance (Chaos), Schemer, Small

Trappings: Fine clothing, Sturdy Boots, Intimidating Looking Sword (but no idea how to use it), At Least one Item of Cooked Food, 3/6



THE TOTENINSEL CEMETERY

There are no grand tombs here, but rather ranks of poorly marked mass graves containing the corpses of Altdorf's poor. This is the last resting place of those without the means to pay for more dignified burial elsewhere. At the heart of the cemetery is a deep lime pit, where those who die during epidemics and times of war or catastrophe are disposed of. At the back of the cemetery, a special shrine houses the suspiciously dead. Raven amulets around their necks protect the corpses from necromantic powers. Possets of herbs hang from the beams; their pleasant aroma is believed to ward off evil spirits.

This garden of Morr is under the care of acolytes serving their last term before ordination as priests. The practice is known as 'doing the graveyard shift'. The unlucky Frau Katarina Schädel leads these acolytes of the Mourners' Guild. She works diligently, but unfortunately the bleak surroundings and low status of the people buried here mean that few high-ranking Priests of Morr care about these graves. Schädel is constantly understaffed and underfinanced.

TOTENINSEL

The island of death is a dismal and ill-omened place. Many dark granite buildings here are dedicated to Morr: shrines, tombs, ossuaries, and priests' cells. A few buildings house lawyers, undertakers, and masons, but outside the cult of Morr, very few reside here.

The Order of the Black Guard keeps constant vigil, guarding against the restless dead and grave robbers. Initiates of the Mourners' Guild tend to the graves and provide guidance to the bereaved. Morr's black roses grow all over the island. Their sweet odours permeate the air, mixed with the dull stink of grave rot. Soft lamentations drift on the air, underscored by cawing ravens and lapping waters.

SILVER HOUSE

This half-timbered building lies close to the Temple of Morr. Its keepers trade silver for corpses, but no upstanding citizen would consider dealing with them. Common belief holds that the coin from Silver house brings a curse to those who handle it. Rumours abound as to what goes on inside the building, but most believe it to be an arm of the Cult of Morr. In truth, the Amethyst College surreptitiously runs Silver House. They use the corpses brought here for magical research.

The Cult of Morr is aware of what goes on in Silver House and have come to an understanding with the Amethyst College. The cult does not exactly approve of the practice, but considers that it is better done where they can oversee it rather than hidden away in Amethyst College laboratories.

DIG FOR VICTORY



- Below the city, the Strigoi vampire Sacharias Klok plots to tear Altdorf down. He wants an army of the undead, and is paying grave robbers to fetch him bones and corpses. Frau Schädel needs help finding out who is behind the rash of grave robbing.
- Wendel Gorr, a violent smuggler, is dead and buried. The Fish say he had an important map tattooed on his thigh. The Characters stand to make a lot of money if they can convince Frau Schädel to let them exhume his corpse, or if they just go ahead anyway.

SILENCED DEAD



- A friend of the party has turned up dead. She had recently started working for Silver House. The night before she vanished, she told her friends that she had witnessed awful rites there and planned to gather evidence. Unfortunately, she was discovered breaking in. If the Characters gather evidence to present to the authorities, they might be surprised that the case is lost among red tape and forgotten.

THE TEMPLE OF MORR

Altdorf's main Temple of Morr is the largest structure on Toteninsel. It is a massive stone building, situated next to the cemetery. The walls are plain, but the buttresses are home to gargoyles of every size and shape. Ravens perch on their heads and wingtips. A tall bell tower points sharply at the sky from the back of the building. Each dusk and dawn, the Mourning Bells boom, deep and resonant, reminding all that Morr is ever present.

The temple is always busy, for Altdorf produces a steady trickle of corpses. Funeral services are held daily, and the plain stone pews fill with mourners and clerics of Morr.

Every Geheimisnacht and Hexensnacht, the priests hold a solemn mass in the temple, drawing large crowds of visitors bearing candles and black roses in memory of the dead. In addition to the main hall, the temple has several connected buildings where the Order of the Shroud and the Order of the Black Guard keep their headquarters.

Tillman Sterte, a pale, slender man, leads the Order of the Shroud. Even though the cult of Morr tends to keep out of politics, Sterte has a duty to attend meetings with other cults and provide advice. This puts the priest in perpetual poor humour, burdened by the hardships of dealing with the mortal realm and the other cults. His depressions lead him to neglect his administrative duties, irritating his underlings in turn.

The Order of the Black Guard maintains its barracks here. Their leader is the infamous Asser Weitz, a dour warrior known as the White Knight due to his pallid complexion. The knights take turns guarding the temple, patrolling the grounds, and hunting the occasional undead.



LOOKING FOR A RAISE



- A cabal of necromancers have gathered in Altdorf, planning to perform an unholy ritual in secret catacombs hidden below the temple. The ritual will take place on Hexensnacht and create an army of the undead to massacre the congregation gathered for the great mass. Under the guise of clerics of Morr, the cabal are looking to hire adventurers to clear out the catacombs without attracting attention.

RAVEN AND PORTAL

The Raven and Portal is an inn mostly catering to members of the Cult of Morr. The innkeeper, Rebeka Fretz, is friendly enough but also very careful not to disturb her patrons when they desire quiet and solitude. Sometimes a drunken group of sobbing mourners find their way here, but the sombre and tranquil atmosphere soon drives them off. The inn's sign shows a black bird, and when the wind blows just right, its creaks sound like the caw of a raven. It is a clean and reasonable inn for dining and resting. The menu is fairly standard, offering enough to fill one's stomach and quench one's thirst.

IT'S DEAD IN HERE



- As the adventurers enjoy a quiet evening at the Raven and Portal, a gang of drunken stevedores from the Docklands invade the tavern, intent on celebrating the demise of their despised foreman. Tempers flare, and Rebeka is soon looking for someone to help her restore peace and order.

◆ THE UNDERCITY ◆



Altdorf has suffered through too many sieges and riots not to be riddled with secret boltholes. The Undercity is no single environment. Under the palace and raised areas of the city north, ancient delvers or natural forces have bored caverns in the rock. The rest of the city rests on top of deep deposits of clay, but even that holds caverns thanks to the genius of Dwarf engineering or the constant labour of forlorn wretches enslaved by the Skaven.

It is dangerous down there. Floods and cave-ins are common in all but the most carefully maintained passages, and water is not the only substance that leaches through the soft earth. Under the Hexxerbezrik, magical energies seep from the arcane structures of the colleges. They stagnate and coalesce into tiny crystals. Skaven and unethical wizards alike sieve the waters of the Undercity for this Warpstone dust.

Exposure to this material mutates the inhabitants of the Undercity beneath the colleges. A breed of pale fish inhabits the briny lagoons and sewer culverts. They are often altered, being eyeless or possessed of rudimentary forelimbs. The Altdorf poor, who catch the creatures for their stewpots, call them Weißchmerle. Scholars of Bestiaria at the Altdorf University insist that they are no single species and probably no good to eat.

SECRET LEAKS



- ☛ Dwarfs are intensely proud of their engineering genius, especially when it comes to ancient machines built by their revered ancestors. This machine is their secret shame. It is imperfect in design and operation, and several residences to the north of the district flood when the Reik is high. Due to the machine's imperfections, they stoically (but secretly) clean up after the floods. If outsiders were to discover these imperfections, the embarrassment would rock Altdorf's Dwarf community to the core.
- ☛ Explorers of the Undercity tell tales of 'Tall Poll', a huge monstrosity living in the tunnels. They say it has huge glowing green eyes and three mouths, one in the expected place and two others high up on each of its cheeks. Its teeth are inches long, and its breath is poisonous steam. This creature sometimes lairs in the lagoon and is murderously territorial.

NEIDERWIND

When Human Altdorfers speak of the Dwarf district, it is understood that they refer to Metallschlacke. But when one asks Altdorf's Dwarfs about the Dwarf district, they wryly reply, *'Which one?'*

The Neiderwind area occupies the same footprint as Metallschlacke but lies below ground. It is not a separate district as far as city administrators are concerned, but for the Dwarfs the distinction from the 'Surface Life' of Metallschlacke is culturally significant. In Neiderwind, the Dwarfs feel like they can relax and be themselves. To invite a Human or Halfling down would breach taboo, and to allow an Elf within would cause outrage.

Many of the buildings in Metallschlacke also have entrances in Neiderwind. Residences and workshops may appear squat and cramped at street level but extend downwards several storeys. Beneath the ground, at a depth of 50 feet or so, a complex of tunnels connects the residences and businesses of the Dwarfs, mirroring the streets above.

The Dwarfs keep things down in Neiderwind that they wish to be private. There are small shrines to each of their major gods here, several exceptionally fine taverns, and a clinic for the discreet treatment of Kruts. A repository holds lore and archeological findings dating back to the War of Vengeance.

At the centre of Neiderwind is a wonder of Dwarf engineering. It is a pumping house, created in the great days before the Dwarf empire suffered ruinous wars against the Goblins. It connects to a vast array of brass ducts and emits a deep burbling thrum day and night as it sucks up groundwater and shunts it away from the district. Without the ceaseless labour of this device, the whole district would slowly inundate.

VISITING NEIDERWIND

The underground district is distinctly Dwarf. Neiderwind's narrow streets (strataz) and alleys (gatwaz) have retained their original Khazalid names. Numerous quartz crystals inscribed with the Rune of Light provide lantern-like street illumination.

THE ARCHIVIST

The Archivist is located along the narrow alley of Darkway (Dharkwegaz). The few who visit Gramen Davoksson and his much younger wife, Jammi Pagreksdottir, see a quite small and untidy shop with books stacked on tables and shelves stuffed with scrolls. The locked door behind the counter leads to the couple's private quarters and an enormous vault where Gramen stores his lifetime accumulation. The vault houses many small rooms containing an extensive library of books, scrolls of lore, maps, histories, mythologies, compilations, compendiums, treatises, theses, and dissertations. There are also rare tomes of esoteric and forbidden knowledge. The accumulated works represent a lifelong labour by the seemingly ageless and curious loremaster. There is a system to Gramen's order of storage, but it is known to none other.

DRAGONBREATH TAVERN

Located on the main thoroughfare of Dragon Street (Drakkstrataz), Dragonbreath Tavern is a favourite of the weaponsmith clans (including armourers and gunsmiths). Dwarf smiths congregate in the early evening to enjoy a raucous time: drinking contests, playing and betting on a variant of skittles called 'iron pins', singing uncouth songs, and so on. Strangers entering the tavern at this time are met with suspicion and somewhat abusive language from the Dwarf patrons.

Owner and master brewer Breda Roreksdottir, of the Oakbarrel brewing clan, runs the tavern with her son, Drumin Mundrisson, and daughter, Thindra Mundrisdottir. They typically brew and receive shipments of barley, hops, and other ingredients during the off-hours. Dragonbreath is known for its dark-red, oak-aged, hearty lager called 'Dragon Master'. The house specialty is roasted pork basted with a crushed fire pepper and butter concoction.

ONE PINT TOO MANY

- One of the tavern's patrons coughed up blood after his fourth pint and then keeled over and died. Clearly the work of an assassin, Breda needs the culprit uncovered and brought to justice before the event sullies her tavern's reputation.

DWARF BEER

Well known and well regarded, Bugman's ales grace the tables of both High King of Karaz Ankor and Altdorf's Emperor. Given their reputation, Bugman's ales are generally less available to the common people. Thankfully, other Dwarf brewing clans produce beers appreciated by patrons of the many drinking establishments in Metallschlacke and Neiderwind districts.

THE LOATHSOME RAKI AND A BREAK-IN

- Something large has burrowed into Gramen's archives, survived the Runes of Verminkill, and stolen a vital tome detailing the disposition of certain Raki lairs. Gramen looks to hire a discreet party to recover his book while dealing harshly with the culprits.

BUGONSTRATAZ RUNNERS

On the corner of Dragon Street and Bow Street (Bugonstrataz) stands the Bugonstrataz Runners' building. Neiderwind's equivalent of the Altdorf Watch, the Runners are responsible for maintaining peace in the underground district. Captain Hergar Algrimson of the Stonehammer clan, kin of Elder Bruni Gromsson, leads the Runners. One of the forthright captain's more difficult duties is to calm quarrelling Dwarf clans so as to avoid a conflict escalating into uncontrollable bloodfeuds (bludgald). Though seldom used, there are cells located at the Runners' building.

The Runners also shutter and open more than half the street lanterns (each with the rune-inscribed quartz) to replicate night and day in Neiderwind. A large spring-driven clock on the outside of the Runners' building provides the basis of the shuttering schedule.

- Logazor Kallonsson of the Stonehammer clan is locked up in a cell, accused of violence against a member of the Ironfist clan. The Ironfists demand justice and threaten a bloodfeud. As Logazor is his kin, Captain Hergar needs to find trustworthy individuals outside his Runners to investigate the matter.



THE PALACE OF TIME

The Palace of Time is a secretive underground installation, the office of the minister of calendars. Its location is shown on no map. From behind a guarded entrance in the Palastfeld, a spiral stair leads to a stone corridor and a tiny square room, no bigger than the bedroom in a cheap boarding house. The plain but watertight stonework suggests that this may once have been a Dwarf installation.

Rumour has it that Sigmar himself instituted the office of minister of calendars, to log all the various festivals of different cultural groups in the Empire. In Sigmar's day, keeping track of various tribal celebrations was a difficult diplomatic necessity. These days, the increasing diversity of communities in the Empire makes the job even harder, just as their degree of cooperation makes it less important.

The minister of calendars also has a secondary role, to act as an early warning to the Sigmarite Cult of any evidence suggesting that a particular festival might involve forbidden rites or heretical messages. The current minister of calendars is an elderly man called Gaspar von Derberg. He spends most of his days in the office, passing through his ledgers, making updates, and interviewing the agents that he sends throughout the Empire to report the details of local festivals and traditions.

CALENDAR OF CHAOS



- ☠ Gaspar has divided loyalties. He has an established relationship with a man called Kurt Prochnow, a resident of Ubersreik with a deep understanding of esoteric lore. Kurt is a member of a Tzeentchian cult called the Fractured Eye, which trades in information. Under Kurt's influence, Gaspar has become discriminating in regards to which festivities to condemn, and which to ignore.
- ☠ Gaspar might be very interested in hiring Characters to investigate strange festivities in isolated villages. They might learn, over time, that their patron is very good at organising action that uncovers rural cults of Nurgle, but is rather uninterested in anything else.

SMUGGLERS' LAGOON

Beneath the lowest cellars and prop rooms of the Vargr Breughal playhouse is a saltwater lagoon. A century ago, a gang of smugglers found the place, but they abandoned it in haste. Their rotten chests and boxes still litter the area, containing spoiled silks and other putrefied contraband. Age-old wooden statues of the gods, worm-ridden figureheads from long-gone ships, jut from the shore, their features lost beneath draped veils of algae.

CATACOMBS

During times of plague and war it became impossible for the Cult of Morr to bury the huge number of bodies with their normal care and diligence. They instead interred the dead in a network of underground passages linking several of the Gardens of Morr within the city, including the haunted cemetery of Old Altdorf.

No one knows how many bodies were buried in this way. In more peaceful times the practice is considered distasteful, but the catacombs remain.

Stories say that there is an underground temple, the Black Sepulchre, at the heart of the catacombs. A secret order of Morrite Priests is said to look after this complex: black-robed, etiolated figures that never see the light of day. They spend their entire existence patrolling the catacombs and keeping the dead quiet. Morrite priests scoff at this notion as fanciful, even defamatory, yet many Altdorfers believe it.

Because of the nature of these tunnels, the purple wind concentrates in the passages. Amethyst wizards often visit the catacombs, when they can evade the priests of Morr. It is an open secret that there are secret passages in the Amethyst College leading to the catacombs.

GHOULS AND GRAVEGOODS



- ☠ Rumour has it that the most valuable possessions of many deceased Altdorfers were buried with them, and some treasures are still to be found in the catacombs. This tempts many a brave or desperate adventurer.
- ☠ The catacombs are also home to a number of forsaken types that find safety and shelter in parts of the network. The place is an ideal lair for Mutants escaping persecution. Gangs of footpads and Ghouls make their home down there, too.

A CREW'S LAGOON



- ☠ Smugglers have not used the lagoon for a generation, and it is currently unoccupied. It would make the perfect bolthole, either for a criminal gang or hidden part of government. Those who find such a desirable piece of real estate could earn a handsome commission from the right buyer.

THE SKAVEN LAIR OF UNDER-ALTDORF

Rumours of a large Skaven settlement beneath Altdorf abound amongst those who believe in such things. The truth is that the lair of Under-Altdorf is little more than a staging post and slave pen, beset by problems resulting from the sodden clay into which it is dug.

The permanent garrison here is small but efficient. Clan Mors has a contract to guard the settlement and monitor the movement of slaves through it. Clans Skryre, Eshin, and Scrutens also have a presence here, focused on gathering information from the city above. Sometimes these clans pool their resources to great effect, but more often they waste time and energy undoing one another's efforts.

Slaving and foraging parties originate from the settlement. The Council prohibits slavers from abducting Altdorfers within the city walls, deeming the risk of discovery and reprisal to be too great. Clan Mors slave-takers still have their quotas to fulfil, and a chieftain who has not been able to acquire enough slaves from the countryside may well plan a raid of Altdorf's rookeries to make up for the shortfall.

Much of Under-Altdorf wends its way through the mud flats upon which Altdorf stands. Cave-ins, flooding, and the intrusion of waterborne pests are constant problems for the lair's inhabitants. Skaven use the worst of the chambers for slave pens, but even the better warrens are damp and stinking. Sewage seeps in from the city above, afflicting slaves and Skaven alike with chronic galloping flux.

Clan Mors desires to shift much of the Skaven presence into better-built abandoned Dwarf tunnels that run above their position. Dwarfs and adventurers often patrol these tunnels, so the Skaven bide their time for fear of discovery.

PERVERSE INCENTIVES



There is a tremendous rivalry between Clan Scrutens and Clan Eshin. Both clans believe their own regimes for training spies or fostering rings of informants to be superior. In order to get the clans to focus on their work, rather than killing one another, Warchief Chittirr has instituted something almost unheard of in Skaven society: a form of positive reinforcement. Every thirteen months, a contest is held to celebrate the spy who uncovered the most useful piece of information. The winner receives a big bag of black grain, a keg of Skavenbrew, a pouch of Warpstone dust, and ten minutes in Brrux's personal breeding pit. The frantic search for new and intriguing information has led to one of Clan Eshin's top agents taking an interest in the Characters.

THE UNDER-EMPIRE AND UNDER-ALTDORF

Under-Altdorf is the focus of great jealousy — and great ambition. Various factions in Skavendom seek to have something done about Altdorf, but disagree about what that something ought to be.

Most Grey Seers agree that the Horned Rat warned them off from revealing themselves in the Empire prior to other schemes reaching fruition. The 169 commandments seem to suggest this, depending on how they are interpreted. Seerlord Kritisisk has proposed that Under-Altdorf be abandoned whilst the Grey Seers debate the theological implications of the Horned Rat's will.

Lord Warlock Morrskittar of Clan Skryre is strongly opposed to the Seerlord in this matter. He argues that Altdorf ought to be subject to a grand act of sabotage, to serve as proof positive of the power of the Skaven (in general) and the Warlock Engineers (in particular). He has offered a fortune in warptokens to the warlock who designs a device capable of visiting sudden cataclysm on the city. He is currently judging a winner between Lord Warlock Kritchgrub, who proposes to undermine Altdorf and sink it into the mud, and Lord Warlock Ikitt Claw, who suggests blowing the place apart with a titanic warpbomb.

Lord Gnawdwell is firmly opposed to any plan that might result in the destruction of Altdorf. It is a rich source of slaves and Clan Mors makes reliable profits through management of it. Whilst Gnawdwell is often criticised for his distrust of the Grey Seers, he is a strong supporter of the Seerlord on this issue. Lord Kratch Doomclaw of Clan Rictus argues that the Empire is a thorn in the side of Skavendom and that the destruction of Altdorf would benefit them all. Lord Gnawdwell complains that Kratch always adopts positions that disadvantage Clan Mors.

Arch Plaguelord Nurglitch takes the side of the Seerlord, though in truth he cares little for the 169 commandments and prefers to preserve Altdorf because large communities of Humans make great testbeds for diseases. Lord Verminkin of Clan Moulder advocates following the advice of Lord Morrskittar. That Clan Moulder and Clan Skryre owe one another a fortune in warptokens might explain his loyalties, as well as the fact that he takes great pleasure in annoying Arch Plaguelord Nurglitch.

Other members of the council have no particular opinion on the matter, and just tend to take a position likely to upset their chief rivals. Lord Vrisk Ironscratch has changed his mind on the issue many times, each time leading Warlord-General Paskrit the Vast to pivot to the contrary opinion.



Warchief Brruxx Chittirr, Commander of the Garrison

Brruxx is an unusual Skaven leader. His piebald fur, scrawny frame, and tangible air of anxiety are signs of weakness that would usually prevent a Skaven from earning any form of status. Yet, he has managed operations in Under-Altdorf in the name of Clan Mors for several years now without serious opposition. Perhaps this is due to a combination of careful planning and extreme paranoia, or his bribery of secret agents within Clan Eshin and Clan Scrutens. More likely is that no one else wants the job.

Lord Gnawdwell of Clan Mors is satisfied with Brruxx's performance and the steady stream of slaves that come his way from the Reikland. Brruxx may have none of the courage and prowess of Gnawdwell's favoured protégés, but this is to the Lord of Decay's immense gratification. After all, Gnawdwell believes that the weedy warchief is unlikely to make a bid for greater power. Those closer to Brruxx suspect he has a key component that every Skaven leader simply must possess: a great quantity of luck. He has a habit of staggering free from cave-ins, assassination attempts, slave stampedes, and outbreaks of Red Pox. The Horned Rat surely regards him, for all his apparent mediocrity.

WARCHIEF BRRUXX CHITTIRR CLAN MORS CHIEFTAIN

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	52	30	24	28	40	35	33	35	39	39	9

Traits: Armour 2, Infected, Night Vision, Skittish, Weapon +6

Skills: Bribery 49, Dodge 55, Intuition 60, Leadership 59, Melee (Basic) 57

Talents: Briber, Enclosed Fighter, Luck 5, Shieldsman 2, Sixth Sense, Warrior Born

Trappings: Full set of Mail Armour, Hand Weapon (Sword), Pouch containing 10 warptokens



Warlock Bombardier Skrrreth Ffley

Skrrreth Ffley has studied under several of Clan Skryre's greatest scientific minds, including the prodigious Ikit Claw. He has been lucky enough to survive the experience. Now a Warlock of some repute in his own right, Ffley has come to Under-Altdorf in order to indulge his fascination with rocket science.

He despatches numerous spies to steal secrets from the Imperial College of Engineers, take notes of lectures held at the Altdorf University, and copy the Guild of the Mundane Alchemists' recipes for flammable or explosive compounds.

Of course, Ffley's primary ambition is to procure a working example of a Helstorm rocket battery from the Imperial School of Engineers. He has plans for a much improved version of this weapon, festooned with bigger, louder rockets stuffed full of Warpstone.

WARLOCK BOMBARDIER SKRRETH FFLEY CLAN SKRYRE WARLOCK

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	36	57	31	44	46	28	53	55	34	39	16

Traits: Armour 2, Infected, Night Vision, Skittish, Ranged (Warpusket) +10, Weapon +6

Skills: Lore (Engineer) 75, Ranged (Blackpowder 77, Engineering 67), Research 75, Trade (Engineer) 73

Talents: Gunner, Marksman, Read/Write, Tinker, Sniper

Trappings: Full set of Mail Armour, 3 Poison Wind Globes, Hand Weapon (Sword), Warpusket and 12 bullets

hardly a surprise that you would express interest in this individual now that I have spent some time observing her operation. You were right to suspect that von Drabodick is little more than a bundle of conditioned reflexes, incapable of mental freedom, and so determined by his heritage that he is developmentally inseparable from his surrogate mother.

His attitude, on the other hand, is something else entirely. Now I say this knowing I am writing to a man who deservedly won the Vasty Imperial Star for Superb Showing in the Field of Spymastery, but you ought to know you have a contender should she ever become a novice. She possesses every quality one would expect of a special agent, is aware of her strengths, and works tirelessly on identifying and improving her few weaker points.

In the palace of the Dragon Emperor she learned how to be a perfect counter as well as an accomplished assassin. She has the right blood; her family are distinguished and wealthy, yet not so pronounced as to threaten any of the great aristocratic houses. She is a consummate professional, very good at her work, yet backs it up with a sincere integrity, devoted to bringing out the best in the Empire and defying those who might threaten it. She also knows how to hop someone so sharply on the nose that a boy bit splinters and jaws right up their brain.

One of her indisputable strengths is in her willingness to delegate important tasks to talented amateurs with little in the way of notable connection or previous experience. She just seems to recruit talent off the street. Several such groups have been sponsored by her, either directly or indirectly, to uncover threats and investigate mysteries in the city. One such party has won particular regard for their part in the foiling of

WANTED

THE BEAST OF OGASSE

Our me more did make a little more "imperial" next time



UP TO
10 CROWNS

TO ANY STOUT FELLOW WHO IS ABLE TO CAPTURE*
THE FAMOUS BEAST OF OGASSE AND BRING IT TO
KLAMMERINSTRASSE WATCH STATION

SEE CAPTAIN STEIK

*REMUNERATION FOR DECEDANT BEAST IS ALSO POSSIBLE WITH PROOF OF CULLING.

PRINT XIII

THE GRIFFON'S TAIL

How would Altdorf function without the Emperor and his councils? Whether state power should issue from a single point or whether each province, each locality, should administer itself is a question on which views are still very much divided, as discussed by Karl Marktag in his book about capitals. We propose that currently existing city councils and kommissions be repurposed into wider offices with clearer portfolios, and that the

Liegmund, Old bean, sorry to cause a spot of bother, but we really would like one's aristocratic privileges restored quickly as possible. Can't you bally do something? We thought you said you were pulling strings? We are coming to Altdorf once all the usual pish-pash round Geheimnisnacht is passed in order to catch up with our dear chums from the League and take in the latest Siorck. Of course we'll be trying to jostle a semblance of life into a few old farts at the Prime Estates whilst we are there and we would appreciate a jolly good chin-wagging with your fine self (could do with a quick dilly-dally at the Crown and Two Chairmen whilst we're at it what-what?). Free up the old diary and we'll send word.

S.

Thinke nothing to leave's will change things. Politically nice. Just be getting thoroughly... on a train

◆ BEYOND THE WALLS ◆



As with any large and important city, Altdorf does not end at its protective walls. Fortresses, historic locations and, of course, the mighty Reik itself carry Altdorf's influence well beyond its gates.

THE REIKSPORT

The Reiksport is a deep-water harbour that lies to the north of the city. The largest ocean-going vessels can dock safely, including mighty warships and merchant vessels. Around the Reiksport, a bustling community has sprung into existence. The seedy shanty-town has grown to service the needs of sailors on shore leave. Some of the cheaper merchant vessels stop here to unload their wares — carting goods into the city can skirt certain fees. The river patrol presence here is also somewhat more relaxed about smuggling contraband than the Watch within the walls.

The Imperial Navy is an important part of the Empire's military might, though the fleet based at the Reiksport has seen better days. It is known as the southern fleet, in contrast with the smaller, but newer, northern fleet that operates along the Nordland coastline. The southern fleet is a significant armada, with a number of towering greatships and entire squadrons of ships of the line. It is sadly underemployed. Since the secession of the Wasteland, these ships rarely put to sea. The burghers of Marienburg charge exorbitant fees for a warship to pass through the mouth of the Reik.

The Imperial Navy still performs an important function in ferrying troops throughout the Empire. That the sea lord of the southern fleet is loyal to Karl-Franz may also give pause to rebellious Electors. Many of their palaces are within cannon range of one of the Empire's great rivers.

The Reiksport is not well equipped to repair or outfit vessels. Ships in need of attention limp their way to the harbours of Altdorf's Flottenliegeplatz.

MUNDSEN KEEP

This black and slit-windowed pile beyond the city walls is where Altdorf dumps its human refuse. Mundsens Keep is an infamous gaol in an old fortress. It is home to debtors, murderers, revolutionaries, thieves, out-of-favour courtiers, and long-forgotten scapegoats. Those sentenced to a period of incarceration in the keep receive an identification number chalked upon a small cloth. The guards leave them in a small cell with a group of fellow inmates for company until their sentence is complete.

The keep employs only a small number of professional wardens. Governor van Zandt finds it economical to offer the more enterprising and ambitious prisoners the opportunity to work off their debts by taking up the role of trusty. Officially, the trusties earn their early release through cooking and cleaning. In truth, many of them are merely talented scammers and bullies who find favour with the wardens by extorting information and valuables from their fellow prisoners.

KEEP OUT



-  As a fortification, Mundsens Keep is centuries out of date, with square walls that would quickly fall to an artillery barrage. It was a favoured place of incarceration and punishment during the Age of Wars, and contains many torture chambers and oubliettes. Common belief holds that the shades of murdered noble hostages haunt the place, the victims of Didrick the Unjust.
-  There is a special room within the keep where silver shackles line the walls. It is used to house prisoners suspected of being somewhat more than Human: witches, Children of Ulric, and Vampires. Should a Character find out about this gaol cell, they could place a powerful motley crew in their debt — with all the opportunities and dangers this presents.



BRUSTELLIN'S TOMB

The seditionist Professor Brustellin was slain during the Great Fog Riots that he helped to instigate. After the riots, followers spirited his body away and buried it at a makeshift shrine hidden in the woods to the south of the city. Revolutionists often make secretive pilgrimages to pay their respects at the shrine. They are careful to do so in small groups so as not to alert the authorities to their observances.

The shrine is little more than a cairn bedecked in copies of the professor's works. Markings on nearby trees point the way to the grave, and pilgrims have scratched revolutionary slogans into the bark. On nights when Morrslieb waxes full, an eerie presence touches the vicinity of the shrine. Some revolutionists worry that the professor, who never received the rites of Morr, must be haunting the site of his grave. Others sneer at this notion, claiming that it would have betrayed the man's own life's work to worry about the blessing of a priest.

☠ The spirit of Professor Brustellin is at rest, but that of Ulrike Blumenschein is not. In life, she helped inspire the revolution, but was killed at the outbreak of the Great Fog Riots. Her ghost haunts the shrine. Should a visitor draw her out, she might regale any listener with a tale of woe. She was slain by the hand of Wolf von Mecklenburg of Sudenland, and may not find peace until the Temple of Verena carries out a trial. In truth, Wolf is innocent of this terrible crime. Ulrike's revolutionary fervour is such that she makes mischief from beyond the grave in order to frame an aristocrat.

☠ Clan Scrutens spies have uncovered the site of the grave. The Skaven leaders of Under-Altdorf are considering how best to use this information. If they were to reveal its location to one of the more violently partisan knightly commanders in Altdorf, whilst pressuring contacts within the revolutionary movement to hold some sort of celebration at the site, they could provoke a massacre and further riots. The violence would cost the Skaven many contacts, but life is cheap.

ARTILLERY FIELDS

Near the city's eastern gate is a large area of waste ground, fenced off with warning signs depicting a red skull and the words *'ACHTUNG! UNEXPLODED MUNITIONS'*. This is the area given over to the Imperial School of Engineers to carry out field tests. Every day, it seems a sooty and deafened engineer drags their latest artillery piece to fire from the walls overlooking the fields.

Wandering about within the artillery fields is indeed highly dangerous. Whilst dud rockets and howitzer ammunition do not commonly explode if disturbed, it can happen. The deadlier peril is that of stray rounds from artillery test-firing from the city walls.

THE BLACK ISLE

The Black Isle has always had a formidable reputation. The jutting core of sharp black stone rises from the waters of the Reik. A treacherous obstacle, a collision with it in the thick Altdorf fog has holed and sunk many ships. The Imperial spymasters have built their stronghold in this ill-omened place.

The Castle of the Black Chamber connects to the city walls and sits on the Black Isle. The spymasters specially select their garrison from Altdorf's regiments of state troops. They choose soldiers known for their skill at arms, but also for their patriotism, their discretion, and their willingness to turn a blind eye to the sights and sounds of excruciating torture. There are even a number of cannons arrayed about the ramparts. If Altdorf were to come under siege again, the castle would make a doughty bastion.

The government makes no denial that the grim business of interrogation and assassination is organised from the Black Isle. Indeed, the spymasters make a show of their activities. The heads of traitors and heretics are hoisted up to sit on tall iron spikes lining the ramparts of the castle.



A SHOW OF FORCE



☠ The position of the Artillery Fields is such that visitors from Nuln get a good, close look on the approach to Altdorf. (This is said to be no accident, and Nulner diplomats often sneer and ask who Karl-Franz thinks to impress by showing off in such a manner.) A catastrophic misfire of an experimental weapon sparks gossip, suggesting agents of Grand Countess von Liebwitz committed acts of sabotage.

☠ Clan Skryre agents within Under-Altdorf seek to reverse-engineer human technology. Clan Eshin agents claim that only they have the skills to acquire samples whilst escaping surveillance. Clan Skryre agents, unwilling to pay exorbitant fees, make night-time visits to the Fields to recover shells and rockets. Clan Eshin agents, annoyed at being circumvented, intend to follow and teach them a lesson.

THE CLAY WORKS

Great pits line the banks of the Reik both above and below its confluence with the Talabec. People carry out the hard and messy work of cutting wedges of sopping clay from the bottoms of these pits and shaping them into blocks that can be sold to Altdorf's potters. Clay harvested from the south of Altdorf is fine and red. The silt deposits to the north of the confluence make for darker and coarser material.

Since the days of the Unberogens, the harvesting of clay from the muddy banks of the rivers has been a profitable labour. Altdorf pottery is renowned throughout the Old World for its fine grain and resilience. There are many potters in the East End, who take their wares to Grandmarkt every Markttag and never lack for customers.

☠ A series of disasters affects a trio of clay pits sited on the Reik's west bank. One has flooded, the second caught fire, and a drunken Giant stumbled out of the Reikwald and toppled a spoil heap into the third. The Characters are called to investigate, and find there has been no accident here. The owners of the clay pits hate one another, and each paid for the sabotage of a rival's business.

☠ Mudslinging is a form of retributive justice occasionally carried out in Altdorf. A target of slander can demand satisfaction through a pit fight... in a clay pit. The bouts are fought in deadly earnest, but they provide the watching labourers an entertaining reprieve from dredging up blocks of clay.

CRACKLE HILL

To the south of Altdorf is a small, steep, craggy hilltop — an incongruous core of hard stone thrusting from the muddy plains. On top of the hill, heaps of ash and burned sticks surround seven stone pillars.

The burning of heretics and witches does not occur within the white walls of the city. The daemonic consorts and necromantic familiars associated with dark magicians can produce malefic phenomena or manifest during their executions, leading to death and destruction. It is better to slay such people at a distance from the crowd, and at the hands of trained professionals.

Warlocks brought here for execution are usually halfway dead already thanks to the torture chambers of the Black Chamber or Witch Hunters. Authorities thoroughly gag and bind prisoners to prevent spellcasting.

Many Altdorfers travel to Crackle Hill to witness the executions of particularly heinous witches, but even they know to remain at a respectful distance. The provision of opera glasses has become a cottage industry reliant on the executions, and Altdorf's many potters often produce ranges of commemorative mugs.

KREATUR HÜRDE

Beyond the western city walls is a large enclosure, incorporating a great many paddocks and cages. These are Altdorf's Demigryph pens: an essential component of the city's military might, kept outside in the interests of public safety. Even well-fed and carefully trained Demigryphs can be dangerous, as the number of missing hands and feet amongst the facility's staff attests.

It takes a strong personality to keep Demigryph keepers in line. Josef Verabscheidung is the eccentric head keeper, a flamboyant individual who is rumoured to keep a small harem of handsome lovers at the site. His devotion to the care of Demigryphs is unquestionable, though he is rather less concerned about the safety of his employees.

A devout Sigmarite and manic gun enthusiast, Josef has fallen out with the company commander of Altdorf's Knights of the White Wolves. They have sponsored their own enclosures under the management of a formidable Middenlander called Karol Aalen. Karol and Josef hate one another with a passion and have fallen into spreading increasingly lurid gossip about each other's shortcomings.

EGGS FOR BREAKING



☠ Demigryphs are highly prized, and the knightly orders of Altdorf sponsor hunts to track down nests and juveniles in the Reikwald forest. Characters with the skill to capture young Demigryphs can expect rich rewards, but the parent animals are fearless and ferocious in defence of their brood.

MEDIUM RARE



☠ Ogre visitors to Altdorf are particularly keen to witness the burning of witches. The smell is mouthwatering. Tharfth Tharr, a dense yet imaginative Ogre, has realized that if she were to qualify as a Sigmarite Witch Hunter, she would possess a licence to discover witches. She could sentence them to death by fire, interrupt the process before they get too well done, and have a nice snack.

☠ Pel Bremennacht, Dreaded Hexxer of Tahme and Conjurer of the Ravenous Host, may be granted a reprieve after several key witnesses were eaten by persons unknown. Georg Topfer, who has produced twelve crates of plates decorated with the warlock's visage and intended date of execution, is desperate to see the burning happen according to schedule.

◆ ESPIONAGE IN ALTDORF ◆



In Altdorf, mighty personages make decisions that could bring provinces to their knees, break ancient alliances, and undo campaigning armies overnight. Little wonder that the city is a hive of clandestine activity, where spies vie with one another to gather intelligence, sabotage the machinations of rivals, and exert secret influence on the powerful.

IMPERIAL SPY NETWORKS

Knowledge is power, so it is inevitable that the Emperor — and those sworn to protect him — engage spies to gather and control information.

THE BLACK CHAMBER

The Black Chamber is the intelligence network of the Reikland and, by extension, the Emperor. It is also the best-equipped and most active espionage organisation in the city. Its headquarters is the notorious Black Isle, but there are operatives and safe houses dotted throughout Altdorf, in the Reikland, and in major cities across the Old World.

The Chamber has several arms and an Inner Circle, which meets in a literal black chamber on the Black Isle. High Lord Ambassador Graf Liepmund leads this group with a ferocious attention to detail and a ruthless need for obedience. He is obsessed with the threat from Bretonnia and Marienburg and demands each member of the Inner Circle redouble their efforts against both. But each arm of the Black Chamber has its own agenda, and rivalries are rife.

The *Schattenkabinett* are secret police who neutralise threats to the Reikland and Altdorf within the city. They focus on would-be revolutionaries, especially the various groups that make up the Revolutionary Movement. They plan to use agents provocateurs to push the revolutionaries to radical, violent action that would turn the Altdorf mob against them.

The *Graukappen* are responsible for gathering intelligence and acting against hostile forces outside Altdorf, which means most agents are posted to foreign cities and in other provinces. There is discord between Holzkrug and Graukappen leader Holswig-Schliestein, who have ancestral rivalry. As such, there are many Graukappen agents in Altdorf, following their leader's own agenda.

The *Spionwerber* recruits new agents to the Black Chamber, some by choice and some by coercion — and all too frequently from the University and the Reikland nobility. The Spionwerber can also 'exit' a spy from the network: a euphemism for assassinating agents who know too much and are no longer needed.

The *Palisades* are based in the Imperial Palace and keep themselves as far from the Black Chamber as possible. Their charge is to protect Electors when they are within the boundaries of Altdorf. Agents use clandestine methods to investigate and remove any threat to an Elector — assassination, blackmail, or similar.

There are several other divisions, including the archive keepers who collate and analyse intelligence. A small number of engineers design and manufacture bespoke devices to render agents more effective — and more deadly.

Goals

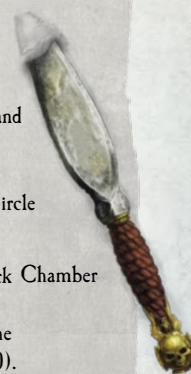
- ☠ Protect the Reikland from revolution, coups, and political destabilisation
- ☠ Thwart the ambitions of other nations and provinces against the Reikland
- ☠ Remove threats to the Empire

Current Preoccupations

- ☠ The Revolutionary Movement
- ☠ Containing the power and influence of the Wasteland and Bretonnia
- ☠ The situation in Ubersreik
- ☠ Internal rivalries and ambitions within the Inner Circle

Key Personalities

- ☠ Graf Liepmund Holzkrug, commander of the Black Chamber (see page 22).
- ☠ Immanuel-Ferrand Holswig-Schliestein, Head of the Graukappen and the Emperor's uncle (see page 20).
- ☠ Else Barnhelm is head of the Schattenkabinett and notoriously ambitious.
- ☠ Yann Zuntermein is head of the Spionwerber, a member of the Inner Circle, and a Purple Hand cultist. He engineered the annexation of Ubersreik, is secretly sowing discord between Holzkrug and Holswig-Schliestein, and works to divert the Black Chamber's interest from Chaos cults.
- ☠ General Erik Hoffmann is commander of the Palisades. He dislikes politics and prefers to stay in the palace and away from the skulduggery on Black Isle.



The Untersuchung

Within the knightly order of the Reiksguard is a small and devious organisation that roots out corruption in the court and military. For details on the oddball crew of researchers and field agents, see page 76.

Goals

- ☠ Investigate and counter the penetration of malign cults into the Imperial Court, State regiments, knightly orders, and Colleges of Magic
- ☠ Infiltrate and eliminate Chaos cults
- ☠ Track down and destroy corrupting literature and artefacts

Current Preoccupations

- ☠ Find the author of the 13 volumes of The New Apocrypha, a publication of heretical knowledge
- ☠ A sect of Bright magisters who apparently worship an Incarnate Elemental of Fire
- ☠ Chaos cults infiltrating the knightly orders

Key Personalities

- ☠ Lieutenant Gottfried Braubach is a pragmatic leader who gives his agents considerable freedom to act.

The Hidden Banner

The Reiksguard eschews politics, but to hold together an Empire is to understand the tensions that could pull it apart.

Goals

- ☠ Monitor political threats to Imperial unity, especially in provinces beyond the Reikland
- ☠ Remove influential individuals who are working against the Emperor

Current Preoccupations

- ☠ Sigmarite and Ulrican extremists
- ☠ Tensions between Electors, especially Talabecland–Stirland and Nordland–Ostland
- ☠ Secessionist movements in the western provinces

Key Personalities

- ☠ Master Lehrer is a Reiksguard veteran and the resident scholar at the chapter house. He plays his cards very close to his chest.

The Emperor's Eyes

Karl-Franz knows that his advisors don't tell him everything. He has his own highly secret cadre of agents to relay intelligence and identify threats to his person. There are Emperor's Eyes in the Reiksguard, Black Chamber, Imperial Palace, and Middenheim court.

Goals

- ☠ Uncover plots against Karl-Franz
- ☠ Investigate hidden agendas in the Imperial Court and in other spy organisations

Current Preoccupations

- ☠ Tensions within the Black Chamber
- ☠ Rumours of a 'blackpowder plot' against the Emperor

Key Personalities

- ☠ Duke Friedrich von Fuchs is undersecretary to the marshal of Altdorf, and utterly ruthless in his handling of agents and adversaries alike.

OTHER SPY NETWORKS

Altdorf is the political centre of the Empire, as well as the Reikland. It behooves leaders and rulers throughout the provinces to stay aware of happenings in the capital, particularly those that don't make the newssheets or official proclamations. Indeed, those who fail to engage the services of spies usually don't stay in power for long.

Grey Guardians

The Shadowmancers of the Grey Order are inherently secretive — spying is second nature. The Grey Guardians have no organised network in Altdorf, as they are largely too individualistic (and perhaps untrusting) to band together. The Supreme Patriarch likes to consider the Grey Guardians as his own spy organisation, but is wise enough not to tell them that.

Grey Guardians are often advisors to other organisations. They have a habit of making spycraft extremely complex, as much for their own enjoyment as the need for secrecy.

Goals

- ☠ Thwart the enemies of the Empire
- ☠ Protect the practice of magic
- ☠ Advance the interests of the Grey College
- ☠ Practise deception for its own sake

Current Preoccupations

- ☠ Anti-magic sentiment within the Cult of Sigmar
- ☠ Possible Khorne cults within the knightly orders
- ☠ Manipulation of Imperial politics by the High Elves

Key Personalities

- ☠ Immanuel-Ferrand Holswig-Schliestein (see page 20)
- ☠ Gavius Klugge is an agent of 'The Cloak', secretive Grey Guardians who protect others for pay.



The Todbringers

Middenheim's spies in the Reikland and Altdorf keep a close eye on political manoeuvring at the heart of the Empire. Nastassia Hess reports to Baron Heinrich Todbringer, the graf of Middenheim's son. She comes to Altdorf periodically to visit a front organisation, the Salzenmund Export Company, where she can liaise with her agents.

Goals

- Uncover covert politicking by Reikland nobles and the Emperor
- Gather intelligence on senior members of the Cult of Sigmar and Elector Counts
- Sabotage plots against Middenheim's interests

Current Preoccupations

- Threats to Imperial unity, especially from the Cult of Sigmar
- Defending the honour and safety of moderate Ultricans in Altdorf and the Reikland
- The Emperor's troubling decisions – the coup in Ubersreik and the Mutant Edict

Key Personalities

- Natassia Hess is spymaster and foremost agent for Baron Heinrich.



Other Provinces

All Electors have chamberlains or advisors who employ spies for them, especially in Altdorf. For example, Nuln has a spymaster in Dampfplatz — an Imperial engineer who focuses on military and political intelligence. The Moot has an extensive web of spies, with many cooks and rogues passing information gleaned from Altdorf's powerful.

The Cloaked Brothers

The Cloaked Brothers is a highly secretive network of spies who collect and report information, hoping to understand Chaos sufficiently to end it for good. It recruits mainly scholars and disaffected Witch Hunters. The Cloaked Brothers infiltrate and observe many organisations, including cults of the Ruinous Powers. Intervention is anathema to them — they only gather intelligence and occasionally pass it on to other organisations. Their power structure and masters are unknown, but there are Cloaked Brothers operating across Altdorf.

Private Spies and Networks

Nobles, merchants, and even guilds keep private arrangements with spies to seek out the secrets of their rivals or allies. These private spies might maintain a long-term relationship with their employer or hire out their services for individual missions, showing no more loyalty than a common mercenary. Particularly in the latter case, spies can double or treble their income by working multiple sides of an intrigue or conflict.

RELIGIOUS SPIES

The Empire's religions keep a close eye on events in Altdorf. Some cults are willing to take to the shadows for intelligence.

Sigmar: Priests have their eyes and ears everywhere in Altdorf, the Reikland, and beyond. From time to time, the Black Chamber calls on priests to do their duty to the Empire and report on something they've witnessed. The Grand Theogonist assumes that, in return, the Black Chamber will share important information with him. Liepmund Holzkrug lets him believe that.

Verena: The cult generally believes that knowledge is power and should be shared. Initiate Elke Weisssharz has taken this notion to its logical conclusion. She gathers secret knowledge from clerks, scribes, and servants and makes it freely available through newssheets and bill posters, regardless of the consequences.

Ulric: The Cult of Ulric in Altdorf publicly denounces the cowardly practice of spying. If cult leaders happen to learn anything useful from regular meetings with Baron Todbringer's agents, their conscience is clear.

Myrmidia: The cult has a complete record of Altdorf and the Reikland's military forces and the dispositions of its generals. It knows this, in part, because it pays spies to uncover hidden information.

The other cults are interested in secrets, but not particularly active in espionage. Followers of Ranaal love secrets and occasionally get mixed up with spies. The priests of Morr receive information from the Black Chamber and Untersuchung on matters relating to necromancy.



FOREIGN SPIES IN ALTDORF

The Empire is, of course, the mightiest nation of the Old World. In order to protect their own interests and most benefit from the Empire's strength, other nations and peoples insert agents into Altdorf.

LES SANS FACE (BRETONNIA)

The knights of Bretonnia view spying as dishonourable, but there are pragmatists within the court in Couronne who permit commoners to sully themselves with espionage. There are factions in Gisoreux, Couronne, and L'Anguille with designs on Marienburg and a healthy distrust of the current entente with the Empire. Bretonnia runs many spies in Altdorf to gather intelligence and commit occasional acts of sabotage and assassination. Unbeknownst to the spymaster, Gason, several of his agents are also passing information to Holzkrug's Black Chamber.

Goals

- ☠ Ascertain the strength and deployment of Empire armies in the west
- ☠ Weaken unity at the Imperial Court and in the Volkshalle

Key Personalities

- ☠ Gaston D'Albuisse is an unhygienic and overweight gourmand. Although ostensibly he is merely the cellar man at the Bretonnian Embassy, he really runs the whole Bretonnian network.



THE CHEKISTS (KISLEV)

The Tzarina's Chekists have a fearsome reputation in their home country, but their operations spread beyond the borders of Kislev. The emigre Kislevites of Hexxerbezrik provide cover for Chekists in Altdorf. The Chekists ensure cooperation from their fellow countryfolk through fear and an appeal to patriotism. They operate out of a traditional Kislevite *banya* bathhouse.

Goals

- ☠ Influence Imperial policy to support Kislevite interests and promote the alliance
- ☠ Emphasise and exaggerate the immediate threat of Chaos incursions from the north
- ☠ Oppose the Empire 'wasting' military resources elsewhere

Key Personalities

- ☠ Hedeon Dyakanov is a boyar who controls the Altdorf network from Kislev. He is very well connected in the Reikland and Wissenland, and visits his Imperial acquaintances often.

THE FOG WALKERS (MARIENBURG)

The Fog Walkers protect the interests of the Ten — the merchant families who control Marienburg. They have a well-funded operation in Altdorf that spies on commercial, political, magical, and military targets. Their preferred methods are blackmail and bribery.

Goals

- ☠ Gather commercial and political intelligence to secure Marienburg's mercantile advantage
- ☠ Monitor and undermine plots to retake the Wasteland for the Empire

Key Personalities

- ☠ 'Karla Schmidt' is a spymaster who works as a senior clerk in the Harbormaster's Court in Flottenliegeplatz. She poses as a diehard Imperial patriot.
- ☠ Paal Arhuis, commander of the Fog Walkers, is based in Marienburg but preoccupied with his agents in Altdorf.

ULTHUAN

The Kingdoms of Saphery, Lothorn, and Cothique all have agents within Altdorf spying on the Empire — and on one another. Asur spies don't need organisations; they pick up information and feed it back to their allies in positions of power. They are adept at using magical means for spying, and expert at deception. Fortunately for the Empire, they arrogantly disregard many human affairs as beneath their notice.

Goals

- ☠ Monitor and, where necessary, suppress human progress
- ☠ Assess the usefulness of the Empire to the Asur
- ☠ Keep an eye on the Dwarfs

Key Personalities

- ☠ Cendrus Laeoc is the Cothique ambassador and spymaster. He personally worries that human wizardry is out of control, and this colours his reports to Cothique.



NAGGAROTH

Dark Elves see Humans as chattel, but they know the Empire is powerful. The Witch King obsesses over the actions of the Asur in the Old World, especially since Teclis taught humans to better use magic. There are Druchii spies in Altdorf, working incognito to uncover secrets and occasionally assassinate key targets. They also abduct victims to interrogate, spiriting them away to the coast and, once the questioning is over, a horrible end.

Goals

- ☠ Monitor and suppress human progress
- ☠ Discover and thwart the Asur's agenda in the Old World
- ☠ Find and exploit human weaknesses

Key Personalities

- ☠ Dalaethra Bladeborn is a Witch Elf currently disguised as a High Elf merchant in Asurstrasse. She runs a small network of terrified and infatuated human agents.

KARAZ ANKOR

Dwarfs are not generally suited to spying. When they want information in Altdorf, they send an emissary to the Emperor, recite a long list of prior alliances and honour debts, then ask for the intelligence outright. It even occasionally works.

The Dwarfs of the Grey and Black Mountains are canner than most, however. King Alrik Ranulfsson of Karak Hirn and Queen Thurma of Karak Norn commission expatriate Dwarfs in Altdorf to seek intelligence, which then passes through countless intermediaries back to the loremasters of their respective holds. Most of these expatriates use humans to do the dirty work.

Goals

- ☠ Watch for signs of betrayal from the Empire
- ☠ Ensure that the Emperor respects the ancient alliance with the Dwarfs
- ☠ Reduce High Elf influence on Imperial politics

Key Personalities

- ☠ Kavgar Dromaxe is a guard at Grombar Gate who uses Dwarf gold to buy the loyalty and intelligence of several Black Chamber agents.

USING ALTDORF'S SPIES IN ADVENTURES

An adventure or even an entire campaign can easily be spun around the activities of the many organisations involved in espionage in Altdorf. Spy rings are ever in search of likely agents, patsies, and dupes to use in pursuit of their goals, so it is easy to entangle the Characters in such machinations.

However, this should be the last straightforward thing about an adventure focusing on themes of spycraft and duplicity. When it comes to creating such stories, a number of principles should be kept in mind, many of which are already peppered throughout WFRP.

Cloak and Poisoned Dagger

The best starting point when planning an espionage-themed adventure is to look at the various organisations detailed in this chapter, and in particular at their Goals and Preoccupations. Note: many organisations overlap to a degree, while others

are naturally opposed. Pick a goal and consider how it might interact with those of other groups. Consider what schemes might advance this goal, and those that might oppose it. In doing so, you should keep the following points in mind.

Right and Wrong Are Luxuries of Those without Power

Few people of influence have the opportunity to adhere to high-minded ideals. The End Times are coming, and survival is never guaranteed. The Characters may be told otherwise, but when working for any of these organisations, they should never be certain of where their employer will draw the line. The Fog Walkers have mainly mercantile concerns, but a few bodies dumped in the Reik may be a fair price to pay for a 2% reduction in taxation on Marienburg's freight.

A Web Can Never Be Too Tangled

If you think you have involved enough groups in your adventure, add one more. The Characters should never have the chance to get too comfortable, or to know for certain the motives of those they meet. While the Characters attempt to head off a Black Chamber assassin bent on shutting down an illegal printing press, what if the Bretonnian minstrel aiding them turns out to be a Les Sans Face operative happy to see anti-royalist propaganda spread through the Empire?

Deep Plots Make for Strange Bedfellows

The machinations and agendas of these groups can be obscure and their methods convoluted. As such, the Characters may find aid from unexpected quarters. Of course, the tables may soon turn once agendas no longer align...

While the Hidden Banner marshals support for a unifying campaign to retake the Wasteland, Characters employed by the Fog Walkers to oppose these efforts may find themselves surprised to receive aid from agents of Naggaroth who fear the more powerful and unified Empire that might emerge.

EXAMPLE ADVENTURE

The Characters are hired by an agent of Naggaroth, posing as a collector of rare books, to steal Volume VII of *The New Apocrypha* from a private collector in Karnevalsplatz. In fact, the private collector is an agent of the Untersuchung, who spread rumours of the book to create a honeypot meant to draw out the sort of people interested in such a heretical tome. Unfortunately for all involved, agents of Cendrus Laeoc have also been sent to retrieve the book in order to keep certain dangerous magical truths it contains out of human hands. Marked by Laeoc as agents of Naggaroth and by the Untersuchung as potential heretics, can the Characters satisfy their pursuers by deflecting attention towards their employer? What will they do when a Fog Walker merchant, happy to sow discord in Altdorf, offers them a real copy of the book?

◆ PROSCRIBED CULTS ◆ AND EXTREMIST GROUPS



There are a great many profane cults and extremist organisations in Altdorf. Most are fleeting and fractious groups, no sooner formed than sold out to the Witch Hunters. However, a bevy of strange cults and networks manages to escape the notice of those who would persecute them.

THE WITHERING EYE

The oldest and most malign slander laid at the feet of Altdorf's wizards is that they resent the impositions Teclis placed on them. That they would rather study magic in its darkest, rawest form to achieve full magical potential. This is unfair; Altdorf's wizards generally accept that within a short Human lifespan pursuit of mastery over a single wind is study enough.

The Withering Eye consists of those wizards who ignore the warnings and practice sorcery, learning spells from various lores and risking the attention of Daemons. The cult is not formally devoted to Tzeentch, though it is an open secret that they fraternize with daemonologists and other dark magicians.



EYE FOR THE MAIN CHANCE



☠ The Withering Eye is itself home to a cult, for within its ranks are members of the dreaded Cabal. According to rumour, the Cabal manipulates hundreds of other cults across the world, including the Red Crown and the Purple Hand. The Cabal's leader is no other than the greatest arcane traitor of all time: Egrimm van Horstmann. Once patriarch of the Light College, now one of the most powerful of Tzeentch's sorcerer-champions.

☠ As well as providing a talking shop for unethical wizards, the Withering Eye is home to several information brokers. They have links with other cults in other cities of the Empire, each dedicated to collating knowledge.

THE PURPLE HAND

The Purple Hand is the most widespread and successful cult of Tzeentch in the Empire. The organisation operates along a regional cell structure. Within each cell, the cult is divided into three governing ordos, all reporting to a magister magistri. The Ordo Novitiae handles recruitment and indoctrination. The Ordo Impedimentae raises funds and manages resources. The Ordo Terribilis pursues research and development. Each of these ordos is a self-contained organisation; their rank-and-file members do not hold meetings, and know little about the activities of other ordos.

Twice a year, on Geheimnisnacht and Hexensnacht, the leaders of each ordo hold a conclave. They leave Altdorf and gather at a prearranged spot in the marshes. They sing praises to Tzeentch under the sickly light of Morrslieb, discuss plans and progress, and perform a grisly human sacrifice.

The magister magistri of the Purple Hand in Altdorf is an accomplished spy of the Black Chamber: the elusive and ingenious Yann Zuntermein. Yann is also the head of the Ordo Terribilis. Unlike Middenheim, where the Ordo Terribilis innovate new magical techniques, Altdorf's cultists concentrate on the weaponising of information.

A BIRD IN THE HAND



- A mysterious woman approaches the characters and asks them if they could monitor a Brustellite forum for Chaotic sympathies. She promises them a handsome fee for every heretic they uncover. Despite her claim of seeking to uncover corruption, she is looking for fresh recruits.
- A laid-back Ostlander named Gustav Proll heads Altdorf's Ordo Impedimentae. He has hit on a cynical plan to raise funds through a new charitable drive: The Patriotic and Renowned Altdorfers' Team for Tailoring the Lame and Enteric. All funds raised go to the Purple Hand.

THE RED CROWN

The Red Crown is a cult dedicated to the worship of Tzeentch. They believe their master is best served through violent revolution, and so secretly muster an army of Mutant outlaws and raving Beastmen. Their activities are focused on rural areas, for their greatest allies are in the forests. However, the cult still maintains centres in the Empire's cities. It is ironic that in a city such as Altdorf, so often riven with riotous revolutionary fervour, the Red Crown does not find itself more successful. The group struggles to find a niche when Altdorf's disenfranchised and malcontented have so many revolutionary philosophies to choose from. The cultists' ambition to provoke a violent uprising of Beastmen for little more than its own sake marks the Red Crown out as extremists. Even other Chaos cultists regard Red Crown members as dangerous loose cannons.

- Salli Spaak was a renowned actress and courtesan working in Altdorf nearly two centuries ago. She worshipped Tzeentch and poisoned several lovers by adding powdered Warpstone to their food. Prince Nicol, brother of the Emperor Leopold, fell for her charms. He panicked when he began to alter, and hanged himself from the Reik Bridge. Gossips have it that Salli's admirers buried her with a tribute of Warpstone. The Red Crown seeks to discover the location of the grave, but hesitates to exhume what lies beneath.
- When Bosco puts word out that he has acquired a pair of captured Ungors and hopes to host a pit fight in his gambling den, the Red Crown takes interest. If the cultists could spring the captives and return them to the wilds, it may earn them grateful contacts among the Beastmen. Should they succeed, Bosco does not take the loss of such prize fighters lightly. He offers a handsome reward for their safe return.
- A Red Crown cultist, after a tour of the Imperial Zoo, concludes that many of the strange creatures must be Chaotic. The cult tries a decidedly niche approach to rabble-raising: animal welfare. Of course, the cult has no intention of returning the zoo's exhibits to the wild, but wants them to rampage throughout the city.

THE DICE MEN

Lukas Reinhardt was once a respected physician working from his surgery in Zwillingen. He was a noted expert in treating afflictions of the mind, having studied elven methods of dealing with trauma and stress. One day, whilst suffering from a bout of excruciating boredom, he set himself the task of discovering a cure for monotony. And so he fell into the clutches of Tzeentch.

Lukas wrote a list of six things he would normally feel too timid to attempt, and rolled a dice...

He has been living through random chance ever since and finds the experience thoroughly enjoyable. Lukas does not realise it himself yet, but a hidden hand is directing his fate — casting him as the leader of a strange cult that serves the will of Tzeentch. Every time he lets the dice decide whether to induct someone else into his game, they say yes. He now has a small coterie of randomly selected associates who meet on Festag afternoons, create lists of options for things to do, and then let the dice decide. The Dice Men have become a cult in a most unwitting fashion; as far as they are concerned, they are just playing a thrilling parlour game. But the dice fall according to the designs of Tzeentch.

ROLL THOSE BONES



- A roll of the dice has caused the group to publicise their activities. To this end they have produced a sheaf of fliers which they have pasted up around Altdorf. These fliers invite readers to roll a dice and follow the instructions on the pamphlet. The options are tame, even pro-social (see below). Harmless, but a clue as to the existence and modus operandi of the group.
- Inspired by an unfortunate roll of the dice, a cultist plays a dangerous practical joke on one of the Characters. This might mean planting seditious literature on their person, or removing all the heads from their arrows. If the Characters catch the cultist in the act, their motives seem, well, random. Cultists refuse to reveal the nature of their game (unless the dice tell them to), although they may be susceptible to intimidation or deception.

TRY YOUR LUCK!

1. See justice done at Crackle Hill
2. Spend your afternoon assisting at the Temple of Shallya
3. Buy some cheese for the poor at Cheeses of the Empire
4. Take in a play at the Geheimnistrasse Theatre
5. Demand entry to Neiderwind
6. Cross every bridge in Altdorf
7. Skip rocks from the Isle of Eels
8. Climb the Clocktower at Schmutplatz
9. Roll again, and visit that many taverns in Dockland
10. Pay your respects to the Domplatz dead

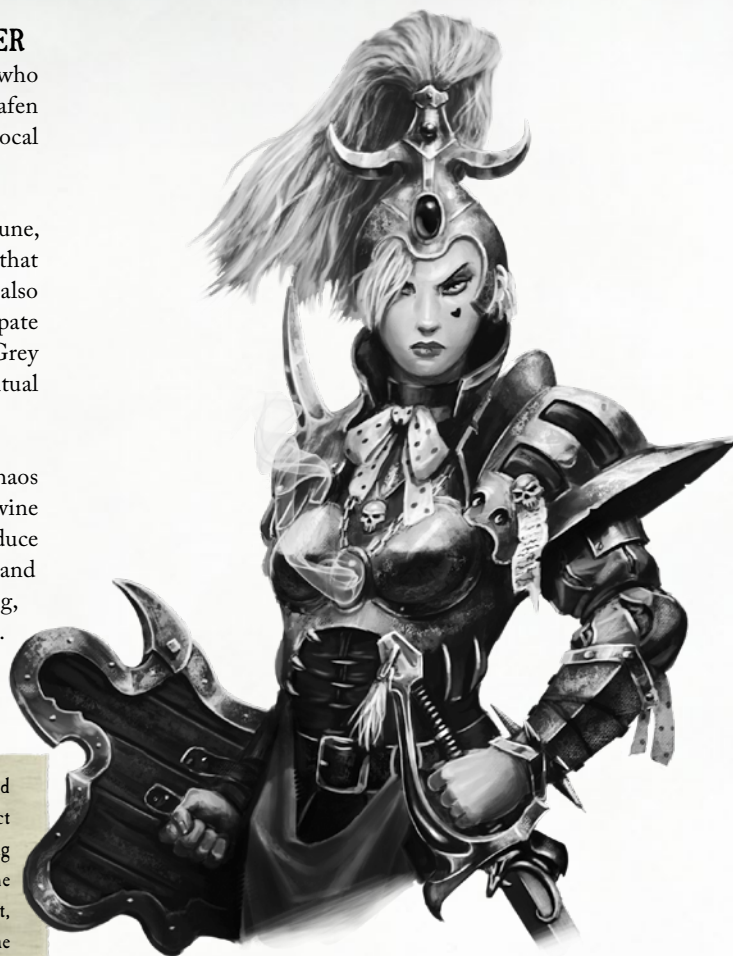
THE CULT OF THE EXQUISITE CADAVER

This cult of Slaanesh appeals to the insecurities of people who seek physical perfection. The cult was once based in Bögenhafen but decamped to Altdorf when Magus Marlene feared local Witch Hunters were closing in on them.

Marlene Gebhardt is an heiress to a significant fortune, bequeathed by her wine merchant uncle. It is through him that she was first introduced to the worship of Slaanesh. He also introduced her to Dreamwine, which allows her to anticipate future events. Marlene is resistant to the siren call of Grey Mountain vineyards but foresees that this will be her eventual fate. The name of her cult has a dark self-deprecation to it.

Marlene has three lieutenants, one of whom is a powerful Chaos Warrior and another, an accomplished witch. Dreamwine visions led her to them and informed her as to how to seduce them. This coven now recruits initiates from aspiring actors and dancers. They promise a regimen of exercise, mental training, and cosmetic alteration to improve physique and confidence. Those who submit to their attention find themselves lost to addiction or blackmail, and desperately dependent on Marlene's leadership.

☠ Marlene possesses one of six pieces of daemonic jewellery gifted to Champions of Slaanesh in ages past. Each piece can inflict an excruciating injury if pressed to living flesh. Hers is the Sting Ring, a rainbow-faceted crystal concealing a daemonic wasp. She desires them all: the Poker-Choker, Scorch Stud, Piercing Pendant, Sliceshard Brooch, and Springtrap Cuff. Despite Dreamwine premonitions, Marlene struggles to locate these artefacts. She would eagerly sponsor adventurers to follow rumours of the items.



Katarina Briesach

Marlene Gebhardt may well be the cult magus of the Exquisite Cadaver and its foremost visionary, but a deal of her strength lies in the fact that Katarina Briesach is her strong right hand. This Champion of Slaanesh is an accomplished warrior, but also a clever infiltrator whose gifts do not (yet) prevent her from mixing within Altdorf society.

Katarina is petite and pretty, but an unholy strength flows through her. It would be a foolish challenger who underestimated her as a fighter or adventurer. Marlene uses Katarina as her fixer and enforcer, and outwardly they make a good team.

But Katarina is growing rebellious, and seeks to oust Marlene as leader of the cult. She just has to figure out a course of action that Marlene's Dreamwine visions won't anticipate. She believes there may be a way, by performing dramatic actions that will not arouse Marlene's suspicions, and making hostile moves with impassive grace. By this method she has tracked down and stolen the Scorch Stud which Marlene wanted, replacing it with a mundane imitation and keeping the real artefact for herself.

KATARINA BRIESACH MUTANT CHAOS CHAMPION

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	55	30	45	45	45	60	40	35	55	35	21

Traits: Armoured 5, Champion, Corruption (Minor), Distracting, Doomed (*Beware the flames of passion*), Mutation (Distended Digits, Extra Leg Joints, Inhuman Beauty), Ranged (Bolas 12) +4, Weapon (Sword) +8

Skills: Athletics 55, Charm 45, Cool 60, Dodge 50, Endurance 55, Intimidate 50, Leadership 45, Melee (Basic 75, Brawling 65), Ranged (Throwing 75), Stealth (Urban) 70

Talents: Ambidextrous 2, Beat Blade, Catfall, Combat Aware, Combat Master 3, Disarm, Hardy Reversal

Trappings: Bolas, Scorch Stud (see sidebar on page @@), Sword, Scorch Stud

The bearer of this silver button can touch it to a target to inflict 1 *Ablaze* Condition. If in combat or if the target is unwilling, the bearer must make an Opposed Melee (Brawling) Test (generally opposed by the Melee or Dodge Skill). The button is a source of Minor Corruption.

THE TINEAN FELLOWSHIP

The Tinean Fellowship is a network of physicians whose ostensive purpose is to share medical knowledge and pursue new avenues of knowledge. Unbeknownst to most of the Fellowship's members, their inner circle is devoted to the worship of Nurgle. Under the direction of a mysterious Nordlander who corresponds using the name Doktor Festus, the Fellowship engages in unethical medical experimentation. Members are not above unleashing diseases so that they may later cure them.

☠ Festus himself keeps a base within the sewer atrium in the Fleishmark district, brewing new and virulent strains of disease (see page @@). He splits his time between there and Salzenmund, but he is growing more physically corrupt and shy of human contact. Strange creatures haunt the sewers near his base – huge bloated leeches and lurking Nurglings. They attempt to waylay or mislead any interlopers.

☠ The Tinean Fellowship are keen sponsors of public works. They are particularly fond of projects that might bring people together in close proximity.

THE BROTHERHOOD

The Brotherhood is a network dedicated to honouring Ranald in his aspect of Night Prowler. Their organisation is illegal. The Grand Theogonist and high priest of Verena have both stated that, whilst not technically blasphemous, only a scoundrel would pay homage to the Night Prowler; those who do deserve harsh punishment.

Members of the Brotherhood worship Ranald by stealing all they can from the privileged classes. Members commit heists, gaol breaks, and acts of audacious cat burglary. In line with Ranaldan ethics, they eschew violence except in self-defence. However, their definition of self-defence can be rather liberal when it comes to confronting watchmen and prison turnkeys.

☠ Duke Berndt Wechsler is keen to complete his collection of the silver embossed snuffboxes of the Reikland's nobility. He seeks out a member of the Brotherhood to purloin them for him. Why he pursues this obsession, given that he is deeply compromised by the Cult of Illumination, is a mystery, and anyone involved in this caper may find themselves on the wrong side of both the law, and a Chaos cult desperate to avoid detection.

☠ The Brotherhood's leadership and organisation are a matter of strict secrecy, and joining this exclusive club is nigh impossible. Some say that if a person encounters Count Jager on a moonlit night, and they are a sincere follower of Ranald, *and* they beat him in a game of Red Empress, then he will make an introduction.

THE CULT OF THE VENGEFUL BLAZE

It is not illegal to worship Solkan in the Empire, though few follow his obscure creed. He is a strict god, with an unyielding intolerance of nuance, disorder, or change. Most folk find his harsh strictures at odds with how they live their lives.

The cult is small and discreet, made up of those who wish to eliminate 'corruption' from the world — as their dogma defines it. They work to undermine the Colleges of Magic, control the military, destroy revolutionary groups, and eliminate the worship of 'weak' gods. This final goal goes so far as to include the cult of Sigmar himself; though, for now the Cult of the Vengeful Blaze finds common cause with more zealous Sigmarites. It would not risk taking on such a formidable institution — not yet.

The cult rarely meets at any one time or place, preferring coded correspondence. There is a secret temple of Solkan hidden in Karl-Franz Park, where the high priest holds rituals for a congregation of masked cultists. Prominent cultists include Mornan Tybalt, several academics, and several judges from the Palace of Retribution. There are Solkanites throughout the Reikland's military establishment, including the knightly orders.

There is a growing sense of internal division within the cult. One faction, the Legalist Tendency, are under the effective direction of Mornan Tybalt. They argue for careful acquisition of political power, influencing policy and culture, to achieve Solkan's approval. Other Solkanites regard this as a weak compromise. They demand direct action, and have been known to manipulate the Hooks or the League of Karl-Franz into attacking targets of Solkan's vengeance.

BE PURE, BE VIGILANT, BE SOLKANITES



☠ When a fire breaks out in the Verenan library, several clues point to a cell of Kloszowskiite agitators from the Altdorf University. They claim to be respectful of the goddess and her library, but the front room of their shared accommodation contains pots of the same flammable chemical found at the scene of the crime. Can the Characters unmask the real culprit?

☠ Characters who are unyielding in their opposition to Chaos and other forces of the dark may well find the Cult of the Vengeful Blaze courting them. How will they react when they discover that the commitment to purity honoured by the cult is rather more austere — not to say tyrannical — than most?

THE CULT OF ILLUMINATION

Altdorf's Grand Union for the Fostering and Furtherance of Art, Rhetoric, Science, and Enterprise is an exclusive club for talented folk. Several of the city's greatest artists, engineers, and business people are members.

The fees are expensive, but people clamour to join for the inspiration and patronage the club promises. New members find the inaugural dinners compelling events; other guests provide just the right advice to take their projects to the next level.

The Grand Union is a front for the Cult of Illumination. The cult has established several power bases between Nuln, Altdorf, and Talabheim. Most members are ignorant of the fact that its leaders glean knowledge by consorting with daemonic servants of Slaanesh and Tzeentch. Doing so, they foresee future trends, discoveries, and opportunities: knowledge which they feed down to various front organisations.

The head of the cult is the Grand Illuminator, who keeps a base in Altdorf by tradition. His immediate subordinates are known as the Eleven Prefects of the Circle of All-Seeing. Three Prefects manage cult activity in Talabheim, three in Altdorf, three in Nuln. Two manage contacts in the courts of Elector Counts in the north and east of the Empire.

The cult records detailed information about the achievements and desires of everyone affiliated with the cult. They use this information to help their members accomplish their ambitions, but also to call in favours — under the threat of ruinous exposure — when they need to.

Gridli Ahlquist – Cultist

Gridli Ahlquist is an unusual member of Egrimm van Horstmann's Cabal. Trained originally as a Light Wizard, Gridli followed his master when Egrimm fled to the Northern Wastes. In the libraries and laboratories of the Silver Towers, Gridli learned to perceive and work multiple winds of magic.

A year ago, Gridli returned to Altdorf. Magic disguises his appearance and hides the mutations he developed in the course of his studies. His mission was to lead the Cult of the Withering Eye, marshalling together Altdorf's renegade Wizards and seeing to it that any talented aspiring sorcerers were brought to the attention of Egrimm.

But something unexpected has happened: Gridli has gone native. Before, he was always so wrapped up in his studies that he failed to appreciate that in Altdorf, that it has all which life can afford. He realises now how much he loves a night at the theatre followed by a trawl through Dockland ale houses. Contracted to the destruction of civilisation, Gridli still performs his duties to Tzeentch. But he does so with a growing sense of regret.



GRIDLI AHLQUIST – HUMAN CULTIST

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	43	31	31	32	51	53	38	69	63	32	18

Skills: Channelling (Hysh) 83, Charm 47, Cool 76, Dodge 58, Endurance 42, Evaluate 72, Gossip 55, Haggle 35, Intimidate 41, Intuition 56, Language (Magick) 89, Leadership 37, Lore (Magic) 84, Melee (Basic 53, Polearm 63), Perception 66, Ride (Horse) 61, Sleight of Hand 48, Stealth (Rural) 63
Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Magic (Light), Detect Artefact, Doomed (*Spindrift stinging your remaining eye, the gods turn their gaze upon thee*), Fast Hands 2, Hardy, Instinctive Diction, Magical Sense, Menacing, Nimble Fingered, Petty Magic, Pure Soul, Read/Write, Savvy, Second Sight, Sixth Sense, Witch!

Spells:

Petty: Dart, Dazzle, Light, Magic Flame, Spring, Shock
Light: Blinding Light, Clarity of Thought
Witchcraft: Aethyric Armour, Blast, Blight, Bolt, Curse of Crippling Pain, Curse of Ill-Fortune, Teleport, Terrifying, Ward

As part of their pact with Tzeentch, the cult honours those members who manifest mutations. Through one of their many front organisations, the cult keeps a large warehouse in Altdorf's Reikerbahn. Behind a façade of crates is a wretched collection of clapboard dwellings, each housing a Mutant.

Klaus von Talber is the Grand Illuminator. He is the librarian and trusted advisor of Duke Berndt Wechsler, who keeps a spacious mansion in Mauerblumchen. Klaus has seduced Duke Wechsler into the worship of Slaanesh. He is totally under Klaus's thumb. Given that the duke occasionally sits on Altdorf Council meetings, this gives Klaus up-to-date knowledge on the plans of the city's rulers.

APPENDIX I

ENDEAVOURS



ENDEAVOURS IN ALTDORF

The city of Altdorf wears the moniker 'Crown of the Empire' with good reason. It is a centre of worship, culture, commerce, and military might. As such it presents many opportunities for Characters to engage in activities between adventures. The following is a selection of Endeavours suitable for use with the rules on **WFRP** page 195 which may be undertaken by Characters in Altdorf.

Penance

Altdorf rests at the heart of the Empire, and is the centre of worship of Sigmar, its patron deity. As such, those with faith in Sigmar often find it to be a place of great spiritual solace despite its many secular distractions.

It is common among adherents of Sigmar who have fallen from grace to undertake a penitential pilgrimage to Altdorf, there to renew their faith and vigour. If you wish, you may undertake such a journey in an attempt to rid yourself of any Sin points you have accumulated. If you are already in Altdorf, there are many holy paths, said to follow in the footsteps of Sigmar or one of his devoted followers, which one can walk to gain his favour.

After undertaking a suitable pilgrimage, make an **Average (+20) Pray** Test. If you succeed, remove 1 Sin point, or 2 on an **Impressive Success (+4 SL)** or better. If you fail this Test, instead suffer 1 *Fatigued* Condition for the first day of the following adventure as you find yourself physically and spiritually exhausted. If you Fumble this Test, roll for the Wrath of the Gods (**WFRP**, page 218) instead.

Train with Unusual Weapon

Some weapons are so unusual that in order to become a master with them a new owner must spend a great deal of time practising. For example, few Characters are able to use Filthy Harald's Magnin Throwing Knife to its full potential. Tutors can only help so much when learning to use such a weapon; true mastery requires a painstaking process of trial and error.

After undertaking this endeavour, make a **Difficult (-10) Melee** or **Ranged** Test, matching the specialisation to that of the weapon you are trying to master. If the Test is a success, you have mastered the weapon. If the result is a failure, the character will have to wait until the next period of downtime before attempting again.

Test Magic Item

During the course of their adventures, the Characters may come across magical items. The operation of such artefacts might be obvious and simple, or they could confer passive effects whether or not their function is understood.

However, some magical artefacts can only be operated by those who speak a certain code word, perform certain gestures, or figure out some other kind of puzzle. Whilst there are specialists who can research the provenance of magical artefacts, they can be expensive or untrustworthy. Characters with the Research Skill can spend some time trying to figure out the qualities and quirks of a magical artefact, though the process is often risky.

What you learn depends on the result of a **Difficult (-10) Research** Test.

PATRONAGE RESULT TABLE

Test Results	Outcome	Information Learned
+6 or more	Astounding Success	The Character is able to thoroughly research the item. They discover how to use the artefact to its full potential and are also aware of any quirks or dangers associated with using the item.
+4 to +5	Impressive Success	
+2 to +3	Success	The Character is able to discover the primary purpose of the artefact and how to activate it.
+0 to +1	Marginal Success	
-0 to -1	Marginal Failure	The Character is unable to find out anything useful about the artefact.
-2 to -3	Failure	
-4 to -5	Impressive Failure	The Character's inept handling of the artefact results in dangerous magical contamination. They find out nothing about the operation of the item, and must also test for Moderate Exposure to Corruption.
-6 or less	Astounding Failure	



Patronage

Altdorf is home to a great many thespians, entertainers, and charlatans, all clamouring for the attention of a wealthy patron.

If you wish, while taking a Banking Endeavour (**WFRP**, page 196) in Altdorf, you may choose to invest your hard-earned wealth with an up-and-coming playwright. Doing so is a good way to gain a reputation as a patron of the arts, and once in a while you may even get some of your money back. As with investing, you must take this Endeavour twice — once when investing your money (at least 5 GC) and again when you attempt to recover it. When you attempt to retrieve your investment, make a **Challenging (+0) Evaluate** Test to see how worthy a writer you were able to find and consult the table below to determine the outcome.

PATRONAGE RESULT TABLE

Test Results	Outcome
+6 SL or more	The play is an instant classic, and even minor patrons are seen as insightful sponsors of the arts. You may reverse any Fellowship Tests during the next adventure when dealing with anyone who appreciates the theatre. Your investment is returned along with an additional 20%.
+3 to +5 SL	The play is a moderate success. You may reverse one Fellowship Test during the next adventure when dealing with anyone who appreciates the arts. Your investment is returned.
+0 to +2 SL	The play is considered somewhat pedantic, but tickets sell well. You may reverse one Fellowship Test during the next adventure when dealing with anyone who appreciates the arts. Half your investment is returned.
-0 to -2 SL	The play, by those few who see it, is considered extremely tedious. Your investment is lost.
-3 to -5 SL	The play is offensively bad, and a number of ill-conceived jokes at the expense of the nobility fall flat. Your investment is lost, and an offended noble swears to duel everyone who sponsored the play.
-6 SL or worse	The performance is a disaster, perhaps an ill-conceived tax evasion scheme or a Chaotic ritual disguised as a play. Your Character draws the attention of either Altdorf's Royal Tax Inspector or a local Witch Hunter — you may decide which.

COLLEGE RESEARCH

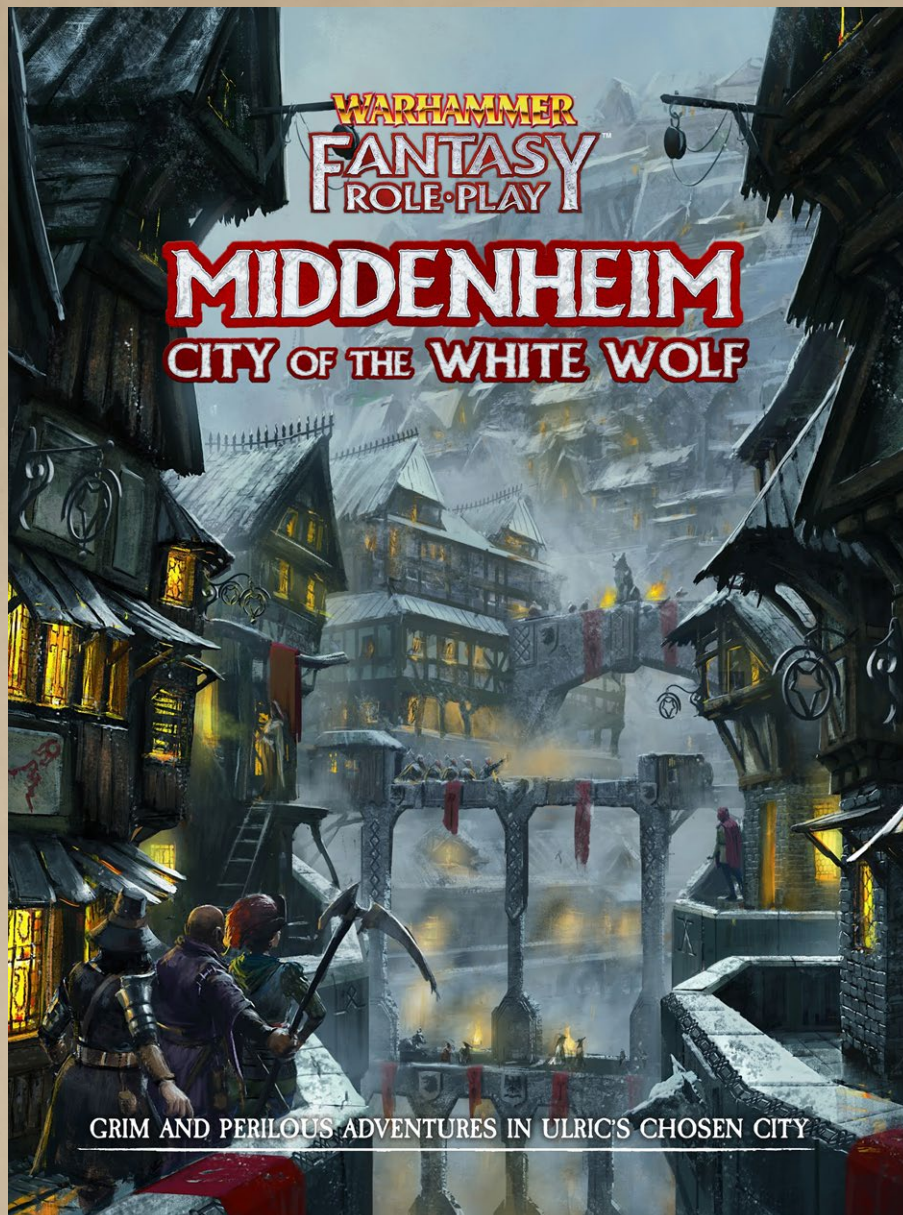
The Colleges of Magic are the premier repositories of human magical knowledge in the Empire. Licensed wizards may attend their alma mater to make use of its libraries and arcane laboratories for the purposes of researching magical theory and technique. This endeavour allows you to revise and memorise spells more easily.

When you undertake this endeavour, make a **Challenging (+0) Research** Test. Each +SL allows you to memorise one spell for 100XP less than it would otherwise cost, to a minimum of 100XP. To benefit from this reduction, you must buy any spells immediately. While this endeavour is of no use to new wizards

yet to memorise a number of spells equal to their Intelligence Bonus, more experienced wizards find stopping by the Colleges to brush up on long forgotten lessons to be extremely useful indeed.



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