

The background of the cover is a detailed, atmospheric illustration of the city of Middenheim. The city is built into a snowy, mountainous landscape. In the foreground, three characters are seen from behind, looking out over the city. They are wearing dark, heavy clothing and armor. The city itself is a complex of wooden and stone buildings, many with glowing yellow windows. A large, ornate stone gate stands in the middle ground. In the distance, a large, dark, and imposing structure, likely a fortress or a temple, rises on a hill. The overall tone is dark and foreboding, with a heavy emphasis on the cold, snowy environment.

WARHAMMER
FANTASY
ROLE-PLAY I

MIDDENHEIM

CITY OF THE WHITE WOLF

GRIM AND PERILOUS ADVENTURES IN ULRIC'S CHOSEN CITY



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My office demands travel, so I can often find myself in the bar of a southern tavern. There people always say the same old thing to me. *'How does someone like you, erudite, educated, deputy to the High Wizard, how can you bear to live amongst those northern savages with their short tempers and their long winters?'* Really! I can only roll my eyes at them. It's as if their sole experience of Middenheim is an illustration of the city as seen from afar. Certainly it has a forbidding aspect — it is a fortress so impregnable that no enemy has ever sacked it —but behind those walls the place is as cosmopolitan as Altdorf and as cultured as Nuln. Sure, winter winds bite deep atop the Fauschlag, but all good followers of Ulric know to face such hardship with resolve. They just pull their cloaks tight and think fondly of the next festival.

— Janna Eberhauer, deputy to the High Wizard

They'll tell you Middenheim is a liberal place. *'See how we've welcomed all kinds of folk since the distant days of Great Artur.'* Yet when Knights of the White Wolf harass poor Sigmarites, the Graf turns a blind eye. They say that this is a safe place. *'Pay your taxes so that our valiant soldiers can face down our many enemies.'* Well! What enemy threatens us to justify such excises? Even during the Age of Wars no army stormed these ramparts, but if you're late with those taxes they'll pack you off to the mines. So they will tell you this is a cultured place. *'Regard the myriad delights of our fun-packed festival season.'* Just make sure it doesn't include anything remotely satirical, or they'll burn down the theatre again. High time Middenheim's common folk took a stand against their oppressors! Rise up! A new millennium is dawning!

— Overheard at a meeting of the New Millennialists



MIDDENHEIM

CITY OF THE WHITE WOLF



WELCOME TO MIDDENHEIM

We lead a lucky life atop this edifice. For more than two thousand years Ulric has seen fit to ensure that the Empire has had one solid inviolate centre, here in Middenheim. Within these sure walls humanity has been secure to develop and perfect every hallmark of urban sophistication.

— Bleyden, Lowest of the Low Kings

Middenheim is the largest city of the Empire's northern provinces. It is famed throughout the Old World for its impregnability, its importance to the cult of Ulric, its excellence in the field of magical instruction, and for the delights of its wondrous carnival. On a clear day the city can be seen from many miles away. The jutting rock upon which Middenheim stands is almost indistinguishable from the jumble of tenements, temple spires, and tower ramparts that rise above it.

LEGENDARY ORIGINS

The city is built atop the Fauschlag rock, vast, sheer-sided, and a wonder in its own right. According to legend, the rock was gifted to the god Ulric by his brother Taal, the divine father of nature. As god of battle, wolves, and winter, Ulric only held dominion under certain circumstances whereas his brother was revered all year around. So Taal revealed a great pinnacle and explained that it was a place where Ulric's worshippers would venerate him even in summer. Ulric accepted the gift, but saw fit to alter it too, as his followers could hardly live upon steep mountainsides. He smote the top of the pinnacle with his fist, creating a rough plateau over a mile across. He then struck it with his axe and hot springs flowed forth from the cracks left by his blows. He brought his axe down upon the plateau one last time, and the eternal flame, a pillar of strange silver fire, blazed forth from the resulting cleft. Whilst there are those who doubt the details of such legends, the Fauschlag has been recognised as a marvel ever since early Teutogens discovered it. It was from their ranks that the mighty warrior-chieftain Artur rose. It was he who first ordered a fortress to be erected atop the rock.



THE CITY OF THE WHITE WOLF

These days Artur's settlement has bloomed into a great city. Still it remains the most sacred of sites to Ulric's followers. The High Temple to Ulric in Middenheim is the spiritual centre of the cult. It is home to his High Priest, known by the title of Ar-Ulric. He is one of a few religious figures to have the privilege of participating in elections for a new Emperor. Middenheim is often called the City of the White Wolf in recognition of its significance to Ulricans.

Graf Boris Todbringer, another Elector, is the city's secular ruler. The Todbringers are an old and powerful line, who have ruled here for generations and own swathes of the surrounding countryside. Fine estates of other aristocratic families are found in the Grafsmund district. Whilst life on the Fauschlag imposes limitations on the size of these manors, they are impressive nevertheless.

Middenheim's Grand Guild of Wizards is a centre for magical learning with traditions that derive from before the time of Magnus the Pious. Middenheim was accepting of discrete Witchcraft during times when Sigmarite Witch Hunters purged the southern provinces. Whilst magic users might well concede that the Colleges of Altdorf are better equipped, they still love Middenheim for its history of tolerance.

NON-HUMAN INHABITANTS

Dwarfs have been an important part of Middenheim's social fabric since the days of Artur. Today more than six hundred Dwarfs have a home in the city, and they dominate professions of masonry, mining, and engineering. They can be found rubbing shoulders with all sorts in taverns and at Middenball matches, but they are rarely encouraged to join Middenheim's high society.

The same cannot be said for Middenheim's Elves. There are close to a hundred of them in the city, though their numbers are slowly increasing. Almost all are Eonir, the Elven kindred who reside in the nearby Laurelorn Forest. Many of them are involved in cultural pursuits and valued as musicians, artists, or the gracious hosts of Middenheim's classier nightspots. Two Elves currently hold positions at court: the minstrel Rallane and Master of the Hunt Allavandrel.

Middenheim also plays host to a small but valued community of Halflings. They tend to congregate in the north-west corner of the Altmarkt where most of the city's produce markets are located. A handful of Ogres may also be found there at any time, but they soon complain of a mixture of homesickness and wanderlust and never stay long.

ALL MANNER OF BUSINESS

Middenheim is a popular place for visitors. Many are religious pilgrims who arrive from all over the Old World to pay respects to Ulric. But there are other reasons to come to Middenheim. Once a year the Great Carnival is held, a full eight days of festivities featuring the best performers the known world has to offer.

The city is also an important destination for traders. Not only does Middenheim require all manner of imports, but it straddles busy trade routes between the cities of Marienburg and Talabheim, and Altdorf and the Northern provinces.

Middenheim has a reputation for its gifted artisans: the spacious Middenpalaz and the vast castle-like Temple of Ulric are just two of the more stunning examples of their work over the centuries. Much of the rest of the city is made up of narrow streets jostling with terraces — in places newer streets can be found literally built on top of older ones — but Middenheim is a prosperous place and only a few quarters of the city can be fairly described as slums. Those areas that are given over to destitution are another world, where the Low Kings who run Middenheim's criminal gangs wield the only effective power. These crime lords have no time for the moderating influence of the cult of Ranald, and all manner of wickedness and vice proliferates under their management.



A HISTORY OF MIDDENHEIM

The Teutogens trace their history back nearly three thousand years, to when they were a scattered affiliation of familial bands. Many of them settled in forest villages, whilst others wandered and foraged. The Teutogens were beset by marauding Goblins and Beastmen, but traded with the Elves of Laurelorn Forest and Dwarfs of the Middle Mountains and joined them in alliance against their enemies.

In times of hardship Teutogens prayed to Ulric, bravest and most resourceful of gods. His priesthood derives much of its structure and ritual from these times. The household guards of influential priests and chieftains established warrior traditions, which still endure in the form of the Order of the White Wolf and the Teutogen Guard. These warrior elites wore the pelts of wolves as ceremonial battle dress.

In -200 IC Orcs and Goblins swept over the Middle Mountains and sacked the Dwarven hold of Karak Kazarak. This disaster proved fortuitous to the Teutogens, for bands of surviving Dwarfs came to live and work among them.

THE RISE OF KING ARTUR

In -50 IC a wandering tribe of Teutogens settled about the base of the Fauschlag. Their chief was Artur, a visionary leader and fierce fighting man. He announced his intention to construct a fortress upon the rock, and petitioned Dwarfs to help.

The Dwarfs discovered that burrowing through the Fauschlag was profitable as they discovered gold and precious jewels. They came to know the Fauschlag as Grungni's Tower, and regarded it with fondness. Within a few months a route was carved up to the peak and a stone keep erected atop it.

Middenheim, as the settlement became known, was a source of wonder to these pioneers. Atop the rough plateau of the Fauschlag there were pools fed by hot springs. Most bizarre of all was the great pillar of flame that issued from a rent in the rock itself.

As the settlement grew, Artur sought to prove himself a worthy chief. Many times he confronted threats to his people, sallying forth from Middenheim at the head of armed riders dressed in shaggy white wolf skins.

THE AGE OF SIGMAR

Towards the end of his life a change came over Artur. Where he was once gallant he grew cruel. Many claim that injuries he received in his struggle against the Liche-Thing Babrakkos ate away at him.

He grew bellicose towards the Unberogen tribe to the south, blaming them for disruption caused by their efforts to rid their lands of Beastmen. He demanded reparations, and sent Teutogen

warbands on cattle raids. Then Sigmar Heldenhammer of the Unberogens vowed to confederate all the tribes who dwelt between the Grey Mountains to the west and Worlds Edge Mountains to the east. Artur responded with sneering dismissal, and when Sigmar finally brought his armies to the base of the Fauschlag, Artur dispatched a proxy to defy him.

Undeterred, Sigmar scaled the Fauschlag and challenged Artur to single combat before the eternal flame. In desperation Artur barged the challenger into the fire, but the flames invigorated Sigmar rather than burning him. He summarily slew Artur.

The Teutogens hailed Sigmar as being favoured by Ulric and submitted to his rule. Within a few years Sigmar had forged his nation and Ar-Ulric travelled from Middenheim to Reikdorf to crown him Emperor.

SEEDS OF DISCORD

In the decades following Sigmar's coronation the cult of Ulric became more formalised. Folkloric beliefs about the provenance of the Fauschlag and the source of the eternal fire became formal doctrine of the cult. Ar-Ulric Wulcan, a descendant of Artur, organised the construction of the High Temple of Ulric around the site of the eternal flame. The military orders of the Knights of the White Wolf and the Teutogen Guard were formally recognised.

Around 100 IC Sigmar became venerated as a god himself, and soon the popularity of his cult eclipsed that of Ulric throughout much of the Empire. Only in Talabecland and the northern provinces did Ulric's cult continue to enjoy the influence it had had before the deification of Sigmar.

It was inevitable that this shift would cause resentment. Ulric's priests were mindful of the increasing need to court Sigmarite approval, and generally careful about what they said in public. But Ultrican zealots complained that Sigmar was not a god of Ulric's standing — if he were even a true god at all.

ASSERTING INDEPENDENCE

With the completion of the High Temple in 113 IC, Middenheim's fortunes took a dramatic upturn. Trade increased rapidly as the roads became safer and more reliable, and Middenheim became the centre of a great crossroads between several of the Empire's major cities.

Graf Wulfgaeng began a campaign to assert the importance of the city as a separate political entity in the Empire, and in 555 IC Middenheim was granted an Imperial charter that recognised it as a province.

THE DOOM LORD OF MIDDENHEIM

In 1207 IC Dieter Helsnicht fled Middenheim, barely escaping with his life. He had been discovered prowling the Morrspark at night to conduct vile necromantic rites. Dieter restyled himself as the 'Doom Lord of Middenheim'. He roamed the wilds before settling in an old ruined fortress hidden in the Forest of Shadows. Safe from persecution, he raised a growing army, and within a few short years the skeleton raiders of the Doom Lord harried villagers who made their homes within the forest eaves.

In 1244 IC the Necromancer's forces were cornered at the Battle of Beeckerhoven. Dieter, who had bound a monstrous winged Manticore to his will, was able to escape the carnage. More than a thousand years have passed since he was last seen, but folktales suggest that the Doom Lord still haunts the forest depths.

REIGN OF THE WOLF EMPERORS

In 1359 IC the Grand Duke of Stirland was elected Emperor, and levied a tax on the cult of Ulric. This incensed Grand Duchess Otilla of Talabecland, and she conspired with Ar-Ulric to take revenge. The following year she declared herself Empress without election and outlawed the cult of Sigmar, declaring that Sigmar was merely a mortal whose rule had been blessed by Ulric.

Graf Heinrich of Middenheim condemned Otilla, but in a sermon given at Middenheim's High Temple, Ar-Ulric praised her tough stance. The two men argued, leading to a split between Middenheim's secular and religious leadership. Ar-Ulric, his senior priests, and a vast company of Knights of the White Wolf abandoned Middenheim for Talabheim.

The Empire was divided. Whilst Graf Heinrich remained loyal to the electoral system, many of his subjects urged him to follow Otilla's example. Protracted civil war ensued, in which Middenheim often proved a moderating influence. The city remained Ulrican, but also loyal to the electoral system. It therefore found friends in both the breakaway 'Otillan' faction and the rest of the Empire.

With the Knights of the White Wolf concentrated in Talabheim, the Graf sought an alternative. Following the crusades against Araby the noble Todbringer family helped open up a chapterhouse of the Order of the Knights Panther in the city. Soon Middenheim's Knights Panther came to rival the Knights of the White Wolf in size and power.

In 1547 IC an election was held in Altdorf. Graf Siegfried the Significant argued that he had the necessary support, but was met with threats when he tried to cast his vote. Violence was only narrowly avoided and the Graf fled back to Middenheim. In his anger, Siegfried declared himself the first of the Wolf-Emperors, beholden to none in command over his domain. This began the period of history that is somewhat misleadingly termed the 'Age of Three Emperors'.

The Wolf-Emperors ruled over vast domains, though aside from Middenheim itself much of their territory was wild and poor. Nevertheless they commanded significant military might, bolstered as they were by two of the Empire's finest knightly orders.

THE VOW OF CELIBACY

In light of Graf Siegfried's actions, Ar-Ulric announced his desire to re-establish the cult of Ulric in Middenheim. Graf Siegfried welcomed the move, but insisted that certain conditions be met. The most important of these was that all senior priests of Ulric swear a vow of celibacy. This was to ensure that no priest would be able to start a dynasty to rival that of the Graf's own. Whilst Ar-Ulric accepted the Graf's terms, many of his subordinates grumbled about it. To this day a sizable, if secret, faction plots to end this restriction.



AN UNLIVING SCOURGE

The Vampire Wars began when Vlad von Carstein of Sylvania led his armies to despoil Ostermark and Talabecland. Reports reached Middenheim that Vlad's armies included regiments of undead horrors, but even so Middenheimers dismissed it as a foreign problem. Such was the lack of comity between the former provinces of the Empire at this time that Middenheimers were willing to ignore Vlad's armies provided they didn't cross the Talabec.

But Vlad considered the northern lands ripe for conquest, and he crossed the river in 2025 IC. Middenheim was quick to respond to this provocation, and its armies met Vlad at the Battle of Schwarhafen. The outcome was a decisive victory for the forces of Middenheim. Jerek Kruger, Grand Master of the Knights of the White Wolf, cut Vlad down. Vlad's living soldiery fled the field in a disastrous rout, whilst his skeletal regiments crumbled into piles of mouldering bone.

Thanks to the revitalising magic of the Carstein Ring Vlad did not stay dead. The next year Jerek vanished, only to return as part of Vlad's newly created undead army. Vlad went on to besiege Altdorf and was slain by the Grand Theogonist after being betrayed by his vampiric heir, Manfred von Carstein. Middenheim was embroiled in the ongoing Vampire Wars until 2145 IC, when armies from many of the provinces of the former Empire put aside their quarrels to confront and destroy Manfred.

THE WIZARDS' WAR

Since ancient days the Teutogens have regarded magic users with tolerance. Even during the time before Magnus, when wizards were persecuted throughout much of the Empire, Middenheim had a Guild of Wizardry.

Sigmarite Witch Hunters condemned Middenheim for this lax attitude, and speculated that the city was a haven for Chaos worship and Necromancy. Middenheim's Wizards knew that if they did not hunt out dark magicians, the Witch Hunters would seek to carry out persecutions there.

In 1799 IC Middenheim's Wizards announced that they would prove that Middenheim was free of witches, and began to investigate rumours of unethical magical practice. To their horror, the Wizards were forced to admit that the consequences of Middenheim's open-mindedness had not been wholly positive. Necromancers and Chaos sorcerers had indeed established themselves in the city. The resulting conflict is known as the Wizards' War.

Thankfully the Wizards' War was confined to clandestine skirmishes, and most of the dark magicians who had hidden in the city chose to flee rather than fight. Nevertheless, outbreaks of undead activity and daemonic manifestation plagued alleyways and cellars in Middenheim.

THE GREAT WAR AGAINST CHAOS

The Empire finally disintegrated in 1799 IC and the electoral system was abandoned. The leaders of Middenheim still called themselves 'Wolf Emperors', but the little prestige that clung to the title vanished. Now every provincial ruler of the former Empire held a similar office.

In 2302 IC the denizens of the Northern Chaos Wastes, tempted by the weakness of the former Empire, formed a fearsome horde and advanced on Kislev. When news reached Middenheim that Magnus the Pious was mustering a force to liberate Kislev, few took him seriously. Ar-Ulric was particularly scathing. He called Magnus vainglorious and mocked those who saw him as a Sigmarite saviour. He commissioned agents to spread rumours that Magnus was actually in thrall to the Ruinous Powers.



Magnus travelled to Middenheim in secret, and just as Ar-Ulric denounced him as a blasphemer he rose from amongst the congregation. He strode toward the eternal flame and claimed that if he really was a heretic the fires would consume him. Like Sigmar before him, Magnus stepped through the flames and emerged unscathed.

Ar-Ulric muttered excuses but the people hailed Magnus a hero. Magnus marched on to Kislev and many Middenheimers joined his crusade. Together they threw back the Chaos hordes. The victory reminded people of the Empire's might when it is unified under strong leadership, and Magnus was the obvious choice for Emperor.

It is a mark of Magnus's magnanimity that once he was crowned he reinstated Ar-Ulric's electoral privileges. However, Sigmarites rejoiced that similar electoral power was granted to no less than three of their senior clergy and came to refer to the drama in the High Temple as 'The Shaming of Ar-Ulric'.

DEPREDACTIONS OF THE GOBLIN KING

It is said that Grom the Paunch had consumed the raw flesh of Trolls, and that this resulted in his uncanny resilience and bellicosity. Having brought numerous lesser Goblin warlords beneath his boot, the corpulent Grom launched a campaign of destruction against the Empire. Before long Grom's hordes came to assail Middenheim, and a massive sea of spiteful Greenskins swelled around the base of the Fauschlag.

Scornful of the Goblins' ability to storm the city, the Graf merely ordered Middenheimers to pull up the drawbridges and wait for them to search for easier pickings. But he had not accounted for the Goblins' determined efforts to infiltrate the tunnels that riddled the Fauschlag. Whilst many Goblins lost their way (and their lives) in the undercity, enough of them made their way into Middenheim to sorely press the defenders.

After a hard fight the Goblin horde was repelled, and Grom led them northwards. But extensive destruction had been wrought in Middenheim. Even the Grand Temple of Ulric had had its roof destroyed. Many Middenheimers like to boast that their city has stood impregnable throughout the ages, but whilst Grom never conquered Middenheim, he came within arm's reach of shattering its defences.

THE KNIGHT ETERNAL

Historians debate as to how and when the office of Knight Eternal was first created. The ancient Teutogens held a post of Warrior Eternal, essentially a title honouring the most fearsome warrior amongst a chieftain's retinue.

Some suggest that this office was refashioned to that of Knight Eternal around the same time as the founding of Middenheim. A soothsayer is said to have claimed that the city itself would need a bodyguard in the form of a dedicated warrior, and that her unemployed son would suit the job.

However the first recorded history of an official Knight Eternal dates back to 555 IC, when a prophethess is said to have urged Graf Wulfgaeng to select the bravest of his warriors and confer the honour upon them. The Graf is said to have asked Middenheim's military heroes to prove their worth. A soldier named Siegfried tracked down and slew the Chaos raider Zakash, who had robbed many citizens of their homes and families. The people rejoiced as Siegfried returned to Middenheim brandishing the villain's head. Then, the story has it, a suit of dazzling white armour appeared on the altar of the High Temple. Ar-Ulric at once delivered it to the champion, dubbing Siegfried the first Knight Eternal.

From that day on, the armour has been passed from Knight to Knight. Some believe that there is but one Knight, whose spirit passes from body to body. Others suggest the office is merely symbolic of Middenheim's importance in these times. No one doubts the honour of the role and reality of the magical armour.



TIMELINE OF MIDDENHEIM

-500 IC

The Teutogen tribe establish themselves in the lands to the west of the Middle Mountains. Whilst the Teutogens venerate Taal, Rhya, and Manaan, they honour Ulric above all other gods, calling on him to shelter them from winter's hardships and inspire them in battle. The Knights of the White Wolf trace their military traditions to the household bodyguards of Ulric's priests in these times.

-450 IC

Griselda, daughter to a Teutogen chief, credits the conception of her child to Ulric. According to legend, she flees her father's wrath and comes to a cavern within the Fauschlag. There Griselda was nourished by the waters of an underground spring and gifts of fresh meat brought to her by White Wolves. Her child, who tradition has it was a strong-limbed boy named Blaz, is the first of many who claim descent from Ulric.

-200 IC

The Dwarf hold of Karak Kazarak in the Middle Mountains is overrun by Orcs and Goblins. Most of the survivors trek eastwards but small groups bond with local Teutogen tribes and live alongside them.

-50 IC

A wandering tribe of Teutogens, led by chief Artur, settle in the vicinity of the Fauschlag. Artur enlists a Dwarf clan to tunnel through the rock and raise a mighty fortress at its pinnacle. An inexhaustible plume of silver fire is discovered issuing from atop the Fauschlag. It becomes a source of wonder, and prophecies link the fate of the new settlement to that of the flame. The Teutogens discover that weapons bathed in the flame are granted enchantments. With the help of the Dwarfs a circle of menhirs is erected around the site.

-47 IC

A wild shaman journeys from a distant island and gifts Artur with a magical blade he claims to have forged from frozen lightning. The Dragon Sword of Caledfwlch

is a powerful weapon, coated with hoarfrost. Later this year Artur wins renown by defending the villagers of Holzbeck from a gargantuan White Wolf. The creature's jaws are cut from its muzzle and set upon a shrine near the eternal flame. Its pelt is made the proud banner of Ar-Ulric's bodyguard.

-42 IC

The pestilential Liche-Thing Babrakkos preys upon the Teutogens, causing them to fall to a spreading epidemic of violence. Babrakkos gorges upon the magical energies generated with every death. Artur, wielding the Dragon Sword of Caledfwlch, fights a frantic duel with the creature. He prevails, but his struggle against the Liche-Thing leaves him anguished and embittered.

-38 IC

Artur's fortress is finally completed. It is named Mitgard for the nearby Middle Mountains.

-30 IC

Rumours of Babrakkos's return spread throughout Teutogen lands. Artur, under the pretext of providing security against the Liche-Thing, demands that other Teutogen chiefs recognise him as their overlord.

-28 IC

The revenant form of Babrakkos preys upon isolated villages and slowly gathers strength. Under the banner of the White Wolf, a band of Teutogen warriors ride from Middenheim to hunt it down. Babrakkos, whilst fearsome, is much diminished from its battle with Artur and the White Wolf riders destroy its bodily form. Artur grants their leader Myrsa the office of Warrior Eternal, a great honour amongst the Teutogens.

-17 IC

Artur is crowned king of the Teutogens. To the south the Unberogen tribe grow in power and wage war upon Beastmen warherds, many of whom flee northwards in search of easier pickings. Artur blames the Unberogens for the destruction caused

by roving Beastmen. He orders Teutogen warriors to raid Unberogen lands and steal their cattle.

-10 IC

Sigmar Heldenhammer of the Unberogens campaigns to join the various Human tribes in confederacy. His growing power troubles Artur who swears that his people will never show fealty to a foreign chieftain.

-7 IC

Sigmar marches an army to the Fauschlag and petitions Artur to account for the destruction his raiding parties have wrought in Unberogen territory. Artur, now elderly and ailing, despatches Myrsa to parley with Sigmar. Sensing that the old chief does not enjoy the confidence of his warriors, Sigmar announces his intention to scale the Fauschlag. He achieves this feat, and fights Artur within the stone circle that surrounds the eternal flame. Artur pushes Sigmar into the silver fire but Sigmar emerges unscathed. Ulric's favour invigorates Sigmar. With a blow of his hammer, Sigmar breaks the Dragon Sword of Caledfwlch. With a second he shatters Artur's skull. By right of conquest Sigmar becomes king of the Teutogens.

1 IC

A ceremony is held in Reikdorf in which the assembled tribal chiefs formally recognise Sigmar as their Emperor. Ar-Ulric travels from Mitgard and places the Imperial Crown upon Sigmar's head.

63 IC

Ar-Ulric Vulcan, a descendant of Artur, formally declares the Fauschlag holy to Ulric. He orders the construction of a great temple at the site of the eternal flame. Word of the Fauschlag's significance to Ulric spreads throughout the Empire, and the site becomes a popular destination for pilgrims. The Knights of the White Wolf and Teutogen Guard date their official founding to this time (though members of these military orders insist their true origins are far older).

71 IC

Whilst leading a campaign against raiding Goblins, a Teutogen chief falls gravely ill. Ar-Ulric Wulcan ventures forth to rescue him and is attacked by a great White Wolf. Taking this as a sign from Ulric, Wulcan kills the beast with his bare hands. Upon finding the ailing chief Wulcan wraps him in the pelt, claiming that Ulric's spirit will fortify him. The chief's life is spared, and ever since newly appointed Ar-Ulrics seek to emulate their forebear by winning the pelt of a White Wolf.

100 IC

The settlement around Mitgard expands into a town of wealth and significance, becoming an important destination for traders shipping wares between Reikdorf (later known as Altdorf) and the northern lands, or between Talabheim and Marburg (later known as Marienburg). The name Middenheim is first used to refer to the town as distinct from the fort.

113 IC

The Temple of Ulric is completed. However, the nascent cult of Sigmar the God-Emperor is established by this point and quickly grows to rival that of Ulric. The two cults are mostly amiable and cooperative, but tensions between more zealous adherents rise. Graf Erich, desperately keen to enlist the aid of Wizards for the magical reinforcing of the city's defences, allows the magic users to establish Middenheim's Guild of Wizards.

550 IC

An election year in which Graf Wulfgaeng of Middenheim narrowly fails to be elected Emperor. Many blame rising tensions between the cults of Ulric and Sigmar for the loss of the election; the Graf begins to lobby for Middenheim to be granted provincial status.

555 IC

Fearing revolt in Middenheim, the Emperor consults with Ar-Ulric and Graf Wulfgaeng before granting the city with a charter recognising it as an important political entity. The office of the Knight Eternal is created as a symbol of Middenheim's importance and impregnability.

1100 IC

The province of Drakwald is overrun by Beastmen, decimating its leadership.

1111 IC

The Black Plague. As disease sweeps the Empire, Graf Gunthar imposes a strict policy of isolation in Middenheim. The drawbridges at the city gates are raised and the desperate pleas of refugees camped on the causeways are ignored. Over the years to come many in the city starve, but Middenheim escapes the worst of the disease.

1124 IC

Emboldened by the success of the Black Plague, Skaven openly reave throughout the Empire. Graf Mandred of Middenheim musters a force to confront them and wins a decisive victory at the Battle of the Howling Hills. Mandred is feted as a saviour of the Empire and is later crowned Emperor.

1152 IC

Emperor Mandred is found dead, assassinated by hands unknown. The Electors argue about the succession. Later this year Graf Erlich of Middenheim launches a war of conquest, annexes Middenland, and claims Leg Biter, the Middenland Runefang, as his own. He declares himself both Middenheim's Graf and Middenland's Grand Duke, deserving of two electoral votes. Historians regard this as an instigating act of the Age of Wars, though they are divided as to whether Erlich's takeover of Middenland began the civil strife or merely exacerbated it.

1207 IC

Whilst the city is tolerant of many unconventional magic users, Dieter Helsnicht is accused of vile necromantic rites and is cast out of Middenheim. He retreats to a hidden lair in the Forest of Shadows from where he commands a growing force of Undead. All those who suffer his depredations come to know him as the Doom Lord of Middenheim.

1243 IC

Count Einrich Moltke of Nordland vows to put an end to the raids carried out by Dieter Helsnicht's undead forces. He petitions the Graf of Middenheim for support, but receives little more than words of encouragement. The count patrols the edges of the Forest of Shadows, but Helsnicht refuses to meet him in battle.

1244 IC

The Battle of Beeckerhoven. Count Einrich Moltke of Nordland leads a small force into the Forest of Shadows. They are ambushed and nearly wiped out by a skeleton horde commanded by Dieter Helsnicht. The count orders a retreat to the village of Beeckerhoven, where he prepares a desperate last stand. Reinforcing troops from Middenheim flank the besieging Undead army. Dieter Helsnicht is wounded and carried from the battle by his monstrous Manticore. The Necromancer's body is never found, his forest lair never located.

1265 IC

Count Faulk of Middenland attempts to reclaim the Drakwald. A coalition of warherds led by Kartok Great-Horn destroys his army.

1334 IC

Ar-Ulric joins the ranks of the Electors. This move is intended to balance the influence of the Grand Theogonist, reduce the chances of political deadlock, and bring the Age of Wars to an end.

1360 IC

Grand Duchess Otilla of Talabheim conspires with Ar-Ulric to discredit the cult of Sigmar. She declares herself Empress without an election and bans the cult of Sigmar in Talabecland. Ar-Ulric and Graf Heinrich argue about the wisdom of supporting Otilla. Ar-Ulric quits Middenheim and joins the court in Talabheim.

1414 IC

Middenland and Nordland divide the contested Drakwald into two protectorates that later become permanent regions of the respective provinces.

1450 IC

A great crusade is led to liberate Estalia from the armies of Sultan Jaffar of Araby. Chapters of Knights of the White Wolf and Knights Panther win fame and fortune in distant desert lands. Upon their return a detachment of Knights Panther enters the service of Middenheim's noble Todbringer family. Why this obligation exists remains secret, but both the Knights and the Todbringers have flourished as a result of the arrangement.

1547 IC

Graf Siegfried the Significant offers to re-establish the Ulrican Cult in Middenheim on condition that Ar-Ulric swear a vow of celibacy. This tradition ensures that Ulric's high priests can not found dynasties to rival that of the Graf. Siegfried then declares himself Emperor. With claimants to the throne in Stirland, Talabheim and Middenland the Age of the Three Emperors is remembered as a period of particularly bitter civil strife.

1550 IC

War breaks out between Middenheim and Talabheim. Middenland reclaims its independence during the resulting instability. Sometime this year the Drakwald Runefang, Beast Slayer, is stolen from the vaults of the Middenpalaz and ends up in the hands of Middenland's newly recognised Elector. How this occurred is a mystery though followers of Ranald gossip of 'The Greatest Caper'.

1555 IC

Graf Siegfried the Significant reforms Middenheim's military and obliges all of his subjects to regularly train in the use of weapons.

1582 IC

In a conciliatory gesture by the elected Emperor, an Imperial charter is granted for Middenheim to mint its own coinage. Imperial partisans are shocked by the move and accuse merchants of playing politics.

1681 IC

The Night of the Restless Dead. The graves of Morrspark give forth their dead and panic spreads throughout the city as animated corpses shamle through the streets. Priests of Morr and Knights of the White Wolf restore order, contain, and then destroy the Undead. In time it becomes understood that similar outbreaks occurred throughout the known world, marking the return of an ancient evil to the south.



1812 IC

War of the Poses. Middenheim is besieged by an army of Middenlanders. They are repulsed with the aid of the Dwarfs. The undercity is sealed for all time and a great deal of reconstructive fortification work is undertaken. The first Middenheim carnival is held as a celebration of the end of the siege. The only food available at the time was heavily smoked or brined, leading to the first post-siege feast being remembered as 'the 1812 Over-Cure'.

1968 IC

Middenheim's tolerant attitude towards magic users becomes a liability as rumours spread that the city is a hive of witches. The city's Wizards mount an investigation into the truth of the claims, determined to prove that just because Middenheim rejects persecution of magic users it does not necessarily follow that it welcomes Daemonologists or Necromancers.

1979 IC

The few remaining Elector Counts who have not declared themselves Emperor decide Magritta of Marienburg should take the throne. The decision does not please Sigmar's Grand Theogonist, who refuses to crown her, leading to the collapse of the Imperial system. The fractured provinces look to themselves for governance and defence. Chaos cults spread throughout the land, leading to a conflict in Middenheim known as the Wizards' War, an act of rigorous self-policing on behalf of Middenheim's Wizards which ends in covens of witches being exposed and purged from the city.

2025 IC

The Vampire Wars. Having razed, then raised, much of Talabecland, the armies of Vlad von Carstein march towards Middenheim. At the Battle of Schwarhafen, Vlad is cut down by Jerek Kruger, Grand Master of the Knights of the White Wolf, and the army of Sylvania is subsequently soundly defeated.

2026 IC

Grand Master Kruger is turned into one of Vlad's vampiric lieutenants. Later in the year Vlad von Carstein returns to Middenland at the head of another army. A contingent of Knights of the White Wolf and Knights Panther sally forth but are scattered by Undead monstrosities. The Graf orders his remaining forces to fortify the city and destroys sections of the causeways leading to the gates. Unopposed, Vlad despoils Middenland before marching eastward.

2058 IC

Seeking to solidify his position as Vlad's heir, Fritz von Carstein attempts to besiege Middenheim. Mindful of the cost of the previous siege, the Graf orders aggressive resistance to the Vampire Count, and Fritz is slain in battle.

2100 IC

The continuing threat posed by the Vampire Counts leads the various claimants for the Imperial throne to form a military alliance. When Konrad von Carstein leads his armies to Middenheim, he is met in the Battle of Four Armies. During the battle, the leaders of Talabecland and Stirland take the opportunity to order each other's assassination. In the resulting confusion, Konrad escapes with much of his army intact.

2115 IC

Middenheim is ravaged by an outbreak of the Black Plague, leading to the establishment of the Kommission for Health, Education, and Welfare.

2145 IC

Following the depredations of Mannfred von Carstein, Middenheim once more joins a grand alliance. Troops from Middenheim acquit themselves well in the campaign to rid the world of the Vampire Counts once and for all.

2302 IC

The Year of the Shaming. The incursions of Chaos overwhelm much of Kislev. In an attempt to rally support for the beleaguered Kislevites, Magnus von Bildhofen covertly visits Middenheim. Ar-Ulric Kriestov unwisely attempts to brand Magnus a heretic but is humiliated when he reveals himself and steps through the eternal flame only to emerge unscathed.

2303 IC

The Great War Against Chaos. Magnus von Bildhofen of Nuln leads an army to relieve the siege of Kislev. His forces win a great victory and the invading armies of Chaos are decisively defeated. History will remember him as Magnus the Pious. Desperate to atone for his shaming, Ar-Ulric Kriestov leads an army of Middenheimers to relieve Kislev. Beastmen attack Middenheim in his absence, but he scatters their forces on his return in winter.

2304 IC

A burgeoning sense of Imperial identity flowers as a result of Magnus's example. He is crowned Emperor with the overwhelming consent of provincial and religious leaders, and the old electoral system is re-established. In Middenheim, people grumble that the cult of Ulric is granted only one electoral vote to the cult of Sigmar's three. They also complain that Sigmarite Witch Hunters, who had long held Middenheim in contempt for the city's liberal attitude to wizardry, are now happy with the founding of magical colleges in Altdorf. Most Middenheimers, however, see the reunification of the Empire under Magnus as a cause for celebration.

2319 IC

Sister Hildegard of the Shallyan Order of the Tears of Pity publicly berates Graf Erich von Kärzburdger over the high number of executions that occur under his rule, going so far as to seize him by the ear in front of the court. The event is pivotal in the reformation of Imperial penal codes.

2369 IC

Upon the death of Magnus the Pious, many in Middenheim expect the crown to pass to his younger brother Gunthar von Bildhofen. However, Gunthar quarrels with the Grand Theogonist, Kazgar XIV, over the latter's claim that a miracle had occurred just prior to the funeral of Magnus the Pious. As a result Count Leopold of Stirland becomes the new emperor. Gunthar and his family leave Nuln and relocate to Middenheim, offered sanctuary by their distant relatives, the Todbringers.

2370 IC

At the behest of the Grand Duke of Middenland, an army is assembled to venture into the Middle Mountains and reclaim Brass Keep from occupying Chaos forces. The soldiers troop into the mountains but are never seen again. In time a permanent picket is assembled about the fortress, but despite the state of siege the defenders don't seem to suffer from attrition. Rumours abound that the place is daemon-haunted.

2371 IC

Solveig von Bildhofen, granddaughter of Gunthar von Bildhofen, marries Boris Todbringer. Their first-born son, Bertholdt, later becomes the first Todbringer Graf of Middenheim and the great-grandfather of the current Graf Boris.

2398 IC

For reasons unrecorded, Graf Dieter refuses the services of a jester bequeathed to Middenheim by the Chieftain of Glindwarrow.

2412 IC

Graf Dieter presides over the first official Middenball match held at the Bernabau Stadium. The sport becomes wildly popular.

2423 IC

Waaagh Grom! A horde of Orcs and Goblins commanded by the Goblin Warlord Grom the Paunch sweeps across the Empire, pillaging as it goes. The Greenskins lay siege to Middenheim and cause widespread destruction with their machineries of damage. At great cost of life, the Greenskins are repelled and Grom marches his forces on in search of easier pickings.

2510 IC

Waaagh Backstab! An army led by Night Goblin Spinny Backstab destroys many farms and villages surrounding Middenheim. Middenmarshal Kurt Heinwald assembles an army to confront the Goblins and subjects them to a crushing defeat.



THE CITY TODAY

In the present day Middenheim has recovered from the ravages of famine, contagion, and war, and is home to nearly 40,000 souls. In places the city is so densely inhabited that rows of buildings are layered one atop another, and where these crowded districts crowd up to the sides of the rock, the structures teeter precariously against empty space or are even worked down into the faces of the cliff sides. Middenheim's narrow alleyways are world-renowned for their labyrinthine intricacy, and in places one road crosses a lower one dug into the grey rock of the Fauschlag.

The city is less crowded in the north, where the more upper-class residences nestle amongst green parks and stately monuments. Whilst these areas have none of the jostling jumble of the rest of the city, the feel of the manors is one of compact practicality compared to those found in other parts of the Empire. Here the city guard patrol broad avenues, dressed in blue uniforms of slashed fabric and hefting broad-bladed halberds.

Beneath the city streets the undercity still exists, formed from those tunnels and mines that Dwarfs have dug throughout the Fauschlag since the days of Artur. Now the tunnels are officially sealed, so the Dwarfs say, but in many places they have been breached by one agency or another. Secret boltholes of criminals and cultists are found here. Dwarf tunnel fighters regularly set out to map the undercity and confront enemies they encounter there, though the task is impossible in its complexity.

Still, Middenheim retains its reputation as one of the safest and most civilised of the Empire's great cities. Graf Boris, like his Todbringer forebears, enjoys a good reputation at home and abroad. Whilst he is a proud Ulrican he stands firmly in favour of the Empire's stability and security as a whole, and distrusts those who seek to dishonour the name of Sigmar. His word is law within the city walls, and further afield lesser nobles take care to court his favour.



ESTABLISHING HEGEMONY...

The relationship between Middenheim and the Grand County of Middenland is one of fluid complexity, with Middenheim always exerting influence over the province but never wholly winning the hearts and minds of its people. Tensions between the cults of Ulric and Sigmar have a part to play in the situation. The rural folk of Middenland may respect Ulric as an inspiration on a personal level, but the day-to-day threat of raids by Beastmen and Goblins is better met through Sigmarite values of cooperation and vigilance against Chaos.

So whilst Middenland remains a very Ulrican place, enclaves of Sigmarites exist and the capital of Carroburg has as much in common with its close neighbours, the cities of the Reikland, as it does with Middenheim. The von Bildhofen rulers of Middenland also play up the obvious connections between their revered ancestor, Magnus the Pious, and Sigmar.

Graf Boris Todbringer has wisely kept his hand hidden when it comes to any hint of ambition to rule Middenland like Graf of old, but he has projected military power into the province. Companies of knights from Middenheim rove into the Drakwald under the pretence of defying the growing Beastman threat. Whilst Middenlanders are generally happy to receive them, rumours circulate that Knights of the White Wolf have persecuted isolated Sigmarite communities. Count Leopold von Bildhofen increasingly finds himself torn between the need to assert the rights of Sigmarites, and his own failure to combat the Beastmen hordes of the Drakwald without Middenheim's assistance.

...AND WANING INFLUENCE

Until recently the situation regarding Middenheim's management of Nordland had been a matter of unshakable stability. Nordlanders may have moaned about being under the yoke of the Graf, but they in turn had governed the province wisely and there was little talk of serious rebellion.

Within the last decade the mood has shifted, with tensions flaring during the Battle of the Doom Lord's Ruin. This event is named for a Salzenmund tavern that had the misfortune to act as the makeshift barracks of regiments of state troopers from Middenheim and Nordland. The soldiers, bored and drunk, took to quarrelling. By the time the violence ended, 18 of the Graf's men were dead, along with 20 Nordlander soldiers and several civilians.

Graf Boris was assured by his second wife, Anika-Elise of the Nikse family of Salzenmund, that Nordland would accept culpability for the event provided he only demanded a token pittance by way of reparation. So the Niskes and Todbringers swept the issue aside and considered the matter forgotten. But another noble family, the ambitious Gausers of Salzenmund, were not satisfied to keep quiet. As a result of their decrying the injustice they have become figureheads of a growing separatist tendency within Salzenmund's political class.

CITY RULERS

Whilst Graf Boris wields absolute power in Middenheim, contrarian revisionists might argue that he is merely the centre of a network of influencers. Graf Boris rules within a system of departmental delegation developed by his forebears.

Technically the Graf enacts all laws within his ambit, but he has many advisors, and interested parties can make recommendations and representations to him through the Burgerlich Kommissionen, as the City Councils are called. The Graf has little practical choice but to leave the management of Middenheim's Guilds to their elected representatives, and is effectively powerless to prevent the rough criminal codes of the Low Kings carrying more authority than his own laws within the city's rookeries.

GRAF BORIS TODBRINGER

Graf Boris rules in Middenheim and none may gainsay him. Such is his power that he could refuse the orders of the Emperor himself (though it would be an unwise Emperor who blithely dictated orders to the Graf, just as it would be an unwise Graf who blithely ignored the Emperor's wishes).

His family have a most distinguished lineage. Not only have Todbringers lived in Middenheim for over a thousand years, but they are related through a tradition of marriage to the von Bildhofen family, descendants of Gunthar von Bildhofen, who was the brother of Emperor Magnus the Pious. Even before a Todbringer occupied Middenheim's throne the family was a rich and powerful aristocratic line, feted and feared for ancient ties to the Order of the Knights Panther.

The Graf does not have to worry about the consent of his people from a legal standing, but even the most absolute of monarchs has to be wary of resentful subjects. Over the years the Graf has overseen the founding of a number of institutions in the hope of legitimising their rule in the eyes of common folk.

Intrigues at court, ties with the military, cooperation with the Cult of Ulric, and sponsorship of a nascent secret service are all ways in which the Graf extends his power over Middenheim. Even the Kommissionen, ostensibly set up to provide citizens with a voice, can be employed to spread his influence.

Graf Boris has a fine reputation, having a track record of displaying those qualities most people of the Empire prize in their leaders. These are a knack for good statesmanship and noted gallantry upon the battlefield. However, in recent years he has become increasingly subdued. This withdrawal has followed the death of his wife Anika-Elise and the continued illness of his heir.

THE GRAF'S FAMILY

The Todbringers are an ancient line whose name first appears in legend, as valiant companions of King Artur. A Todbringer has sat on the throne in the Middenpalaz for nearly 150 years, yet the family, whilst powerful, are not numerous. Graf Boris has a number of distant relatives, though they are better affiliated with the von Bildhofens of Middenland or the Niskes of Nordland. None of them bear the Todbringer name.

Why the Todbringer line is so impoverished is a mystery. Graf Boris was vigorous in his youth, yet like his predecessors he has struggled to sire healthy offspring. His immediate family is small, being his chronically ill son and heir Baron Stefan and his two recognised illegitimate offspring, Baron Heinrich and Katerina (who, whilst commonly called 'Princess', has no hereditary entitlement).

Baron Stefan

Baron Stefan is the named heir to Middenheim's throne. Despite this, he is widely held to be entirely unsuitable for the position. He struggles to communicate, and suffers from destructive fits that no physician or priest has been able to alleviate. While his condition has worsened with age, under the care of the Tilean physician Luigi Pavarotti he has of late seen improvement.

Princess Katerina

Princess Katerina is a sweet-natured but rather unimaginative young lady. Whilst most people who meet the princess consider her beautiful and charming, many consider her distracted and incurious — a bit of a bore. She is an active socialite and patron of many artistic and charitable endeavours in Middenheim. Undeniably beautiful, the heirs of many noble lines have sought to court her favour, though none can honestly boast to have won her heart.

Baron Heinrich

Baron Heinrich embodies the hopes most Middenheimers hold for the future of his father's house. He is a paragon of Imperial royalty, a giant of a man with a glittering military career and noted intellectual gifts. Courtiers fervently hope for the day when Graf Boris faces up to the fact that Baron Stefan will never be fit to sit on the throne, and finds a way to pronounce Heinrich his heir. Graf Boris has recently given Baron Heinrich charge of organising Middenheim's secret service. As with the other challenges to which he has been set, Heinrich performs the task of spymaster with conscientiousness and competence.



COURTIERS OF NOTE

For all his power Graf Boris is not a tyrannical man. His character is reflected in his court. Favourites are not treated as temporary fashion accessories, but treasured companions whose loyalty is reciprocated. Many of the courtiers are respected for their ability to speak honestly and plainly. The Graf shows tolerance for respectful disagreement and debate. His court is austere and serious in comparison to those of other electors, but it is not joyless.

Yet all is not well within the court. The Graf's recently deceased wife, Anika-Elise Nikse, wielded a good deal of influence while she was alive, and has left her mark upon the palace. Unknown to most, Anika-Elise had been a malign infector who secretly worshipped the Prince of Chaos and desired to foster corruption and misrule. Before her death she had seen to it that sybarites and power worshippers found a home at court.

The following people are thought of as professional courtiers. There are many other people in Middenheim who regularly attend court, but have important duties elsewhere. Ar-Ulric and the High Wizard are advisors to the Graf and often seen at court, but they are better known for their roles at the High Temple and Grand Guild of Wizards respectively.

Vieran Thugenheim — Favourite

Vieran Thugenheim is a favourite of the Graf, a privy counsellor, old campaigner, and a senior commander of the Order of the Knights Panther. Graf Boris values Vieran for his humble common sense, for whilst he possesses deep knowledge of Middenheim's governance, he also champions the importance of qualified experts and advisory councils. Vieran secretly has ambitions for his son Vorn to not only follow but surpass him. To this end he has tutored Vorn in all intricacies of secular power, but has also seen him initiated into the Order of the White Wolf.

Hausmeister Breugal — Chamberlain

The Graf's chamberlain is known only as Breugal. He is a tall, emaciated man with an air of aristocratic detachment. He is a common sight about the palace grounds, dressed in ornate high fashion, striking forth with his silver-topped cane in hand. Breugal is a coldly efficient household manager, responsible for organising the myriad grooms and maidservants who work within the Middenpalaz. Those who fall short of his exacting standards do not last long in his employ. His office is his life, and he has never been known to fraternise with anyone.

Josef Sparsam — Chancellor

Chancellor Sparsam advises the Graf on financial matters and manages Middenheim's treasury and mint. In his manner he is a dusty conservative, shy and conscientious. He takes his position very seriously, but does not particularly enjoy life at court. Unlike Breugal his manner does not intimidate anyone and he is a popular figure known to socialise with the courtiers. Chancellor Sparsam has ensured that Middenheim has not run up significant debts, though people grumble that he is better at amassing treasure than he is at investing it.

Rallane Lafarel — Court Minstrel

Since Graf Dieter dismissed his jester, Middenheim's court has not employed a fool. The Graf relies on Vieran to tell truth to power, and on Rallane Lafarel, a virtuoso singer and lute player, to provide entertainment. A consummate poet with a keen insight into both joy and heartbreak, he draws admirers both for his original compositions and his treatment of well-known classics. Rallane is a witty and insightful advisor, though he is careful not to presume that he has too much sway. As an Elf he is seen as an important representative of his people.

Allavandrel Fanmaris — Master of the Hunt

The second Elven courtier is Allavandrel Fanmaris, Master of the Hunt. He manages the horses, hounds, and hawks that accompany dignitaries on hunting forays, and also tutors members of court in archery. He is less of a fixture at palace functions than other courtiers, and of late the Graf has had little enthusiasm for hunting. As such Allavandrel is not particularly influential, though he is respected.

Hildegard Zimmerlich — Chaperone to the Princess

Hildegard Zimmerlich is currently employed as chaperone to the princess. She has served the Graf's family for three generations, and wet-nursed the Graf himself. She is elderly and growing frail but has a sharp mind and, when called for, an even sharper tongue. She dresses with exquisite, if rather dated, good taste, preferring black formal wear at court. She is fiercely devoted to her duty and rarely lets the princess from her sight. Whilst many at court find her reactionary, she has a reputation for straight talking and wields moderate influence.

Dieter Schmeidehammer — Champion

Dieter Schmeidehammer is the Graf's Champion. In the past many nobles kept judicial champions in order to spare them the indignity of participating personally in trials by combat. These days the post is largely ceremonial, though there is no doubt that Dieter would die for his Graf. Dieter is a smart man as well as a skilled warrior. He possesses honesty, openness, and a surprising capacity for compassion. His down-to-earth opinions are respected by the Graf. A popular man in Middenheim who keeps an active social calendar, Dieter is close personal friends with Rallane and Allavandrel, and engaged to Kirsten Jung, a lady at court.



Emmanuelle Schlagen — Lady at Court

Emmanuelle Schlagen is a lady at court and a favourite of the Graf. She was once a leading light of the Königsgarten Theatre, a beautiful and eloquent lady of poise and sophistication. Emmanuelle is a respected source of advice on cultural and social issues in the city. She is an ambitious social climber, and in one important aspect she has put her own interests ahead of those of Middenheim. Whilst it is widely known that Emmanuelle is the Graf's consort, he has grown neglectful of late. She has found a soulmate in the form of Ar-Ulric, and their growing affection for one another could cause a major diplomatic incident.

Ladies at Court

There are several other ladies at court. These tend to be members of the city's minor aristocratic lines or celebrated socialites. They have roles as gracious hostesses, fashionably dazzling associates, and talented networkers. Whilst the Graf rarely consults them directly it would be a foolish courtier who dismissed their political understanding or earned their resentment.

Luigi Pavarotti — Court Physician

Luigi Pavarotti is the court physician. He is a larger than life Tilean with a copious and omnisequal appetite. His loud manners and dress sense tend to provoke strong reactions in others: there are those who loathe him, but his boisterous charisma earns him more friends than enemies. He is employed to assist in the care of Baron Stefan, but his medical skills are rudimentary. He does have a talent for charlatany and, whilst it can hardly be called medicine, his programme of care involves hypnotising Stefan into a stupor. While medically dubious, it comes as a relief to many who have concerns about the young heir.

EXPENSIVE TASTES

Though Middenheimers like to claim they don't share the Altdorfer passion for soft living and rich food, the Graf's courtiers nevertheless take an interest in the fashions and fads that emerge from the court of Karl Franz. There is a constant demand for the newest fabrics, the latest spices and delicacies, and of course the juiciest gossip. Characters who have arrived from the south, especially those with the *Blather* Talent, may find a ready audience in the court — if they can spin a convincing story. Equally, merchants with the right measure of gall and charm may well be able to convince one of Bettie Greenhill's chefs that their cargo of salted sheep's ears — bought for a song in Delbren — are the talk of Altdorf's finest eateries.



Bettie Greenhill — Head of the Kitchen

Running the Middenpalaz kitchens involves a large staff, including members of the Greenhill Halfling clan. Bettie Greenhill is responsible for managing staff, controlling costs, liaising with buyers and suppliers, and creating menus. She is not a courtier in a true sense, but is consulted for her insights into the Halfling community.

OTHER NOBLE HOUSES

A number of other aristocratic lines have courts of their own at Middenheim, or at least they do sometimes. Noble households are often peripatetic bodies, moving about from manor to castle to town. They often spend the winter months in Middenheim. Depending on the temperament of the heads of the household, aristocrats either visit the city for major festivals or are conspicuous by their absence.

There is overlap between different noble courts, including that of the Graf. To serve a noble is an honourable profession, and many courtiers are aristocrats themselves. Nobles often take young scions of other households on as important staff. Fostered wards, prospective fiancés, and even hostages awaiting ransom may be placed within their affinity. Positions such as falconer, librarian, master of horse, and lady at court are typically reserved for young courtiers. Nobles are raised with the expectation that should they serve another they are to execute their role with dignity even if they suspect they are being demeaned. Fortunately few lords would be so reckless as to assume that they could escape the consequences of routinely humiliating high-born servants, and pronounced cases of mistreatment can instigate feuding.

Relations Between the Nobles and the Todbringers

Lesser noble households do not hold a great deal of sway over the Graf, being more concerned to stay in his good graces rather than risk his displeasure. This is because many local nobles enjoy wardenship of Todbringer lands granted under varying charters of tenure. Being granted Office at the Graf's Pleasure is the least secure, providing no legal protection for such wardens. Those given Office Under Good Behaviour are somewhat more secure, whilst those given Office for Life would have to commit significant misdemeanours before being ousted. Finally there are those who hold Hereditary Office, who are virtually above the law. Whilst the Todbringers concentrate on the rule of Middenheim, such warden-lords are unlikely to be unseated, but were a situation to arise where another family took the throne it would cause significant instability whilst the issue of who really owns what land was settled.

Even hereditary landholders, such as the von Kärzburdgers who once held the throne and regard the Todbringers as little short of usurpers, are wise to keep their resentment to themselves. The Todbringer line may be small and shrinking, but it has many noble dependants keen to ensure that it lasts.

MERCHANT HOUSES

Old money talks loudest in the Empire, but the influence of merchants is significant and growing. Middenheim is an important trading hub, for whilst it lacks access to the Empire's waterways, many trade caravans journey the roads between Talabheim, Altdorf, Salzenmund, and Marienburg. Middenheim plays host to freight magnates, merchant princes, and other wealthy traders. The city is also a busy site of production and commerce itself. Middenheim is a major supplier of raw materials: timber from the Drakwald and Forest of Shadows, and ore from the Middle Mountains. The city is also famed for the manufacture of fabrics and leather goods.

Powerful merchant dynasties exist within Middenheim. The wealthier merchants have tended to corner the market in a particular kind of goods. They are ever mindful of exploiting new opportunities and heading off the successes of their rivals.

The Graf, like most aristocrats, considers involving himself in the business of traders to be ever so slightly sordid. However, he is aware that the merchants enrich the city, and that swathes of his subjects are employed through their efforts, so he is careful not to be dismissive of their concerns. Merchant princes are often made guests of honour at glamorous court functions such as the Carnival Garden Party.

Whilst no such arrangement is on any official document, rumours in Middenheim have it that the merchants have wrangled concessions out of Middenheim's Chancellor. Many grumble that they ought to be taxed more heavily. Agitators such as those associated with the New Millennialist movement urge the common folk to raise complaints about the preferential treatment merchants are shown.

THE CULT OF ULRIC

Middenheim has been the most important spiritual centre of the Ulrican cult since its founding. The High Temple to Ulric is one of the most impressive structures in the city, and no other temple to the god rivals it. Worship of Ulric permeates many aspects of life in Middenheim, and aside from the High Temple each district is home to secondary chapels and shrines.

Middenheim's Grafs have been observant of Ulric's major festivals and respectful of his cult, but they have also ruled that strictures associated with Ulric's priesthood need not apply to them or their subjects. This has caused friction, such as when the armies of Middenheim began to include regiments armed with gunpowder weaponry around the turn of the second millennium. Ar-Ulric gave a sermon which, whilst it fell short of condemning the move, was spiked with nostalgic despair.

Cult Hierarchy

The structure of the cult as embodied by the staffing at the High Temple is reflected in smaller cult institutions all over the known world. Ar-Ulric is the supreme head of the cult. It is his responsibility to appoint High Priests who, in turn, appoint priests and initiates within their jurisdictions.

He is also Court Cleric to the Graf. In this role, Ar-Ulric is expected to represent the communal interests of all cults and temples within the city, using his influence on their behalf. Not surprisingly, however, he advocates fervently for Ulrican interests whilst doing few favours for followers of Sigmar.

Ar-Ulric is elected to the position for life by a conclave of the Order of the Howling Wolf's senior priests, who journey to Middenheim from places as distant as Sudenland and Kislev in order to undertake the task. Ar-Ulric wields both spiritual and secular powers; he is an Elector of the Empire, and trusted spiritual advisor to other Ulrican Electors (who typically consult with him before deciding how to cast their votes). The current Ar-Ulric, Jarrick Valgeir, is generally well regarded, though some Ulricans feel he isn't quite strident enough and close friends have noticed that he has been distracted recently.

Each High Priest of Ulric is assisted in his duties by his deputy, known as the Denfather. Claus Liebnitz is Denfather of the High Temple in Middenheim — a fierce fighting man and inductee of the Brotherhood of the Axe. Unfortunately, he has caught the eye of his brothers who worship a darker god than Ulric. They have begun to initiate him in rites that leave him vulnerable to Khorne's influence.





KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE WOLF

According to tradition Ar-Ulric sponsors elite warriors to guard the faithful and honour Ulric in battle. The Knights of the White Wolf, known more formally as the Templars of the White Wolf and colloquially as White Wolves, are thought to be the oldest Knightly Order in the Empire. They trace their origins to the time before Sigmar, but were officially founded by Ar-Ulric Wulcan over 2,500 years ago.

The order is also the largest of its kind, with Chapterhouses established in far-flung corners of the world. Such is its scope that Ar-Ulric appoints Grand Masters to manage each Chapterhouse. The fighting knights that can be called upon by a Chapterhouse are referred to as a Great Company. Each is led by a Company Commander, who is normally attached to a local temple and thus answerable to its High Priest as well as the Grand Master. The Commander appoints Templar Sergeants who lead Battle Companies, numbering up to 20 knights.

OBLIGATION AND RESENTMENT

In 1547 IC Graf Siegfried obliged Ulric's senior priests to take vows of celibacy. The arrangement still stands. The origin of the vows may be ancient, but priests know that they are secular rather than sacred. Many Ulricans find the continuing obligation an insult, with nothing to do with the values and strictures of their god. Ulricans like to see themselves as passionate folk who do not meekly bend to authority, finding both celibacy and obligation hard to abide. It is an open secret that many priests break their vows and the cult is desultory in its efforts to police such recidivists.

There is a sizeable, if secret, faction which desires to have this restriction removed, and they have their strongest champion in the current High Priest. Ar-Ulric is a relatively young man and not without ambition. Whilst he swears loyalty to Graf Boris, Ar-Ulric entertains thoughts of fathering a line to one day bear the titles of both High Priest and Graf. Resenting the obligations of his vow, Ar-Ulric has grown increasingly attracted to none other than Graf Boris's own paramour, Emmanuelle Schlagen. Were any resulting indiscretions to be made public knowledge they would no doubt force a dangerous scramble for power to occur between Middenheim's spiritual and secular leaders.

The Order Outside Middenheim

Outside Middenheim, each Chapterhouse is associated with a particular colour: blue, red, gold, and so on. Within the city, each Battle Company is seconded from another Chapterhouse: the Blue Battle Company of Middenheim's Great Company comprises White Wolves from the nearby Blue Chapterhouse, but they train and fight alongside the Red Battle Company from the Red Chapterhouse in the Empire's south.

The order is not closed to common folk. Any fighter possessed of a strong frame, sincere admiration for Ulrican values, and a pronounced knack for violence can apply. Those initiated into the order vow to obey Ar-Ulric, protect the cult's priests, and keep Ulric's strictures. They are then expected to journey alone into the wild to track down and slay a wolf with their bare hands. The pelt is fashioned into a cloak, marking their promotion to knighthood.

Conduct of the Order

During times of relative peace the White Wolves strike forth to patrol the wilds and eradicate Goblins or Beastmen they encounter. In war the White Wolves enjoy a mixed reception. To the untrained eye they make for fearless and ferocious regiments of shock cavalry, but their approach to combat has shortcomings. Generals of a strategic inclination complain that White Wolves often seize the first opportunity to engage the enemy rather than coordinate with the force. Other knights, whilst respecting the White Wolves for their prowess, find fault in their lack of finesse. Trademarks of the White Wolves' distinctive approach to combat are found in the fact that they insist on wearing the pelts of wolves whilst refusing to don helmets, and a preference for hefty cavalry hammers over the lance and shield more commonly employed by knights on horseback.

THE TEUTOGEN GUARD

The Teutogen Guard are drawn from the ranks of the White Wolves. They act as the personal bodyguard of Ar-Ulric and as a ceremonial show of power during state appearances. Because they are called upon to accompany Ar-Ulric wherever he goes, the Teutogen Guard train to fight as heavy infantry, though they continue to use the arms and armour typically associated with the Knights of the White Wolf.

Each Mitterfruhl a solemn ceremony is held at Middenheim's High Temple in which the very best White Wolves are handpicked to join the Teutogen Guard. Ar-Ulric, in consultation with Middenheim's Grand Master of the White Wolves, decides who has the warrant for this great honour, and the process is meant to rise above politics and reward merit. As a result, most of the inductees are drawn from the Inner Circle of the Knightly Order, as these knights already have hard-earned renown. Ar-Ulric has been known, however, to select prodigious young Wolves.

A newly appointed knight remains a member of the Guard for a tour of duty that can last for many years. As membership of the Teutogen Guard is seen as an honour bestowed on the bravest of the White Wolves, Ar-Ulric deems it important to take on fresh recruits every year. Retiring from the ranks of the Teutogen Guard after a few years of service is an honourable necessity, and a well-earned source of great pride.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE AXE

The Brotherhood of the Axe is a secretive organisation drawn from those who have served in the Teutogen Guard. Only men of pure Teutogen blood are invited to join, and the society embodies a disdain for Sigmarites that is no longer tolerated by the wider Ulrican cult. Membership of the Brotherhood is for life.

The axe for which the Brotherhood is named is 'Blitzbiel', the weapon wielded by Ulric in myth. In imitation of their god, the Brotherhood dispense with the hammers typical of the White Wolves and take two-handed axes for their signature weapon.

All members of the Brotherhood are dedicated to improving their mastery of arms. Tragically a handful of the members have become corrupt in their ambitions. Tempted into profane rites by Cultists of the Crimson Skull, they have fallen into the worship of Khorne for promises of unholy strength and ferocity.

ULRICAN FANATICS, THE WOLF KIN

Whereas flagellants of Sigmar are distinguished by tattered clothing, apocalyptic preaching, and self-torture, Ulric's zealots practise a quieter form of fervour. Such folk are called the Wolf Kin.

Their creed is one of grim survival, individual resilience, and decisive action against their enemies. They have no politics, and do not subscribe to the tenets of Ulric's official cult which, for all its militaristic tradition, they regard as soft. For the Wolf Kin, the worship of Ulric is embodied best in an individual's ability to withstand a harsh winter in the wild, or to track down and slay a band of raiders in single combat.

Occasionally groups of Wolf Kin unite under a common cause, such as joining a military campaign or defying an affront to their religion. Their strong sense of individualism and distrust of hierarchies means Wolf Kin rarely form lasting organisations, yet only a fool would contend with such a mob without caution.

People often assume the Wolf Kin find common cause with the Sons of Ulric. In fact there is little crossover — most fervent Wolf Kin think the Sons of Ulric obsessed with secular power.

MIDDENHEIM'S LEGISLATURE

The three Law Lords are appointed by Graf Boris to advise on all legislation in Middenheim, revise existing legal documents, and draft new ones. The current Law Lords are Reiner Ehrlich, Joachim Hoflich, and Karl-Heinz Wasmeier. They dress in plain grey robes at all times, wearing golden badges of office in the shape of a set of scales. All three are dedicated professionals who remain aloof from other courtiers in order to preserve their impartiality and forestall accusations of corruption.

They are sometimes seen at state functions, but are generally unapproachable to the bulk of the populace. Written petitions concerning proposed laws are received at their offices, but audiences cannot be arranged. They do have dealings with the Worshipful Guild of Legalists and may be sought by influential people for advice on legal matters. Even in these dealings they are circumspect and quick to report anything untoward to the Graf.

THE LAW LORDS OF MIDDENHEIM

The three Law Lords are quite influential with the Graf's court, and if you would like to know more about them it can be found in *Power Behind the Throne*. The Law Lords play an important role in that chapter of *The Enemy Within*, and if you intend to play through that campaign it would be best to avoid them for now.

However, if you wish, the Law Lords present many excellent opportunities for adventure. Any group of 'enterprising' mercenary types that happen by Middenheim may eventually run afoul of the law, and the Law Lords enjoy wide latitude in dealing with rabble-rousers and delinquents. Characters may find themselves set to any number of tedious or impossible tasks, from tracking down notorious agents of the Low Kings to sweeping the sewers for supposed rat-headed Beastmen.

More socially minded Characters could find themselves embroiled in the nascent political wrangling that goes on between the three. By long-standing tradition the Law Lords present a united front to the Graf, but within their triumvirate disagreements are common. One Law Lord may well task a subtle Character with investigating another, certain they are accepting bribes. There are even rumours that the dread cults of the ruinous powers may have gained influence over one or more of the Law Lords, though that is surely no more than vicious gossip...



THE BURGERLICH KOMMISSIONEN

Middenheim has a reputation as a city in which the people have a real voice in how policy is formed. There is a long tradition in the city of ensuring that interests of various demographics are made apparent to their leaders through the Burgerlich Kommissionen.

The most important Kommissions, as far as the government of the city is concerned, are the Kommission for Commerce, Trade, and Taxation, and the Worshipful Guild of Legalists. The other three major Kommissions are the Kommission for Public Works; the Kommission for Health, Education, and Welfare; and the Kommission for Elven, Dwarven, and Halfling Interests.

Kommissionen Covenors

Each Kommission is headed by a Covenor whose main task it is to carry out a quarterly review of matters of interest to the agency, the problems they face, and ideas they have for the improvement of the city. Following this review, each Covenor meets with a Law Lord who scrutinises the reports, and then advises in regard to any upcoming policy changes that impact the Kommissionen.

Residents of Middenheim enjoy the right to present pertinent complaints and ideas to the Kommissionens and have them considered by the Covenor, or one of their delegates. A Covenor's role depends on a reputation for being a diligent representative. At the same time, they are mindful of putting themselves at a remove from malcontents and timewasters, so the initial experience for people wishing to bring an issue to the attention of a Covenor is of having to navigate tedious bureaucratic procedures.

GUILDS IN MIDDENHEIM

Exclusive right to practise most professions in Middenheim is granted to those who have earned a licence from their respective Guild. The day-to-day work of a Guild involves keeping tabs on its members and ensuring that they meet trading standards set by the Guild within Middenheim's legal framework. So if a Physician, for example, wants to work in Middenheim without falling foul of the law, the least they must do is prove their competence to the Physicians' Guild, pay their membership fees, and abide by their guidelines.

The Guilds perform a pro-social service in ensuring that their members stick to good and fair practices. However, there is a darker side to Guilds. They are open to corruption, and rumoured to promote members according to cronyism or bribery rather than merit. They are ruthless in prosecuting those who seek to work without first approaching them for a license and, depending on supply and demand, the fees they charge can be extortionate.

City Guilds can be divided into three categories: Labour Guilds, Craft Guilds, and Professional Guilds.

Becoming a Member

Labour Guilds are relatively easy to join. There is always a demand for unskilled workers and provided Characters don't look weak and feeble, they can join any Labour Guild on payment of 5GCs (or 10 shillings per month). The Labour Guilds are very good at ensuring their members get paid the proper rate of 7 shillings a day, but are extremely touchy about demarcation of labour. An inter-guild feud lasting six months was once instigated simply because a member of the Teamsters' Guild replaced a wheel on his cart without consulting the Cartwrights' Guild first.

JOINING A PROFESSIONAL OR CRAFT GUILD

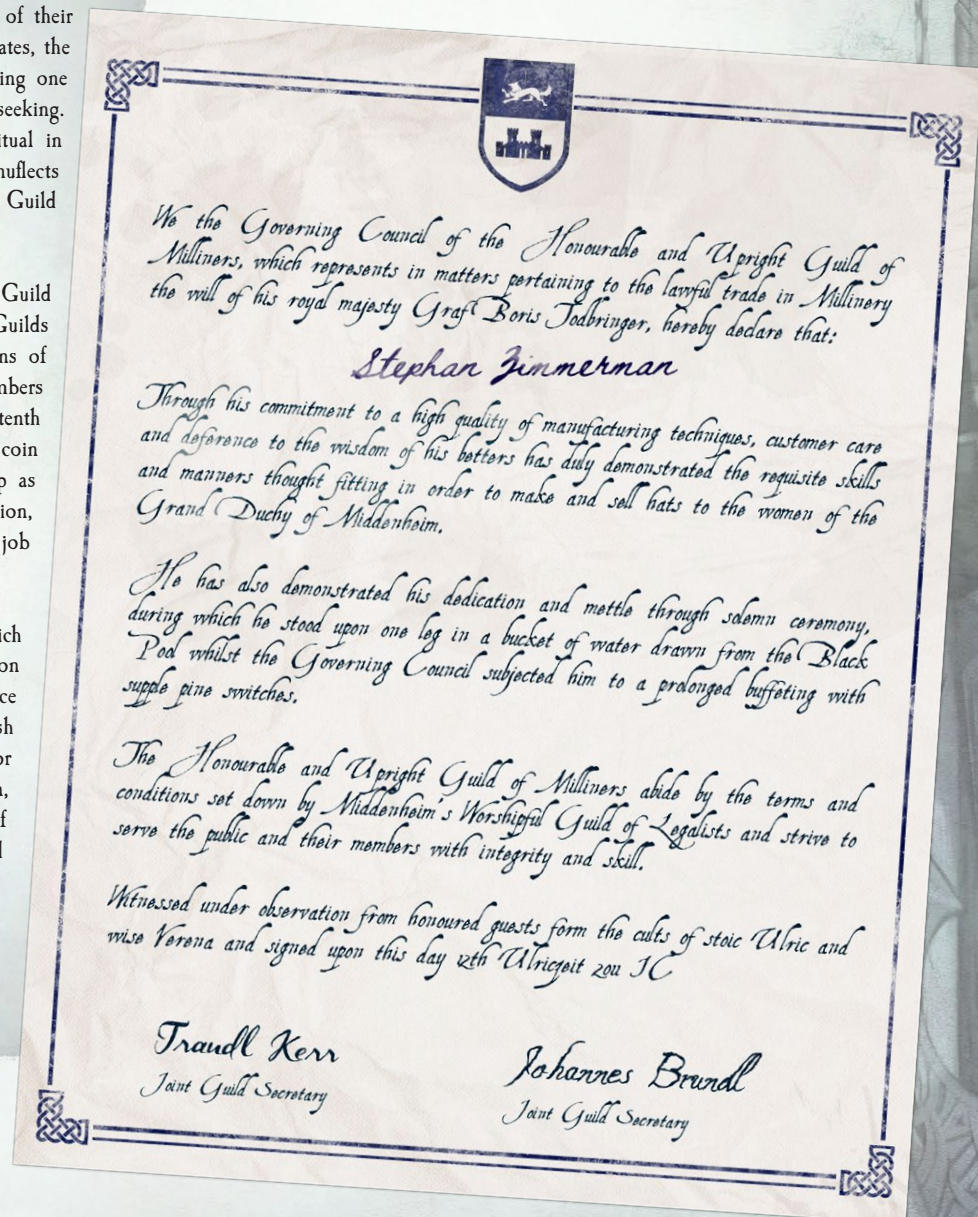
Applicants are required to provide some evidence of their ability. In order to prove themselves worthy candidates, the Characters should pass a **Hard (-20)** Test involving one Skill pertinent to the sort of employment they are seeking. Upon success, some Guilds have an initiation ritual in which the candidate wears a ceremonial robe, genuflects to senior Guild members, and vows to honour the Guild and its values.

The Character must then pay their dues, literally. Guild dues range from 3 crowns per year for the Labour Guilds up to 200 crowns per year for the upper echelons of Professional Guilds. Among the lower ranking members there is always a scramble late in the year for the 'tenth noble', with a noble being a commonly struck coin worth a third of a crown, and rates tend to drop as workers are desperate for any paying work. In addition, all Guild members are required to do at least one job for their Guild without payment.

Characters looking to change Careers to one which fits any of these categories, or looking for tuition in certain Skills, do not get far without reference to one or other of the Guilds. If Characters wish to make a Career change to either a Craft or Professional Career (such as a Physician, Artisan, or Rat Catcher), and do not already have any of the necessary Skills, then they must find a Guild member willing to take on an apprentice. This involves convincing a prospective employer of their worth. Once accepted, however, and the Career change is effected, the Character is not able to set up in business without joining a Guild.

In the case of all Professional or Craft Guilds, membership is always capped at a fixed number. When a vacancy is created (by death or departure from the city), a new member will be recruited from one of the following possible sources, and strictly in the order listed.

- ☛ Children of existing members.
- ☛ Apprentices of existing members.
- ☛ Applicants recommended by existing members.
- ☛ Applicants recommended by other guilds.



MILITARY LEADERS

The Graf is Commander-in-Chief of Middenheim's armed forces. Like all provincial rulers, his primary allegiance is to the Emperor — one of his main duties is to ensure that he can provide an army to aid his liege-lord in times of war. Additionally, he is charged with maintaining the Emperor's peace and protecting the servants of the gods. Since time immemorial, the Grafs of Middenheim have been aided in these duties by the appointment of three military commanders, the Midden Marshalls.

The Marshalls take their offices seriously. They keep their political opinions to themselves and are only seen in public at major events and state ceremonies, where they sometimes take the soldiers' salute on behalf of Graf Boris. They do have some influence with the Graf, but all three are somewhat old-fashioned men of integrity who are determined not to abuse their privileged positions.

Marshall Ulrich Schutzmann — Commander of the Watch

Marshall Ulrich Schutzmann is overall commander of the Watch, and appoints the city's Watch Captains. He is an imposing man of about 50 with close-cropped iron-grey hair. His ceremonial uniform consists of a deep-blue tunic beneath a breastplate of chased and engraved silver, knee-length black boots, an open helmet of silver with elaborate niello-work, topped by a deep-blue plume, and a ceremonial sword in a gorgeously jewelled scabbard. He conducts himself with great solemnity at parades and ceremonies, and is generally regarded as a dedicated soldier. He is harsh and unbending, a strict disciplinarian, but a good strategist and sound tactician. Schutzmann is a devout Sigmarite, one of the few followers of Sigmar to hold high office in Middenheim. He takes pains not to mix religion and politics.

General Johann Schwermutt

Johann Schwermutt is about the same age as Schutzmann, but has a little lighter build, with light-brown hair and hazel eyes. His troops regard him as an approachable commander. His ceremonial uniform consists of a brightly polished suit of fluted plate armour, with a grey wolf skin cloak lined in red satin worn over the top, a dress sword with a gilded pommel, and a shield bearing the city's coat of arms.

Marshal Maximillian von Genscher

Maximillian von Genscher is the youngest of the three, in his early forties, but he has risen to a higher position owing to his birth. He is an imposing figure, tall and broad. His soldiers call him 'the Minotaur', but never within earshot. His courage and magnanimity are legendary, and the force of his personality is almost tangible. He weighs his words carefully but thinks fast and is a shrewd interrogator. He has jet-black hair and beard, with a long pale scar running up his left cheek and bisecting the eyebrow.

At state occasions, von Genscher appears dressed in a suit of black lacquered plate armour with gilded fittings, a black lacquered full-face helmet bearing his family's crest of a raised mailed fist, and a ceremonial two-handed sword whose pommel and guard terminals are a matched trio of fire opals.

He coordinates defences in time of war and has command of any expeditions mounted by Middenheim's army. His family has a long-standing tradition of military service, and holds a small castle near Schoninghen. He is also charged with organising the defence of the city, including ensuring the integrity of the city walls. Since the walls are magically reinforced, von Genscher liaises with High Wizard Helseher whenever repairs are required.

MIDDENHEIM'S MILITARY MIGHT

The standing army, although quartered in the city, is responsible for the defence of the entire area. In practice, it simply patrols the city walls, and the approach roads. It consists of over 700 full-time soldiers and a force of nearly 3,500 reservist militia. The militia have been levied from amongst the Graf's subjects ever since the days of Graf Siegfried the Significant. In 1555 IC he issued the following edict in order to ensure he would be able to meet his responsibilities to the Emperor, whilst avoiding the cost of maintaining a huge standing army:

'Be it known to all citizens of Middenheim, that all Humans of between the ages of 16 and 50 shall be required to own a longbow, a crossbow, or a sword. Once each week they shall report to their local sergeant-at-arms for two hours of military training.'

This edict ensures that the Graf has a large body of relatively skilled troops on which to draw in times of crisis. However, these levies are only normally raised between the months of Sigmarzeit and Nachgeheim, after crops have been sown but before they need harvesting. All levies would have to be disbanded for the harvest anyway, otherwise there would be no grain for either the army or the civilian populace. No one would seriously consider trying to fight a campaign during the winter months.

Mercenaries

It would be a foolish ruler who did not maintain at least a small corps of professional troops, to ensure the walls are always defended against surprise attack. To this end, the Graf employs 300 mercenaries, quartered in various barracks around the city walls. These are often Kislevite soldiers, bequeathed by the Tsar in return for duties performed by the Knights Panther. Other mercenary companies occasionally visit the city, offering to rid the surrounding lands of Beastmen. The Graf occasionally awards them bounties with a thought that even if they aren't strictly necessary, they may one day become so.

MIDDENHEIM'S CHAPTER OF THE ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS PANTHER

Middenheim's Knights Panther are distinguished from their brothers in other parts of the Empire. Through reasons unknown (but often the subject of conspiracy stories) Middenheim's Knights Panther have become the traditional household guard of the Graf. What is known is that Middenheim's Chapter of the Order has had close ties to the Todbringer family ever since the crusades of 1450 IC. Chapters in other areas have no special obligation to the Todbringers, but still respect the relationship between the Graf and the Knights in Middenheim.

The Knights Panther form the Graf's bodyguard, although not all of them are actually Knights and the term is used generically to include squires and men-at-arms sworn to the service of the Chapter. They are organised around a small core of 30 highly trained, elite cavalry, supported by 50 Squires and about 100 men-at-arms.

The actual Knights are mostly drawn from the nobility's ranks, although half a dozen or so Squires are knighted each year at a midsummer tourney. The men-at-arms do most of the work, and all onerous jobs such as standing at the palace gates in all sorts of weather, grooming horses, and cleaning armour. Admission to the Middenheim chapter is a signal honour accorded to those who have performed some exceptional service for the Graf.

OATHS OF THE ORDER

The Knights are renowned for their fanaticism in hunting down mutants. Their Code of Honour places four obligations on Knights, Squires, and their men-at-arms:

- ☠ To defend and obey Graf Todbringer, his family, and his appointed officers until he departs the throne or death take him.
- ☠ To render full and appropriate service to superiors in the Order.
- ☠ Never to suffer a bearer of the mark of Chaos to live.
- ☠ To defend the integrity of the Empire and defy those who preach division or secession.



THE KNIGHT ETERNAL

The post of the Knight Eternal was once held as extremely important to Middenheimers. These days it is merely a ceremonial symbol, and the current Knight Eternal is often seen but little known. His name is Siegfried Prunkvoll, a soldier of barely notable achievement from a minor aristocratic line. He goes everywhere in the magical suit of full plate mail that marks his office, and outside courtly circles few people know what he looks like. He attends court and state ceremonies as his post requires, but is rarely seen on other occasions.

Prunkvoll is pompous, affected, and a crashing bore. He is also an appalling chauvinist, and treats women he encounters with patronising affectation. He has a great love of heraldry, jousting, and military history. He is genuinely knowledgeable about such matters, as anyone foolish enough to engage him in conversation soon finds out. Siegfried believes himself to wield significant influence at court, but few respect him.

THE CITY WATCH

The City Watch is responsible for upholding law and order in Middenheim. The only part of the Watch that has any jurisdiction outside the city boundaries are the Road Wardens. These are simply mounted sentries who patrol the roads throughout the city state.

Middenheim's City Watch comprises around 100 veterans, 100 Sewer Jacks, and nearly 300 guards. In times of civil unrest or when a dramatic increase in the numbers of visitors requires it, some 300 volunteers bolster the force.

The volunteers are drawn from the households of all tax-paying citizens of Middenheim and the surrounding area. Each household is obliged to provide one person aged between 16 and 30 and in sound physical health for one month's service each year. While ensuring that there's no shortage of watchmen, it does mean nearly everyone in the city has a friend or relative currently in active service.

The Watch is divided into four contingents, each based at one of the four city gates. All patrols start and end from here. Patrols typically consist of five guards and a Watch Sergeant.

During Festivals, the Watch are tolerant and are used to some measure of public disorder. Animated quarrels and drunkenness don't bother them much even if they are present. Only crimes against property and serious violence concern them.

Keeping the Peace

However, the matter of arms and armour is important. It is acceptable for people to wander the streets with a knife, dagger, or even a rapier, but any large weapons attract the attention of the Watch. It is not actually illegal to carry such weapons, but it is not particularly acceptable. The Watch unfailingly hassle anyone with such weapons on display, often detaining them after an interrogation.

Much the same is true of armour. A mail shirt could be worn under a thick jerkin, while a helmet and leather jerkin is perfectly acceptable, but anyone clothed in a sleeved mail coat or plate armour is going to get on the wrong end of the Watch.

THE WIZARDS

The leading Wizards in Middenheim are Albrecht Helseher, the High Wizard of Middenheim's Grand Guild of Wizards, and his Deputy Janna Eberhauer. They are consulted by Graf Boris and his other advisors on any matters in which magical skills may be important, especially to the security of the city. These Wizards are elected to their positions through a conclave of their peers, though they tend to hold them for life once they enter office. The showy and often destructive magical duels that prove decisive in establishing Wizard hierarchies elsewhere in the Empire are considered rather barbaric and counterproductive in Middenheim.

The Wizards are called upon from time to time to aid the City Watch. The practices of necromancy and witchcraft are both illegal in the city state, but the enforcement of this has been left largely up to the High Wizard. To this end, members of the Guild are occasionally seen accompanying Watch Patrols. The High Wizard is regularly consulted by the military when contingency plans are being made for repulsing possible raids.



Albrecht Helseher — High Wizard

Albrecht is a Wizard Lord in his early sixties. He is tall, gaunt, and ascetic-looking. His hair is long and dark and his piercing eyes are vivid blue. Helseher dresses with a lack of vanity that appears as carelessness; he favours free-flowing garments in midnight black or blue-grey that allow him maximum freedom of movement. A Lord Magister of the Golden Order, Helseher is more concerned with abstractions than worldly concerns, and rarely leaves his apartments and offices at the Guild. Consequently, he is little seen by the general populace, who regard him as a slightly sinister figure.

Janna Eberhauer — Deputy High Wizard

Janna is only in her mid-thirties, but has already been elevated to the rank of Master Wizard. She is tall and statuesque, with a tumbling mass of auburn hair and freckles across her cheeks and the bridge of her nose. Intelligent and friendly, Janna has the great gift of being able to put people at their ease. This is highly useful for getting information that they might not otherwise disclose. She does not air her own opinions too readily, however, and often sounds ambivalent in her views.

She is much more socially active than Helseher, and is particularly fond of an evening out at the Singing Moon. She and Eva Dietrich, the club's proprietor, are fast friends. The fact that Janna looks much younger than her age has fuelled rumours about some blood tie with Eva.

Janna is a practitioner of Celestial magic, but she eschews much of the ostentatious trappings of the order, favouring practicality and classic style. She looks quite unlike anyone's expectations of a Wizard.

THE LOW KINGS OF MIDDENHEIM

Middenheim has no single Thieves' Guild, and the Cult of Randal is largely absent from the city, not daring to oppose the Low Kings. These gang lords oversee organised networks of criminals and it can be honestly stated that in the poorer districts of Middenheim their influence is felt far more viscerally than the Graf's.

There are currently four individuals in Middenheim who warrant the title of Low King. The most powerful, known only as 'The Man', controls underworld activity throughout Ostwald and swathes of the surrounding districts. All organised criminal activity in Middenheim occurs at the say of a Low King. They demand a cut of every extortion racket, every lifted purse, every shipment of smuggled goods. Those few criminals who work purely for themselves must take painstaking efforts to escape the notice of the Low Kings, as the punishment they mete out to independent criminals is often much more brutal than those levied by Middenheim's courts.

GETTING TO MIDDENHEIM

Middenheim stands at the junction of two busy trade routes, and a steady line of traffic arrives at the city from Altdorf, Marienburg, and Talabheim. These roads are solidly constructed, well maintained, and regularly patrolled. Some of the finest coaching inns in the Empire are found along these routes, and travellers are never far away from a safe refuge. However, the wealth moving along these roads still attracts highway robbers, as well as desperate bands of Mutants or Goblins. Despite the protection afforded by Road Wardens and coaching inns, travellers are still advised to join large groups and look to their own defence.

There are numerous reasons to visit Middenheim, some of which are listed here.

- Before the reign of Magnus the Pious, the Empire was bitterly divided. Religious differences between followers of Ulric and Sigmar had been a contributing factor to the rifts. Within the two cults there are people who work to ensure such enmity does not blight the Empire in the future, just as there are also those who wish to see hostilities renewed. A Sigmarite patron might sponsor adventurers to help promote religious harmony within the Ulrican city, but another might just as easily hire them to sow sectarian discord.
- Sigmarite Witch Hunters are not welcome in Middenheim. Whilst members of the Order of the Silver Hammer are not prohibited from the city, they find it a cold house and the citizens of Middenheim are often hostile to them. Witch Hunters suspect that Middenheim is home to many witches, but they have struggled to gather evidence to support their suspicions. A Witch Hunter may wish to sponsor some adventurers to carry out an investigation, or lead a group themselves.
- The provinces of Nordland and Middenland have a complicated history with Middenheim. There are nobles in both provinces who would like to either strengthen bonds between their domains and the city state, or foster a sense of independence. They seek agents to spy on Middenheim's rulers, judge their intentions, and gather pertinent information.
- Two large knightly orders have important bases of operation in the city: the White Wolves at the High Temple of Ulric, and the Knights Panther. These orders are always recruiting new members to replace knights lost campaigning against Goblins and Beastmen of the Drakwald. A noble Character, or devotee of Ulric with a good sword arm, might be urged to join their ranks.
- The Elves of the Laurelorn and Dwarfs of the World's Edge Mountains also regard Middenheim as something of a political battleground. The Laurelorn Queen seeks to ensure that the people of Nordland do not stray into Elf business, and the Dwarf King has it on his mind to see the Middle Mountains won back from raiding Orcs and Goblins. See *Archives of the Empire Volume I* for more on the denizens of the Laurelorn and their Queen.
- The criminal Low Kings offer opportunities to thieves and racketeers, provided they are paid their quotas. A criminal Character that is willing to work for a Low King can benefit from the protection and training afforded by some of the greatest organised criminals in the Old World.
- Necromancers know of the Liche-Thing Babrakkos that once haunted the lands around Middenheim. Recently icons and artefacts associated with its worship have been cropping up in the hands of people with no knowledge of its terrible power. Experts in the undead fear it may manifest once more.
- What could be more fun than to attend Middenheim's famous carnival? (Especially if the rumours about the Todbringers turn out to be true.) Even hardened adventurers might like to spend some time soaking in the atmosphere at some of the best outdoor performances in the Empire, whilst more practical sorts could try to earn renown in the Minotaur fights or archery tournaments.





MIDDENHEIM

A VISITOR'S GUIDE



Throughout the southern provinces, Middenheim is often overlooked, dismissed as more of a fortress than a city and upstaged by the larger metropolises such as Altdorf and Nuln. Visitors exploring Middenheim soon discover hidden attractions beyond its grim facade.

On first impressions, many parts of the city have a cramped and disordered look, and historically Middenheim has a reputation for fomenting civil discord and religious extremism. Even those who have respect for Middenheim's impregnability and longevity may regard it as less of a city to be lived in and more a fortress to be manned.

Yet first impressions are soon dispelled in those who stay there for even a short while. Behind its walls Middenheim is a surprisingly cultured and cosmopolitan place. The people tend to be tolerant, even trusting, and while areas of the city are dilapidated, Middenheim is a better place to live than many others in the Empire. This openness to free thinking might seem odd for a fortress city. It surely has much to do with the fact that under their rule the Todbringers have taken care to consider the views of their people when drafting and enforcing laws. The pronounced presence of scholars, and the relatively harmonious relations between members of different species, also promotes the liberalism of Middenheim.

There are two official ways of entering the fortress city: through one of the four great gates or by one of two hazardous-looking chair lifts. Of course, Characters who want to sneak into Middenheim could try to find their way in through the Undercity, but this is a hazardous and unmapped route. Citizens of Middenheim do not like unannounced visitors, and if strangers are caught trying to sneak in like this they are subjected to the rough justice of the Fusspulver Court or, worse, the Low Kings.

CITY GATES

Entry to Middenheim is granted through one of the four great gates, studded wooden doors flanked by stone keeps. The keeps stand 40 ft high, and the surrounding city walls reach nearly as tall. There are always at least 20 armed guards at each gate. Inside the walls and adjacent to each gate are the barracks for one of the four detachments of the City Watch. Under the gatehouses are cells for troublemakers and thieves.

Four mighty viaducts lead to Middenheim's gates. Three of these rise from the surrounding lands and wend their way up to the city's north, west, and south gates. The fourth causeway travels to the city in a level line, running from the peaks of the Middle Mountains. These incredible structures represent a unique collaboration between Dwarf engineering skill and Human magical prowess.

They start well away from the Fauschlag rock, so that the gradient is not too steep for even the most heavily laden farm wagon. They are so cunningly designed that in time of war they can be destroyed by a single word of command uttered by one of Middenheim's senior Wizards.

FINDING WORK IN THE CITY

It is not easy to pursue a career in Middenheim without first joining a Guild or mollifying one of the Low Kings. If Characters wish to undertake the Income Endeavour whilst in Middenheim, they must consider this.

Academics, Burghers, Courtiers, and Peasants can arrange a meeting with a relevant Guild as an Endeavour. In doing so they must pay their dues and pass any pertinent Tests, after which they can take the Income Endeavour as normal.

If a Character attempts an Income Endeavour in the city without first joining a Guild, they should make a **Difficult (-10) Charm Test** to represent their attempts to stop gossips informing a Guild of their misdemeanours. If the Character fails, immediately apply the effects of the **Old Debts** and **Under Suspicion** events (**WFRP**, page 194) to represent the Guild cracking down on the Characters.

Characters from the Rogue Class may contact a Low King using the same process.

Warriors, Rangers, and Burghers acting in the profession of Beggars need not join any Guild to make Income Endeavours.

Riverfolk find Middenheim offers them few opportunities for work, though Smugglers may appeal to Low Kings in the same way as Rogues, and Stevedores may join the Teamsters' Guild and turn their hand to unloading carts rather than barges.

Tolls and Fees

There is a toll gate where each viaduct begins, but local farmers and coaches bearing the city's coat of arms are not stopped, and neither are priests of Ulric, Knights Panther, or Knights of the White Wolf. Everyone else pays a Shilling-a-leg.

Traffic on the Viaducts

The roads into the city are clogged with traffic from just before dawn. Farmers bring foodstuffs to market, herdsman drive cattle to the slaughterhouse, merchant caravans ferry spices from Araby and Ind via Marienburg, or silks from Far Cathay brought through the World's Edge Mountains. Bands of pilgrims arrive almost hourly to worship at the High Temple of Ulric.

As the day wears on, the flow of traffic starts to reverse. The coaches go first, their great horses snorting impatiently. Castle Rock coaching house runs the routes to Altdorf and the south, while Wolf Runner Coaches ply the Marienburg and northern roads. Many are accompanied, at least initially, by a Road Warden patrol. In the afternoon, those with homes in the surrounding villages depart, but do so in sporadic groups so the causeways aren't too crowded. Finally, just before sunset, coaches from Altdorf, Marienburg and beyond arrive. Horses that have just covered a 30-mile stage through dark and oppressive forest labour up the viaducts. Then, as the sun sinks behind the distant Laurelor, the gates are closed and barred for the night. Only knights and messengers on the Graf's business are admitted before the next dawn.

Spot Checks

The guards do not have time to stop and interview everyone but spot checks are regularly carried out. Caravans are invariably stopped and their owners asked either to show evidence of Guild membership, or else pay a levy of 10% of the value of their goods. Farm wagons are rarely stopped, since these are always locals either personally known to the guards, or assumed to be renting a stall in the Altmarkt street markets. Pilgrims are often waved in without a word, as are members of the nobility.

Those bearing heavy arms and armour are always stopped. A gruff sergeant at arms will demand that each visitor provide their names and explain why they are visiting the city. The guards also demand that anyone visiting the city must go about dressed and equipped so as not to cause undue alarm. This means all plate armour must be carried rather than worn, and that any weapons larger than a short sword or rapier must be properly sheathed and deposited. If the Characters have a place of residence, they can leave weapons and armour there, or they can be stored at the gatehouse (a receipt is given if Characters insist). Anyone refusing to comply with these requests is not admitted.

CHAIR LIFT TERMINALS

Pedestrians who can afford the fare often enter the city by one of the chair lifts. There are stone and wood buildings clinging precariously to the rim of the plateau where the chair lift apparatus is located and fares collected. Prices are 1/- for unladen passengers, plus 4/- per backpack, 5/- to 11/- per trunk, and 12/- to 1 GC per chest (the variations in cost depending more upon rough approximations of the weight of the luggage rather than its size – generally speaking, if it can fit in the luggage compartment of a coach, it can fit in a chair lift).

There are 20 guardsmen at each terminus and the reception here is much the same as that at the gates. The main difference is that the guards have more time and make even more thorough checks.



Sergeant Wolfgard Hohmann

Wolfgard is the picture of an upright and courageous guardsman, sporting the golden tresses of a Teutogen hero and the magnificent handlebar mustachios beloved of Reikland officers of horse. He is a soldier of many years standing and his armour bears a number of medals awarded to him by the Midden Marshals for his service. He always polishes his armour to a high sheen and deals with those who pass through the West Gate with polite manners and a dedication to procedure.

He leads the team of guards at the West Gate five days a week. The soldiers following him rue his command, for he is conscientious and exacting, often ordering them to search through every item of cargo making its way into the city. Wolfgard insists on thorough investigation of those entering the city as a matter of public duty.

But Wolfgard is not the dedicated professional he appears to be. On his days off he visits the Bretonnian House Inn in the Altquartier. He passes interesting information about newcomers to Middenheim to the Dwarf Alfric Half-Nose, an information broker for the Low Kings. Wolfgard lets Alfric know about the precious items he spots during his searches, or of any visitors who look like they follow criminal careers. In return he is told about smugglers expected to arrive in Middenheim so that he can arrest, ignore, or extort them, depending on their affiliation.

SERGEANT WOLFGARD HOHMANN HUMAN HONOUR GUARD (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	54	27	42	42	38	40	32	36	31	38	15

Traits: Armour (Breastplate and Helm) 2, Weapon (Halberd) +7, Weapon (Sword) +7

Skills: Endurance 46, Evaluate 51, Gossip 48, Intuition 43, Melee (Basic) 64, Melee (Polearm) 59, Perception 44

Talents: Doomed (*The scythe shall reap thy flesh*), Relentless, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Tenacious

Trappings: Halberd, Polished Breastplate, Sharp Remarks, Sword, Unit of Guards, Well-Pressed Uniform



Sergeant Wereburga Krotpreffer

Wereburga is a veteran sergeant who leads the guards at the city's North Gate four days a week. She is a formidable woman in her late 50s, statuesque and broad-shouldered with an angular nose like a Giant Eagle's beak. Her gaze is so stern and piercing that her troops tell anecdotes about smugglers turning their carts around just at the sight of her.

After years of manning the gates, Wereburga has grown cynical and reactionary. She is a supporter of the Sentinel Press, and trusts in their vision of absolute self-rule for Middenheim. She has an extremely narrow-minded approach to protecting Middenheim's interests. This manifests in her habit of waving visitors through the gates if they are from Nordland or Middenland, and clearly followers of Ulric. Everyone else she subjects to withering and unpleasant scrutiny, particularly if they are from southern provinces or overt followers of Sigmar.

Wereburga is the cause of regular complaints, as those who are subjected to her intense inspections soon notice that they are being singled out whilst Ulricans are treated to more welcoming manners. So far no one has done anything to chastise her, giving strength to rumours that this attitude is common to the city Watch as a whole.

SERGEANT WEREBURGA KROTPREFFER HUMAN HONOUR GUARD (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	49	36	38	45	38	33	35	39	40	22	15

Traits: Animosity (Sigmarites), Armour (Breastplate and Helm) 2, Prejudice (Outsiders), Weapon (Warhammer +9, Sword +7)

Skills: Cool 44, Dodge 38, Intimidate 45, Intuition 46, Melee (Basic) 55, Melee (Two-Handed) 55, Perception 47, Ranged (Bow) 42

Talents: Doomed (*The written word shall spell thy doom*), Reversal, Shieldsman, Strike to Stun, Tenacious

Trappings: A Grim Outlook, Discerning Gaze, Sword, Unit of Uneasy Guards, Warhammer



ALTMARKT

Middenheim's Altmarkt district is one of the city's busier commercial centres, with shops and roadside stalls specialising in fresh produce and household goods. Whilst many folk make their homes here, it is not known as a residential area. Most of those who live in the district also work there.

As soon as the gates open in the morning, farmers and smallholders wheel their carts here. Goods such as meat, fresh fruit and vegetables are brought into the city through the South Gate shortly after dawn, and the markets are open from an hour after dawn until dusk. Some of the more successful farmers keep their own stalls and shops within the city, but most sell their wares to a favoured stallholder and make their way back to their farmsteads.

Altmarkt bustles with commerce as dawn breaks and attracts entertainers and pickpockets making what they can from the crowds. The nearby Altquartier provides the proprietors of Altmarkt with a steady supply of cheap labour, but also presents a threat – the Low Kings. Edam Gouda, the Big Cheese from Marienburg, extorts protection money from the shops and stallholders of the area whilst Bleyden, the Lowest of the Low Kings, is the proprietor of numerous vice dens to the north of the district.

THE MARKET AREA

The market from which the district takes its name is situated in the south-eastern corner, and is backed by a maze of tangled alleys. During the day, the streets here are lined with vendors hawking their wares from stalls and carts. Most of the city's basic food requirements are satisfied by vendors in the district. Business is busiest early in the morning when buyers from noble households and the city's restaurants scurry to grab the best produce.

Mid-morning things begin to settle down, and for the rest of the day the bulk of the market's customers are householders and servants. Hawkers are about at all hours of the day selling hot pies and snacks, as well as cutlery, candles, and clothes pegs.

Most goods for sale in the Altmarkt are of reasonable quality, and despite the fact that this is not a wealthy area there are a number of very fine food outlets. Stallholders selling cheap and nasty items do exist, but generally competition is such that anyone who earns a reputation for poor quality goods soon feels the squeeze.

ECKZÄHNEHAUS

These extensive kennels are managed by a sturdy but elderly woman called Bertha Waldhaus. She spends most of her day running her charges through her strict training regimes. The dogs kept here are all large and muscular breeds. They are purchased or hired to help guard warehouses or act as personal protection.

Whilst she is strict, if not a little harsh, in her training methods, Bertha has great affection for the dogs she trains, and she would hate to hear of any of them being mistreated or used in blood sports.

TO THE DOGS



- ☠ Bertha is an upright Middenheimer who refuses to pay protection to Edam Gouda. The fact that she is able and willing to turn dozens of trained warhounds on predatory racketeers has discouraged them from pressing the point. However, the Big Cheese has plans to humble her. Criminal Characters with good sword arms may be sought by Gouda to force Bertha to start paying respect (and protection money).
- ☠ Allavandrel Fanmaris, Middenheim's Master of the Hunt, sometimes does business with Bertha. She usually keeps a small pack of hunting dogs aside from her normal stock in case he pays an unexpected visit. Characters known to Bertha as experts in hunting or archery may win friends in high places if she likes them enough to recommend them as hunting guides to Allavandrel.

FLEISCHER'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE

This is the main abattoir servicing the markets, and a busy place throughout the working day. Livestock comes into the city on the hoof, is slaughtered here, and prepared for sale. Butchers from all over the Altmarkt arrive to collect sides of meat and pails of fresh offal. The slaughterhouse also sells hides to tanneries in Neumarkt, as well as Middenheim's three scriptoria, who use them in producing vellum. The slaughterhouse is owned by Bruno Fleischer, a tall and muscular man in his late 30s.

THE STEAK OUT

- ☠ It is rumoured that Bruno and his staff work as frighteners for Edam Gouda's protection racket, but since payments are always collected by masked thugs after dark this is difficult to prove. Darker rumours suggest the slaughterhouse doubles as a torture chamber and worse. Characters may wish to look into such rumours, or be hired by a third party to perform investigations.
- ☠ Thogthagg has arrived in Middenheim. She is confused by the finer points of human culture, and doesn't understand why meat is killed in one place, but sold in another. She is becoming frustrated and rowdy, and the assistance of the Characters in calming her would win them the gratitude of Slaughterhouse staff.

GEWÜRZWAGEN

Early each morning Prajit Brahm wheels his brightly coloured wagon into his preferred space on the Altmarkt streets. It is festooned with jars and bottles containing aromatic seeds and hot peppers. Prajit is famed throughout the city for the high-quality spices that he sources from suppliers in Ind and the Southlands. He is known to have extensive dealings with the Arabian spice dealer Hassan of Marienburg. Whilst the folk of Araby are culturally and ethnically distinct from the people of Ind, the two men have much in common, being recent arrivals to the Empire with a deep knowledge of their trade.

HEARSAY OR HERESY?

- ☠ Whilst Prajit is a benign individual, his religious beliefs, which include a belief in reincarnation, are rather different from those found in the Empire. Prajit has learned to practise his spirituality privately, but also holds strong principles against denying his faith. This makes him vulnerable to racketeers, who are currently scalping him by threatening to call for him to be tried for heresy. Prajit suspects a scam, but would rather lose a bit of income than renounce his faith. He is guarded when speaking with outwardly religious Characters.



HORSE AND GROOM

Altmarkt taverns tend to be cramped and crowded, but the *Horse and Groom* is an exclusive and costly place. It is similar to the large fortified coaching inns that can be found along the Empire's roads, and this is reflected in the inn's name and decor. However, the stables and stalls are better suited to oxen than horses and the walls around the building are not intended to ward off Goblin raiders, but rather to give the clientele a sense of reprieve from the market bustle.

The *Horse and Groom* caters mostly to those merchants who arrive in Middenheim at the head of wagon trains and trading missions. These rural magnates are too poor and rustic to fit in with the merchant lords of the Geldmund (see page 49), but still appreciate a well-appointed place within which to escape the *hoi polloi*.

Whilst many petty criminals might consider the *Horse and Groom* to be a source of rich pickings, it would be a foolish thief who sought to rob the place. The Low Kings know that their profits ultimately depend on wealthy travelling merchants, and so they do what they can to make sure such people find the Altmarkt welcoming.

NOT SO RICH PICKINGS



☠ The Low Kings reckon that what they lose in terms of robbing wealthier merchants they more than make up for in the money they extort from stallholders. Any Characters who work as pickpockets or footpads too close to the *Horse and Groom* find themselves preyed upon in turn.

THE ICE HOUSE

The only part of the Ice House that can be seen from the street is a gateway, shaped like a miniature red brick fortification. Inside, a narrow passageway leads downwards to a junction with several alcoves, secure behind padlocked grates. Each winter labourers are hired to carve blocks of ice from the surface of the Black Pool (see page 59) and stack them up within the alcoves. Throughout the rest of the year patrons of the Ice House store perishable goods here where they are kept cool and pest-free.

The Ice House is managed by a strange pair of Elves who keep a small townhouse nearby. Eldriar is a mature Elf woman, with long silver hair and awkward, overly friendly manners. Her companion is a sullen young Elf man called Alzeraith. They claim to be visitors from the Tower of the Dawn, a far-flung High Elven settlement. They keep to themselves, saying they wish to observe Human civilisation a while, making themselves useful whilst doing so, before returning home.

In fact, Eldriar was once a citizen of the dread realm of Naggaroth, one of the hateful Druchii who plunder the world's seas and revel in the dark side of Elven spirituality. She has fled with her son because she recognises within him a nascent potential for sorcery, and seeks to protect Alzeraith from Naggaroth's Witch King who cruelly persecutes other male magic users.

Eldriar fears that those with Second Sight may be able to uncover her son's secret. In order to provide plausible deniability, she has hidden a shard of warpstone under a flagstone in one of the icy chambers. Should someone ever try to locate a source of dark magic here, they might credit it for the corruption, giving the Elves a chance to flee.

The Dark Elves know to keep a low profile and suppress their desires, but this is wearisome. Eldriar is beginning to crave some of the more esoteric delights she once enjoyed in Naggaroth. If she became aware of a cult dedicated to Slaanesh, she would make an eager adherent and powerful ally, and would work to destroy anyone who risked exposing the cult.

MARKTAG GROCERS' MARKET

For most of the week this large warehouse lies empty, patrolled by a shiftless watchman and occasionally visited by a gimlet-eyed and jaundiced Rat Catcher called Frau Raubkat. However, every Marktag the place becomes one of the busiest areas of the city. The Grocers' Market is open to all local farmers and smallholders to come and sell their best and freshest produce.

Whilst roadside stalls and grocer's shops can be found all over the Altmarkt, to earn a place in the Grocers' Market a stall owner must have a reputation for quality and upright business practice. The reputation of the traders here is therefore a good one, and the produce on sale is always seasonal and of the highest quality.

The Kommission for Public Works regards the Marktag Grocers' Market as a worthy cause to promote, as it is beloved of all classes. They ensure that the city's best buskers and festival performers are hired to perform on a small bandstand erected in the centre of the space.



MIDDENLAND FARMERS' ASSOCIATION

The Middenland Farmers' Association keeps a small brick building in the Altmarkt for its office. From the outside there is nothing to distinguish it from other residences in the area. However, in a small alcove to the side of the building a stag's skull is respectfully hung, one of the few public acknowledgements of Taal's worship in Middenheim.

Unlike Guilds, the Association has no particular political clout. Most of the farmland within Middenheim's ambit is owned by nobles, who are happy to ignore the Association as they see fit. Dietrich Hoffman is the chief representative for the farmers, a tireless advocate for the welfare of farm workers and the need to abide by best practice. However, he is a rather morose and irritable character, and those he seeks to advise find him a bore. 'To warn of bad harvests is to be blamed for bad harvests' has become his melancholic catchphrase.

On occasion Erno Horvathy, a Jade Wizard from Middenheim's Guild of Wizards, consults with the Farmers' Association.

A BITTER HARVEST

- ☠ According to legend, Taal promised Ulric that the Fauschlag would be a place all of his own. Whilst other temples to other gods exist in the city, and the shrine to Taal here is discreet, there are fervent Ulricans who resent its presence and seek to have it removed, or even desecrated.
- ☠ In response to mediocre harvests, a pamphlet is circulating accusing farmers of trying to starve the city. It argues that farmers only harvest a fraction of the crop to save themselves work and drive up prices. The pamphlet is associated with Middenheim's New Millennialist movement, though it is not like them to target commonfolk and rhetoric like 'to get his wheat you must punch a farmer in the face and point a handgun at his family' is unbecoming of Verenans. The campaign could be a sign of growing militancy within the group, or an attempt by agent provocateurs to discredit them and instigate infighting.
- ☠ The Wizard Erno Horvathy has been practising his art with a few volunteer farmers on the eastern fields outside Middenheim, and a sizable, early harvest of grain is the result. Unfortunately some Middenheimers, while tolerant of approved magical practices, are very wary of eating anything grown with even a hint of magical help. They are protesting these *Ghyran* matured oats by picketing the Farmer's Association, and Hoffman is quickly running out of patience. Can someone convince the crowds that the oats are safe – if they even are?

THE TARDY ASS

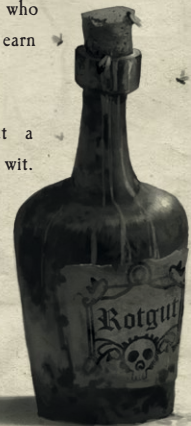
The Tardy Ass, a spacious and clean tavern, is one of Middenheim's best kept secrets. Jost Geller is the proprietor. He is diligent, with a keen appreciation of his limitations and how to work well within them. He concentrates on selling a small range of fair and inexpensive ales, wines, and spirits, as well as bar snacks like dried pork crackling and roasted pignuts. He encourages Middenheim's better buskers to play in the tavern and ensures that his staff are competent and hardworking.

But the real secret of his success is Festag Flytings, contests of jibes which always draw a boisterous audience. Two contenders mount the small stage at the back of the bar and trade insults. A contestant is expected to be creative, witty, cutting, and able to apply a degree of poetic skill. Scatology, vulgarity, and bigotry are by no means prohibited, but they are deemed unimaginative resorts and a skilled flyter always seeks to give such things a twist. The ability to withstand mockery is essential and a contestant who blushes, cringes, or weeps a frustrated tear loses the contest immediately.

There is no formal scoring of the event. However, the benefits of being able to make a good show of a flyting can be far-reaching. A good flyter wins city-wide repute for wit, resilience, and good sportsmanship.

CATCH AS CAT TONGUE

- ☠ Flyting is associated mostly with Middenheim's lower classes. No person of importance would risk their reputation by participating as a contestant. Nevertheless, certain worthies take an interest in the events. Rallane Lafarel enjoys the flytings and derives inspiration for some of his comic skits from them. He visits the tavern incognito once every few months in the company of friends such as Dieter Schneidehammer. Were such people to be recognised, they would look kindly on those who treated their presence with discretion. Characters who are diplomatic about such visits may earn powerful friends.
- ☠ A humiliated flyter may seek out a Character with a reputation for wit. Whilst sore losers are not respected by the flyting community, it is not unknown for an inept competitor to secretly hire a proxy to enact revenge. This is risky, as fans of flyting ruthlessly condemn such poor sportsmanship.



WORSHIPFUL GUILD OF LEGALISTS

The Worshipful Guild of Legalists is a three-storey building that fronts on to the Ost Weg. The stone-clad building is decorated with elaborately carved reliefs depicting fanciful renderings of historical Grafs receiving blessings from Ulric and Verena. The offices are open to the public between 10:00 and 4:00. A number of clerks can be seen staring blankly into space in the general office behind the enquiry counter, but visitors are always kept waiting for at least 30 minutes.

This Kommission has the dual function of registering all the city's litigants (who make up many of the city's magistrates), and of drafting all new legislation. In carrying out the latter task, the Guild ensures that the wording of all enactments remains incomprehensible to anyone not educated in law. The Guild does not draw up new policy — this is the privilege of the Graf, though he often delegates to advisors. Middenheim's Law Lords discuss new policy with the Graf, and then direct the Guild on how best to implement it.

As well as the Guild offices, archives, and magistrates' chambers, the building incorporates the Fusspulver Court, which deals with matters of civil law, such as running a business without having joined the appropriate Guild. The Fusspulver Court is businesslike; it is rare for cases tried here to last more than an hour. Unless it's a case of tax-dodging, which is handled by the Law Lords in the Middenpalaz, civil misdemeanours come before this court. The cases are tried by three of Middenheim's magistrates, and a majority verdict suffices to convict the accused.

There are also a number of petty courtrooms for handling disputes between shoppers and traders. These are open during the market's opening hours, and deal with cases on the spot. Magistrates here deal with cases so quickly, local gossip has it that their verdicts are decided on a coin toss. In cases of dispute over contracts, historical precedence, and so on, the judgement of the Priestess of Verena is usually accepted by way of arbitration. Whilst the magistrates take the arguments of litigants seriously, complaints about arbitrary judgements are fairly common.

A busy scriptorium is buried deep within the building's bowels. Hardworking scribes (20 odd) spend their days here copying books, scrolls, and other documents either for the Graf's personal use, or for the city records which are kept in a huge vault beneath the building. Occasionally, a visitor catches a glimpse of one of the cobweb-covered, dodderly scribes emerging from one of the various offices to deliver a dusty or mildewed tome to a bored-looking clerk. These scribes were employed 50 years ago to introduce a new, efficient filing system. Unfortunately, it was decided to return to the old system ten years ago. Now no one finds anything without a lot of luck.



ALTQUARTIER

It is not clear how the Altquartier came by its name, since there is no evidence that it is older than any other area of Middenheim. The Altquartier is adjacent to the Altmarkt, and is a maze of winding streets and alleyways lined with run-down terraced houses. Buildings are constructed and demolished regularly, and newer streets have even been built over the tops of crumbling older buildings, but the Altquartier's slum-like feel never changes. The taverns are of low quality and offer exotic, if sordid, facilities and entertainments. They are a favourite haunt of both hardened criminals and groups of young rakes out slumming.

The atmosphere of the district is generally anarchic. Altquartier is the home of a large part of Middenheim's underworld: the word of the Low Kings means more here than the laws of the Graf. Watch patrols who brave the Altquartier streets are openly reviled and spat upon, and so they generally leave the inhabitants to their own devices.

THE COCKY DAME

The Cocky Dame is one of the district's nicer taverns, a large, spacious and well-lit building. Its upper storeys house a seemingly endless number of snug, small single rooms, as well as a large common room which is cleaned at least once a week. A number of different ales and good homely cooking are available here for a fair price. The inn also enjoys a good reputation for the lack of violent brawling, a notably rare quality in Middenheim's Altquartier.

However, there is an ulterior motive behind the veneer of peace, comfort, and harmony that exists in the tavern. Gottfried Vonnegut, the proprietor of the inn, is one of the leading lights in the Cult of the Red Crown. He is well funded and ensures that his bar staff are both competent and loyal. Beneath the inn the large cellar allows access to Middenheim's Undercity. In these tunnels the more mutated members of the cult can meet safely with more recognisably Human cultists.

THE BAITING PIT

The Baiting Pit is a squat stone cylinder squeezed between the lopsided tenements of a narrow Altquartier alley. From the street it almost looks as if the ramshackle structure is being pushed outwards by its jostling neighbours. Outside the building a number of large iron braziers have been set up. These send up tall bright flames, so long as Kled, the particularly surly and unlikable Dwarf who manages the Baiting Pit, remembers to keep them fuelled.

The venue is aptly named, for it is one of Middenheim's most popular sites for unsanctioned bouts. Whilst it lacks the grandeur of the Bernabau Stadium, the atmosphere is more intimate and volatile. Criminals and lowlives who might feel out of place at the stadium are welcome here. All manner of wretched animals are led into the large circular pit in the centre of the venue where they are goaded into slaughtering each other. Most of the bouts are fought between dogs, or a dog and a pack of rats, or a pair of fighting cocks.

TAKING THE BAIT



- ☠ Every so often a more exotic animal is brought here, such as a bear, or a mutant boar, or a young Demigryph that has proved too wild to be trained. News of these fantastical creatures spreads fast: on such nights the place is jam-packed despite the hike to entry fees. If the Characters could procure exotic animals to fight here, Bleyden, one of the Low Kings, would pay them a percentage of the night's takings.
- ☠ Everyone in the Altquartier knows that Kled does not own the business, but merely takes care of it on behalf of his master, Bleyden. For a Low King Bleyden is open to talking to adventurers, if they have an intriguing proposition for him. Whilst he does not suffer fools, he is usually receptive to anyone seeking to talk to him through Kled.
- ☠ Kled recently took delivery of some Drakwald Mancatchers (a subspecies of Giant Spider - WFRP page 315), and was planning to show them off in a pitfight. To his horror, however, one has gone missing! Word has it that Hilbury Stilburg is behind the theft, though of course the criminals of the Altquartier have ample reason for spreading slanders about the halfling.

BLESSED HEINRICH'S TEMPLE

Like a tall fortress tower squeezed between the tenements of the Altquartier, Blessed Heinrich's is one of many smaller temples to Ulric in the city. Whilst the Grand Temple caters to a great number of worshippers, it simply cannot regularly serve every observant Ulrican in Middenheim, and almost every district of the city is home to one or two smaller shrines. This temple was established during the reign of Graf Heinrich, just after his argument with Ar-Ulric. Desperate to show the people of Middenheim that his disagreements with the Ulrican cult did not signify any disparagement of Ulric, Heinrich very publicly sponsored the construction of this temple.

Finding building space in Middenheim is a costly business, and the temple is tall but narrow. Whilst undoubtedly impressive, it can only house around 300 worshippers at any one time. During the time Ar-Ulric, the cult's spiritual leader, spent in the court of Talabheim, a substitute cult was established in Middenheim. But for the disagreement with the Graf this new cult was a close copy of the original, and followed it closely in all matters of doctrine.

The head of the cult was known as Frae-Ulric, and the High Priest of Blessed Heinrich's Temple retains this title. These days Blessed Heinrich's is seen as Middenheim's second Temple of Ulric, and Ar-Ulric and Frae-Ulric take great pains to support one another and demonstrate the unity of Ulric's priesthood.



BRETONNIAN HOUSE INN

Bretonnian House Inn is an old, small tavern; its front painted with a thick layer of pungent black pitch. It is a rather squalid place, with cracked panes of glass in the windows and a permanent smell of overly boiled vegetables seeping from the cheap eating room above. The inn never seems to close, and other than the name the only thing Bretonnian about the place is a sense of complacency in management and consistent rumours of barely hidden corruption.

A CRIMINAL NETWORKER

The information broker Alfric Anvilbreaker, also known as Half-Nose, is so reliably ensconced within Bretonnian House Inn that he seems to be a permanent fixture. He actively seeks the company of adventurers because they are good sources of gossip.



THE CUT PURSE TAVERN

The Cut Purse Tavern is another of Altquartier's notoriously criminal taverns. There is little irony in the choice of the inn's name, and visitors are expected to keep a close eye on their valuables. Complaints about pickpockets do not find a sympathetic ear here.

Despite the open criminality of the place, it is not a particularly rowdy tavern, lacking the violent atmosphere of the nearby *Last Drop*. The main saloon room is large and airy, with a number of comfortable seating areas set round the large central bar. The clientele here tend to be older and at ease with one another, veteran gangsters and retired old cons who like to sit and reminisce about past capers over a tankard of ale and a puff of pipe weed. Despite the relatively relaxed air of *The Cut Purse*, it would be a foolish watchman who sought to throw their weight around in the tavern. A gangster does not reach retirement age without knowing a trick or two, or without earning a number of very dangerous acquaintances.

EAST END PITCH

Roughly in the centre of the district is a rectangle of derelict land. Most of the rubble has been cleared to the edges, and the surface is a patchy mosaic of bare rock and packed earth. This is the home venue of Altquartier's Middenball team, The Eastenders. Full matches aren't played here very often due to the unreasonably high death and injury rates. Nevertheless, there are usually two or three young athletes found here at any one time having a kick about.

The pitch is also an important meeting place for criminal rivals, such as those who work for Bleyden and Edam Gouda. Anyone meeting there is in plain sight (so acts of violence are witnessed) but the open space makes it difficult for any uninvited guests to eavesdrop on negotiations (as they might in a tavern).



Alfric 'Half-Nose' Anvilbreaker

As his name suggests, much of Alfric's nose has been cut away. No one is sure how he came to be so disfigured, and Alfric isn't telling. One of the foremost blackmailers and informants in the city, Alfric carefully courts the favour of local Low Kings, providing free information to the agents of both Bleyden and Edam Gouda.

If he feels that visiting Characters have interesting stories, he operates on a quid pro quo basis. Otherwise he sells information for between one and ten shillings depending on how juicy he thinks it is. He is able to relay anything known amongst the criminal community.

Alfric has dealings with another information broker known only as Josef, and he is careful to ensure that neither one of them monopolises the market. Alfric deals in rumours about Middenheim's underworld whilst Josef specialises in high-society gossip. Alfric can corroborate a story Josef has sold, but only if Josef has been paid for it first. Josef is of no particular abode but Alfric knows how to find him, for a price.

ALFRIC 'HALF-NOSE' ANVILBREAKER DWARF FENCE (SILVER 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	42	32	42	44	38	30	36	49	41	38	16

Traits: Animosity (Elves), Hatred (Greenskins), Prejudice (Strangers), Weapon (Dagger) +6

Skills: Consume Alcohol 51, Evaluate 64, Gossip 68, Haggle 45, Intuition 44, Language (Khazalid) 58, Melee (Basic) 50, Perception 55, Secret Signs (Thief) 52, Trade (Mason) 38

Talents: Criminal, Dealmaker, Etiquette (Criminals), Gregarious, Magic Resistance, Night Vision, Read/Write, Sturdy

Trappings: Dagger, Sharp Ears, Writing Kit

THE LAST DROP

The sign of The Last Drop is a small gibbet with a hangman's noose. Visitors to Middenheim would be wise to take it as fair warning of the atmosphere inside. A notorious den of iniquity, Characters with underworld contacts hear that it is a good place to buy illicit goods of all descriptions. Werner Wutend is the proprietor, a man in his 30s, easily recognised by the very visible scar that runs down the left side of his face from forehead to throat. He chews tobacco constantly, and supplements his takings by selling Randal's Delight for Edam Gouda.

The inn is a two-storey building. The ground floor is the bar area, a cramped and filthy place, low-ceilinged and smoky. It is best not to consider the state of the floor. Practically all the furniture has been broken and crudely repaired, and brawls are a common occurrence. The upper floor houses Werner's rooms, as well as accommodating a drug den to which only known customers are admitted.

SARGANT'S FLOPHOUSE

Sargent's Flophouse is a former merchant's warehouse perched precariously on a steeply sloping alleyway. It is an appalling place to stay, infested with lice, fleas, and vermin. Guests are provided with one of the dirty straw mattresses that line the bare floors of long dormitories. The whole place smells of boiled cabbage, dirt, and despondency. At any time of the day or night a small line of shapeless people in ragged clothes, sporting crutches and terrible scars, stand outside to share a skin of cheap grog.

The proprietor is only known as Sargent. He is a big, bald man, whose once-powerful frame has run to cold pallid flab. He wears mock-opulent clothing, cheap copies of the latest fashions, and always displays a business-like knife on his belt. Sargent is not a cruel man, but he is dull and complacent. Should he become aware of any shady goings-on in the flophouse he moves to set things right, but it is his habit to overlook all but the most obvious abuses.

During the period running up to the Middenheim Carnival, Sargent closes the flophouse for a few days. During this time he changes the straw mattresses, gets rid of some of the rats, and performs a desultory cleaning of the place. He then charges a premium price for accommodation there during the week of the Carnival, before returning to his usual cheap and nasty business standards.

☠ The Carnival is fast approaching, and Sargent wants to get his house in order before the higher paying guests show up. Unfortunately a troop of firebreathing carnival performers have set up shop in one of his rooms and refuse to move on, hoping to get cheap accommodation for the duration. Sargent wants them gone, but his usual muscle doesn't want anything to do with the matter after one was immolated. For several reasons Sargent can't have the watch snooping around. Can the Characters get the performers to leave without the Flophouse burning to the ground?

BROTKOPFS

Brotkopfs has much in common with the neighbouring Kaufseit district in that it is home to many offices and warehouses of mercantile concerns. Brotkopfs is somewhat quieter than Kaufseit and has more residential houses. There are also a number of taverns of average quality found in the district. Most buildings are built to last, constructed from stone, or are at least stone-clad, and are one or two storeys high.

THE BROTKOPFS DRAMA SOCIETY

In Middenheim the two main theatrical bodies are the Königsgarten Theatre and the Middenheim Mummers' Guild, who are both known for cleaving to a conservative line when it comes to dramatic productions. Works that challenge on either political or artistic levels are rarely staged. The Brotkopfs Drama Society is an underground theatre set up by workers in an old warehouse. The drama staged here is riotous and amateurish, but has drawn a number of fans who consider the ribald comedies more lively fare than what they find elsewhere.

The Drama Society are currently preparing for the performance of a controversial play titled *Behind the Golden Mask* which supposes that Balthazar Gelt of the Gold Order is secretly a fugitive from Imperial justice. Initially the play was condemned by Middenheim's Wizards, and was shut down. However, the resulting backlash proved far more uncomfortable an issue for Wizards than its production, and so it has now been reopened. Now every fan of theatre in Middenheim simply has to have an opinion on the play, and Wizards are becoming very tired of being badgered for their opinion on what Balthazar Gelt might have to hide.

The production of *Behind the Golden Mask* has caused a ruction within Volans's Oath of Devotion Society. The junior members of this club see it as their duty to defend the good name of Wizards, and are moving to picket the Drama Society. The older members of the Volans's Oath of Devotion Society are keen to play down the fuss, afraid that their own practice of clandestine magic may come under scrutiny.

GOTTHARD WALLENSTEIN'S RESIDENCE

Gotthard Wallenstein has managed to acquire two important public offices: he is Chairman of both of the Kommission for Commerce, Trade, and Taxation and the Governing Body of the Merchants' Guild. This is a remarkable achievement for a relative newcomer to the city. Thus, not only does he chair the council that advises the Law Lords on all mercantile matters, but he also chairs the Guild that represents the interests of the city's merchants.

It is said in some quarters that he maintains both positions (which are technically elected) through a combination of bribery, bootlicking, flattery, and threats. Gotthard is a master of disguise whose real identity is Gotthard von Wittgenstein — the von Wittgensteins are a Reikland noble family very much in decline, and Gotthard was happy to leave this identity behind him. He is in his early 30s, but his prematurely grey hair and trimmed beard make him look older. He is tall and of medium build, with brown eyes. He dresses rather shabbily, in blues and greys for everyday wear, but is rather better dressed for State occasions. He is heavily involved with the Cult of the Jade Sceptre, a group dedicated to Slaanesh.

Whilst most of the city's merchants aspire to live within the gated security of the Geldmund district, Gotthard keeps a modest house in Brotkopfs. It is not a welcoming place: the windows are shuttered even on sunny days and the brass knocker that once decorated the front door has been removed. After much banging, the door is eventually opened (on a very stout chain) by a hunchbacked servant, Adolphus. He tells enquirers that his master is out, even if he is in.

Wallenstein is constantly on the move, and is practically impossible to find at any time of the day or night. However, he may be encountered by accident wandering a wealthy district of the city or during the evening at one of the better hostleries or clubs. If approached, he invariably denies his identity and suggests everything is a big mistake.

My Dearest Sister,

I write to you in reduced spirits. Recall last time I was so thoroughly enjoying myself that I was having trouble walking? Well things have turned for the worse. Dear Anika-Elise has passed on, and not from a surfeit of weirdroot bulbs and scandalous partying as one might expect. The Morrites deemed it 'natural causes'.

I have tried to cheer myself up with varied binges, but it's not the same. I'm also finding that the cushy positions she found for me as chairman of two of Middenheim's trading boards involve such matters as accountability and hard graft. Do you have any idea how boring a Merchants' Guild meeting is? Profits and margins and whatnot. All work and no fun. And why have you gone so quiet? Months since your last missive. Stop leering at corpses long enough to scrawl a few lines will you? I miss you and the cats.

Your loving brother,

Gotthard



HEAVEN'S LAMENT

The Heaven's Lament is a celebrated cabaret and bar. It is owned and managed by Martina Graf, a formidable woman with a large and muscular frame. This place is expensive — membership costs 6 crowns a year, although in Carnival week visitors can be admitted for a price of 4 shillings each per night. Existing members may bring guests, and if the Characters become friendly with a suitable member, they may be invited along.

The club incorporates a small gambling den with a good reputation for fairness. The den is not rigged because gamblers play each other rather than the house. *The Heaven's Lament* still turns a profit through the 2 shilling admission charge. In the late evenings Elf minstrels play here. These are always class acts; even Rallane the Court Minstrel is known to perform at the *Heaven's Lament*.

SHORT SHRIFT

☠ Dwarfs are strictly prohibited from the bar. This has not yet caused trouble, but if a Dwarf were to complain to an institution such as KEDHI (Komission for Elf, Dwarf and Halfling Interests), it could lead to protests. Whilst other places also bar Dwarfs, these tend to be run by Elves, so relief from Dwarf company is expected. Dwarfs have their own areas that are closed to Elves, so they put up with being prohibited from Elven places in turn. Martina, a Human, has no such excuse. She has been lucky to escape serious complaint so far.



KOMISSION FOR COMMERCE, TRADE, AND TAXATION

In 1987 IC Graf Rudolf announced his intention to '*geld those damn merchants!*', and in order to do so he saw the construction of this imposing three-storey building to house the offices of the Komission for Commerce, Trade and Taxation. Nowadays its governing body is composed almost exclusively of successful trade magnates, so it is hardly surprising then that its activities amount to little more than rubber-stamping merchants' requests.

Members of the general committee of the Komission include representatives of many of the Guilds, however, so the building's debating chamber provides a forum for them to discuss matters of mutual interest.

Like the other Komissions, it is open to the public. There are always a number of clerks on duty whose prime task seems to be to discourage freelance traders. This is fairly easily achieved by presenting the hopeful applicant with reams of incomprehensible forms that must be completed before any bulk sales can be made, together with the winking suggestion that this bureaucracy can be avoided by joining the Guild.

THE MERCHANTS' GUILD

The Merchants' Guild has its offices in an impressive three-storey building, decorated with elaborate stucco work in the Tilean style. All of the city's mercantile concerns have a presence here, and it is the scene of many private deals that affect the whole of Middenheim's economy and the surrounding area.

One of the building's prominent features is a vast meeting hall decorated with portraits of former Chairs of the Guild. The most recent painting is of Gotthard Wallenstein, the current chair. Those who know of his family connections may feel that there is something eerily familiar about the painting.

Finally, the Merchants' Guild is highly protective about its monopoly on the city's trade. Provided that there is a vacancy, market stalls can be rented fairly easily and buying bulk goods is straightforward, though the Guild charges 10% of the price. The right to sell, however, is granted only to those who have the proper connections, such as members of the nobility, members of Merchants' Guilds in other cities, and relatives or friends of existing members.

THE SWAN AND SAIL

The Swan and Sail is a poky residential building that has been granted a license to operate as a tavern. It is not particularly conducive as a site for a good night out. Within the small dark building every inch of spare space is crammed with barrels and vats, there is limited seating, gloomy decor, nothing in the way of entertainment, and a tiny draughty outhouse serves as the sole toilet facility. Nevertheless, the tavern enjoys a modest reputation due to the fact that the proprietor, Jurgen Hartwald, treats brewing his own fine ales as a labour of love.

Jurgen's varied range of ales is uniformly of good quality, though he constantly tinkers with his recipes and never produces more than a couple of kegs of the same brew. He does charge high prices for his wares (typically 5d for a pint), but even his less successful attempts are worth the cost. Many dedicated drinkers and dissolute students consider a pint at the Swan and Sail to be a good start to a night on the tiles, though it is too dingy and cramped to stay there for long.

Every year Jurgen closes his business for the fortnight preceding the Middenheim Carnival. During this time, he stockpiles maturing brews in order to present them at the Festival of Fine Ales held in the Great Park. Jurgen is a passing friend of Dieter Schmeidehammer, Lady-at-Court Petra Liebkosen, and Rallane Lafarel, who always partake of his wares at the Festival.

☠ Hettie Greenhill has been head-hunting Jurgen. She considers that a range of varied but quality brews would add a touch of class to the otherwise pretentious fare at the Quirky Bird. However, Jurgen is happy with the arrangements he has at home. It has crossed Hettie's mind that if appropriate pressure were applied to Jurgen, he might change his mind. She might even employ some thuggish Characters to help her win him over.

WOLF RUNNER COACHES

Wolf Runner Coaches is one of two coaching companies based in Middenheim, and a great rivalry exists between it and Castle Rock coaches. The company's offices are situated on the Sudetenweg, and the yard behind them contains a small smithy, stabling for a dozen horses, and enough space to hold four coaches at a time.

Wolf Runner Coaches plies the routes between Marienburg and the northern Empire, leaving Altdorf and the south to its rival. This rivalry has a friendly public face. Tomas Stoppelhardt, the owner of Wolf Runner, is careful to be seen joining Gunnar Guildenstern and Rudolf Finkelstein of Castle Rock coaches at public events, smiling and joking with the two men. However, Tomas has ambitions for Wolf Runner to become the greatest coaching house in the Empire.

One of Tomas's big ideas for his enterprise is to sponsor the creation of the world's first steam-powered coach. This is shaping up to be a massively expensive undertaking, and it is one he is planning in strict secrecy. He has approached the Office of the Imperial School of Engineers in Middenheim with his ideas, as he rightly reckons they will be cheaper than the Dwarf Engineers' Guild. Even so, the initial quotes run to thousands of crowns.

In order to realise his ambitions, Tomas is looking to do everything he can to cut costs and bank funds. He has told his senior coachmen he is planning something, but has not explained what. They have grudgingly accepted short-term austerity in return for promises of long-term gains. As a result of his penny-pinching many of Wolf Runner's stagecoaches are becoming rickety and threadbare, and junior coachmen are beginning to complain about poor pay and provisioning.

CARRIAGE RETURNS



☠ Bertoldt Verräter is one of Wolf Runner's most experienced coachmen, and he has grown impatient with his boss. He dearly wants Tomas to get back to concentrating on providing a reliable quality service to his customers. Bertoldt is looking for some discreet investigators to find out why Tomas is paying regular visits to the Office of the Imperial School of Engineers. Were he to learn the truth of the matter he would immediately regard the creation of a steam-powered coach as a folly and boondoggle, and would pay good money to see the development of such a thing sabotaged.



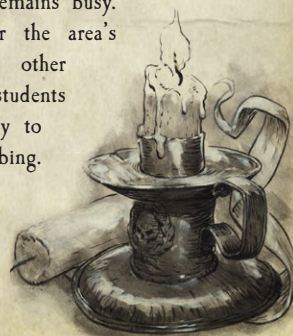
FREIBURG

Freiburg is a middle-class residential district, home to many of Middenheim's scholars, Wizards, and priests. The standard of housing is comparable to other middle-class areas, but the Freiburg has a reputation for genteel eccentricity.

There are several small eateries offering good hot breakfasts, and many small bookshops and antiques emporiums. There are a number of good taverns in the district, but whilst many residents enjoy a few light ales it is considered crass to become drunk and disorderly here.

During the day, the area is bustling with householders and lackeys of various sorts going about their business, and students visiting bookshops and cafes. The many street entertainers of Freiburg include buskers, artists, poets, and mimes, reflecting an appetite for eccentric novelty.

After dark the Freiburg remains busy. Groups of students tour the area's hostleries. Footpads and other rogues are few as the students rarely have enough money to make them worth robbing. On rare occasions thugs from Altquartier may stalk into Freiburg intending to start a fight, but trouble rarely lasts long.



COLLEGIUM THEOLOGICA

The Collegium was founded in 1762 IC to train young Ulrican priests and to promote the study and dissemination of the cult's religious writings. Its activities have broadened since then, and it now covers almost every subject from the history of art to the development of safer methods for manufacturing gunpowder. Although the Collegium does not have an Imperial charter granting it the official status of a university, it considers itself the equal of the Universities of Altdorf and Nuln.

The largest faculty is the Department of Holy and Scriptural Studies, generally known as the DHSS. This department receives disbursements from the Graf's coffers and the Temple of Ulric as well as donations from wealthy citizens; such donations are tax-deductible, and are an important source of revenue. The DHSS has the largest library in Middenheim, embracing history and law as well as the religious writings of the cult of Ulric.

This department is able to employ two full-time librarians, Hermann Grosz and Hugo Durchfall. The library is available for research but results can be slow, since both librarians are old and used to the gentle pace of college life.

The Collegium employs a force of beadles who are charged with twin duties of suppressing student high jinks and maintaining the security of the buildings. Beadles are often retired watchmen with leather armour under their Collegium robes, armed with heavy staves. According to most students, their primary duty is to prevent anyone from having any fun at all; the beadles have heard every glib excuse Human ingenuity can produce.

Fellowship Tests of any sort suffer from a -20 penalty when dealing with them.

About fifty new students are taken on each year, for a fee of twenty crowns. Characters could feasibly learn Skills such as Lores and Languages here.

HIGH TEMPLE OF SIGMAR

Middenheim's High Temple of Sigmar is an impressive and forbidding stone temple, boasting remarkable gargoyles and a fine altar. Whilst many Middenheimers revere Ulric before Sigmar, a goodly proportion of senior town functionaries and soldiers worship here. Cynics suggest that they are trying to curry Imperial favour by doing so, but Sigmar has many sincere adherents in the city.

The chief priest here, who goes under the title of High Capitulor of Nordland, is Werner Stolz. His current post is a delicate one; he also presides over the cult in Nordland, the area where it is least accepted by the general populace. Being based in Middenheim makes Stolz particularly vulnerable to intrigue by Ar-Ulric, and at the same time a valuable spy in Ulrican territory.

Werner Stolz has very cordial relations with both the current Grand Theogonist and the two Arch Lectors of Sigmar's Cult in Talabheim and Nuln. These three make a point of making at least one annual visit to Stolz, and the tension between the cults is clear enough below the veneer of civility. Many people believe that if Stolz acquits himself well, he has an excellent chance of being groomed to succeed Yorri XV as Grand Theogonist.

The Temple of Sigmar has a large annexe devoted to an educational establishment known as the Gragh Mar School (Khazalid for 'Stone Tablet') which was established in 2340 IC by order of Magnus the Pious. The children of the few followers of Sigmar in Middenheim are educated here between the ages of 8 and 13; monks of the Order of Gragh Mar run the school. They are dedicated to teaching Imperial history and law as handed down in the writings of the cult. The school was founded because the Emperor had become concerned about the version of history taught by the followers of Ulric in the Collegium Theologica.

DRUCKER'S PRINTSHOP

The print shop is a small one-storey building near the Collegium Theologica, with the actual press in a back room behind the living quarters. Drucker's apprentice, Thomas Buchstab, makes up plates from letter-blocks that stand in racks along each wall. Then Drucker checks the finished plates and operates the press while Buchstab inks the plates. The press can take paper up to 3 ft by 2. Stacks of paper, ranging from coarse pulp to quality parchment, are piled on shelves near the press. The front room is plastered with pinned-up copies of posters and pages displaying Drucker's workmanship.

Drucker's prices for printing are as follows.

- ☠ 1 Shilling per line per 50 copies on low-grade paper.
- ☠ 1 Shilling extra per 50 copies for parchment.
- ☠ 1 Shilling extra per 100 copies for paper larger than 3 ft by 2 ft.

He can also supply bound books, by arrangement with a nearby leather-worker. This can cost anywhere from 5 Shillings to 5 GCs, depending on the quality of the binding and the degree of ornamentation required.

Drucker knows all of the other printers in Middenheim personally, and talks quite openly about the resistance they are facing from the scriptoria and the strangling red tape that has so far prevented the printers from establishing a formal Guild.

A liberal and apolitical fellow, Drucker finds common cause with both the reactionary Sentinel Press and the radical thought of Old Otto (though he does not know Otto runs an underground press for the New Millennialists). He has urged Karl of the Sentinel Press and Otto to join him in association. Unfortunately for Drucker, the two men loathe one another. Any Character willing to mediate between the printers would win Drucker's grateful regard.

A GROTESQUE PLOT



☠ Bruno is a young thief who has recently been commissioned to perform a strange task. The Characters may spot him at night scaling the walls of the High Temple of Sigmar. If they chase and catch him they find that he is in the business of replacing some of the smaller grotesques that decorate the temple. The new statues he has been provided with are ugly satires of Ar-Ulrics, past and present. Bruno's mysterious patron is clearly setting the scene for an argument between the cults, but who might it be?

THE KONIGSGARTEN THEATRE

This is an imposing and monumental building situated within sight of the royal gardens, near the High Temple of Sigmar. Unfortunately the theatre has seen better days, and the building still bears the scars and scorch marks it received a few years ago. Detlef Sierck was once the playwright in residence here, who is feted throughout the Empire for both his theatrical genius and personal heroism. However, in the early days of his career, his production of *The History of Sigmar* managed to offend many of Middenheim's citizens with its profligate costs and broken promises, leading to the riots that damaged much of the theatre.

These days the theatre is managed by Astrid Horst. Mindful of the cost of Sierck's excesses, she is circumspect and conservative in her own productions. As a result, the Konigsgarten has earned a reputation for producing rather safe fare which risks offending only those groups that are unlikely to riot. Staid performances of timeworn Tarradaschian tragedies often top the bill, whilst Sierck's works, wildly popular elsewhere, are never staged in Middenheim. As a consequence of the controversy the theatre has attracted, it is no longer considered as a suitable venue for festival entertainments.

THE KUPFERKANNE

Otto and Hanna Kellner run the eatery, with the assistance of their daughters Else and Ursula. The business is open from dawn to dusk, providing hot and cold meals, wine of moderate quality, and a range of herbal teas. The two-storey building is not particularly old, but the decor has been designed to make it appear so. The ceiling is low and all the beams have been treated to make them appear weathered. The sign of a large copper kettle hangs outside. The ground floor is occupied by the cafe and the kitchens, and the family lives upstairs.

In the summer Otto puts four tables outside in the street. The Kupferkanne is very popular with students from the Collegium Theologica, who often spend their days here drinking tea and discussing art or philosophy.

SECTARIAN DIVISIONS

Anti-Sigmarite propaganda ranges from suggestions that Sigmar's followers are misguided, that they worship Ulric under another name, to allegations that they are stooges of the Chaos gods whose blessings are granted by daemons.

Ulric's Templars of the White Wolf are believed to be supporters of the latter group. They have even gone as far as persecuting Sigmarites in remote Middenland villages, sparking off riots. So far both Graf Boris and Ar-Ulric have remained silent on the issue. Stolz is rumoured to be compiling a report for the Grand Theogonist and requesting a detachment of Templars of the Fiery Heart to protect the cult's temples. This is neither denied nor confirmed, but it is common knowledge that Stolz has not been admitted to see the Graf for over six months.

Clerics of Sigmar in the city itself suffer only the occasional minor abuse or petty vandalism from anonymous thugs. Sigmar's Temple, and more particularly the attached school, is also subject to outbursts of religious ill-feeling. Bricks are sometimes thrown through windows and Ulrican slogans daubed on walls. While Ar-Ulric publicly denounces these incidents he does little to discourage the rivalry between the two cults.

MIDDENHEIM'S GRAND GUILD OF WIZARDS

This is a three-storey building in a grand but eccentric style. A huge bronze statue of Graf Erich stands in front of the main entrance, bearing a sword in his right hand and a dove in his left. Middenheim's Wizards are quick to point out that Graf Erich offered legal protections to magic users way back in 113 IC, long before Magnus the Pious, and that the rest of the Empire should do more to acknowledge this fact.

The High Wizard and the head of the Guild is Albrecht Helseher. He and his deputy have their offices and living quarters on the top floor. The other floors are occupied by offices, workrooms, and storage space. The Guild has a well-stocked library and several research laboratories, but these facilities are only available to members. Since the Wizards' War of 1979 IC the Guild has done its utmost to ensure that no apprentice brings the Guild, or the city, into disrepute. Apprentices may be taken on, spell ingredients sold, artefacts identified, spells taught, and so on. But any Wizard seeking to advance their knowledge with the help of the Guild is thoroughly vetted before being taken on.

Because of Middenheim's reputation for tolerance towards magic users, there is a steady stream of would-be apprentices calling at the Guild, but few are admitted. Those that do get in receive training in Wizardry that is second only to the Colleges of Altdorf. Each of the eight orders of magic are taught here, though space for new apprentices is limited: once four apprentices are studying a particular lore, extra apprentices would only be taken on in extreme circumstances.

A great many spell ingredients can be purchased by members of the Guild. If a Character is looking for spell ingredients, they are likely to find them available for spells from the following lores of magic: Arcane Spells, Beasts, Death, Fire, Heavens, Metal, Life, Light, Shadows. If the Character is looking for ingredients for a particular spell at a particular time, the likelihood of the emporium carrying them varies according to the spell's CN.

CN	Ingredients in stock...
0-3	95% of the time.
4-6	80% of the time.
7-8	60% of the time.
9-10	50% of the time.
11+	45% of the time.

The Guild is willing to order ingredients and can generally get them within a week.

Wizards licensed in other parts of the Empire can legally practise magic in Middenheim, though they may find themselves held in poor regard by local magicians. The city's Wizards guard their independence jealously, and view outsiders with some suspicion.

Any magic user, including the Characters, found to be using magic in a reckless manner in Middenheim soon comes under investigation by the Guild.

One way to impress the Guild is for a Wizard to agree to accompany watch patrols around the city. Since the days of the Wizards' War overt cooperation between the watch and Wizards has been encouraged. Guild Wizards, valued for their Second Sight, regularly perform this task but find it somewhat onerous. An outsider who shows willingness to help the watch out will soon win friends within the Guild.

NEUGIERDE'S BOOKS AND ANTIQUES

Hieronimus Neugierde is the third generation of his family to run the business. The extensive contacts that have been built up over a century of trading, along with Hieronymus's practised eye and lifetime training, make it the place to look for rare or unusual artefacts. It is said that Neugierde has a virtual monopoly on antiques and curios coming into Middenheim, and passes lesser goods to other businesses, keeping the best for his own shop.

The shop is two storeys high plus a cellar, and is distinguished by two bay windows of multicoloured stained glass and by the elegant wrought-iron sign that hangs outside, consisting of a letter 'N' set into fancy scrollwork.

Inside, the shop seems tiny, but this is due to all the antiques and curios crammed on to the shelves. This includes ancient pottery, rare books, painted glassware, jewellery from Cathay, Ind, and the Southlands, and strange quasi-artistic peices from Lustria. The shop does a lively trade and enables Neugierde to maintain a small but well-appointed house in the Nordgarten district as well as the shop with its staff of four.

MIDDENHEIM AND MAGICAL SIGHT

The Amber Wind, *Ghur*, usually blows feebly where Human civilisation has been established. Yet Middenheim is the site of one of the strongest sources of *Ghur* in the world. It gushes forth as the plume of silver fire that makes up the eternal flame.

Ghur does not settle easily within the confines of a city. To those with Second Sight, the amber wind blasts through the streets, boiling away as if off a hot surface and streaming over the sides of the Fauschlag into the wilderness beyond.

Those able to perceive the Winds of Magic initially find Middenheim a strange experience. The profusion of *Ghur* and the violence with which it emanates is overwhelming at first. Whilst other winds are accessible, much as they are elsewhere, the preponderance of *Ghur* makes it harder to discern them.

Middenheim has an unhappy secret history of harbouring witches and Necromancers because they can easily disguise their magical activities within the roiling *Ghur*.

Characters who try to make Channelling Tests in Middenheim suffer a penalty of -10 to the Test. This penalty applies for a number of weeks equal to 10 minus the Character's Intelligence Bonus. After that time they become used to the prevailing *Ghur*. Characters with the *Ghur* Channelling specialisation do not suffer the penalty: instead they benefit from a +10 bonus to the Test (and may benefit from this bonus no matter how used to Middenheim they are).

The *Magical Sense* Talent is impaired in Middenheim. Tests made to use the Talent can never be easier than Difficult (-10), and are often Very Hard (-30).

The upper floor is reserved. Neugierde keeps back certain objects for favoured customers, most notably Chancellor Sparsam and Hugo Schmidt of *The Scholar's* (page 48). The cream of his stock is kept here for other favoured patrons, who include the Graf's family and a number of the city's Wizards. He works to obtain particular objects for regular customers through contacts in Marienburg, Luccini, and elsewhere. This can take months, or even years, but he makes no charge for the service as the goodwill of a regular customer is payment enough.

Neugierde's stock is so wide and varied that it would be futile to give a range of prices. If Characters decide to buy an object, a good rule of thumb is to take the price of the nearest object listed (see Chapter 11 of the **WFRP** rulebook), multiply it by ten, and then add a little more until you have a price you feel reflects the value of the piece.

THE RED MOON

The *Red Moon* is a cabaret-bar run by Eva Dietrich, a glamorous and mysterious woman. She appears to be in her 50s, but it is whispered that she is considerably older — there are few Middenheimers who can remember a time before the *Red Moon*.

There is a 3 Shilling admission charge, which Eva sometimes waives for regular customers. Her two bouncers, Hannes and Karl, are huge and powerfully built men, and although many are turned away at the door, no one causes trouble.

The decor is plush and stylish with a hint of camp (the wife of one customer sardonically described it as *'a bordello with ideas above its station'*). Upstairs is a small casino whilst the lower floor is occupied by the bar and stage, where a three-piece band plays throughout the evening as Eva wanders grandly from table to table.

The Red Moon's clientele is a cross-section of the city's upper and upper-middle classes, and the club begins to fill up from about ten in the evening. The cabaret is risqué, but never crude. The high point of the evening is at midnight, when Eva takes to the stage in a flame-red taffeta dress, and delivers a song to her guests in her distinctive husky voice. A reverent hush descends as she begins to sing.

The *Red Moon* has a number of distinguished regulars. Janna Eberhauer, deputy to the High Wizard, often visits the club, and is on very friendly terms with Eva. It is rumoured in some places that Janna supplies Eva with the magical preparations which some suppose she needs to maintain her appearance, and in others that they are mother and daughter. No proof has been put forward to support either contention. A more occasional visitor is Emmanuelle Schlagen, one of the Ladies-at-Court, who visits on occasion for an evening's gambling. She is generally accompanied by one or more ladies-in-waiting or by a high-ranking officer from the Knights Panther.

FOREVER YOUNG

☠ The secret to Eva's eternal youth is that she is a Vampire, a descendant of the line of Lahmia. She has been able to evade detection due to the roiling Ghur that does much to obfuscate the aura of dark magic that might otherwise be perceived about her. Eva is cautious and patient, but has ambitions to seduce Janna and turn her, given time and the opportunity.



THE SCHOLAR'S

Run by Hugo and Petra Schmidt with a staff of six, the Scholar's is an excellent hostelry, boasting 16 rooms and stables for a dozen mounts.

Hugo is an avid collector of antiques and curios, which make the Scholar's a cluttered but convivial place, full of surprises. He is friendly with Chancellor Sparsam through their mutual interest in antiques, and sometimes acts as a buyer for him in auctions. Hugo can bid on items whose price would go through the roof if it became known that the Chancellor was interested in them. The friendship between the two men is kept secret, and the Chancellor only rarely visits the hostelry.

The clientele consists mainly of scholars, students, Wizards and the like, who come here to drink, debate, and play Alvatafl (a board game popular in the Empire's north, see **Pub Games** in the **WFRP Starter Set**). The tavern boasts about a dozen Alvatafl sets of various sizes and styles. Hugo is an excellent player, and may often be found having a game with his customers; he plays both the Kislev and local versions.

THE PAWN BREAKERS

- ☠ Hugo runs a quick Alvatafl tournament during Carnival week. Anyone with a reputation as a decent player is allowed to join, and the victor can become something of a celebrity throughout Freiburg — though at the highest levels the competition is often more deadly than one might expect.



STIEFEL'S EMPORIUM

Eberhardt Stiefel maintains a small alchemical supplies business consisting of two rooms on the ground floor, a workroom, and a shop separated by a curtained doorway. The building's upper floor is given over to accommodation.

The shop consists of a counter backed by shelves filled with bottles and jars of various alchemical and herbal preparations. The workroom is lined with benches and cupboards containing various ingredients, a small drying oven for herbs, and an iron stove to heat mixtures.

Stiefel keeps an impressive stock of ingredients, and among his regular customers are many of the city's magicians and apothecaries. All herbs and draughts are treated as being one step more common than usual when visiting his shop. An Exotic herb becomes Rare, a Scarce herb becomes Common, and so on.

Spell ingredients can be purchased here the same way as they can from the Grand Guild of Wizards (see page 45).

WITCHES AND SHOPPING

Dark magicians could conceivably buy ingredients for their spells at Stiefel's, though they would have to adapt them from ingredients for other spells. A Hedge Witch, Character with the Witch! Talent, or similar unlicensed magic user shopping for ingredients here suffers from several penalties.

- ☠ The likelihood of them finding ingredients is halved.
- ☠ The cost of the ingredients is doubled.
- ☠ Staff know well enough which ingredients could be repurposed to aid witchcraft and dark magic. Any Character shopping here for such ingredients must pass a **Challenging (+0) Charm Test**. If they fail the Test, the staff member suspects the Character of practising dark magic, and passes their description on to either the Grand Guild of Wizards or the Brothers of the Book at the Grand Temple of Ulric.





GELDMUND

The Geldmund district is a residential area where merchants and some of the wealthier artisans and scholars have large and impressive two- and three-storey townhouses. The streets are broad and tree-lined, but although the houses are grand, there is no room for gardens and other greenery. Geldmund rivals the Grafsmund district as a fashionable area to live, but is regarded in the higher strata of society as a place for the nouveaux riches rather than a proper high-class neighbourhood.

The merchants have generally got where they are by their own efforts, with a little palm-greasing here and the odd shady deal there. So they often find it difficult to delegate for fear that their employees will fleece them at every opportunity. This is one of the behaviours that distinguish Middenheim's merchants from its aristocrats, who are generally only too happy to have stewards manage much of their affairs.

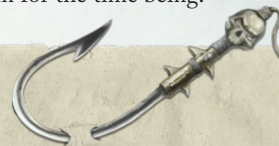
The master artisans are the smallest group in this district, but all are acknowledged artists. They are able to pick and choose their work, although commissions from the Graf are rarely turned down. They tend to own several workshops in the city, and many are the heads of their respective Guilds.

ARBERNARD ESTATE

Lammert Arbernard is a self-made magnate and one of the richest people in Middenheim. His estate consists of a large rectangular mansion. The Arbernard concern deals in a number of different goods, including wines and spirits, perfumes and cosmetics, and leather goods. The name is a mark of quality, and Lammert is highly discerning in his choice of both suppliers and clients. Some of his customers include the Templar's Downfall, the Singing Moon, the Red Moon, the Greenhill Halfing Clan, Hausmeister Breugal, and the stewards of pretty much every major noble house in the Grafsmund.

On the rare occasion that an item falls short of the high quality expected, Lammert is quick to offer full refunds and replacements. His customers know how precious his reputation is to him, but few would ever dream of blackmailing him. So trustworthy is Lammert that his contacts rarely deny him, even when his request may burden them for the time being.

A RASH CHOICE



- Walpurgis von Helstein has suffered from a terrible allergic reaction to a bottled Bretonnian scent supplied by Arbernard, developing a set of livid purple pustules over her neck. Whilst everyone concerned is happy with the generous compensation Arbernard has offered, he is nevertheless in search of a skilled and discreet physician to help treat the young noblewoman.

SEITER HALL

The Seiters are a merchant family in peril. Once they were powerful and respected grain merchants, purchasing the rights to collect and ship the wheat harvested from a number of estates around Middenheim and sell it at markets in the city and elsewhere. In recent years, the harvests have not been as bountiful as they once were and the noble families in charge of the farmlands have reserved their rights to manage their grain harvests as they best see fit, and to prioritise its sale to local markets rather than those further afield.

The Seiters have become increasingly impoverished, and have hoped to rescue their fortunes by hiring the services of one Adelbero Spengler, a Celestial Wizard with powerful prognosticative abilities. Unfortunately, all Spengler seems to be able to do is report more calamity to come for the embattled merchants.

THE FAMINE FIEND



- The Seiters have managed to get a little more information from Spengler. He associates the recent failed harvests to a strange vision he has had of a rotten goat skull, a staff of fungus-encrusted wood, and an enormous writhing slug forcing its way through fleshless lips. Whilst the merchants have little idea what this could be they are desperate to find out more, and they have placed advertisements on Middenheim's noticeboards asking if anyone can riddle some sense from Spengler's fevered visions.

KISLEVITE EMBASSY

The Kislevite Embassy is a fine building, though it is notably somewhat more humble in size and grandeur than the Imperial Embassy in the Grafplatz. The building is known for the elaborate sculpted frieze depicting a bear and a wolf rearing up to either side of the main entrance.

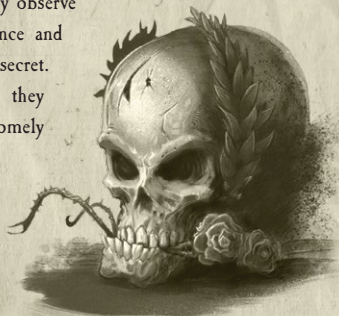
Middenheim and Kislev have strong diplomatic ties. As a mark of the respect between the Graf of Middenheim and the Tsar of Kislev an odd military tradition has grown up in which a unit of Knights Panther is sent to Kislev for the campaign season, and in return a larger contingent of Kislevite cavalry is sent to Middenheim. Amongst these mounted troops are a unit of the famed Gryphon Legion, but also a number of lightly armed mounted archers.

A small barracks is integral to the embassy, which houses these troops during the summer months they spend in Middenheim. There are a number of private shrines to the Kislevite gods in the building. There is also a small and homely bar, which is known as one of the few places in Middenheim that serves tumblers of fine kvas. The only downside is that those who wish to drink there must put up with the maudlin military dirges so beloved of the Kislevites.

A Kislevite Ice Witch is also stationed at the embassy. This magic user proves invaluable during Middenheim's Carnival, where she helps turn the Square of Martials into a rink for ice dancing.

A FROSTY RECEPTION

- The Ice Witches of Kislev are fascinated by the eternal flame. Ghur is an important component of their own magic and they believe a source as strong as the eternal flame could facilitate powerful experimental rituals. The cult of Ulric would find any attempt to use the flame for such a purpose to be sacrilegious, so for the time being the Ice Witches can do no more than surreptitiously observe the flame from a distance and keep their ambitions secret. That doesn't mean they would not pay handsomely for more information – no matter how it was discovered.



STALLER'S STABLES

Run by Reiner Staller, these stables offer accommodation for two dozen or so horses. The stable's regular customers are mostly moderately comfortable merchants who leave the city for their country dwellings by dusk and only need a place to keep their horses during the hours of trade. Most of the stalls are empty at night, so grooms change the straw every night.

Staller does keep a small stock of horses for his own use. He hires his horses out to any customer who looks respectable and is willing to front a deposit of 2 GCs. Provided the horse is returned in fair condition, Staller will return the deposit minus his fee of 3 Shillings per day.

RUSTLE AND LEAVE

- Norberdt Bauer owes a great deal of money to 'The Man'. He has come to Middenheim with three of his less scrupulous farm hands with a plan to break into the stables at night, rustle the horses, and sell them to a knacker's yard in the Warrenburg. If the Characters help prevent this crime, they could earn high regard from a grateful Staller.



THE TEMPLARS' ARMS

The Templars' Arms is a two-storey hostelry of average quality, run by Uli Breitner with a staff of three. It is a plain but cheerful place, and opens from 8:00 in the morning until midnight. Although it has no stables of its own, Uli has an arrangement with Reiner Staller, the owner of Staller's Livery Stables a few doors away, so that stabling there can be included in the accommodation charge.

A shield painted with a picture of an armoured Knight of the Order of the White Wolf on a fully caparisoned horse, charging with lance levelled, hangs over the door. This theme is continued inside the inn: a suit of plate armour hangs on a stand in the bar and various weapons adorn the walls, including two-handed swords, flails, and a gaudily-painted lance.

The weapons and armour are display items only, and are not intended for practical use. Uli and his staff take grave exception to anyone tampering with the decor, and will call the Watch if serious trouble develops. If the Characters insist on trying to steal any item, and actually get away with it, they find that the weapons only count as Improvised Weapons. The armour provides the same protection as leather armour, but is as encumbering as plate.

THE MAN O' WAR

This is a restaurant and bar run by Captain Johannes Moesenleicher, known to one and all as 'Cap'n Jan', and his staff of four. Cap'n Jan is a strongly built man in his late 40s, with grizzled grey hair and a short beard. He is the epitome of the hearty host, with a cheerful red face, a booming voice and a hail-fellow-well-met manner.

The establishment's theme is nautical. The prow of a boat, complete with painted mermaid figurehead, hangs over the door. Paintings of ships and naval actions adorn the walls and a ship's wheel hangs behind the bar. Cap'n Jan was at sea for 15 years, and tells many tall nautical tales of travel and adventure. Feathers, a large and malevolent-looking Southland parrot sits in a brass cage at one end of the bar. It is a vicious beast, with an extensive vocabulary of vulgar slang. Feathers attempts to sever any fingers it can reach through the bars of its cage.

The Man O' War keeps a good table and an excellent cellar, and Cap'n Jan has a small stock of Wastelander Alte Gebeerentode rum imported straight from Marienburg. This is kept for special customers, personal friends, or any seafarer who walks through the door.

The Man O' War also offers impromptu evening entertainments. Cap'n Jan has a number of friends at the Opera House who come here regularly, and Hartwig Steckel, the head barman, is a very talented violinist. It is not uncommon for the clientele to be treated to the highlights of the latest opera during the course of an evening. Whilst the *Man O' War* is not as fashionable as the *Templar's Downfall*, it is a colourful place to spend an evening with a cosmopolitan group of customers.

ARSON ABOUT

- Cap'n Jan is a proud Middenheimer, for all of his nostalgic reminiscences about a life on the ocean waves. A gang of separatist Nordlanders tried to pressure him into supporting their cause, but he was quick to show them the door. They plan to have their revenge for this act and are plotting to burn the *Man O' War* to the ground.

TORE PALACE

The Tore family straddle the line between wealthy merchant dynasty and minor aristocracy. For many generations they have dominated the production of glassware in Middenheim. Many buildings throughout the city owe their windows to a Tore. They keep a number of furnaces in the Gerberbahn of the Neumarkt district, and a Tore always occupies the chair of the Glassworkers' Guild.

The family have been so successful that they have even purchased extensive estates to the east of the city. This is poor country, as the scrubby foothills of the Middle Mountains are not easily farmed. Nevertheless these acquisitions mark the Tores out from their peers.

One thing prevents their ennoblement: the Graf refuses to confer a title upon the family due to their lack of notable gallantry upon the battlefield. Wilhelm Tore rankles under the lack of respect his family is shown, and the philanthropic gestures the Tores made to Middenheim in previous years have dried up. Nevertheless he is reluctant to encourage his beloved children to follow any military pursuits, an action that has equal parts cowardice and resentment at its core.

GATE KEEPERS

- Wilhelm Tore champions the appointment of Gotthard Wallenstein (see page 41). Whilst ennoblement is denied to the Tore family, Wilhelm welcomes anyone who helps him look after number one. A merchant spokesman who seems likely to spare him from taxes, even if this is to the detriment of Middenheim, is just such a person. Seeing as arguing against taxation is the one thing Gotthard seems to be good at, he wins Wilhelm's loyalty.

VALGEIR MANSE

The Valgeirs have been an important aristocratic family in Middenheim for generations, raised to prominence in the time of Graf Siegfried the Significant. They played an important role in brokering the truce between Middenheim's secular leadership and then exiled Cult of Ulric. Since then it has been common for the family to induct one of their sons into the Order of Howling Wolf, and another into the Order of the White Wolf. Given that senior priests of the Order of the Howling Wolf are sworn to celibacy, and members of the Order of the White Wolf dedicate their lives to violence, it is a miracle the Valgeir line has been so fruitful over the years. The Valgeirs themselves credit their resilience and endurance to the blessing of Ulric (though they are not unappreciative of the part Rhya has had to play in their success either).

Currently Emil Valgeir enjoys the position of Grand Master of Middenheim's chapter of the Knights of the White Wolf, whilst his younger brother Jarrick holds the position of Ar-Ulric. Whilst both men perform their duties with diligence and honour many in Middenheim quietly wonder if Emil would not make a better High Priest. He is seen as the more forthright and forbidding of the two men, and people feel that he would do a better job of keeping fractious elements such as the Sons of Ulric in their place, whilst also excoriating any Sigmarite who dared belittle Ulrican pride.



Wulfric Tore

Wulfric is a young merchant who demonstrates a marked failure to flourish, either physically or intellectually. Wilhelm Tore, the wealthy glass magnate, is his father. Whilst Wulfric has shown basic talent for bookkeeping, he does not thrive amongst the ruthless dealmakers and entrepreneurs who are his father's peers. Wulfric is rather embarrassed to be wealthy, truth be told, and feels undeserving of the great inheritance that seems destined to come his way.

Rather than keep company with clients and customers, Wulfric has taken to propping up the bar of Middenheim's various taverns, and here he has become acquainted with the dashing Captain Valgeir. Wulfric has become somewhat besotted with the man, regarding him with an affection that is platonic yet fierce in its own way. Wulfric bores all his other friends with second-hand accounts of the captain's many exploits.

Yearning to follow in the footsteps of his idol, Wulfric has recently secretly approached recruiters for the state regiments. He is wholly unsuited for life in the army, and his father would disown him were he to find out about the business meetings he has been absconding from in favour of drinking with the battalion captain.

WULFRIC TORE – HUMAN MERCHANT (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	34	27	22	24	38	40	32	36	31	48	10

Skills: Animal Care 33, Bribery 49, Charm 51, Drive 42, Gossip 54, Haggle 49

Talents: Blather, Dealmaker, Doomed (*From above comes thy death*), Read/Write



Captain Moritz Valgeir

Moritz is the second son of Emil Valgeir, and a lifelong member of Middenheim's military. He has only recently been inducted into the ranks of the Knights of the White Wolf, having served for many years in the Swords of Ulric state regiment. Moritz is an archetypal northern military man, with the heroic facial topiary, shaved head, and piercing stare of a born knight. His noble bearing and clear aristocratic diction made him a natural battlefield leader and he soon earned the rank of captain.

Since joining the White Wolves, Moritz has found he has more time to himself, as the knights prize individual prowess and place less emphasis on training in groups. Moritz has become somewhat dissolute, and spends much of his time touring Middenheim's taverns. In recent weeks he has befriended Wulfric — Wilhelm Tore's feckless son. Moritz has little notion of the hold he has over the younger man, and does not realise the potential damage he is doing by persuading Wulfric to take up a career as a soldier.

CAPTAIN MORITZ VALGEIR

HUMAN KNIGHT, FORMER SERGEANT (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	60	46	48	45	48	33	45	39	40	42	16

Traits: Armour (Helm) 2, (Plate) 3, Weapon (Cavalry Hammer) +9, Weapon (Lance) +10, Weapon (Sword) +8

Skills: Athletics 46, Animal Care 48, Bribery 45, Charm 51, Consume Alcohol 53, Cool 49, Dodge 42, Endurance 52, Gamble 45, Gossip 47, Intimidate 54, Language (Battle) 45, Leadership 56, Lore (Heraldry) 43, Melee (Basic) 64, Melee (Cavalry) 61, Melee (Fencing) 65, Melee (Parry) 65, Ride (Horse) 39

Talents: Briber, Doomed (*Thou shalt stand like Ottokar until Myrmidia courts thy enemies*), Carouser, Etiquette (Nobles), Etiquette (Soldiers), Luck, Marksman, Noble Blood, Read/Write, Shieldsman, Strong Back 2

Trappings: Antique Plate Armour, Cavalry Hammer, Commanding Voice, Lance, Well-worn Sword



GRAFPLATZ

The Grafplatz is a large precinct area that lies before the gates of the Middenpalaz district. Whilst the square is supposedly open to the public, in truth they are tolerated rather than welcomed. The trickle of respectful visitors are careful to give parading soldiers a wide berth and are left unmolested, but the Watch push loiterers along and force larger crowds to disperse.

The Grafplatz also serves as an open-air museum. There are a number of statues and memorial plaques dedicated to the glory of historical Grafs and Ar-Ulrics set around the square. However, these days the square is very much a testimony to the power of the Todbringers, and statues of Todbringer Grafs and their coats of arms feature prominently, whilst older statues are being quietly relocated to the secluded venue of the Great Park's Monument Pond.

IMPERIAL EMBASSY

The Imperial Embassy is housed in a small but highly decorated chancery building on the Grafplatz. It appears from a distance like an intricate construction of gothic archways and grotesque carvings. Three great statues dominate the roof of the building, rampant depictions of a Dragon, Pegasus, and Griffon all squaring off against one another. Beyond such decorations the building is compact and utilitarian.

In the time of the Wolf Emperors there were dozens of smaller diplomatic missions representing the interests of Counts and Dukes from all over the divided Empire. The embassy was opened in 2422 IC by the first Graf Bertholt Todbringer to recognise the spirit of unity that had flowered following the crowning of Emperor Magnus. However, the building's modest size was taken by ambassadors as something of a slight, hence the overcompensation apparent in its decoration.

Whilst diplomats from 11 provinces have offices here, they tend to defer to Luitwin Bretzen, current representative for the Grand Principality of Reikland. This plenipotentiary has the full trust of Emperor Karl Franz and does much to retain it. He is a standard bearer for his view of what is best for the Empire, namely that the situation prior to the reforms of Magnus the Pious was bad, and that anything that might alter the situation following the reforms of Magnus would be equally as bad. But Luitwin is growing paranoid. He regards the withdrawal of Graf Boris from public life to be a personal slight and a sign that the Todbringers' loyalty is questionable.

THE ART OF DIPLOMACY



- Luitwin is fascinated by the idea of figuring out what is on Graf Boris's mind, as the two men have not had a significant meeting for over a year now. Any Characters that approach the Embassy with complaints about how Middenheim is run may be surprised to find that they are quickly granted an audience with the suspicious ambassador.
- The Embassy is sometimes picketed by mobs roused by the secessionist rhetoric of the Sentinel Press. These mobs are practiced at dragging bystanders into their demonstrations, and if the Characters pass by, they soon face demands to know where they are from and what they make of the idea of an independent Middenheim.

SQUARE OF MARTIALS

This impressive open space is used for drills and reviews of the city garrison, for military parades at festivals, and occasionally for heraldic exhibitions and the like. The square has a central fountain and statue of Graf Gunthar Todbringer, and there are many wooden benches along the north side, before the palace railings.

Rather unusually, all the streets that lead here are separated from the square by a short flight of stairs. This allows the square to be turned into an ice rink during the great carnival. The Kislevite Embassy traditionally appoints an Ice Witch who summons a storm of hail. This hail is then raked over and has water poured on it. The Ice Witch then casts spells to further freeze the hail to produce a smooth, icy surface, making the square a perfect venue for an ice dance pageant and competition. Overnight, the ice melts, the water is topped up, and a water-polo tourney is held in the newly formed pool.

An impressive 20 guardsmen and a Sergeant from the Todbringer's Own regiment are always here in addition to a detail of Knights Panther who stand sentry at the palace gates.

STATE ARMY BARRACKS

A replica of Middenheim's battle flag flies high above the barracks. The banner depicts a White Wolf standing guard over the fortress walls and gates of the city, a sign of Ulric protecting his own. The barracks building is built on a similar design to the city's massive fortified gatehouses. The barracks is under the management of General Johann Schwermutt who can be found here whenever more important business doesn't press upon his time (though it often does). The city watch also has its headquarters here, and shares many resources with the state soldiers.

The officers of the regiment are full-time soldiers whilst the troopers largely consist of levied reservists who serve according to a rota system. Despite this fact, many of the regiments of Middenheim's army have proud histories and regimental traditions.

The Swords of Ulric can be identified by their yellow shields decorated with a red wolf's head. The regiment is paid for by the Temple of Ulric and dates its history back to the time of Emperor Mandred Ratslayer. Rather than drilling and training within the confines of the city, the regiment trains by sallying forth from Middenheim to hunt down Beastmen and Greenskins in the Drakwald.

The Grimmhagen Swordsmen can be recognised by their blue shields decorated with a white wolf's head over a red castle gatehouse. The regiment is sponsored by Middenheim's Mercers' Guild and named for the Kaufseit street where the Guild house is found.

The von Strumpet regiment is named for its inspirational captain, a minor aristocrat with a small mansion in the Grafsmund district. He has benevolently placed his own private retinue under the effective control of the Midden Marshals. His soldiers are equipped with crossbows and fitted out in stylish blue-leather jerkins designed by Heidi Klump.

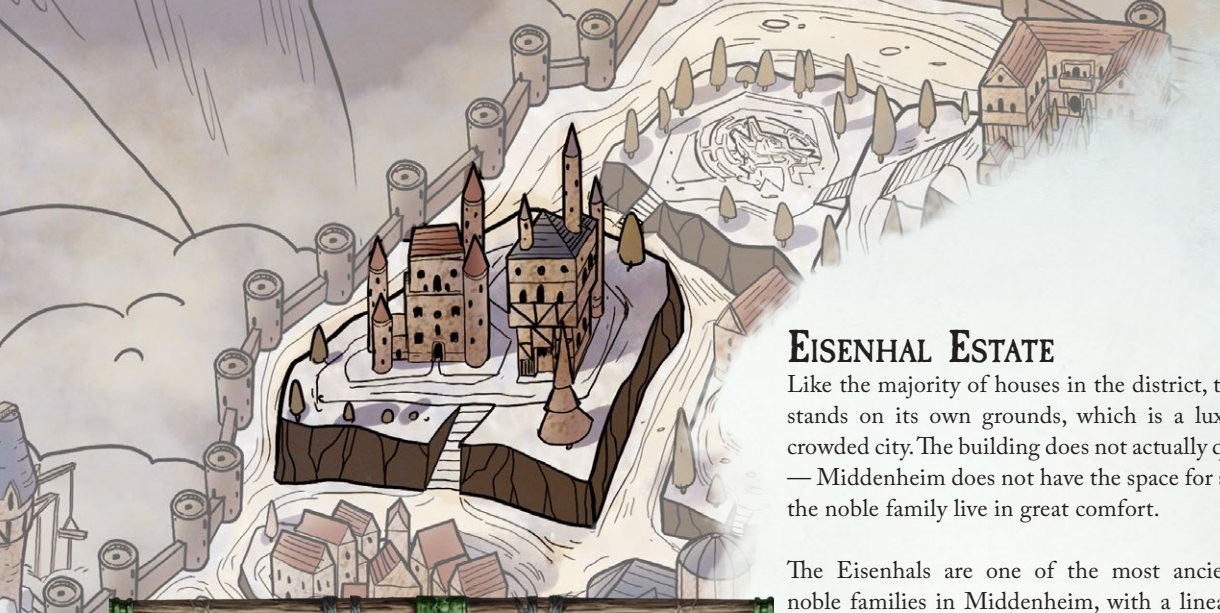
STATUE OF ARTUR

The towering Statue of Artur dominates the Grafplatz, standing tall and proud on a circular podium placed in front of the palace gates. The statue of the city's founder is such a huge imposition on its surroundings that coaches arriving at the palace have to be very careful negotiating their way around the base. The statue is nearly a thousand years old, having been commissioned by Graf Siegfried the Significant to mark the return of the cult of Ulric to Middenheim.

Artur is depicted as a towering Teutogen hero with long moustaches. He is shown wearing the pelt of the great White Wolf of Holzbeck — in his left hand he holds the jawbone that he ripped from that creature's dead maw. In his right hand he holds aloft the magical Dragon Sword of Caledfwlch. The statue is of burnished bronze, but the sword has been cleverly encrusted with tiny quartz crystals to represent the hoarfrost that was said to magically coat the blade at all times.

The statue is famed for giving a name to the conflict between Middenheim and Middenland in 1812 IC. The War of the Poses is so called because of the contrast between the warlike statue of Artur and the humble stance of the statue of Grand Duke Karl-Heinz in Carroburg.





GRAFSMUND

The Grafsmund is inhabited by exceedingly rich aristocratic families. Many of them have titles granted by either the current or earlier Grafs, or by the Emperor (though the latter are much rarer), and all have a house full of servants. The nobility have certain privileges and few responsibilities. They may be officers in the City Garrison, or serve as titular heads of Komissions, but many simply live off the income from their country estates, leaving the day-to-day management of their affairs to trusted stewards.

The buildings here are grand (in appearance if not actual size) with elaborate facades and ornate stonework. Many frontages are decorated with plaster columns and heraldic figurines of exotic beasts such as Dragons and Griffons.

Despite their riches, few merchants live here. The aristocrats tend to regard them as newly wealthy peasants, and make any attempts by a merchant to acquire property here exceedingly difficult.

BLITZBEIL LODGE

The Blitzbeil Lodge is a large single-storey building erected within the confines of a small private park. It is an exclusive club, and the large room that makes up most of the lodge is taken up with a well-stocked bar and a number of stuffed hunting trophies. To become a member of the lodge is a lengthy process. A candidate has to be recommended by two other members, and must have demonstrated some skill in hunting.

The College of Heralds meets here, a rather dull and chauvinistic group of nobles who have a shared interest in discussing the lineage of the Empire's aristocratic houses, the heraldry with which they are signified, and how such things have changed over time. They would welcome Noble Characters from other parts of the Empire to take part in their discussions. Every carnival they put on a rather dry display of their researches in the Square of Martials. The current Knight Eternal is one of their sponsors.

EISENHAL ESTATE

Like the majority of houses in the district, the Eisenhal Estate stands on its own grounds, which is a luxury indeed in the crowded city. The building does not actually qualify as a mansion — Middenheim does not have the space for such luxuries — but the noble family live in great comfort.

The Eisenhals are one of the most ancient and influential noble families in Middenheim, with a lineage to rival that of the Todbringers. Whilst they are a venerable aristocratic line, they have never sought to rule Middenheim, claiming in all humility to know their place as supporters of royalty rather than claimants to the throne. Despite their self-effacement, none can doubt their gallantry, as their estate is dotted with statues of ancestors who served bravely in the Knights Panther.

AN ANTIQUE LAND



- ☠ A young member of the Eisenhal family has found a strange book written in a complex cipher. If it is translated, it is revealed to be *The Seven Shillers of Schism*, the diary of an Eisenhal knight and his retinue who joined the campaigns against Araby. It claims that a terrible secret is housed in a catacomb beneath the Odenhaus near the palace and that its existence threatens Middenheim and all who live there.
- ☠ The noble family spend much of their time in their ancestral seat of Lindenschloss. During their trips to and from the castle, they often take on dozens of hirelings to help with the move, and this may be a good way for cash-strapped Characters to earn some easy money.

OLD MONEY TALKS



- ☠ The lodge has caused controversy as its members have recently paid for a massive statue of Graf Rudolf von Kärzburdger to be erected on the grounds. This has excited comment because Graf Rudolf is famed for a 1987 IC address in which he promised to humble Middenheim's merchants. The wealthy Tore family of Geldmund regard the statue as an insulting snub and are secretly looking for shady Characters to desecrate it.

THE HARVEST GOOSE

The Harvest Goose is probably the best restaurant in the city. The bill of fare is long and impressive, although the cheapest meal is a phenomenal 10 shillings (including a bottle of the house wine). It is agreed that the quality justifies the price. Surprisingly, given its reputation, the Harvest Goose is not Halfling-run. The proprietor is Fanamis Shassaran, an Elf, which has given rise to spirited discussion of the relative merits of halfling and elven cuisine.

The Harvest Goose is named after the old Middenheimer custom of eating goose at harvest-time, and the house speciality of Harvest Goose is available all year round — succulently roasted, stuffed with a delicate blend of fruits and spices. It costs 2 GC, including wine and side-dishes, but is enough to feed up to eight, and that's before you try Fanamis' concoctions of cooked fruits, ultra-light pastry, caramelised sugars, crystallized liqueurs, and mouth-watering sorbets.

The wine list encompasses Bretonnian and Estalian vintages, as well as those from the Empire. Other than the Middenpalaz, this is the only place in Middenheim where it is possible to drink 50-year-old Echte Brandenburger, hailed as the finest brandy in the Old World. It has been said that, properly served, it is inhaled rather than drunk.

The restaurant's clientele is a cross-section through the highest reaches of city society. Nobles dine here regularly, and a curtained booth is set aside for the use of the Graf and his family. Although they seldom visit the restaurant, Fanamis is proud to be able to display the Todbringer coat of arms above the booth. Rallane Lafarel, the elven Court Minstrel, often plays here, and Gotthard Wallenstein is another regular.

KÄRZBURDGER MANSE

Prior to the rise of the Todbringer family, the von Kärzburdgers were Middenheim's best-known noble residents. They had been Grafs for centuries preceding the Great War against Chaos and oversaw the rule of the city during the period of reform following the election of Magnus the Pious. Now their glory days are behind them, and it is a cruel twist of fate that the reason for their decline is due, in part, to mandating progressive prison reforms.

Sister Hildegard of the Tears of Pity mission is famous for having berated Graf Erich von Kärzburdger in front of his court. Whilst the Graf was humiliated he agreed to her reforms. However, he paid a price for this magnanimity. There were many in Middenheim who regarded his compliance as weak and unfitting of royalty. He might have hoped to win support from those who welcomed his reforms: Shallyans, Verenans and radicals. However, they tended to suspect, rightly enough, that the Graf's interest was not in improving the lives of prisoners so much as enriching himself.

His heir, another moderate ruler, dithered over whether or not to join the Great War against Chaos. During the last days of his rule a power struggle saw the Todbringers become the first family of Middenheim.

Now the Kärzburdgers are diminished, having sold swathes of their former estates in the lee of the Middle Mountains. All that remains of their power is this admittedly magnificent townhouse, and a small area of mountainside territory. The penal colonies that sister Hildegard set up in connivance with the Graf are still part of the Kärzburdgers' domain and they make a handsome profit from the ore extracted here.

POLITICS OF ENVY



Whilst the family could not contest with the Todbringers for power or popularity, they do see them as usurpers of what is rightly theirs. The Kärzburdgers do not scheme to unseat the Graf, but they are not sorry to note the declining fortunes of Boris and his family. They could be open to being manipulated into attempting to win back former glories.

HELSTEIN HOUSE

The Helstein Manor is one of the largest noble houses in Middenheim. Its design echoes that of the High Temple of Ulric, being a fortified structure in the main, but with upper storeys built to affect an air of grandeur and magnificence. In previous years, Count Wolfgang von Helstein often aroused the ire of the Graf. He has always been seen as rather too keen to add unremarkable followers to his already expansive retinue. Throughout the Empire aristocrats are expected to keep a number of trained soldiers in their employ, for the defence of their own land and to help support their liege lord should he decide to go to war. However, these armies are also limited and no noble is permitted to expand their military power without permission of their liege lord.

Recently, Graf Boris has seemed to tire of the stressful business of keeping lesser nobles in line, and Count Wolfgang has seized upon this opportunity by swelling the size of his retinue. Whilst the Graf has not exactly permitted him to keep a private army, he has not yet censured him for doing so. Whilst many members of the Graf's court have been critical of Count Wolfgang, no moves have been made to strip him of his assets or subject him to punishment... yet.

The Helstein lands border the Drakwald, and if Count Wolfgang were to realise his ambition to keep a larger force of soldiers, he would immediately set to warring with the Beastmen herds who live there, sparking off a growing series of conflicts. The count would certainly need to hire rough mercenaries much like the Characters to support his efforts.

THE TALL BOLLWERK

The walls of Middenheim are impressive fortifications in their own right: even if it wasn't for the great rock upon which the city is built, they would intimidate anyone foolhardy enough to lay siege to the city. All of this aside, it is never a bad idea to let the wealthier residents know how well protected they are. The Tall Bollwerk is one of a number of bastions that arise from the city walls to the north and west of Middenheim, standing sentinel over the city's richer districts. The Knight Eternal himself is occasionally seen patrolling the walls nearby.

The muzzles of cannon poke from the shuttered windows of the Bollwerk. Middenheim does not boast the impressive arsenal of cities such as Altdorf and Nuln. Partly this is for religious reasons, as Ulric does not deem it fitting for his priests to wield blackpowder weapons. This stricture does not apply to Middenheim's army, yet so integral is the worship of Ulric to Middenheim that its arsenal remains modest.

The second consideration is practical in that an army laying siege to Middenheim would either gather at the base of the Fauschlag (not an easy place for a bombardier to draw a bead on) or else storm the causeways (which would be obliterated by artillery — or, if the rumours are true, collapsed by magic).

TORLICHELM MANOR

The Torlichelm family were raised to nobility in the 22nd century, their ancestors having won renown during the Vampire Wars. As such they are regarded with mixed feelings by their noble neighbours. On one hand, their elevation to the aristocracy occurred bare centuries ago; the other, the gallant deeds for which they were ennobled are a matter of clear historical record.

The manor is a spectacular building fronted in bone-white marble and bedecked with grotesque statuary depicting the vampiric foes who suffered their final deaths at the hands of the first noble Torlichelm.

THE UNITY ARCH

The Unity Arch is a large monument that serves to glorify the two knightly traditions that form important parts of Middenheim's society. The arch straddles the main thoroughfare through the district and is decorated with a frieze showing a scene of a wolf and panther standing side by side, squaring off against surrounding monstrous enemies.

Each leg of the arch contains an alcove occupied by a knight, tasked with standing to attention in full ceremonial dress at all times. A Knight of the White Wolf occupies one of these alcoves, and a Knight Panther the other. The guards are relieved every four hours, but manning the post is still a boring and arduous duty, and it tends to be given to junior members of the orders, or as punishment for a minor misdemeanour.



THE GREAT PARK

This is the largest of Middenheim's parks and is open to the public around the clock. The park is criss-crossed by wide gravel walkways that wind through tree-studded lawns. It stands roughly at the centre of the city. The park is ringed by a tree-lined avenue known as the Garten Ring.

There are wooden benches, small fountains, and statues at various points in the park. On a sunny day dozens of hawkers set up small portable stands selling food and drink, and public letter-writers can be found offering their services; many students supplement their income here.

BERNABAU STADIUM

The Bernabau Stadium is renowned throughout the Empire. Indeed, few cities in the Old World can boast such a facility. The fine amphitheatre is home to many sporting events. It has a capacity of 5,000, with seats for 2,000 and standing room for the rest. Originally built as a theatre for the performing arts, there hasn't been a play here since 2412 IC when Graf Dieter had the idea of staging the first Middenball match played to his official rules. The event was so popular that the stage was never replaced and now the place is used solely for track and field athletics, chariot racing, pit fighting bouts, and Middenball matches.

The place is managed by Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Yarblinksy, a Kislevite who holds the office of Magister Ludi, or Games Master, thanks to his work in supplying captive Beastmen. His hunting days are long past but he's fit enough to ensure that Minotaurs housed under the stadium get plenty of exercise. When he isn't working, Aleksandr is usually found in *The Pit Fighter's Head*.

The four entrances to the stadium are guarded by units of watchmen. This is partly to ensure that people don't try to get in without paying, but also to deal with the crowd violence that often accompanies inter-district Middenball matches (supporters of the Southgate Slammers are especially notorious).

According to hardened fans, standing on the terraces is the only place to be (the wooden seats are rather uncomfortable), although the best view is undoubtedly to be had from the Graf's luxuriously appointed box. Ticket prices range from 1 shilling (standing room at a league match) to 1 GC (a box-seat for a championship game). The sky's the limit for any tickets for Cup Final however, as demand far exceeds supply.

The spaces beneath the arena and the stadium's stands are honeycombed with rooms and corridors. Some of these function as living quarters for the half-dozen Pit Fighters who are permanently employed here. They fight captured and hamstrung Beastmen rather than each other, and act as referees and linesmen for Middenball matches. A few of the chambers are used as animal and Beastmen pens, offices, store-rooms, or staff quarters. There is even a small armoury located here.

The pit fighting is fairly tame, since Beastmen are routinely crippled for the fights. During the carnival, a healthy Minotaur is brought out, and the more reckless pit fighters (or young knights with a reputation to establish) do battle with it.

Halfling vendors sell hot pies and ale during the sporting events, and there are usually three or four unofficial bookmakers touting for bets. There are opportunist pickpockets making a healthy profit, gamblers having a flutter, social climbers fighting to get a seat next to a merchant or aristocrat, and plenty of ordinary Middenheimers enjoying the blood-letting.

PRIZED FIGHTERS



- The stadium requires a steady source of captive Beastmen and Characters can earn a bounty of 2 GCs for such creatures. Aleksandr can provide trusted hunters with a writ that can be presented to guards at the city gates, explaining why the captors are in possession of a living Beastman. Captives must be tightly bound and reduced to between 1 and 3 Wounds. They may bear critical injuries, but nothing so severe as a broken bone. Should a captive Beastman escape before reaching the stadium, the captors are fully liable for any damage it causes.



THE BLACK POOL

The Black Pool is the central feature of the park. This lake is the site of the spectacular finale to Middenheim's Carnival when the Wizards of the city put on a stunning light show.

The Black Pool is a mystery to many throughout the Empire. From its form and shape there is little to distinguish it from any mountain lake: its sides descend steeply towards the bottom and the waters are clear and cold even in midsummer. There is a very strange quirk of the lake, which has attracted much speculation from scholars, in that no matter how strongly the sun shines on the surface of the pool, it reflects no light. Even on a bright summer's day a person may stand by the pool and gaze down into the depths as if through a sheet of glass. No one knows the reason for this strange phenomenon, and most residents of the city simply attribute it to the will of Ulric.

SURFACE DEEPS



Many scholars and wizards have pondered over what lies behind the mysterious properties of the pool. There are faint traces of strange magical energies that could be discerned by anyone with *Second Sight* who passes a *Very Hard* (–30) Perception Test. If a Character could find a way to walk underwater and pass a series of similar tests they could find a block of ice lodged in the mud at the bottom of the pool. Within the ice are several shards of King Artur's magical frostblade, the Dragon Sword of Caledfwlch. Whilst the discovery of these artefacts would win much fame, many powerful, ancient, and mutually resentful noble families would demand rights to the find.

THE MONUMENT POND

This area of the Great Park has the feel of an outdoor museum. Over the years, many of the older statues in the city have been replaced and brought here. In particular statues of long-dead Grafs have been removed from the Palaz district and neighbouring precincts, replaced by those of the Todbringer dynasty. However, many of these statues are of rulers who still have the respect of people, and who may even have living descendants, so they are not lightly discarded.

The Monument Pond is a large square pool, shallow and filled with an unusual species of orange carp imported from Far Cathay. The pond is surrounded by a great many statues rendered in all sorts of materials, including marble, granite, and bronze.

THE BONFIRE SITE

Throughout most of the year this area of the Great Park is kept clear. Nothing would grow there anyway, and it is not a very attractive setting for outdoor activities, for year upon year of hosting bonfires has left the area scorched. For most of the year little goes on here aside from gaggles of children practising Middenball.

In the weeks leading up to Endeder Kampagne, the celebration of Ulric and the oncoming winter thrown at Mitterbst, the area becomes a hive of activity. Various interest groups in the city vie to win the right to construct the next bonfire, each of them hoping to build a larger fire than any of their rivals could manage. A great cross-section of Middenheim society engages in this contest: Guilds, Komissions, knightly orders, and even the representatives of criminal organisations (under respectable-sounding pseudonyms). Each group seeks to sponsor, or at least be seen to sponsor, the bonfire's construction.

The cult of Ulric is happy enough that so many varied institutions are eager to help celebrate its god. Even the fact that the representatives of the Low Kings put in their own bids does not unduly disturb the Ulrican clergy.

The bonfire building of Endeder Kampagne can truly be said to bring all strata of society together, even if it is in a spirit of heated competition.

THE PIT FIGHTER'S HEAD

The Pit Fighter's Head is a small private tavern located under the stadium's main stand. Admittance is for members only and costs 10 shillings a month, or 5 GCs a year. The price guarantees tickets for all main attractions, provided they are bought well in advance. Still, the place has an exclusive ambiance and there is always a long waiting list, even if it does tend to attract some of the more crushing bores among the city's upper classes. Most notable amongst the latter is the ageing Hermann von Krumpstein, who regales anyone foolish enough to listen with a detailed account of how he once bagged three Beastmen single-handedly back in 2487 IC.

A CRIMINAL CROWN



The tavern is sponsored by a consortium of Guilds who employ Bernhardt Gotheimer to manage the place. Bernhardt has been foolish enough to place himself in debt to the Low King Bleyden, and as a result he has to keep the criminal boss informed of any upcoming safe bets or opportunities to fix matches. An honest but careless man, Bernhardt would look kindly on anyone who could offer him a way out of this compromised position.

THE SHOWBOAT

Sited on the edge of the Black Pool, the Showboat is a restaurant and cabaret bar, favoured by scholars and the upper classes. There is no entrance fee, but patrons find it impossible to get a table without tipping a few pennies to Otto, the 6-foot-tall bass singer and head waiter.

The place is managed by Rolf Rosencrantz and his wife Elise, on behalf of Gunnar Guildenstern who is also co-owner of Castle Rock coaches. Indeed, the coach company's haulage division is occasionally used to smuggle in wine from the Reikland. Rolf is a sentimental old fool, and the atmosphere of the place reflects it. The food is excellent, thanks to the Halfling head chef Harrani Busuk, and the atmosphere is peaceful and intimate. A string quartet plays throughout the evening, occasionally with a singer.

There are half a dozen intimate, private rooms that can be hired for 2 shillings an evening. They suit those who don't want their romantic candlelit dinner spoiled by an audience. Elise handles all the finances and buys all the food herself, always driving a very hard bargain (many an Altmarkt stallholder groans inwardly on seeing her approach with a determined glint in her eye).

While the Showboat lacks the excitement of, say, the Templar's Downfall, it is the perfect place for a quiet liaison. It is a favourite haunt of two of the better known Ladies-at-Court, Emmanuelle Schlagen and Petra Liebkosen, who are often to be seen in the company of officers of the garrison, or other eligible bachelors.

The establishment keeps a fleet of small boats moored by the Showboat's landing-stage and lit by dim lanterns. They set off for slow trips around the Black Pool at intervals throughout the evening, and can be hired (for one shilling) by any of the restaurant's patrons.

ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS

The Great Park sports several sheltered gardens of rare and exotic plants, and even one or two ornate hothouses replete with brightly coloured blooms and fruit-bearing trees. These trees bear sweet and succulent fruits normally found only in Far Cathay and the Southlands. The ripe fruits are intended for the Graf's dining table — helping oneself counts as grand larceny.

The Lustrian hothouses is the prize of the Royal Botanical Gardens. The striking building is shaped like a gigantic terrarium with specially landscaped interior environments ranging from lush jungle at one end, to cactus-dotted desert at the other. A vast carnivorous plant is the star attraction. Every second Festag, the hothouse is crowded with fascinated and horrified onlookers who watch as the gardeners satisfy the bloom's appetite with a hapless goat.



KAUFSEIT

The Kaufseit is one of the two districts in the city that make up the merchants' quarter. Kaufseit is busy and noisy. Compared to the nearby Brotkopfs district, Kaufseit has more offices, workshops, and warehouses, but fewer residences. Many of the buildings in the district are built entirely out of wood, though there are a few finely built stone houses dotted about the place.

Warehouses line the district's Sudetenweg, with broad roads providing easy access to the southern gate. The warehouse district is often congested with wagons and heavily laden asses. It bustles with stevedores packing and unpacking loads, and excise workers clutching their ledgers. Most of the bulk goods entering and leaving the city spend some time in the great warehouses that flank the Sudetenweg, and there are many artisans' workshops and mercantile concerns of all sizes in the district.

Across the Zellautstrasse from Kaufseit lies the Geldmund district, where many of Middenheim's merchants and some of the wealthier artisans and scholars live.

BRUNHILDE'S WAREHOUSE

The warehouse is like most other warehouses in the merchant district: 50 ft in length and nearly as wide, constructed from stout timbers that have been waterproofed through an application of a noxious mix of pitch and daub. The warehouse is owned by Brunhilde Muller, who moved to Middenheim from the countryside a decade ago and bought the warehouse from the proceeds of her previous career milling grain.

Brunhilde has dealings with a number of timber merchants in Middenheim. Whilst her warehouse is mostly assigned to storing wood, there is also a large pit to one side of the warehouse floor that is used when sawing logs into planks.

Brunhilde is also not above storing contraband in her warehouse, though she usually does so as a favour to friends rather than for criminals such as the Low Kings. The back wall of her warehouse is false, containing a small windowless room, about 6 ft square, furnished with a straw mattress and set of iron manacles. On rare occasions her friend Hettie Shortcrust has to deal with an Ogre visitor to Middenheim, having smuggled one of their Greenskin servants into the city. Rather than risk a confrontation between the Ogre and the city watch, Brunhilde can keep Gnoblar here until the Ogre decides to move on.

THE PROBLEM GNOBLAR



- Brunhilde has been lucky not to draw the attention of 'The Man', who wishes to add another warehouse to his growing territory. If one of the many criminals who work for 'The Man' were to hear of the fact that Brunhilde occasionally keeps Greenskins in her warehouse, it would provide them with the leverage they need to effectively take the place over.
- Brunhilde has never had a Gnoblar escape, but the creatures bitterly resent their captivity, and would seize any opportunity for freedom.

THE VITALERS' GUILD

This is a long one-storey hall with some resemblance to the timber and thatch drinking holes of the ancient Teutogen tribes. Its archaic architecture and simple construction mark it out amongst the more solid and utilitarian buildings that surround it.

The Vittalers' Guild is a motley collaboration of tavern proprietors, chefs, and restaurateurs. It is not really a Guild in the true sense, as there is such a variety of different cuisines and approaches to them that strict standards and practices are not desired either by the providers of such services or their customers. Provided a tavern does not serve outright poison it will have its defenders. Instead the Guild seeks to promote upstanding practice through spreading the good word of those venues it approves of, rather than seeking to regulate those it does not.

The Cup of Cheer is the iconic mascot of the Guild, a stunning trophy wrought in gleaming bronze, festooned with moulded scenes of legendary revelry, and a number of small tin stamps, each of which bears the name of a venue and the year in which it was awarded the trophy.

THE LAURELORN LUTHIERY

The Luthiery is a large workshop located on the Sudetenweg. The building is constructed to elven designs, and its pretty curving profile is incongruous amongst the boxlike warehouses that surround it. The workshop is owned and managed by Cerithadell, an Elf maker of stringed instruments.

Cerithadell works in the luthiery with two Human apprentices. They specialise in various lute designs, though if called to they could also produce viols or hurdy-gurdies. They also sell many accessories for instruments, such as leather straps and cases, and strings of twisted sheep gut, though they do not do the odious work of producing such things on site. The court minstrel Rallane Lafarel is a regular customer here. The luthiery is always kept spectacularly clean, and any tool that isn't being employed is neatly stored on racks on the wall. Cerithadell is one of the most accomplished carpenters in Middenheim, though work that does not involve the production of a beautiful instrument is beneath concern.

- Cerithadell is often curious about the properties that rare wood, animal horn, and unusual guts when used to create a musical instrument. This has become an obsession, and indeed Cerithadell no longer feels quite at home around other Eonir. Adventurers are another story. The Laurelorn Luthiery has gained a reputation for purchasing all sorts of unusual animal parts and exotic timbers.
- The Elf could be a useful contact for entertainers looking for work in the city or at the Carnival. Cerithadell knows the court minstrel, the Revels Officer, and many of the club and nightclub owners throughout the city. If a customer of the luthiery were to convince Cerithadell of their talent, introductions and even recommendations could be made.

FANCY A CUPPA?



- Every Mitterfruhl the grandees of the Vittalers' Guild meet and decide which of the city's many taverns, clubs, and restaurants is deserving of the prize. There is some politicking involved even here, as efforts are made to promote homelier cosmopolitan venues open to a variety of clientele, rather than making it a prize for the pursuit of excellence in cuisine. As such, busy taverns tend to receive the prize whether or not their proprietors particularly deserve it. The Tardy Ass won it last Mitterfruhl, not for the first time.
- The Cup of Cheer has gone missing. Whilst it is not a particularly precious artefact it is of some sentimental value to the Guild, and they have offered 20 GC in reward to anyone who finds the culprits. Unfortunately, it is in possession of the Eaters of the World (see page 139), who believe that the cup's association with Middenheim provides a key to the return of the undead fiend Babrakkos.

THE MERCERS' GUILD

The production of cloth is big business in the Empire and mercers, as those who deal in fabrics are known, number among the wealthiest of the Empire's merchants. It is sometimes said, and not without justification, that were it not for fine weaving houses in many of the Empire's towns, the nation's economy would collapse.

The Mercers' Guildhouse on Grimmhagen Strasse reflects this wealth, being a veritable mansion sitting awkwardly amongst stockyards and warehouses. The lower storeys are constructed of the sort of stone blocks usually reserved for fortresses, whilst its second floor is an eccentric but impressive construction half-timbered and roofed with terracotta tiling. As a tribute to its sponsors and an advertisement of their wares, the embroidered banners of many merchant houses are draped from window ledges and flag masts. They are fashioned from dozens of different fine fabrics.

MIDDLE CLASS REVOLT

- ☠ The Mercers sponsor a number of military assets around Middenheim, including many cannon and the Grimmhagen Swordsmen. Many nobles express frustration that whilst they are prevented by law from accruing large retinues, Guilds are not prevented from sponsoring forces of similar strength. The dispute threatens trouble between merchants and aristocrats.
- ☠ Legends tell of Giant Spiders in the Drakwald who grow to the size of Dragons. Seigfried Unternehmer, the Vice Chairman of the Mercers' Guild, offers a standing reward of 50 Gold Crowns for the capture of such a beast. He has a large barn on the edge of the Warrenburg that he keeps available to house the monstrosities and harvest their silk.

SHORTCRUST'S RECRUITMENT

The offices of Hettie Shortcrust are a strange sight, a compact timber frame structure beside which has been erected a tall wooden shed with a massive barn door. This is so that Hettie, who is short even by Halfling standards, can hold meetings with her most important clients, Ogres.

Hettie offers her services as an agent for any Ogres who visit Middenheim. It is well known amongst the city's street children that if they spot an Ogre entering the city and get word of its arrival to Hettie, she may reward them with a bright shilling.

Hettie's customers include a number of Middenheim's busiest gaffers, who are often on the lookout for Ogres to help with building projects and other hard labour. Other customers include nobles who wish to include an Ogre amongst their retinues, or bar managers who want to hire a particularly intimidating bouncer.

Few Ogres visit Middenheim, and those that do rarely stay for long. They also tend to have no interest in things like contracts and service agreements, so whilst Hettie charges a premium for her services she often has to account for slow periods and unsatisfied customers.

Hettie is a good judge of an Ogre's character, but on some occasions she has made the mistake of hiring out a clumsy or short-tempered individual. She is also aware of the habit some Ogres have of employing Gnoblar servants. Whilst Ogres are (just about) tolerated in the Empire, Gnoblars are not, and Hettie has to make sure that none of her charges are smuggling them into Middenheim.

- ☠ Hettie's experience with Ogres leads her to be rather sympathetic to bands of adventurers. If the Characters take on a job that could benefit from the help of an Ogre bodyguard, she may come to hear of it through her informants and offer them her services.

TEARS OF PITY MISSION

In 2319 IC Emperor Magnus the Pious authored the Law of Imperial Salvation and Mercy, which encouraged nobles throughout the Empire to heed the recommendations of the Shallyan Tears of Pity Crusade. These reformers were appalled by the number of executions that took place throughout the Empire, and suggested alternatives such as penal servitude, transportation, or imprisonment.

Since the reign of Magnus, the mission has become somewhat diminished and decadent, but the Tears of Pity Mission still keeps a small compact office that deals with volunteers who wish to perform practical charitable work. Most of the work arranged here is pastoral care, centring around volunteers spending their own free time checking in with elderly residents, people with long-term illnesses, and convicts.

MORALITY FOR SALE

- ☠ 'If you kill everyone at the first offence, who will be left to pay your taxes?' Sister Hildegard told Graf Erich in 2319 IC. Now Hildegard is being maligned from an unexpected quarter. The New Millennialists regard the penal system as a way to quell dissident voices and a way to profit from criminal rehabilitation. Their leaflets quote Hildegard as evidence that the establishment of prisons enriches the already wealthy. A few Verenan priests have suggested that the agitators have a point, leading to strain between Shallyans and Verenans.
- ☠ Swindlers working for 'The Man' often claim to collect money for the Mission, suggesting unfortunate consequences for those who aren't generous. They give themselves an air of plausible deniability by making occasional donations, but most of the money funds criminal enterprise.



KLEINMOOT

The Kleinmoot is part of the Altmarkt district, but is thought of as a distinct area as this is where the bulk of the city's Halflings live. The area has many small eating and drinking establishments, especially around the edge of the marketplace. These are mostly run by Halflings and are open all hours. The majority of shops here sell cooked or uncooked foodstuffs, and there are a few artisans' workshops, dealing mainly in cooking utensils and tableware.

THE GAFFERS' GUILD

This odd building lies in the centre of the Kleinmoot. Whilst it is scaled to be suitable for Halfling use, and therefore cramped for anyone over 5 ft in height, it is nevertheless a tall and imposing structure. With its narrow footprint and four storeys, the office of the Gaffers' Guild resembles a clock tower more than a place of business, but the strange building stands as a testament to the importance of Halflings for the building trade.

Although the job of heavy lifting is peculiarly unsuited for Halflings, they nevertheless have important roles in construction, and are often sought out as construction managers. This is down in part to the cheery and encouraging nature of Halflings, and their ability to get along with anyone, even Dwarfs and Ogres. In construction this is particularly important, for important projects can involve the input of Dwarf masons, Elf designers, and teams of labourers who often include itinerant workers and the occasional Ogre.

The head of the Gaffers' Guild is a young Halfling known as Quango Bottomdown. Quango is relatively new to Middenheim, having travelled to the city from his Mootland home two years ago. However, he has an easy manner and is a brilliant networker, even by the usual high standards of Halflings, and his position at the head of the Guild finds favour even from established clan elders within the Kleinmoot.

THE BLAZING HEARTH

This restaurant in the Kleinmoot is one of several traditional Halfling eating-places in the area. It is staffed and run by Halflings, and the Mootland dialect is used exclusively by the staff and on the menus. Other than Halflings, very few even know of its existence, but it is one of the best places outside the Moot for Halfling cuisine at its finest.

The decor suggests a Mootland cottage or barn, and the clientele are almost exclusively Halflings. However, a few Human Middenheimers do come here from time to time, having discovered the place by accident.

The Blazing Hearth is owned by Silas Greenhill, a rotund and hearty host, and run by himself and his large family. Out-of-town Halflings are made especially welcome, particularly if they bring news from the Moot or from other Halfling communities. If there is a Halfling in the party, this is a good place to pick up news and gossip. The Characters could be directed here by any Halfling they meet in the city.



HALFLING CLANS IN MIDDENHEIM

The vast majority of the Halflings in Middenheim are derived from one of five extended families. Like Halfling clans in other areas of the Old World, these families tend to be highly nepotistic and a little insular. They also tend to garner reputations for I'd remove expertise in certain trades, or possessing particular personality traits.

The main clans in Middenheim are the Stilburgs, who are generally seen as a bad lot with criminal connections; the Greenhills, who tend to make their living as chefs and hostesses; the Greendales, who have garnered a reputation for their quality work as artisans and tailors; the Shortcrusts, who have demonstrated an ability to inveigle their way into Human institutions; and the Warbles, who have won a reputation for information gathering and detective work.

THE QUIRKY BIRD

Hettie Greenhill is a distant cousin of Silas. She once worked as one of his sous-chefs, but has since branched out and opened a restaurant of her own. Unfortunately for Hettie, she has little of Silas's skill, and none of his respect for the craft of cookery. As a result, the Quirky Bird has become an exercise in overcompensation, decorated in loud clashing colours and jammed full of flashy knickknacks. It boasts one of the most pretentious menus outside of Bretonnia, and residents of the Kleinmoot jest about the food there being so bizarre that the cockroaches have moved next door.

Hettie spends every morning scouring the Altmarkt for exotic produce and rare meats. Back in the kitchen she spends an inordinate amount of time creating meat dishes that appear to be pieces of fruit, or puddings that look like salted joints of meat. Her more bizarre experiments involve combining dishes with table dressing that gives off juxtaposing aromas. She has even tried to interest Middenheim's Wizards into helping her prepare foods, cooking meals using magical fire or lightning. So far she has been out of luck, as Wizards tend to find working in a kitchen to be an indignity.

Despite her excesses Hettie's dishes fail to taste any better than sausages bought from a street vendor. Nevertheless, she does have a small but devoted customer base, who declare the experience *'worth it for the weirdness alone'*. However, despite all her efforts, she is rather in the shadow of her more conventionally successful relatives.

A FLAIR FOR FARE



- ☠ Adventuring Characters might actually find Hettie a good source of employment, as she pays good money for anything that could conceivably be eaten. All but the most noxious of meats are greatly appreciated, particularly those from exotic monsters.
- ☠ Some wag keeps sneaking into the Quirky Bird and covering the face of Hettie's statue of Esmerelda, as if she should be embarrassed by the fare. Hettie is quietly offering a reward to anyone who can identify this miscreant.
- ☠ Hettie's reputation as a lover of exotic meats has garnered the attention of The Jade Sceptre, a local cult of Slaanesh dedicated to excess of all sorts. They find the idea of inducting a Halfling into their circle both unusual and appealing, are certain that Hettie would enjoy the taste of some even more exotic cuts of meat if she could only be induced to try them, and have butchered a Beastman for this purpose. For her part, Hettie would just like someone to discover why she's being followed by an unusual people who keep asking her to sample their rather dubious looking cured meats.

HOB'S LOST AND FOUND

Hob Warble is an elderly Halfling with a hairless head reminiscent of a small and dented red cannonball. He runs the Lost and Found, a single-room office on the edge of the Kleinmoot. The Lost and Found is an odd building, too cramped to be comfortable for Humans, but airier and loftier than a Halfling's notion of a cosy bolthole.

Hob Warble is an unusual Halfling in that he understands the annoyance other Species feel when their belongings are taken, but also respects that within Halfling culture thievery isn't seen as malicious. He provides a service to both his community and those who suffer from the Halfling lack of respect for personal property. If someone should mislay an item and suspect a Halfling of having taken it, they can contact Hob, who undertakes discreet but pertinent investigation into where it might have gone.

Hob's price is 15% of the value of any item he manages to locate. He is a canny investigator of unbreachable discretion. He knows many of the city's fences, and is careful to distance his enquiries from anything that might uncover the criminal operations of the Low Kings. Provided a distinctive item hasn't been stolen by a professional thief, he is likely to track it down.

A GENTLE DIRK



- ☠ The Stilburg Halfling clan are thoroughly criminal, and find Hob's interference highly inconvenient. However, they are too cautious to make any move that might draw the attention of the Warble family, many of whom are talented in criminal investigation. If a Character were known to be a skilled assassin, they might be approached to ensure that something fatal happens to Hob.





KONIGSGARTEN

When Artur's men first scaled the Fauschlag they were greeted by a bare and blasted landscape. The plateau mostly yields only lichen and etiolated rock-plants. Little soil clings here and the only greenery is supplied by moss and twisted trees with sparse, brittle needles.

But there was one exception, a green refuge where soft earth had gathered away from the swirling winds and driving rains that lash the rock. Even in the days of Artur, grass and trees crowded this verdant corner. Today the clipped and mossy pathways of the Konigsgarten lie to the east of the Middenpalaz. It remains one of the few areas in Middenheim where thriving vegetation grows in abundance.

The gardens are very lovely and well cared for, with lawns, rare trees, and many flowering shrubs and flower beds. They are surrounded by tall wrought-iron railings and there are always at least ten guards around, and several park-keepers. The Konigsgarten is open to the public from ten in the morning until eight in the evening, except when it is being used for one of the Graf's summer garden parties – an affair to which you must be personally invited in order to attend.

GRAFINA SOLVEIG MEMORIAL BANDSTAND

Grafina Solveig, a daughter of the von Bildhofen line, is one of the most celebrated figures in Middenheim's history. Her marriage to the first Graf Boris Todbringer in 2371 IC is seen as the instigating act for a new golden age in the city. Solveig is held as a model of Imperial aristocracy, and the bandstand is topped with a statue emphasising her graceful and fashionable appearance, whilst nearby stone tablets list the many works she sponsored throughout the Empire's northern provinces, including universities, artistic endeavours, entrepreneurial endeavours, and charitable institutions.

Solveig was by no means a mediocrity, but serious historians would have to admit that her memory has been given a significant gloss. She stands as an example of the power and influence both the Todbringers and von Bildhofens stood to gain by joining their two houses.

Beyond the statue and the tablets the bandstand is a large elevated platform surrounded by tall pillars in the Tilean style. It is a popular meeting place for Middenheimers and is one of the few places in the city where it is common to see all classes of Middenheim's citizenry mingling without undue consternation.

The Artfully Condensed Tarradaschians (or 'The ACT', as they delight in referring to themselves) are four luminaries of Middenheim's Konigsgarten Theatre. They specialise in putting on abridged versions of Jacopo Tarradasch's classics that can just about be performed by the quartet (with the help of quick and cunning costume changes). During the summer months they enjoy virtual monopoly over the bandstand and their shows are effective advertisements for their parent theatre's upcoming full-scale productions.

YOU HAVE THE STAGE...



- When the Tarradaschians are not using the bandstand, it is common for musical groups to perform here. Even when other events are going on it is not uncommon to see a busker or two lurking nearby, ready to grab a spot if the opportunity arises. A performer Character could take a turn in such circumstances, but they had better be worth watching or the crowd quickly boos them off in the hope of a better show.

GRAF BERHOLDT'S FOLLY

This strange structure was built upon the order of Graf Berholdt Todbringer in 2428 IC. It is a massive column of smooth black marble that sits rather awkwardly amongst the more refined décor of the gardens.

The Folly is so called because the Graf planned it to honour the relationship between the Todbringers and Middenheim's Knights Panther. Apparently he had ordered a statue of a rampant big cat to top the column, and paid a Dwarf goldsmith a small fortune to create the figure. Despite this expense, the resulting statue was so small that few onlookers could even see it upon the column – besides which it was stolen some time during the reign of Graf Dieter.

- In fact the Folly was constructed for a secret purpose, in that the pillar is hollow and contains a secret door close to the base. The Todbringers keep the only known key to this door, and can access the Folly from a secret passage that runs from inside the Middenpalaz.

THE HOHAIN

The Hohain is one of the few places on the plateau where a profusion of growth can be found, a spinney of tall coniferous trees swathed about their roots with a thick carpet of bracken and fungi. This is the remnant of the original green corner first discovered by Artur's men when they explored the Fauschlag over 2,500 years ago. Not large enough to be properly thought of as a wood, it is nevertheless dense and trackless. Whilst the Hohain has a wild beauty, it is avoided by most Middenheimers, who find the ancient thicket eerie and foreboding.



THE MENHIRS

When the Teutogens first discovered the eternal flame they immediately recognised it as a magical wonder. A circle of eight tall standing stones was erected around the site, fashioned like the ancient oghams found all over the Empire and beyond. For over a century the stones stood sentinel around the flame, but when Ar-Ulric Wulcan ordered the construction of the High Temple, they were uprooted and moved to this site.

Their long proximity to the flame has imbued the menhirs with quantities of *Ghur*, and the Order of Amber Wizards, who normally prefer to work in the wild, find this an important ritual site.

GALE FORCE GHUR

A Character with the Arcane Magic (Beasts) Talent benefits from an even greater surplus of *Ghur* here than is found in the rest of the city (see page 46). Such Characters count as if the Swirling Winds (see WFRP, page 238) always produce a +30 bonus to any Casting and Channelling Tests they make whilst in this area.

THE DREAMING GLADE

There is a small clearing in the Hohain that can be accessed by a narrow overgrown path that opens behind one of the menhirs. The glade has become an enchanted darkling place as a result of stagnating magical energies. If any Middenheimer should ever stray into the glade on a night when the Chaos Moon is full, they may notice a strange shimmering in the air and find themselves trapped within an eerie realm of prophecy and daemonic malice.

Those with *Second Sight* know that the glade, whilst suffused with *Ghur*, is something unusual and eerie. Human Wizards are entirely unfamiliar with this type of manifestation of *Ghur*, but largely assume that it is just a consequence of the woodland here being one of the few truly wild places in the city. Certain Elves in Middenheim are aware of the glade, though they are loath to approach it. They can recognise the subtle distinctions between a wild and magical place and the more troubling nature of the glade.

In private conversations, these Elves suspect that the glade has become (or maybe always was) an outcropping of the Athel Caiellin, or Dreaming Woodland. This dangerous alternate realm is a place where primal magic reigns, and whilst it is rumoured to provide prophetic visions and the fulfilment of wishes, it is also known to be haunted by Daemons of Slaanesh.

The Elves have yet to confirm their suspicions, but they often visit the area around the glade to keep an eye on who might come and go, and what their business might be.

GLAMOUR OF THE GLADE



- ☠ Cultists of the Jade Sceptre are generally too devoted to self-indulgence to investigate obscure corners of the city. However, were one of them to become interested in researching Daemonology, and were they to connect certain aspects of Slaaneshi lore to the glade, they might realise that on nights when Morrslieb is full, a swarm of Daemons could be called through from the haunted caves of the Dreaming Wood.
- ☠ Characters with the *Sixth Sense* Talent experience a pronounced eerie feeling whenever they are near the glade, though they would have to engage in pertinent research to discover why. While some of the cities Wizards know something of the glade, only the Elves – or cultists of the Jade Sceptre – can provide true answers.



YANNI WEBER

Most shamans of the Amber Order are uncomfortable in the Empire's cities. They typically dress in animal furs, with the teeth and claws of fierce beasts, to draw the Amber Wind forth. In Middenheim, the place is so suffused with *Ghur* that an Amber Wizard has more than they need without their traditional trappings, and tamer shamans can be found in Middenheim, working their magic in the city. The Amber Order prizes such eccentrics; the need to study the unique circumstances of magical forces in Middenheim requires their presence.

Yanni is one of the Amber Order's urbane shamans. Whilst she lives, studies, and works in Middenheim even she finds it necessary to spend much of her time in and around the Hohain, working rituals in one of the only places within the city that can still be called wild.

Yanni is a strange sight to those used to the typical shamans of the Amber Order. She keeps her black hair combed and trimmed, and wears a city dweller's garb. Even so, she affects a few of the badges of her order: the skull of a rat decorates her coat lapel and a number of feathers are tucked into her hat band. She puzzles over the strange magical eddies around the menhirs with a researcher's diligence, but is yet to discern anything unusual there.

YANNI WEBER HUMAN MASTER WIZARD (GOLD 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	52	33	38	35	38	45	35	58	59	28	14

Traits: Weapon (Quarterstaff) +7

Skills: Animal Care 64, Channelling (*Ghur*) 65, Cool 63, Dodge 51, Intuition 62, Language (Magick) 66, Lore (Magic) 66, Melee (Basic) 55, Melee (Polearm) 58, Perception 63

Talents: Arcane Magic (Beasts), Aethyric Attunement, Doomed (*Thy last exclamation is love*), Instinctive Diction, Magical Sense, Menacing, Petty Magic, Read/Write, Second Sight

Trappings: Grimoire, Magical License, Quarterstaff, Morg the Talking Rat Skull



MOTE YARROW THE FETCHLING

A tiny creature standing less than a foot in height, wrapped in luminous gossamer threads that sprout from all over its body, Mote Yarrow remains hidden and secret, yet it is responsible for more heartache in Middenheim than Grom the Paunch or Vlad von Carstein. Mote is a Fetchling, meagre in physical form but copious in magical power and malicious mistrust of mortals.

Centuries ago Mote found its way through, disgusted to find itself amongst the teeming life and industry of temporal humanity. It remained unseen and secretive within the Dreaming Wood, and only on moonless nights did it flit about Middenheim to find out more about the dirty and wretched place it had discovered.

Drawn to mischief through boredom and caprice, Mote made it a self-appointed task to torment the citizens. Secretly it leeches the fertility of several important Middenheimers, cursing them and their dwindling batches of descendants to withered lineages. From Boris Todbringer to "The Man", a swathe of Middenheim's most powerful people have been bereft of their appetite for love and intimacy as the result of Mote's jinxing.

MOTE YARROW THE FETCHLING

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	55	56	13	20	65	45	71	65	62	55	2

Traits: Ethereal, Prejudice (Mortal Beings)

Skills: Athletics 80, Channelling 87, Charm 75, Charm Animal 77, Intimidate 43, Intuition 95, Language (Magick) 85, Perception 95, Stealth (Urban) 60

Talents: Acute Sense (Sight, Smell, Hearing), Arcane Magic (Beasts, Hedgecraft, Life, Witchcraft), Aethyric Attunement, Beneath Notice, Instinctive Diction, Little, Magical Sense, Menacing, Night Vision, Petty Magic, Read/Write, Second Sight, Sixth Sense, Strider (Woodlands), Strong-minded 2, Witch! 2



NEUMARKT

The Neumarkt is the second of Middenheim's two main commercial areas. While the Altmarkt deals mainly in foodstuffs, the Neumarkt supplies other goods of all descriptions. There are actually several markets within the Neumarkt district, interspersed with artisans' workshops and dwellings of various types. As well as workshops, the Guild Houses of a number of lesser craft Guilds can be found in this area.

BLESSED GUILD OF WATER CADDIES

Middenheim is one of the few major settlements in the Empire that does not straddle a river. This is not to say that the city is without water, for a number of springs issue from the Fauschlag and wells have been bored down from convenient points in every district. Even so, it is not always easy to access water in the city, and the difficulty of drawing water from a well has led to the proliferation of a profession rarely seen elsewhere. Water caddies enact the back-breaking labour of wandering the city with a barrel of water strapped to their backs. Some of them ferry barrel loads to businesses and wealthy households, whilst others stand on street corners offering water at a penny a cup.

The caddies lead a hard life, and are recognised by their pronounced stoops and wheezing chests. The Guildhouse is a small timber frame structure sited to the side of a small market square, at the centre of which stands the main Neumarkt well.

It is common knowledge in Middenheim that the caddies are familiar with the layout of the city. If anyone is lost and requires the expertise of a passing caddy, it is local etiquette to offer them a penny in return for directions. Spurned caddies are quick to circulate descriptions of miserly Characters, and anyone who cheats them of their fee soon finds that they have earned a reputation for meanness throughout the city.

CASTLE ROCK COACHES

The Castle Rock Coaches company is co-owned by Gunnar Guildenstern and Rudolf Finkelstein. The former is also the owner of the Showboat in the Great Park, and occasionally uses the company's haulage division to smuggle in wines for that establishment.

The company's offices and terminus are situated on the Burgenbahn. There is a large coaching inn, simply called the Castle Rock, and a coach yard with stabling and a small smithy. The yard can accommodate up to four coaches at a time, and there is sufficient stabling for a dozen or so horses.

Guildenstern and Finkelstein are aware that Wolf Runner coaches are experiencing hardship, but they have not guessed that their troubles are self-imposed for the purposes of amassing funds to expand their operations.

NOT JUST KEGS ON LEGS



Guildenstern once approached Finkelstein with the notion of a coach pulled by Demigryphs. The more pragmatic partner dismissed the idea, but if Wolf Runner were to develop a steam-powered coach, and if it were to see a financial benefit through the device, then the need to compete may see Guildenstern's sensational coach design planned in earnest.

GREENDALE'S LEATHER GOODS

This workshop can be found on the edge of the district, near the fringes of the Kleinmoot. The building is split into working and living areas by a curtained doorway, and the workroom doubles as a shop. Dunno Greendale, a Halfling, shares the house with his wife and seven children and any of his relatives and neighbours who drop by. It is a bustling and cheerful place.

Belts, bags, sword-harnesses, and backpacks hang in rows from pegs around the workroom. In the middle of the room is a large table where Dunno works; underneath are stacks of cured hides. The goods on display are plain but well made, and Dunno undertakes fancy work to order, generally at 125% of the normal cost. Halflings, personal friends, and regular customers are normally given a 10% discount.

An item of clothing takes a number of hours to make equal to ten times the garment's cost in GCs; both the cost and Encumbrance value of a leather item is twice that of its cloth counterpart; and Dunno never produces work that does not benefit from the *Fine* and *Lightweight* Item Qualities (WFRP, page 292). Thus, one of his leather jerkins costs 2 GCs and has an Encumbrance of 0.

Like most of the city's artisans, Dunno works a 12-hour day. His bright personality and high standards make fitting sessions more of a pleasure than a trial, and he keeps a supply of herbal tea, spiced ale, and fruit biscuits on hand for customers.

Dunno's speciality is leather tankards, lined with hard pitch and decorated with leather-embossed fancy designs. He believes they bring out the flavour of good ale, and are cheaper too. His leather tankards range in price from 1 to 4 shillings, the cost of a fairly plain pewter version. He also makes leather bowls and platters, which are favoured by Halflings for certain dishes. Dunno points out that leather items won't break like pottery, tarnish like metal, or need care like wood.

As well as working on his own account, Dunno receives regular orders for scabbards and harnesses from a number of the city's armourers, and occasionally makes fancy binding for books.

HANS RUSTUNG'S ARMOURY

Rustung's is a typical residence and workshop on two storeys. The lower storey is built entirely of stone, to minimise the risk of fire, and is given over to the workshop. A set of double doors, which can be barred and locked from the inside, allows entry for carts delivering metal and coal. These supplies are stored in the back corners of the workshop. Set into one wall is a stone-built forge, with a stone chimney that runs up the outside of the building, ending several feet above the height of the roof.

As well as the forge itself, the main workroom contains several stone quenching-troughs filled with oil, and a small annealing furnace where finished items cool slowly. Buckets of sand stand ready to be used in finishing the metalwork, giving it a bright, smooth surface.

All armourers have a strong room in which they keep finished weapons and armour prior to sale, collection, or delivery. In Rustung's workshop, this is a cellar beneath a concealed trap-door in the floor.

The upper storey is of timber, and contains accommodations for Rustung and his family. His apprentice, Fritz Lehrling, also has a room upstairs. Rustung is a generous teacher: most artisans make their apprentices sleep in a corner of the workshop.



Rustung has a small number of common items (D10 of each), Daggers, Foils, and Rapiers, in his strong room at most times. He sells them to any Character who wishes to buy. Rustung is capable of crafting any melee weapon from the following groups: Basic, Fencing, Parry, and Two-Handed (see **WFRP**, page 294). He can also make any piece of plate armour described in the Consumer Guide (see **WFRP**, page 300). Items made to order take a number of working hours equal to half the sum of the item's cost in shillings (rounding change up to the nearest shilling). Thus, a Rapier (a cost of 5 GCs) takes 50 working hours, while a Swordbreaker (a cost of 1 GC 2/6) takes 12 working hours. These are minimum times: if any Item Qualities (see **WFRP**, page 292) are requested, add 50% to the time for each additional Quality.

Rustung and Fritz spend a total of 20 hours between them smithing a day, 8 days in a week. There is a 40% chance at any time that Rustung is already making something to order and has another 2D10 hours' work before he can start something new.

Rustung tends to ask for 3 shillings per hour of labour, so one of his Zweihanders would cost 15 crowns. However, he may be haggled down to the listed price and may give a 10% discount to prominent or regular customers. Whilst this makes his basic items somewhat expensive, the cost of his quality work is fair.

POWDER KEG



There are a number of armourers in Middenheim, but the city has no gunsmiths. Whilst guns are not technically illegal in Middenheim, Ulric's aversion to the weapons is well known. A Character looking to take advantage of this gap in the market soon finds their business picketed by angry Ulrican zealots.

KLAUS KERZER'S CANDLEMAKERS

Kerzer's is two storeys in height, built of brick and timber. The upper floor is given over to living quarters, and the lower floor is his workshop, divided by a curtain into work and selling areas. A storeroom at the back contains blocks of wax and reels of string for wicks.

The workroom itself is dominated by a metal trough of molten wax. Poles hang over the trough and can be raised or lowered from pulleys set into the ceiling. String is cut into lengths, hung over the poles, and dipped repeatedly until sufficient wax has built up and one candle hangs on either end of the string.

Finished candles hang from poles on racks lining the walls of the workroom and the shop. As well as the main dipping-trough, there are several smaller cauldrons used in making coloured and scented candles. Special ingredients required for these, such as bundles of dried lavender, are kept in a locked strongbox in the storeroom.

NEUMARKT QUARTERS

When people in Middenheim speak of the Neumarkt as a commercial centre they are talking mainly about three particular areas of the district and the industries that can be found there.

Middenheim's odoriferous businesses are largely confined to the **Gerberbahn**, found in Neumarkt's south-east corner, close to the Altquartier. This wretched and noisome area is occupied by the city's tanners, dyers, and fullers. Every morning Gong Farmers ferry barrows brimming with urine and ordure to this area, selling the swill to tanneries and fulling yards. For a small fee they also collect the waste products, which are even more noxious, to be tipped over the edge of the Fauschlag.

A little further north and west is the **Schmiedstrasse**, where metalworkers are the majority. Middenheim is a good place for metalworkers to do business. Gangs of convicts dig ore from mines in the Middle Mountains. This ore is brought into the city and smelted in one of a dozen bloomeries found on the Gerberbahn. They sell bars and plates of iron to Schmiedstrasse armourers and blacksmiths who work them into metal objects.

The **Topferplatz** is the potters' quarter. Here are a great many workshops producing all manner of stoneware. The Potters' Guildhouse can also be found in this area, though it is a modest guild that does little to regulate the practices of the city's potters beyond proscribing a few ingredients known to be poisonous, and chasing down unlicensed freelancers.

THE SPLIT VEIL

The taverns in the Neumarkt district are often rather utilitarian affairs, neat but soulless stop-offs for traders and shoppers who fancy a quiet pint or two before heading home. The Split Veil is rather more characterful, a huge sprawling tavern with a number of different bars, snugs, and private rooms. In particular, the upper storey is a labyrinth of corridors and small conference rooms and bedrooms. Even long-serving tavern staff have got lost and confused in the tangled passageways.

Wulfilde Sudenfeld runs the tavern. The fact that she is of Norse extraction can attract unwanted attention from local louts who presume she harbours sympathies for the dark powers. She is dismissive of such slanders, but is mindful enough to ensure that she is regularly seen worshipping at the High Temple of Ulric. She has also bedecked the tavern in regalia such as wolf's head motifs. The same cannot be said of all her regulars. Members of the Volans' Oath of Devotion Society meet here, as the seclusion offered by the small, hard-to-find rooms suits their purposes.

The tavern is also a meeting place for Neumarkt's organised criminal gang, under the leadership of the Low Queen Herla Heiwardt. Both Herla's criminal gang and the Volans' Oath of Devotion Society are careful to ensure that they never meet in the same room or snug twice in a row, and so the complexities of the tavern afford them much protection from prying eyes.

Eva Dietrich of the Red Moon finds the tavern a favourite hunting ground. She comes here incognito and feeds from lone guests in far-flung rooms. Busy taverns such as the Split Veil allow Eva to slake her vampiric thirst without risking bumping into the sort of people who patronise the Red Moon. Even so she is careful to adopt disguises whilst hunting.

MISSED CONNECTIONS



Whilst both a secret coven and an organised crime gang hold meetings here, they would regard each other as repellent if they knew of each other's existence. Tipping one organisation off to the presence of the other could spark off a highly unorthodox secret war.

TOPFER'S STONEWARE

This potter's workshop is two storeys high, with an apartment located on the first floor. The ground floor is a workroom, with a kiln built into one wall and a pair of large stone settling-tanks full of water built into the floor. Raw clay is refined and settled in these tanks, before being shaped on the potter's wheel.

The workshop has two wheels. One fast, operated by a foot-turned stone flywheel, and one slow, turned by hand. Topfer tends to operate the fast wheel whilst his apprentice son works the slow wheel. There are also a number of stone and metal moulds for making objects that cannot be made on the wheel, such as clay pipes.

Beside the kiln are a number of drying-racks around the walls. These are simple sets of shelves where the unbaked pottery is allowed to harden before firing in the kiln. There is also a workbench where colours and glazes are mixed. The ingredients for these are kept in a cupboard near the bench.

MARSH MARKETING



Topfer has recently entered into a business arrangement with a pit worker who harvests particularly fine clay from the Nordland borders. All the man wants in return for regular deliveries of raw materials are a couple of pieces of pottery each month. However, these are gigantic cups and pots, more suited to the hands of an Ogre than those of a Human. Topfer is beginning to wonder what purposes his wares are put to — and who might be the final recipient of his work. If his suspicions are true, Topfer could be in some trouble. Trading with creatures such as the Fimir is forbidden in Middenheim, punishable by a lengthy in gaol, and application of at least three of the gentler tortures.

THE VERMILLION PAWN

A massive and windowless stone vault of a building, resembling a military blockhouse more than a pawn shop, the Vermillion Pawn is the sort of strange establishment that could only do business in a large city like Middenheim. It provides a highly specialised service: the identification of magical items. Master Lukas, an eccentric middle-aged Dwarf, runs the Pawn. Quite how he came to be an expert in magical items is a secret he keeps to himself, but that he is an expert is indisputable. Master Lukas employs his son and apprentice Josef Lukasson, and six Dwarf bodyguards.

If a Character is in possession of a magic item, Master Lukas will agree to identify it for 2 GCs, one of which must be paid as a deposit. Once the item is in Lukas's possession, the Character is asked to return in two weeks' time to collect their item and a certificate explaining its lineage. Master Lukas then spends a couple of days researching into the item (make a **Lore (Magical Items)** Test against Master Lukas's Skill of 85). He then asks Josef to perform the same research (make a **Lore (Magical Items)** Test against Josef's Skill of 71). If at least one of them passes, Lukas and Josef reach an agreement, write up their findings, and return the artefact.

If they both fail to identify the artefact, Lukas resorts to his Daemon Cabinet, a strange artefact he keeps hidden in a strong room deep within the Pawn. The cabinet is inhabited by the bound soul of a Daemonic servant of Tzeentch, and can identify magical items making a **Lore (Magical Items)** Test against a Skill of 96. Using the cabinet in this way counts as a source of Minor Corruption.

Lukas tells returning customers about the item's abilities, its known history, and any curses or quirks associated with the artefact.

THE CABINET DAEMON



☠ Duri Drumnisson is Lukas's real name. He was once a loyal member of the Karak Hirn clan. He took to adventuring and looted the Daemon Cabinet from the lair of a Tzeentchian warlock, known as Fluctuant Vexx. Vexx still lives, and is trying to trace the fate of his prized possession. If Vexx were to contact the Red Crown or Purple Hand, Lukas would have powerful enemies.

☠ Lukas's bodyguards serve him loyally because he pays them well enough. However, they are not entirely comfortable working for such a business – an interest in magical artefacts is not considered proper in a Dwarf. Lukas suffers from a high turnover of staff, and is constantly looking for new bodyguards. Any Dwarf Character with military experience could be approached by Lukas offering a job, and he insists there is nothing of concern in the strong room.

MAGICAL ITEMS FOR SALE

There are a few strange magical items currently for sale at the Vermillion Pawn at the listed price. Unless otherwise noted, magical effects can be used once per day.

Ring of Tongues (80 GC): The wearer of the ring activates it by stating the words '*Speak and be known to me*'. For the next hour they understand the following languages as if they were a native speaker: Classical, Bretonnian, Tilean, Elthárin, Gospodarinyi, and Khazalid.

Sword of Fear (150 GC): The wielder of the sword may invoke its power by stating '*Yield or die!*' gaining the *Fear* (2) Trait (WFRP, page 190) for 2d10 rounds. The sword also causes damage to creatures normally immune to nonmagical attacks and benefits from the *Fine* and *Durable* Item Qualities (WFRP, page 292).

Magical Dagger (50 GC): The dagger causes damage to creatures normally immune to non-magical attacks and benefits from the *Fine* and *Durable* Item Qualities.

Boots of Gucci (50 GC): When activated with the phrase '*Grace is beyond style*', the wearer gains the benefits of the *Etiquette (Nobles, Guilders, or Servants)* Talent for as long as the boots remain on their feet. If they wish, they may speak the phrase again to change which version of the Talent they receive the benefit of.

Gromril Helm (100 GC): This helm easily fits a Dwarf. It is a normal Plate Helm in all respects but provides 3 AP and benefits from the *Fine* and *Unbreakable* Item Qualities. Lukas would find it rather dishonourable to sell the helm unless the customer was a Dwarf.



DEFLECTING QUESTIONS

Note that Armour with the *Unbreakable* Quality, such as that made of Gromril, renders the wearer immune to Critical Hits to the protected location so long as that piece of armour would normally protect the wearer from that source of damage. Critical Wounds can still be incurred if you loose more Wounds that you have remaining however, even from blows to locations protected by *Unbreakable* armour.



STEFAN HOCHEN

Stefan came to Middenheim as a teenager over 20 years ago. He was apprenticed to his physician father and inherited his membership of Middenheim's Physicians' Guild upon his death. Stefan became obsessed with a performer who sang mournful songs at the Red Moon, but learned that she was suffering from a mutation caused by a flake of warpstone stuck in her flesh.

Initially repelled, Stefan overcame his prejudice and removed the source of corruption. The experience led him to become sympathetic to those afflicted by mutation. Whilst he has a small surgery in the Neumarkt district, word on the streets has it that he can remove mutations cheaply and with complete discretion. Stefan is a trusted member of the Physicians' Guild, but if they were to find out about his merciful attitude to mutants, he would be struck from their books and subject to further persecution.

STEFAN HOCHEN - HUMAN DOKTOR (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	26	32	32	36	48	30	52	56	51	48	14

Skills: Bribery 53, Charm 55, Cool 62, Drive 36, Endurance 45, Gossip 52, Heal 67, Language (Guilder) 64, Lore (Anatomy) 66, Lore (Medicine) 68, Perception 63, Research 61, Sleight of Hand 42

Talents: Bookish, Etiquette (Guilder), Field Dressing, Read/Write, Strike to Stun, Surgery

Trappings: Controversial Opinions on Mutants, Healing Draughts, Inherited Guild Licence, Trade Tools (Medicine)



MARTA GERBENSCHREIBER

Marta sports the blonde bunches, wide blue eyes, and dimpled cheeks of an Averland goatherd. She is a Bailiff of an unusual sort, collecting money for Low Queen Herla Heiwardt. Herla prefers to send a friendly face to collect her fees, at least until the victims of her extortion rackets first refuse to pay (whereupon a gang of thugs are sent instead). Marta is well suited to this role, being charismatic, attractive, and utterly amoral.

Marta is so disarming that she even has Herla fooled, and routinely skims the takings to line her own purse. She is also canny in her ability to evaluate the true worth of any knickknacks and artefacts that her marks have within their homes, and often agrees to take some apparently worthless item in lieu of actual payment. Such antiques are quickly sold on to pawn shops. Marta ensures that Herla's books are balanced, and then banks everything else for herself.

Playing a crime boss like this is a dangerous business, but Marta is cunning and careful — and so far, lucky. She harbours ambitions to one day inherit Herla's crown.

MARTA GERBENSCHREIBER HUMAN BAILIFF (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	49	36	35	38	48	33	35	37	40	48	13

Traits: Armour (Leather Jack) 1, Prejudice (Those she Presumes to be Weak), Weapon +7

Skills: Bribery 63, Charm 55, Cool 52, Dodge 43, Endurance 47, Evaluate 55, Gossip 60, Haggle 56, Intimidate 47, Lore (Local) 59, Melee (Basic) 61, Perception 57.

Talents: Break and Enter, Criminal, Embezzle, Numismatics, Strong Back, Tenacious

Trappings: Hand Weapon (Club), Leather Jack, Lofty Ambitions



NORDGARTEN

The Nordgarten district is so called because of its proximity to the Morrspark. It is a wealthy area of the city, and many of Middenheim's most successful merchants keep a home here. The district lacks the extreme grandeur of the Grafsmund, and the thriving new money of the Geldmund, but it is an opulent area nevertheless.

Whilst much of the district is residential there are a number of shops and businesses catering to the wealthy here. It is a place to be seen as much as to live within. On sunny days the district is thronging with elegant folk showing off their new clothes. Gaggles of these fashionistas juxtapose awkwardly with the occasional black-clad funeral train making its way to the Morrspark.

THE GRAF'S REPOSE

Run by Rolf and Ulrike Steinmeyer, the Graf's Repose is a high-class hostelry, comparable with The Prospect in terms of quality of facilities. By virtue of its position, in a quieter corner of Nordgarten, it is less popular with young rakes out for a night on the town.

This suits the Steinmeyers. They are a mealy-mouthed couple, who act like abject bootlickers in the presence of their noble customers. They concentrate on projecting a genteel, homely atmosphere, where they claim *'gentlefolk can come and have a quiet drink and meet their friends, and noble visitors can rest their heads without running into the rowdy element that you see so much of these days'*.

The Graf's Repose is an excellent place to come for a quiet drink in a relaxed and refined atmosphere, but any rowdy behaviour, singing, loud talking, falling over and so on meets with a polite but firm response from the staff. People who look as if they might cause trouble, people from the lower classes, and anyone the proprietors don't like the look of, are politely turned away at the door. Boris, the towering, glowering, mute doorkeeper is not to be argued with.

KLUMP'S CLOTHING

Middenheim's fashionable ladies are currently abuzz about the fabulous stylings of the city's foremost seamstress, Heidi Klump. About a decade ago she opened her first clothing emporium in the relative poverty of the Wynd district. Her bold designs were an instant hit. She was further bolstered through her association with Gregaro Lojek, one of the best milliners ever to come out of Kislev.

Middenheim is not known for its fashions; Nuln and Altdorf are regarded as the Empire's trend setters and talented designers seek employment with the great mercers of such places. Heidi dreams of challenging the assumption that Middenheim is without flair. Her designs incorporate many shades of blue, associated with the uniforms of Middenland's military, offset with slashes of Nordland yellow. She also accessorises her clothing with brooches shaped like running wolves, or ice crystals, or magnificent renderings of Ulric's axe, Blitzbeil.

Heidi also loves to work wolf fur into her designs. This not only has a practical function, for the winds atop the Fauschlag are chilly even in high summer, but she claims that in doing so she honours Middenheim's links to Ulric.

However, such a move does not always meet with the approval of hard-line Ultricans. According to the strictures of the cult, a wolf skin is only to be worn by those who have hunted and killed the wolf themselves. Whilst Ultrican clergy do not deign to condemn trade in wolf fur, fanatical Ultricans are not so restrained. On occasion the shop can be the sight of angry protests, and it is not unknown for a society lady to step from Klump's Clothing in a brand new wolf fur stole only to have a hairy and frothing zealot tear it from her shoulders and rip it into shreds.

Whilst such activities are rare, they can be the cause of awkwardness between the cult of Ulric and Middenheim's wealthier citizens. Merchants and nobles are eager to see such miscreants sent to the mines for assault and vandalism. The cult, however, maintains that whilst these crimes are to be castigated, they would not have occurred at all had Ulric been shown proper respect.

Ever mindful of an opportunity to turn a profit, Heidi Klump has not wasted time bemoaning the events, but has hit upon the notion of sponsoring hunting expeditions in which Middenheim's grandees are shown how to track, kill, and skin their very own wolf.

☠ Heidi has a keen ear for who is making waves in the city, and if the Characters become renowned for their heroic exploits, she may make overtures to outfit them in some of her latest designs. This may well land the Characters in trouble with Wolf Kin zealots if such designs incorporate a deal of wolf fur.

LUIGI AND SALVATORE

This branch of Luigi and Salvatore is the largest shop in Middenheim. Gilbertus and Michael, two trusted representatives of the Tilean retail magnates, manage the store. The pair are a source of much gossip in the city. Many people believe that they are brothers, or half-brothers, or lovers. Gilbertus and Michael do nothing to either dispel or confirm such rumours, realising that cultivating an air of mystery does much to enhance their considerable mystique. They are both possessed of a typically Tilean look, their complexions remaining tanned and healthy even in the cold climate of the Empire's north. They are both somewhat short, with long aquiline noses and curled dark-brown hair. They are also both famously stinking rich.

The secret of the store's success is that it stocks a wide selection of goods that are of a quality acceptable to the wealthier members of Middenheim's society, but not so expensive as to be completely unaffordable for all but the richest of Middenheimers. The store is mostly given over to the sale of clothing, but there are smaller departments devoted to small pieces of furniture, bags and containers, tools, children's toys, printed books, and even an inside market selling fresh bread, fruit, and vegetables.

THE UPMARKET BLACK MARKET



☠ If the Characters are interested in shopping here, they can do so provided they aren't poorly dressed or carrying weaponry. Items for sale at the store have the *Fine* Quality, and cost half again what they would elsewhere (rather than double as they might normally). Relevant items have the *Fine* and *Durable* Qualities, and cost triple their normal price (rather than quadruple as they would normally). However, haggling is considered very vulgar here, and those who persist in trying to strike a better deal are shown the door.

☠ Characters familiar with Luigi and Salvatore stores in other parts of the Empire may suspect that the shop is a front for an intricate smuggling operation. In the case of the Middenheim branch, the threat of the Low Kings has thus far inhibited the criminal side of the store's operations. Gilbertus has been tasked with reaching a deal with one of Middenheim's crime lords, but they despise Luigi and Salvatore for their devotions to Ranald, and he has been unable to make inroads so far.



IMPERIAL SCHOOL OF ENGINEERS OFFICES

The profession of engineering in Middenheim is dominated by Dwarfs. Whilst Human engineers live in the city, they rarely produce work of significance. The Dwarven Engineers' Guild ensures that its members win all the contracts for prestigious projects.

In 2445 IC the Imperial School of Engineers in Altdorf announced plans to open an office in Middenheim with the twin aims of promoting the genius of Human engineering, and taking note of the techniques employed by the Dwarfs. Middenheim's Dwarfs immediately complained of industrial espionage, which the Imperial School of Engineers could not plausibly deny. A small office was opened, but it remains a modest, unobtrusive affair that dedicates itself to quiet promotion of its members and assisting in the maintenance of Middenheim's arsenal.

Horst Klepper is the current director of the office. He is an experienced engineer who follows the fashion amongst his peers for eccentric dress and facial hair. In an effort to promote their innovations, the Imperial School of Engineers have bequeathed Horst with a mechanical marvel: Red Rust, a clockwork automaton shaped like a great stallion. However, the blasted thing keeps breaking down and it is beyond Horst's skill to properly fix it. He spends far more time tinkering with the contraption than he does riding it, and when he does finally get it to trot about Middenheim's streets, it invariably develops an amusing reversed walk or spins in circles.

THE PROSPECT

The Prospect is one of the city's finest hostelrys catering to upper-class customers and well-heeled visitors. Owned and run by Rudolf and Sigrid Buffer, the inn is superbly luxurious. All rooms are tastefully furnished, the firm mattresses are of the finest down, guests are entitled to a hot bath every day.

This inn is also a favourite starting point for young blades out for a night on the town, but they generally avoid causing trouble so close to home. The Buffers are well known to most of the city's upper classes, and their complaints are always taken seriously. This is ironic, given the little-known fact that Rudolf and Sigrid are two of Middenheim's most daring cat-burglars. They both conceal their true natures behind masks of genteel respectability. They dress well, but not flashily, and are always suitably deferential to their titled customers, whom they invariably pump for information on personal security before robbing at a later date.

ON THE NIGHT PROWL



☠ Rudolf and Sigrid are among the very few professional criminals in the city who take the worship of Ranald seriously. They may be spotted on very rare occasions paying their respects at the Shrine Club found in the Fifth Finger in Westor. The pair are ambitious and vindictive, and do not take kindly to anyone seeking to blackmail them. However, neither are they bloodthirsty, so any revenge they take likely involves depriving people of their treasured possessions.

☠ The pair are affronted by the brutal excesses of the Low Kings, and if they were presented with a way to steal from Middenheim's crime lords, they might consider it a caper well worth pursuing.

SHRINE TO HANDRICH

The cult of Handrich in Middenheim is small and obscure, consisting mostly of merchants observing the worship of the god in small private vestibules they keep in their own homes. The one public shrine to Handrich is kept by a congregation of lay worshippers and consists of a large marble plinth topped with a sturdy wooden model of a warehouse. The doors of the model are opened in the morning to reveal a statue of the god, posing with a cane in his left hand whilst proffering a coin in his right.

During the day merchants passing the shrine toss a shilling inside for luck, and at the end of the day one of the faithful collects the coins and puts them towards a fund for an enterprise agreed upon by the congregation.

HE WHO HELPS HIMSELF



☠ Sometimes a particularly bold beggar or street urchin enters the district and tries to steal a handful of shillings when no one is looking. Provided that there are no witnesses these crimes are not treated as serious. The Watch are too busy to worry about coins that had been left lying about in public, and the merchants are only too happy to suggest that such pilfering counts towards any charitable donations they are expected to make. However, if such a thief were to be blatant about taking from the shrine, the Watch would make a harsh example of them.



NORDTOR

The Nordtor district is an area in transition. Middenheimers generally consider those living in the north of the city to be well off. Less than a century ago Nordtor was one of the more desirable districts. Now it is becoming run down and looks neglected; the once-proud terraces have been sectioned up into smaller apartments housing many families. Whilst the area does not have the lawless and impoverished feel of Altquartier or Ostwald, it is by no means respectable. Now with each passing year it sinks further into disrepair and disrepute.

GEIST HAUS

This large two-storey house once belonged to one of the district's wealthier residents. It is situated within a large garden surrounded by a tall brick wall topped with spiked railings. For as long as anyone can remember, the house has been deserted. In Middenheim it is not normal for an abandoned house to remain empty for long — there is so little free space on top of the Fauschlag, and by local law city authorities have the right to requisition properties that are not being put to good use.

Yet no one seems eager to claim this house. The grounds have become overgrown with weeds and the windows have long had their shutters closed and nailed tightly shut. People do not even like to look at the house as they walk past, for rumour has it that the place is haunted. The locals claim that if you pass by late at night you can see eerie lights, hear strange noises, and reel at noxious smells. Popular opinion has it that it is unlucky to even talk about the place.

The house is used by agents of 'The Man'. It sits on top of a secret entranceway that is known to his criminal associates. The reason for the strange lights, noises, and smells is that the house is used as a laboratory for the manufacture of Laughing Powder and other intoxicants sold by the Low King's racketeers.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Dominating the Nordtor skyline is the noble grey dome of the Royal College of Music. This magnificent vaulted building is home to the Middenheim Orchestra, and a centre of the city's cultural life. Concerts and other events take place here throughout the year, especially during festivals. The College of Music is sponsored by the Graf, and numbers many dignitaries among its patrons.

Eberhardt Geiger is the Director, a retired merchant who handles all the financial aspects of running the College and its orchestra. Subordinate to him are the Hall Manager, Axel Buhnleiter, and Amadeus Tonkunst, the Musical Director. Buhnleiter's responsibilities include maintenance of the 250 capacity concert hall and managing the cleaning and front-of-house staff. Tonkunst is in charge of all performers and has the responsibility of arranging the annual concert programme. He has frequent and often violent arguments with Geiger over the contents of concert programmes, and constantly tries to introduce new and avant-garde works to broaden the audience's horizons. Geiger prefers to stick safely with time-worn and well-loved classics.

There is generally a concert or some other event during the last week of every month. Additional concerts are staged on notable occasions such as the Graf's birthday, and there is a three-day festival of religious music at midwinter celebrating the main feast-day of the cult of Ulric. During Carnival Week the Royal College of Music is host to many events and attractions.

Ticket prices vary according to the event and the quality of the seats. For the normal concert programme tickets range from 1 shilling (an aisle seat at the front) to 1 GC (a seat in a box), while special events can be twice or three times as much.

BAD SPIRITS



☠ The cult of Morr has been strangely reluctant to investigate the Geist Haus or carry out an exorcism there. If the Characters were to dig into why no one seems to have dealt with the haunting, they may uncover corruption in the cult, as someone there is taking bribes to ensure the production of Laughing Powder is left uninterrupted.

SENTINEL PRESS

The Sentinel Press is a privately managed printworks run from a small, neat, single-storey house. Karl Zimmern is the proprietor, a short, neat single-minded man in his late thirties. The print works is not a particularly professional outfit, and whilst Karl's business practices and prices are similar to those of Drucker's Press in Freiburg, the results are sloppier and rushed. Karl's passion is not to run a successful business, but to disseminate his own rather extreme political beliefs.

Karl is a particularly enthusiastic and hard-headed member of the Teutogen Brotherhood. He even believes that it was a mistake for Middenheim to become part of a reunified Empire following the Great War against Chaos. He harks back to the days of the Wolf Emperors, and suggests that the best thing for Middenheimers would be to secure Middenland, expel all residents who aren't of demonstrable Teutogen heritage, and secede from the Empire.

To support his cause he produces a number of pamphlets detailing the histories of the Wolf Emperors (as seen through very rose-tinted spectacles), the importance of the cult of Ulric, and the purported crimes of groups such as Halflings, Sigmarites, Unberogens, and Strigany.

Karl is not widely respected in Middenheim but he does have a fervently loyal following, including a number of members of Middenheim's military and Ulrican zealots. On occasion his supporters picket institutions that Karl deems unpatriotic. Gangs of his younger supporters occasionally engage in street skirmishes with members of the reformist New Millennialists.

THE SWORD AND FLAIL

The Sword and Flail stands on Schwanger Alley, one of a few seedy backstreets that nestle between the Nordtor and Neumarkt districts. Gerhard Heller, a scarred veteran of the Middenland State Army, is the proprietor. A fighting man who enjoys the company of other fighting men, Gerhard's tavern has a marked reputation for violence. Most of the clientele are fighters of one sort or other — off-duty watchmen, state troopers, and mercenaries often congregate here.

The ground floor of the tavern is taken up by a cavernous taproom, which is largely unfurnished. Fights here are so common that Gerhard has decided that new tables and chairs would just be an expensive liability. The bar is simple: a heavy plank of wood laid over barrels. The fare here is simple too. The tavern is well stocked with strong ale bought in bulk from the Dragon Ales Brewery, and nothing else.

Gerhard is a heavy-set man in his late 30s whose oily black hair is beginning to thin. He is genial enough in manner, and offers generous discounts to regulars, Dwarfs, and warriors. Visitors to the tavern are usually treated with boisterous good cheer on first arrival, but the mood can turn ugly if the regulars perceive anyone to be pushing their weight around or putting on airs.

Scuffles are only to be expected, and provided no one draws a weapon, the brawlers are left to sort out their differences. Gerhard is unconcerned about fights occurring in the tavern and even treats them as something of a spectator sport.

Gerhard also likes to play a practical joke on any visitors who drink themselves unconscious in the tavern. He keeps a room upstairs in which all the furniture has been nailed to the ceiling. Drunks are hauled up into this room and Gerhard invites his regulars to watch through hidden peepholes. The antics of the drunk as they come round and react to the upside-down room are a source of great merriment.

OUT OF THEIR SKULLS



- Gerhard has recently been recruited to the Cult of the Crimson Skull. These worshippers of Khorne have long known about a secret chamber that can be accessed from the tavern's cellar, and now that they have the tavern's proprietor on their side, they use it for sacrificial rites. Gerhard knows the importance of secrecy, and ensures that none of his regulars come into contact with the cultists.
- Gerhard does business with Hillberry Stilburg of Dragon Ales. Gerhard suspects Hillberry of producing poisons for 'The Man', and hopes to curry his favour. A cult of Khorne and a gang of organised criminals could do a lot of nasty favours for one another if they came to cooperate.

WINTER'S HAVEN ORPHANAGE

The main orphanage in Middenheim is run by members of the cult of Ulric. It has close ties to the High Temple, as members of the Brothers of the Book and the Keepers of the Lore Haus often visit the orphanage to tutor the children here.

There is room for a dozen children in the orphanage, and the upbringing they receive there is in line with Ulrican values. To say that this means they are short on luxuries would be an understatement: thin gruel and rough-spun clothing are the order of the day. Whilst the orphans receive good schooling, the focus is on outdoor pursuits and physical training. The children are taught to practise in mock combat and wilderness survival from an early age.

Middenheim's cult of Shallya occasionally points out that the austere life offered at Winter's Haven is not conducive for all temperaments, though many children raised there do go on to join the cult of Ulric as clergy or the Knights of the White Wolf, so the institution has many powerful advocates.



WALDTRAUD BLASS

Waldtraud once worked in the tanneries of Neumarkt. A talented apothecary, her ability to recognise and mix chemical compounds proved invaluable. A stocky woman with broad shoulders and a strong back, she made it a matter of pride to haul hides in and out of the pits of alkaline cess alongside the manual labourers employed by the tannery.

Tanners suffer for their work, and after decades of the noisome trade, Waldtraud was left severely injured, her ulcerated lungs struggling for breath. No longer able to heft loads, Waldtraud collected her savings and moved to the Nordtor, her only remaining ambition to die in peace.

Working for 'The Man' has offered her a second lease of life through the manufacture of Randal's Delight. Regular doses of the powder do more to quell her chest pains than medicinal preparations, and in order to pay for her own habit she spends her days in the Geist Haus creating more. Her professional oversight has led to 'The Man' cornering the market with a top quality product.

WALDTRAUD BLASS HUMAN MASTER APOTHECARY, FORMER APPRENTICE ARTISAN (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	23	29	32	42	48	34	50	48	31	33	14

Skills: Gossip 47, Lore (Chemistry) 68, Lore (Medicine) 63, Lore (Science) 53, Perception 55, Trade (Apothecary) 55, Research 53

Talents: Doomed (*Caught within the trap you set*), Concoct, Craftsman (Apothecary), Criminal, Master Tradesman (Apothecary), Pharmacist, Read/Write, Strong Back

Trappings: Dose of Randal's Delight, Healing Draught, Trade Tools (Apothecary)



JOHEN

One of the reasons for the runaway success of the organisation headed by 'The Man' is the willingness to employ unlicensed magic users. Johen is a young man with a pronounced talent for Witchcraft. He looks disarming enough, with a beautifully proportioned athletic frame and a round face featuring a wide beaming smile and a tumble of blond curls. However, his character is that of the determined diabolist, and his personal habits would shock the devotees of the Jade Sceptre.

It is thanks to Johen's dark magic that the Geist Haus retains its reputation as a haunted place. He uses spells such as *Creeping Menace*, *Curse of Crippling Pain*, *Haunting Horror*, and the *Evil Eye* to ensure that anyone who strays into the grounds are convinced that an otherworldly presence lurks inside the house.

Johen has some talent as an Apothecary, but is learning a lot from the more professional Waldtraud. He knows she is dying, and seeks to acquire as much knowledge about the preparation of chemicals as possible before her illness defeats her.

JOHEN - HUMAN WITCH (BRASS 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	34	34	38	38	42	37	35	31	50	48	14

Skills: Channelling 66, Charm 58, Cool 64, Endurance 44, Intuition 54, Lore (Dark Magic) 44, Trade (Apothecary) 47

Talents: Arcane Magic (Witchcraft), Criminal, Doomed (*As the piper plays his tune, thy heart shall break*), Fast Hands, Instinctive Diction, Menacing, Petty Magic, Sixth Sense, Witch!



OSTTOR

The area between the east and north gates is given over mainly to middle-class homes. A few are semi-detached, but most are terraced. All these homes are comfortable and well-appointed, if not overly spacious. There are a few shops, and rather more average and good quality taverns and hostleries. The district's streets are slightly narrower than those in comparable districts such as Westor or Sudgarten. The houses are a little smaller, but not by much.

Osttor has a lower-middle-class reputation, which seems to arise solely from the fact that it is not in the fashionable north-west part of the city. The bulk of the population consists of junior- and middle-ranking clerks who work for the various Kommissions and mercantile concerns. Moderately successful artisans also like to live in the area, finding it convenient enough to travel to their businesses in the Neumarkt.

BLEISTIFT'S SCRIPTORIUM

Bleistift's Scriptorium is a large and impressive two-storey building. It was once described as a heavily ornate warehouse, which is a little unkind but gives a good impression of its general shape.

There are three scriptoria in Middenheim: one at the Collegium Theologica; another at the department of the Worshipful Guild of Legalists, and Bleistift's. The craft of printing is a fairly recent invention, and has yet to become widespread and generally accepted. While a few small presses have sprung up in the city, reproduction of the written word is still done largely by scribes. The scriptoria produce all the books and documents in the city that are not printed.

The lower floor is a huge hall, with pillars supporting the ceiling. The chamber is filled with writing desks, arranged in rows of five and columns of ten, at which the scribes sit to copy manuscripts. The upper floor is taken up by offices, record stores, and equipment stores. The scriptorium has an arrangement with Fleischer's Slaughterhouse for a supply of cowhides. Vellum is only used for the most expensive documents and the most lavish books, since the material alone costs 1 GC per sheet.

Handwritten parchment costs 6 shillings per sheet, while vellum costs 2 GCs per sheet. Illumination costs 6 shillings per sheet extra. Each scribe can produce about three written sheets or one illuminated sheet per day. The binding of books is extra, and can cost from 1 GC to 10 GCs depending on the quality of the binding and the degree of ornamentation required.

WRITING ON THE WALL



- The scriptoria have considerable influence and are currently exercising all their power to resist the competition arising from printing presses. They have managed to block the printers' attempts to establish a Guild in the city so far, and hope to prevent any further growth. If the Characters have learned anything politically sensitive about printers, such as Old Otto's radical sympathies, the scriptorium would pay to know more.

IRINKA'S CUTLERS

For many years Irinka trudged the roads of the Empire, selling her wares first from a sack, then from a laden ass, then from a small cart. She was a pedlar, and delivered pots, pans, knives, forks, and needles to far-flung villages.

Now in her 40s, Irinka has saved enough money to open up a small shop in Middenheim. She still deals in the same wares: cutlery and kitchen utensils. Her profits are modest, but consistent. She employs a young man named Gormann Jost who scours the city's street rubbish for broken pots and pans, and returns with them to the shop to fix and sell on.

Middenheim is not home to many Strigany, and Irinka often finds herself harangued by street urchins and thugs who believe her people to be inextricably linked to Vampires. Of course, Irinka has no connection to undead fiends, but nothing she can say will allay the suspicions of bigots. She rarely leaves the confines of her shop as a result, and sends Gormann to collect supplies. Life in Middenheim is not easy for her, but it is better than life on the road.

KNIVES OUT



- Karl from the Sentinel Press is planning to make life even more miserable for Irinka, by printing a pamphlet laying many of Middenheim's woes at the feet of immigrants such as her. When it is published, the mob of his supporters currently barracking the Imperial Embassy may tire of the lack of sport the diplomats offer them, and reconvene outside Irinka's shop.

KARBUNKEL'S PHARMACY

This small but well-stocked pharmacy is run by a Halfling named Velma Karbunkel. The shop is stocked with bundles of herbs and shelves crammed with bottles and jars of poultices and draughts. Velma is a moderately successful apothecary, but she keeps a terrible secret: her brother Poppin is a mutant. She had kept him hidden in her cellar for years. All was well until Gluckstein of the Windhund Haulage Company, a senior member of the Cult of the Purple Hand, found out.

The blackmail started soon after. At first, Gluckstein just asked for herbs and draughts, but soon he exhorted the Halfling to produce herbs and poisons. Velma has so far refused these latest demands, and even threatened to go to the authorities. Gluckstein has given her one last chance: if she doesn't come up with the goods within the week, he will send a group of cutthroats to end her life.

IN THE GRASP



- Suitable Characters could well be approached by Velma to act as bodyguards. Alternatively, they might just happen to be passing the Halfling's workshop when the cutthroats strike. It is up to the GM to determine the numbers and profiles of these minor cultists, but all bear a tattoo of a purple hand, which might strike Characters as familiar.

KOMISSION FOR HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE

The Komission's offices are in a drab grey stone building on the Ost Weg. Set up after an outbreak of Black Plague in 2115 IC, this body liaises with the Physicians' Guild on matters of health, and licenses practising physicians and apothecaries in the city on the Guild's recommendation. It also has nominal control over both the Collegium Theologica and the scholars in the city.

The Grah Mar School attached to the Temple of Sigmar is not bound by the recommendations of the Komission. Priests of Ulric sometimes raise complaints about this. However, Astrid von Helstein, the Komission Convenor, is always careful to ensure that the recommendations it makes to the Collegium Theologica first meet the approval of the Temple of Ulric, and seeing as Ulrican priests dictate much of the subject matter deemed appropriate in the first place, this is the merest of technicalities. She is wary of placing any sort of obligation on the Grah Mar School, as she fears that the Sigmarites could just point out the hypocrisy inherent in any attempt to police their syllabus according to Ulrican standards.

The Komission's responsibility for welfare extends only to administering various bequests from the city's few philanthropists, and temple donations for the relief of the poor. Such funds are generally passed on to the Temple of Shallya, after suitable administration fees have been deducted.

THE SINGING MOON

This night-spot is owned and run by Kirista Kallarial, a female Elf. It is a favourite haunt for the city's Elves, as well as for dedicated aesthetes of other Species. The atmosphere is relaxed and stylish and the decor has a distinct elven accent.

Admission is by membership only. Membership costs 2 GCs per year, and non-members are admitted only if they are Elves (admission 2 shillings) or the guests of a member (admission free). Dwarfs are not admitted under any circumstances, although few Dwarfs would care to enter in the first place. The Singing Moon has an extensive cellar, with wines and spirits from all over the Old World. A small stock of elven wines and fruit brandies are only drunk by Kirista and particularly favoured elven guests. Prices are high, but are justified in the main by the quality of the drinks on offer.

Court minstrel Rallane Lafarel visits the Singing Moon regularly, occasionally giving impromptu recitals and, if the mood takes him, sitting in with the house musicians. Allavandrel Fanmaris, the Master of the Hunt is also a regular patron, and the Elves sometimes bring Dieter Schmiedehammer to the club in the hope of instilling some culture into him. It is rumoured in some quarters that Rallane and Allavandrel are friendly rivals for Kirista's affections. However, they simply enjoy each other's company and love to talk, joke, and flirt.

- *The Singing Moon* has a reputation for an unusual cabaret. Fire-eaters, contortionists, escapologists, and the like are often found performing here, and are superior to those on the streets. *The Singing Moon* also boasts the finest musicians outside the Royal College of Music – Characters with a talent for performance could find patronage here.

MATTERS OF NOTIONAL HEALTH



- The noble Helsteins are currently at risk of censure by the Graf for swelling their retinue with more armed followers than they are allowed to employ. As long as Astrid placates Ulrican priests they are satisfied to remain quiet on this issue. However, if the Komission continues to allow the Grah Mar School to decide its own syllabus, a politicking Ulrican priest might consider whether they could force the issue by playing off Astrid's private and professional business. Of course, such a priest would not want to deliver such threats in person, but might look for the Characters to act on their behalf.
- Help might come from an unexpected quarter. The Tinean Fellowship are regular benefactors of the Komission and would not want to see it caused undue difficulty. After all, but for their good reputation people might come to realise that their leadership worships Nurgle. Should any Character seem to threaten the Komission they find themselves the target of this unusual cult.

THE TEMPLAR'S DOWNFALL

Owned and run by Georg Mikael, *The Templar's Downfall* is a favourite night-spot for the young and fashionable set — it's the place to be seen in Middenheim. It's a riotous place, and although there's no admission charge only those dressed in the height of fashion are admitted. The place is always full of heavily made-up and outrageously dressed youths posing with and drinking the latest cocktails (and making no secret of the fact that that's not all they are consuming). The prices are almost as outrageous as the patrons, but regulars seem to think that it is worth paying extra to be at the hub of fashion.

The cocktails in *The Templar's Downfall* are phenomenal. The 'What Vow of Chastity?' at 4 pennies is good value, but the piece de resistance (all the rage with young rakes) is the horrendous 'Hush Puppy', which costs 2 shillings and comprises innumerable alcoholic ingredients infused into the stomach cavity of a once-vicious, now eviscerated small dog. While cocktails are the thing to drink here, and there is a standing reward of one free drink for anyone coming up with a new recipe, the Templar's Downfall does have a small and badly kept stock of wine. Anyone asking for beer or mead here is ostracised.

THE WOLF-HOLE

The Wolf-Hole is the name given to a small street-shrine dedicated to Ulric. It stands at the junction of a small crossroads square, where five alleyways meet. The shrine consists of a rough stone pillar within which is a recessed alcove. Raised on a plinth in the middle of the alcove is a large decorative bowl of black stone topped with a small graven image of a wolf's head. It is a local custom for traders and householders to leave lit candles, coins, and votive offerings of flowers and herbs on the lip of the shrine as they pass by.

There is also a public pillory here, standing by the side of the road opposite the shrine. This is used for the punishment of petty blasphemers. Those judged guilty of mild offences in the religious court at the Temple of Ulric are sat backwards upon an ass-drawn cart, carried here, and placed in the stocks for a day or two. Bitter Sigmarites sometimes find themselves sitting next to Ulrican initiates who have forgotten their strictures, whilst gleeful locals pelt them alike with putrid vegetables scrounged from the Altmarkt.





OSTWALD

The Ostwald is a vast and teeming rookery, home to many of Middenheim's poorest and most desperate citizens. Whilst the district lacks some of the menace of the Altquartier's slums it is just as possible to end up dead, beaten or robbed in an alley here. None of the taverns are better than poor quality, while the majority are far, far worse.

There is also plenty of criminal activity behind the scenes here. Middenheim's most powerful Low King, known only as 'The Man', rules the rookeries through a network of lieutenants. Most of the businesses that operate within the district do so at his say so, and those that refuse to pay his frighteners protection money are more or less destined to burn down before the year is done.

THE DROWNED RAT

Dirty and horrid, *The Drowned Rat* is one of the most notorious dives in Middenheim. The interior of the tavern is dark, dingy and malodorous, with a low ceiling and half a dozen small and battered tables scattered around the main room. The decor is totally obscured by dirt. There are rooms to rent here, but the bed linen gets changed once a year — maybe. Bedbugs plague anyone sleeping there, and many visitors find they develop a bad case of Galloping Yellow Scumpox. Drunks argue and sing all night long and the doors don't lock properly. Breakfast here consists of stale bread dipped in tepid drippings from a night or three prior. The drinks consist of various evil flavours of watered down rotgut liquor.

Johann Stallart, a big, bearded ruffian with extensive criminal connections, is the master of the house. Although his thick chest is turning to flab, it is unwise to pick a fight with him. The cellar connects to the city's sewer network and is regularly used as a stopping point by thieves and footpads. In addition, the upper floor has a secret room that is used as a hideaway for burglars and cutthroats.

MEET THE REGULARS



- The Drowned Rat's clientele is drawn from the very dregs of the city's society. As soon as any outsider enters the main bar, all conversation ceases. Many pairs of blood-shot eyes will follow the stranger's every move, and two brutish thugs will move to block the exit.
- Characters who appear wealthy are almost certainly robbed, either in the tavern itself or outside when they leave. Johann turns a blind eye to this, believing that anyone who comes here unprepared deserves everything they get. Besides, he usually gets a share of the profits.

ERICH'S CLINIC

A dilapidated house in the Ostwald houses a physician's clinic manned by Erich Hinfällig and his Halfling housekeeper and manager, Hartwig Flatbush.

Erich is a skilled surgeon with a wealth of knowledge about the diseases of the Old World. However, he is also a broken man. Whilst he is only in his 30s he appears to be nearly 20 years older, with a mane of unkempt white hair, a flabby build, and the lined and rheumy face of a dedicated drinker. His most prominent feature, however, is that his left leg is missing from below the knee.

Once Erich was one of the leading lights of Middenheim's Physicians' Guild, but his coach was waylaid by followers of Chaos. Erich survived the assault, but a wound from a foul blade left him with a mutated leg. Only rough self-administered surgery prevented the mutation from spreading, but Erich was left deeply traumatised, falling into alcoholism and homelessness.

Hartwig, another down and out, saw some potential in Erich, and soon they had set themselves up in partnership. Erich has a good reputation amongst Middenheim's poorer citizens, for he works cheaply and asks no questions. However, he is not the prodigal surgeon he once was, requiring a moderate amount of alcohol to quell his nerves, but often operating under the influence of too much.

Characters may well benefit from treatment at the clinic. Erich can be visited like other *Doktors* (see **WFRP**, page 309), but his price is a mere 2 shillings for providing medical attention. Erich makes Heal Tests against his skill of 65. However, before making any Heal Tests, he must make three Consume Alcohol Tests against his skill of 40. Each failed Consume Alcohol Test increases the difficulty of subsequent Heal Tests by one step (in addition to any other effects). Erich may perform incorrect operations, diagnose the wrong disease, or prescribe the wrong potion if he fails all three Tests.

BACKSTREET DOKTOR



☠ Erich operates outside of the approval of Middenheim's Physicians' Guild, which he regards as corrupt. Were anyone to inform the Physicians' Guild of Erich's practice, they would make friends among the Guild, but would earn themselves many enemies amongst Middenheim's poorer citizens.

THE GUILDHALL OF THE APOTHECARIES

If locals are asked where the Guildhall of Apothecaries is, they laugh bitterly and suggest those looking for it just follow their noses. The building sits within a miasma of incense and perfume. It is a grand half-timbered building of great age, topped with tall chimneys. No pigeons perch upon its roof; the poisons, philtres, and potions that have been brewed in the building seem to have seeped into its structure. The Guildhall has a noxious yellow pallor and the timbers of the building are warped. A midnight-blue singed guild banner with three ornate faded silver apothecary jars (each containing the outline of different dry leaves) hangs over the sagging doorway, through which is a large audience hall surrounded by the stained glass fronts of laboratories.

A staircase leads up to a main reception room which is carpeted with an elaborate and vibrant Arabyan rug. Intricate lamps and golden censers illuminate a cluttered space of books and scrolls, chests and tapestries, astrological charts, and the skeletons of birds, beasts, and things like men. Blue-hot stove fires flicker under glass vessels in which vivid liquids hiss and give off oily vapours.

Ebn Al-Azir is the Chief Alchemist. He hails from Lashiek in the sandy lands of distant Araby. Al-Azir proudly displays his heritage, often crediting his alchemical expertise to having consulted with desert spirits about the divine design of the world. He is a petite man who dresses in a high-throated midnight-blue gown with faded-silver embroidery at the neck and cuffs. His face is waxy and sallow, with an aged look to his hollow eyes. He has long curved nails and his hands are bedecked in spiralling silver rings decorated with unusual-looking gemstones from indigo to turquoise. As well as being a practised alchemist, Al-Azir is rumoured to possess a degree of precognition, and locals sometimes consult him as to future events.

His hulking anonymous bodyguard is attired in the style of the eunuch guards of the palaces of Arabian sheiks: bald, monumentally muscled, and naked save for an indigo silk breech-clout and an eye patch. His favoured weapon is a massive two-handed scimitar.

All manner of potions, herbs, and draughts can be purchased from the Guildhall (WFRP, page 306). In addition, Al-Azir manufactures and sells an improved form of blackpowder.

AL-AZIR'S BLACKPOWDER

The Guildhall is increasingly involved in the production of blackpowder. Whilst devout Ultricans tend to eschew firearms, the State Army of Middenheim still has many handguns and artillery pieces in its arsenal. Many private citizens in the city also keep guns for hunting, as part of a personal cache of weaponry, or as curios. Vast quantities of powder are also used up in the firework displays held during Middenheim's many festivals.

Ebn himself is a master of the art of creating blackpowder. His mix consists of one part powdered brimstone, one and a half parts powdered charcoal, and seven and a half parts special salts he imports from Kislev. Ebn uses wooden utensils so as to avoid sparks as he mixes these to produce a basic blackpowder.

Ebn has rarefied the process further. He produces a superior product by mixing strong spirits in with the powder, letting the resulting paste dry, and then crumbling it into coarse grains.

This improved powder is easier to work with and less liable to misfire than regular blackpowder. Enough improved powder for 12 shots can be purchased here for 5 shillings. Weapons loaded with this powder benefit from the following rules.

Reload Time: Reduce reload time by 1 to a minimum of 1.

Misfires: Should the weapon misfire, the user can make a **Challenging (+0) Ranged (Blackpowder or Engineering) Test** to ignore the effects of misfire.

PFANDLEIHER'S

Tucked down a side alley, this cramped and dingy shop is distinguished by its strong, multiply-locked door, bars over the windows, and the pawnbroker's sign hanging outside. The shop is crammed with miscellaneous objects, including clothes, weapons, furniture, and musical instruments.

Josef Pfandleiher runs the shop, a scrawny and unkempt man who appears to be in his late 50s. He wears a filthy broad-brimmed hat at all times, and cracked spectacles teeter precariously on the bridge of his nose. He is able to estimate the value of an object with uncanny speed and accuracy, and generally offers between 25% and 50% of its value, depending on how desperate the client is.

PAWN TO LOW KING



☠ Josef is also one of the principal fences in Ostwald and a trustee of 'The Man'. His business is conducted under the guise of normal pawnbroking and he has contacts, either direct or indirect, throughout Middenheim, allowing him to easily dispose of goods.

THE RATTERS' GUILD

Rat Catchers are a common sight in Middenheim, especially in the poorer areas, with their ratting-poles and their small but vicious dogs. The Kommission of Health, Education, and Welfare is also supposed to employ a body of Rat Catchers, but since the Chancellor refuses to fund them, they are left to operate as freelancers.

The Ratters' Guild is based on the top floor of the *Regent's House* tavern. It looks after its members' interests and deals with the occasional contracts they receive from the Kommission for Health, Education, and Welfare to exterminate vermin in public buildings. The Guild also has long-standing contracts with the city's mercantile concerns, for dealing with the warehouses that line the Sudetenweg. Rat Catchers work and are invariably encountered alone. In Middenheim, they may often be distinguished by their high crowned hats of rat-skin, which are a popular fashion in the Guild.

RAT RACE TO RAT TRAP

- ☠ The Guild is not particularly formal, and has no real power to prosecute a freelance Rat Catcher who sets up in the city. Instead they protect their members' interests through intimidation and, when that fails, beatings in what they call 'The Rat Pit'.
- ☠ The Guild is also effectively controlled by 'The Man', and it exists on his sufferance. It is generously spared the need to pay protection money, on condition that members inform agents of 'The Man' of any easy pickings they might have seen during their work.

THE REGENT'S HOUSE

Talk to any of Middenheim's committed boozers about *The Regent's House* and they utter moans of despair. The tavern is a fine three-storey building, from the outside, and stands out in the surrounding slums. However, it is an unwise person who drinks there these days. The proprietor of the tavern is Wolf Schefflin, once a brave publican, but now a broken stooge of 'The Man'.

Wolf once made the mistake of standing up to a group of thugs working for 'The Man', but now such thugs are his only regular customers. They spend just enough here to ensure that his business fails very slowly, and to keep from going under he rents his upper floor to the Middenheim Ratters' Guild.

Any Character wanting to purchase bed and board from Wolf may do so, and he is able to provide a service that is cheap and not too nasty in and of itself. However, anyone foolish enough to enter the bar is almost certain to be approached by a group of thugs and told to get out or face the consequences. They are only too happy to start fights with strangers in the tavern.

VENEER OF CIVILITY



- ☠ The tavern has also become the stomping ground of Ostwald's Middenball team, the Bloody Claws, and their rowdy hooligan fans. The team are sponsored by a number of the local criminals, and effectively work for 'The Man' as frighteners and thugs. However, in the run-up to the Carnival, with its Middenball tournament, they are careful to project a more wholesome image, and may even behave with rather gallant manners.

SHALLYAN MERCYHOUSE

This small building is a two-storey stone structure sponsored by the cult of Shallya. The volunteers at the Mercyhouse specialise in providing support to Middenheim's poor and needy women. The place includes a large crèche facility where women can leave their newborns and young children in the care of volunteers whilst they do business within the city. The volunteers also manufacture baby food, and the Sisters who run the Mercyhouse are known to produce pharmaceuticals for women.

The Mercyhouse also offers a place to sleep for Middenheim's homeless, though they tend to prioritise care for women and children whenever possible. Many of the city's most desperate do not take advantage of the facilities here because the volunteers are tasked with encouraging them to turn their back on damaging habits, such as alcohol abuse.

RUTHLESS NEIGHBOURHOOD



- ☠ 'The Man' sends wounded thugs to the Mercyhouse to be patched up. This is not the intended purpose of the Mercyhouse, but the orderlies who work there are trained in first aid and it is hardly in the character of a Shallyan institution to refuse care. Quick to seize on any perceived weakness, 'The Man' has plans to exploit the Mercyhouse by ensuring that any opportunity to benefit from its resources is taken. A spy working for 'The Man' is one of the Mercyhouse staff, and she informs the Low King of interesting developments.
- ☠ The Tinean Fellowship are always very careful to make a big show of their attempts to support the Mercyhouse. This is an irony because, as followers of Nurgle, they would be happy to undermine the efforts of Shallyans wherever possible. For the time being, they are happy to offer genuine assistance to the volunteers, but this is just a temporary ruse, an attempt to build trust before enacting their real goals.

THE SQUARE

Whilst most of the Ostwald district is typified by crowded tenements, there is a large square close to the centre of the district. This is a paved area set around a large granite plinth upon which once stood a statue of a long-forgotten Graf (the statue itself was broken up and sold for scrap centuries ago).

Two local Middenball teams pretty much monopolise the square: the Southgate Slammers and the Bloody Claws. They play friendly games here every Festag — the behaviour between the teams' fans cannot be described as friendly.

Both teams are sponsored by different wings of the criminal empire run by 'The Man'. The Sudtor and Ostwald branches of the Low King's enterprise are highly competitive, and long-running grudges between rival lieutenants manifest in the games themselves.

There is a rough wooden pillory here, though the local Watch are so scared of 'The Man' that it is hardly ever used.



RITTA

Ritta appears for all the world like a naïve young woman, recently arrived in Middenheim from the country. She dresses in the old-fashioned cast-offs of a rural maid and affects the accent of a farmer's daughter. In reality she is Ostwald born and bred, and a clever con artist.

A regular scam is played on newcomers to the city. Ritta stands outside Pfandleiher's pawn shop crying. Anyone asking why she is upset is told that she came to Middenheim hoping to sell a large precious stone, a family heirloom, and met a man who told her he'd get a fair price. However, he absconded with the jewel, which is now displayed in Pfandleiher's for the price of a crown. Ritta says her sole consolation is that the jewel is worth ten times that amount. In reality, it is a worthless costume piece, but gullible marks swoop on it once Ritta's back is turned. Pfandleiher and Ritta split the profits fifty-fifty.



RITTA – HUMAN CON ARTIST (SILVER 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	32	33	32	34	46	34	46	38	41	48	13

Skills: Bribery 57, Charm 52, Dodge 48, Entertain (Storytelling) 61, Evaluate 59, Gossip 55, Haggle 56, Perception 60, Sleight of Hand 52

Talents: Blather, Criminal, Dealmaker, Etiquette (Criminals), Doomed (*A friend in need brings thy death with speed*), Luck, Secret Identity

Trappings: Disguise Kit, 3d10 Pilfered Shillings, Tears On Demand



KRALLEPALAZ

Middenheim is a popular destination for visiting dignitaries, who associate it with both happy and tragic episodes in the history of the Old World. Middenheim's spirit of independence has seen it stand apart from other provinces of the Empire in war, but has also fostered a unique and vibrant culture. As such, Elector Counts often regard it as both an important duty and a personal pleasure to take a tour to the City of the White Wolf.

Whenever the Graf plays host to an important and respected visitor, he provides them with the use of the Krallepalaz. This is a compact but beautiful palace that stands to the side of, and slightly further back than, the Middenpalaz. Its architecture echoes and complements that of the main palace building. Because many visitors to the Krallepalaz are fervently Sigmarite there is even a small private shrine to Sigmar found within.

The Krallepalaz is largely serviced by Middenpalaz servants whenever a dignitary comes to stay, and most visiting nobles bring a small army of grooms, maids, and retainers with them. At other times it keeps a skeleton staff managed by Steward Reiner Veirt.

MAGNAM ODENHAUS PANTERA

Whilst chapterhouses of the Order of the Knights Panther are found all over the Empire, the one in Middenheim is particularly grand. It is an imposing structure, looking as if a far-flung border fortress was lifted from its seat and placed within the palace grounds. The brutal grey slab of castle, like the gates, is constructed in part from the fortifications raised by Artur. The only concession to the palatial buildings that it neighbours is a desultory attempt to decorate the building with sculptures of rampant panthers.

Behind the building are extensive training facilities and a huge stable. There are facilities here to keep 60 horses in good conditions, and the Odenhaus also proudly hosts a pair of adult, trained Demigryphs. These creatures are prized possessions and are often seen parading about the grounds.

Throughout the Empire the Knights Panther are seen as embodying notions of Imperial unity and exceptionalism. Whilst they are a secular order rather than one attached to the cult of Sigmar, their cause is clearly modelled on that of the Heldenhammer. In Middenheim it is common for Ultricans to think of the Knights Panther as Sigmarite, even though individual members of the order may be, and in Middenheim often are, fervent Ultricans. The Odenhaus is notable for the absence of iconography and mottoes that mention either of the two gods.

PALAST

The further north and west you go in Middenheim, the more the houses gleam, giving way to opulent manors and estates. Palast is as far north and west as you can go. The few buildings in the district all belong to the Middenpalaz. They are all opulent and well tended as one would expect from the palace quarter of a large and wealthy Imperial city.

The Middenpalaz itself is set in what are, by Middenheimer standards, extravagantly extensive grounds. The Outer Palace comprises various buildings, including the High Court (or Court Martial), apartments for various court members, guard officers, and counsellors, and offices for the bureaucrats appointed by the Graf to help him in the business of running a government.

THE GREAT GATE

The grounds are entered from the Square of Martials through a guarded gate, and are surrounded by 15-ft-high spiked railings. The gate is an ancient structure, incorporating parts of the original Dwarf-built fortifications that were erected on the Fauschlag in the days of Artur. The gates are iconic of the city, and a heraldic approximation of them appears in the design of State Army banners and many of the garrison regiments' shields.

Ten members of the Knights Panther guard the gates day and night, and absolutely no one is admitted unless they are either known to be members of the court or palace staff, or they have written authority to enter the palace. The latter might be a summons from the Graf or one of the other court dignitaries, or a note from Hausmeister Breugal explaining that the bearer is on domestic business. Such documents are not easy to come by, and the penalty for forging the Graf's seal is death.

THE ORDER'S DEBT TO THE TODBRINGERS

There are two reasons for the particular place the Knights Panther hold in Middenheim, both of which date back over a thousand years. A power vacuum occurred in 1360 IC when the cult of Ulric decamped to Talabheim. This left Middenheim without a significant force of knights. Instead the local aristocratic families pooled their own resources, including a number of their own retainers and sons. In particular, the Todbringer family, which was already a major force in Middenheim and rather larger than it is today, was associated with knightly service in the absence of the White Wolves.

The Order of the Knights Panther was truly formed during the wars against Araby in 1450 IC. Brotherhoods of knights from the Empire entered the war with little to unite them beyond an opposition to Sultan Jaffar's belligerence against Estalia. However, during the conflict a martial tradition and common heraldry was adopted by many of the knights, including those who had ventured forth from Middenheim. They took for their heraldic theme the pelts of large desert cats native to Araby, and so the Knights Panther were founded.

However, whilst many of the Empire's noble sons joined the order at its founding, establishing many chapterhouses throughout the Empire, a strange bond was forged between Middenheim's branch of the Knights Panther and the Todbringer family.

In Middenheim there's much speculation as to what could form the basis of this bond. Rumours of what occurred in Araby are common sources of gossip in Middenheim's taverns. Most of the more popular rumours, and their counterpoints, are given here.

A Heroic Sacrifice

Middenheim's more patriotic citizens suggest that the Todbringers must have performed a great and honourable service for the good of the Old World in Araby, and that the Knights Panther have sworn service to the family ever since. The enduring success of both the order and the family is simply to do with the lucky symbiosis they share.

Few Middenheimers are so romantic. They point out that such sacrifices were commonplace, whereas the bond between the Todbringers and the knights is not. Also, if the Todbringers had performed a notable sacrifice why would they not boast about it?

The Corruption of Chaos

The most common theory about why the Knights Panther serve the Todbringers is that a leader of the Knights Panther was corrupted by the forces of Chaos, that a Todbringer has helped to cover this up, and that the knights are indebted as a result.

Detractors point out that it doesn't make a lot of sense for the order to have been worried about their reputation during the very events that saw their inception, and that whilst having a leader fall to the worship of the dark powers is a reason for shame, it is not the sort of thing that engenders a thousand-year inviolable debt.

A Portent of Things to Come

The desert sorcerers of Araby practise a strange magic, rumoured to foretell events concerning the end of nations, or even the world. Such people suppose that secrets about the future were revealed to the Knights Panther and the Todbringers whilst they were in Araby, and that the reason they support one another is because they will be called to cooperate to mitigate future calamities.

But barroom philosophers point out that the nobles and knights have been joined at the hip for over a thousand years and that, were they to fulfil some sort of destiny together, there would be no real need to cooperate in the meantime. That in turn is countered by possibilities like their mutual support itself giving rise to the necessary situation. This remains the most solid of the various conspiracies.



MIDDENPALAZ

The Middenpalaz is the permanent home of the Todbringer family, Middenheim's Law Lords, and the Chancellor. It is a massive building faced with beautiful carvings that soften its lines and bulk whilst adding exquisite ornamentation. Tall, scrolled marble pillars make the palace unique amongst the buildings of Middenheim. The pillars and facade are the work of legendary artisans from Tilea and Bretonnia. Whilst modest in size compared to the palaces of other Elector Counts, the Middenpalaz is undeniably a wonder of the world.

At any one time squadrons of Knights Panther stand guard at the doorways of the palace, and patrol the grounds and corridors. There are seventy stationed at various places within the palace itself. Anyone acting suspiciously or causing trouble is pounced upon at once. Indeed, it is a matter of routine for even regular visitors to the palace to be asked to show their passes or letters of authority, unless they are in the company of a resident dignitary known to the guard.

Like all buildings in Middenheim, the palace has a sense of being scaled down to sit neatly within the crowded confines of the Fauschlag. Even so it is a grand building, hosting dozens of rooms and chambers. The palace features extensive kitchens, a library, a smoking room, several guard rooms, a trophy room inhabited by the stuffed remains of monstrous beasts hunted in the Drakwald, and chambers designed for audiences with the Law Lords and the Todbringer family.

The palace also has extensive cellars which include a vast collection of brandy and wine. The Todbringer family mausoleum can be found down here, housing generations of the family stretching back to the time when they became Grafs of Middenheim. The treasury and the Spear Mint can also be found down here.

The Underpalace

Beneath the palace are the ducal vaults, where generations of Todbringers lie buried alongside even earlier Grafs. Also beneath the palace are the Spear Mint and treasury, along with the vaults holding the Graf's private fortune. These are protected with the very best traps and magical defences that can be obtained. The surrounding rock was made as hard as diamond through magical rituals.

There is a persistent rumour of a secret escape passage, spiralling down from the Graf's quarters in the inner palace to the foot of the rock. Such a passage did once exist, but Graf Gunther had it filled in through a combination of Dwarven engineering and magic. The very idea of skulking in secret was an insult to his sense of honour and he feared that the passage could be used to infiltrate his private chambers.

ROYAL BARRACKS

Whilst the Knights Panther proudly patrol the palace grounds, there is also a full regiment of halberdiers on hand to perform menial roles. They stand guard by back doorways and forgotten corners of the palace.

Their barracks building is a small fortress that stands opposite the Magnam Odenhaus Pantera and is inferior to the other military building in almost every conceivable way. It is the barracks, armoury, and training ground for the Todbringer's Own regiment, identified by their red shields which are decorated with a simplified version of the heraldry shown on the state battle flag.

The regiment is paid for by the Graf himself, and is technically part of the Todbringer family retinue. However, it plays second fiddle to the Knights Panther and the soldiers of the regiment have little to do with high society, quietly coming and going from the district to their homes in other quarters of the city.

Whilst the regiment are expected to dress impeccably and do a fine job of marching in parades in the Square of Martials, they are ever overshadowed by the Knights Panther.

THE SPEAR MINT

In ancient times this workshop was the site of a Dwarf weaponsmith's forge, built when the fortress was first founded. Its historic use as an armoury explains the Spear Mint's name. An Imperial charter for the mint was granted in 1582 IC, and Middenheim's coinage is now accepted as legitimate around the Empire.

Quite at odds with the opulence of their surroundings, the workers at the Spear Mint are among Middenheim's poorest and most desperate residents — minting coinage involves a great deal of dull hard labour. Early each morning the coin stampers trudge through the palace gates without ceremony. They are humble folk in stark contrast to the noble residents of the district. The broken labourers skirt round the walls of the Middenpalaz to a heavily guarded tunnel entrance at the back of the building and scurry down into the depths of the vault, hoping not to disturb their masters in the Palaz.

Once ensconced within the mint, the workers labour all day, hammering the impression of Todbringer portraits and heraldry into the blank silver dies. Should any of the minters feel tempted to steal a coin or two, they risk exceedingly harsh penalties. The usual punishment a minter receives for stealing a coin is to have their hands removed and nailed to the door of the mint as a warning to their fellows.



WULFRUM VIERT

At 67 years old Wulfrum is one of Graf Boris's most elderly servants. He has served as steward of the Krallepalaz for over four decades, and is an effective manager of the permanent staff at the small palace, as well as managing to cope well with the bebies of newcomers who accompany the important guests he plays gracious host to. Over his years of service Wulfrum has catered to, and received the personal gratitude of, 20 Elector Counts, 2 Grand Theogonists, and the King of Bretonnia.

But Wulfrum Viert has grown cynical and mischievous in his old age. Where once he was a model of professionalism, he has resented the fact that Graf Boris never saw fit to promote him to the position of Chamberlain. Seeking a quiet revenge on the Graf, Wulfrum quietly stokes the flames of Nordlander separatism. Every couple of weeks he makes his way to the *Bell and Bucket* tavern, and lets slip any gossip that he feels is likely to aid the cause of an independent Nordland.

WULFRUM VIERT - HUMAN STEWARD (GOLD I)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	44	33	42	43	38	30	31	46	46	49	16

Skills: Bribery 57, Charm 63, Charm Animal 54, Cool 58, Endurance 53, Gossip 55, Intuition 57, Leadership 66, Lore (Local) 58, Melee (Basic) 52, Outdoor Survival 54, Perception 62, Ride (Horse) 40, Swim 50

Talents: Animal Affinity, Doomed (*Thy soul, consumed with anger, shall be blinded to the unseen enemy*), Etiquette (Servants), Menacing, Night Vision, Numismatics, Read/Write, Sharp, Strike to Stun, Supportive



EMMILLE MÜNZSTÄTTER

Emmille has worked within the dingy confines of the Spear Mint for nearly three decades, having first been apprenticed as a girl. She is a wheezy and bow-backed woman, having a pronounced stoop from years of crouching over coin dies and genuflecting to the worthies she encounters going to and from the mint.

Emmille is about to commence a life on the run. A few days ago she discovered a cramped crawlspace tucked behind a cupboard near her workstation. Bored and unsupervised, she wriggled through and came upon a series of passageways. Emmille stumbled upon something she shouldn't have there: a clandestine meeting between a tall and regal man and another in the regalia of a senior Knight Panther. They were standing talking in a candlelit room, examining a bulging bottle within which an ephemeral thing wriggled and shifted.

Since that day Emmille has not been able to keep her mind on her work, ruminating on the sights she saw. She has grown starkly paranoid, certain that someone must be aware of her transgressions. She has checked to see whether or not she left any sign of her movements in the passageways, and knows that if she left any sort of clue, a dropped item or footprints, she will soon be found out. Emmille plans to flee Middenheim whilst she has time. She will soon be missed at the mint, so her departure must be sudden, fast, and final.

EMMILLE MÜNZSTÄTTER HUMAN ARTISAN (SILVER I)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	29	36	48	33	33	32	39	32	32	27	13

Traits: Prejudice (Sigmarites)

Skills: Endurance 51, Evaluate 40, Haggle 34, Lore (Local) 37, Stealth (Urban) 38, Trade (Coin Stamping) 44

Talents: Artistic, Doomed (*Be not curious, only in ignorance art thou safe*), Nimble Fingered



SUDGARTEN

The Sudgarten district extends west to the Sudgarten Allee and the Morrspark, and south as far as the Grunpark. Also known as the Green Corner by the locals, this district houses two of the city's four public parks. It is one of Middenheim's four middle-class residential areas, and its population includes artisans of all descriptions, as well as shopkeepers, lesser attendants at the various temples, and those employed by merchants and the various arms of the city's administration.

The residential part of the district is split up into three areas, which are progressively wealthier from east to west. The streets are narrow but mostly clean, and the houses are terraced townhouses of moderate quality, interspersed with shops and workshops.

GRUNPARK

The Grunpark is the smallest of Middenheim's public parks and also the least maintained. It is not that the parkkeepers shirk their duties here: it is simply due to the fact that the southern side of the park borders on the notorious Ostwald slum area. The park is repetition as a meeting place for criminals working for 'The Man' and it is rumoured that, whoever he (or she, or it) may be, 'The Man' likes to personally walk through the leafy pathways of the park, discussing future capers and planning the next gang war.

At night the park is haunted by juvenile gangs from Ostwald, and can be unpleasant or even dangerous. The homes around the edges of the Grunpark are all surrounded by high walls studded with iron spikes at the top, in order to discourage burglars.

LAUGHING JACKASS

The Laughing Jackass is a restaurant and cabaret run by Hans and Wanda Kaltenbrunner, a husband and wife in their 20s. They met and married while studying at the Collegium Theologica and started the business as much to continue enjoying the student life as they did to make a living.

The Laughing Jackass is very popular with young, fashionable Middenheimers who go there to be seen by their peers and drink ever more extravagant and dangerous cocktails. The bulk of the other patrons are scholars and pseudo-intellectuals from the Freiburg district. It takes second place to *The Templar's Downfall* as the hub of fashion, but regular patrons maintain that the atmosphere is more relaxed and friendly in the Laughing Jackass.

Only members and their guests are admitted. Membership costs 5 GCs, although evening membership is available for 5 shillings at the door and is valid for one visit. Guests of full members may be admitted for 1 shilling — evening shilling members may not bring guests.

Apart from its superbly equipped cocktail bar, *The Laughing Jackass* is famous for its cabaret, which features lively and often slanderous satires on prominent city figures. Shortly after the Characters arrive at the club for the first time a talented impressionist takes the stage, singing a scurrilous ditty that starts with the lines 'I'm Gotthard Wallenstein, how do you do? I swindle all the merchants and I'm here to cheat you too'. This cabaret can be a useful and entertaining way to leak information about major public figures to the Characters. Note: Only commonly known local gossip can be passed on by this means.

FASHION VICTIMS



It has become fashionable in Middenheim for young women to wear pendants with a pewter mount and inset glass shaped like a curved claw. A Character with the *Second Sight* Talent notices a slight aura of dark magic with a *Very Hard* (-30) Perception Test. These pendants are being manufactured and distributed by the Eaters of the World as part of their elaborate rite to resurrect the Liche-Thing Babrakkos.

One of the satirical skits performed at *The Laughing Jackass* cabaret suggests that the Low King known only as 'The Man' is in fact none other than Baron Heinrich. This is, of course, nonsense, but an incognito Baron has recently been abroad in the city, acting surreptitiously in order to set up his spy network. Characters digging into this rumour find themselves uncovering more than they bargained for.

MORRSPARK

As well as being one of Middenheim's four public parks, Morrspark is also the site of the city's only burial ground. Space is a rare commodity in Middenheim and only the very wealthy can afford the price of a plot of land here. The northern and eastern sides of the park are lined with stone mausoleums owned by rich and prominent families. The less wealthy citizens usually cremate their dead, bury them in the shadow of the Fauschlag rock, or simply have them thrown from the Cliff of Sighs.

The small, featureless shrine to Morr stands by the northern entrance. It is built of plain black stone, and has no internal decorations save for a small statue of the god above the inside of the doorway. Middenheim boasts six full-time clerics of Morr, who conduct funeral services here prior to burial at the base of the Fauschlag or in the cemetery in Morrspark. Albrecht Zimmerman leads Morr's faithful in Middenheim.

There is a 10% chance that a funeral is in progress here at any time during the day. The body is accompanied by 2d10 friends and relatives. The level of the attendant priest of Morr depends upon the Status of the deceased. Zimmerman, the only High Priest of Morr in Middenheim, is only in attendance at upper-class and noble funerals (Gold Status).

The cemetery is situated at the point that Dwarfs first surfaced on to the plateau. Now, the gaping wound left in the rock is the entrance to a maze of underground burial chambers. The tunnels provided an ideal solution to Middenheim's real estate problem. Unfortunately, over the centuries, several caverns have been blocked off by roof falls, and the still-accessible parts can no longer accommodate all the dead. But prices have escalated so far that only the wealthiest can expect to be interred here.

The High Cost of Dying

Funeral costs vary according to the degree of elaboration required. A burial plot in Morrspark costs at least 100 GCs, and probably an equal amount in bribes. Practically all the available space has been taken up by the family plots and mausoleums of the wealthy. The services of clerics and mourners range from 10–30 shillings, while a headstone or other monument costs 20–60 shillings and, again, a like amount in bribes. A pauper's burial is free, but consists merely of an Initiate of Morr blessing the body as it is dropped from the city wall at the Cliff of Sighs. Those who cannot afford a burial in Morrspark generally cremate their dead in the Eternal Flame (at a cost of 4 GCs, plus the cost of supervising clerics, and any bribes necessary to allow the ashes to be buried or scattered in Morrspark), or bury them outside at the edge of the Warrenburg (at a cost of 10 shillings, plus the cost of clerics and mourners).

Moonlight Robbery

The Morrspark is also frequented by grave robbers. Middenheim is a city with a thriving medical and academic element, so there is a constant demand for fresh bodies. A demand that the underworld is only too happy to supply, for the right price. That need not necessarily be a monetary one: some body snatchers, especially those associated with organised crime, trade corpses for contraband. Incautious physicians and academics can find themselves blackmailed into providing their services to the underworld free of charge, and without reference to the authorities.

Grave robbers usually travel in pairs. When encountered, they may be on their way to a new grave, in the process of robbing it, or transporting a stolen body to their buyer.

A GRAVE AFFAIR



-  A pack of Ghouls have their humble abodes in the catacombs below the cemetery. They are half-starved, for the rare bodies buried here are usually interred within heavy sarcophagi sealed with warding Morrite blessings. At night, one of the Ghouls sneaks into the Morrspark and attempts to draw the attention of any Characters that happen to be passing by. It does this in the hope that they give chase, whereupon it leads them into an ambush sprung by its fellows, who can then enjoy a square meal.
-  No less than two Chaos cults are involved in the corpse trade in Middenheim. The Purple Hand seeks to acquire corpses for its Necromantic experiments, whilst the Tinean Fellowship seeks them for unscrupulous medical research. As a result, local Grave Robbers are kept much busier than usual.



DEATH ON THE FAUSCHLAG

Over the years Middenheim has been the site of much Necromantic activity. In the days of Artur, the pestilential Liche-Thing Babrakkos preyed upon the Teutogens, and whilst it was never as powerful a threat as Nagash or Drachenfels, it was a strange and powerful undead entity that could command forces of skeletal servants. Centuries later the Doom Lord Dieter Helsnicht was chased from Middenheim after being ousted as a Necromancer.

Since the Wizards' War of 1979 IC Necromancers have found it very hard to do business in Middenheim. Dedicated opposition to Necromancy by Middenheim's Wizards, aided by the Brothers of the Book and the cult of Morr, have ensured no Necromancer has caused trouble within the city walls... until recently.

There is currently a rash of Necromancy in Middenheim. Some of this is due to the activities of cults such as the Purple Hand, which seek to employ Necromancy in service of Chaos, and the inner circle of the Volans' Oath of Devotion Society, who believe no limits should be placed on the study of magic. However, an older force is influencing this resurgence, as the undying will of Babrakkos makes itself felt in Middenheim once more.

The cult of Morr has noted an increase in manifestations of Spectres and the signs of ghoulish activity beneath the cemetery, but it has not yet worked out what is provoking this increase in Necromantic phenomena.



TEMPLE OF MYRMIDIA

This is a small temple of no especial grandeur or note, a relatively plain stone building with a pair of tall spires flanking its entrance. The temple is several hundred years old, and was founded by a unit of Tilean mercenaries who served here during the Age of Three Emperors. There are three priests who tend to the temple, with Uli Hanseher being the senior.

Few Middenheimers worship Myrmidia, but the temple seems able to survive on the offerings left by travellers from the south, where her worship is more widespread. The three Midden Marshalls all worship here occasionally, although their first loyalty is reserved for Ulric. General Schwermutt is the most interested in the cult of Myrmidia, seeing her precepts as complementing Ulric's to produce a complete and perfect approach to military matters, though Schwermutt does not openly pledge complete fealty to either cult. A handful of junior officers from the garrison also worship here, but Myrmidia is always overshadowed by Middenheim's patron deity.

Ulrican fanatics occasionally picket the temple, resenting its presence in their holy city. For the most part this inter-cult hostility is subdued and non-violent, though Wolf Kin zealots and other wild followers of Ulric do claim that the temple is secretly funded by Sigmarites, who seek to undermine Ulric's importance as a god of battle.

Recently, six Knights of the Blazing Sun have been dispatched from their chapterhouse in Talabheim to guard the temple. Ostensibly they have been sent to honour the ties between the two Ulrican cities, but their ulterior motive is to scare off any Ulricans who might assault Myrmidia's priests. Thus far the only confrontations between Myrmidian knights and Ulrican zealots have consisted of trading insults, though if someone loses their temper it could lead to further strain between the cults.

THE WATER CLOCK

The water clock is a mechanical marvel constructed by the Dwarfs of the Engineers' Guild. They bequeathed it to Middenheim in part as a token of gratitude, but mostly as an advertisement of their skills. The water clock is a small squat stone tower 65 ft high. The northern face of the tower, easily seen from the street below, houses the large ornamental clock face. This clock is designed so that every time it strikes noon, a set of mechanical automata in the form of miniature Knights of the White Wolf ride along the bottom of the clock face and do battle with a regiment of tiny hydraulic Beastmen.

The lower section of the tower is accessed through a small, heavy wooden door. This door is locked at all times and the key kept by the Engineers' Guild. Should anyone find themselves inside, they can witness the strange mechanisms that keep the clock running. The clock is hydraulic, relying on streams of water that are pumped up to the top of the mechanism and then run through it in a controlled manner, powering the clockwork.

This combination of hydraulic and clockwork mechanisms is highly experimental and a sign that Middenheim's Dwarven Engineers are not nearly as hidebound as their more traditional fellows in the holds of the World's Edge Mountains.

A CLOCKWORK FORAGE



- ☠ Horst Klepper of the Imperial School of Engineers is fascinated by the possibility of observing the mechanisms powering the clock, but there is no way the Dwarven Engineers' Guild will reveal their secrets to him. He is desperate enough to resort to hiring some criminal Characters to break into the tower and provide him with some sketches. Prospective candidates for this job will have to be highly discreet and prepared to face the occasional fiendish booby trap.

PITY SQUARE

This small cozy square is one of many of similar design in the city, sporting a well-crafted well in the middle of neatly laid cobblestones. Votive objects depicting Shallya surround the well and are quietly tucked into nooks. Pity Square, as it is called, is dedicated to the memory of Sister Hildegard of the Tears of Pity mission. A statue of Hildegard has been erected on the roof that tops the well, though over time the statue has begun to lean precariously to one side as the well's roof sags and splinters.

Like most of the wells in Middenheim, the water drawn here is clean and clear. The site of the well is also known to be one of the better meeting places in the district. There is even a large wooden noticeboard a short way from the well where locals pin flyers and pamphlets.

HIDDEN HELPING



- ☠ A Character who is able to read Thieves' Signs can learn a lot from the noticeboard. Coded messages are left that explain how the territory of the Low Kings is divided up, the fact that Alfric Half-Nose will buy and sell information at the *Bretonnian House Inn*, that Bleyden can be contacted via Kled at the Baiting Pit, that the Fifth Finger is one of the few places in the city Ranaldans can meet in safety, and that taverns such as the *Splintered Skull* and *Drowned Rat* ought to be avoided by all but the most hardened criminals.

SUDTOR

Southgate is a respectable residential area, even if it is a bit poor. Almost all the houses are terraced, with no elaborate decoration of any sort. Many have fallen into disrepair and are little more than rat-infested hovels. Whilst there are some average taverns, there are many more poor-quality ones. Like many of the poorer areas of Middenheim, the streets here are built up several layers high, with the upper levels overshadowing the alleyways and terraces that run beneath them.

The majority of the inhabitants are unskilled labourers and runaway peasants who have come to Middenheim in the hope of seeking their fortune, but have found only squalor.

THE BURROWS

It's rare for a building to be entirely abandoned in the city, as space is at such a premium that even dilapidated tenant houses are quickly purchased by investors in hopes of turning a quick profit.

The Burrows are a small stretch of such terraces that have fallen into near ruin. They have been in this sorry state for as long as anyone in Sudtor can remember, and naïve folk often gossip about what a shame it is that no one will clear the debris and develop something useful in its place. The truth is that it suits the Low King known as 'The Man' to keep them like this.

Hidden in the cellars of the ruined buildings are several entrances into the upper tunnels of Middenheim's undercity. From here the criminal empire of 'The Man' extends beneath Middenheim, linking up to subterranean boltholes, the cells at the Sudtor Watch Station, and safehouses in other districts.

- ☠ 'The Man' has arranged for a very long tunnel to run from beneath the Burrows to the Geist Haus in Nordtor (see page 76), moving packages of Laughing Powder through the city. Isolating this tunnel from the rest of the Undercity without alerting the Dwarfs to it cost 'The Man' a great deal of resources. Thuggish henchmen are quick to visit violence on anyone who might expose this asset.

THE COPPERSHINERS

The Coppershiners is one of the better taverns in the Sudtor district. It is managed by a Dwarf named Ketri the Stout, and the famously strong brews served at the tavern are popular with the city's Dwarfs and labourers alike. His tavern is one of the few places in the city that sells Bugman's XXXXXX (at the slightly inflated price of 11 pence, as shipping the ale to Middenheim is a more involved process than getting it to the Reikland).

Whilst people can get room and board at the tavern, the beds and rooms are scaled for Dwarf use. This can come as a surprise to the visitors as the ground floor, including the public bar, is spacious and comfortable, whereas the first floor is rather inconveniently proportioned for anyone much over 5 ft.

Ketri is a member of the Dwarven Engineers' Guild, though he has long retired from taking a role in construction projects. He remains an accomplished architect and mason, and shares banter with the labourers frequenting the bar. However, he is still loyal to the Guild and keeps his ear out for any gossip that might be of interest to it. If a Human engineer were to come to the tavern, Ketri would carefully pump them for any pertinent information. Middenheim's Dwarfs come to the tavern in droves, sharing pints of Bugman's with close friends and relatives.

DRAGON ALES

This small brewing establishment supplies most of the district's taverns. The ales have a distinctly yeasty flavour, and are very strong (treat Stilburg Ales as being as cheap as regular ale, but as intoxicating as Bugman's XXXXXX).

Hilberry Stilburg is the Halfling proprietor, but most of the brewing is done by his apprentices. What they don't know, however, is that Hilberry is also a skilled Alchemist (but not one registered at the Guild of the Apothecaries in Ostwald). Beneath his cheerful, rosy-cheeked exterior Hilberry is a thoroughly nasty piece of work. A well-balanced Halfling (he has a chip on both shoulders), Hilberry specialises in the manufacture of poisons. He maintains an extensively equipped laboratory in a locked storehouse not far from the brewery.

Hilberry's biggest customers, not surprisingly, work for 'The Man', but Hilberry ensures that any transactions are always carried out after dark, when his apprentices have returned to their homes.

The Stilburg clan is one of the major Halfling families in the city, and many of them work as thieves and petty criminals. Whilst Hilberry is careful to ensure that his relatives do not know he works for 'The Man', the fact that he is at the centre of a criminal network is an open secret amongst the city's Halfling community. His family members often look to Hilberry for assistance should they fall foul of the law. Hilberry has garnered a reputation as a person with powerful friends.

THE LABOURERS' HOSPICE

This large two-storey building was once a warehouse, but now a sign reading 'Labourers' Hospice' in Reikspiel hangs above the door. Free accommodation is provided to labourers working in the city, and there is a moderate charge for breakfast. They are housed in a series of dormitories, each furnished with a dozen or so straw mattresses.

The hospice is run by the Labourers' Guild for the support of its members, but the bulk of the expenses are paid for from an endowment made by one Wolfgang Bandpater, whose bust stands on a plinth in the lobby of the building. Bandpater is actually an associate of 'The Man' and one of the most prominent racketeers in the city. The hospice is used by his followers for various purposes: as a safehouse, contraband store, rendezvous point, and recruiting ground.

As a prominent member of the Merchants' Guild, Bandpater is very careful to be linked with the hospice only in his guise of philanthropist. Characters who look into the criminal life of the city will discover that Bandpater is particularly strongly motivated to maintain his respectable public image and see to it that people who might expose him are pitched from the Cliff of Sighs.

THE SUDTOR WATCH STATION

Middenheim's main watch posts are situated by each of the four city gates. The guard houses are large fortified structures with their own barracks, armouries, stables, courtyards, and dungeons. Each guard house utilises at least 40 watchmen and 10 Road Wardens at any one time. The guards here are rather lax as they wait to relieve their fellows on patrol. However, should a sentry raise an alarm, they are quick to arm themselves and defend the battlements.

Both watch patrols and Road Wardens leave from here to perform their rounds. During the day, most watch patrols consist of half a dozen guards led by a sergeant. They typically make their way through a designated district before returning, but rarely enter the slums.

The Sudtor Watch Station is managed by Captain Houschäng Hackett. He takes the matter of patrolling and defence very seriously, and is particularly diligent in ensuring that people entering Middenheim are rigorously checked and processed.

A MITE DANGEROUS

Hilberry is one of two practised alchemists working for 'The Man', the other being Waldtraud Gerber who works at the Geist Haus in Nordtor. Waldtraud and Hilberry are aware that they have competition, but do not know one another. 'The Man' likes it this way, as he can play his Alchemists off against one another without worrying about them killing each other. Hilberry plays along, but he is considering hiring investigators to find out more about his competitor.



AGNA LOTTRISDOTTIR

Agna is a personal envoy of the Dwarf High King, but her brusque manner has not won favour at Middenheim's court for the past three decades. She is now a destitute wretch, too shamed and fearful to travel back to Karak Kadrin and report her failure. Most days she can be found at the *Coppershiners*, performing odd jobs for a pint of Bugman's XXXXXX.

If Agna is questioned about her life, she claims that she came to Middenheim in order to rally support for a campaign to retake Karak Kazarak in the Middle Mountains. It was overrun thousands of years ago and has been held by a succession of Orc warlords ever since. Agna gripes that the Dwarfs of Middenheim pay lip service to the reclamation of the hold, but are tardy about doing anything.

When very drunk Agna claims that the High King also plans to claim the Fauschlag. Should she mention this, any other Dwarfs within earshot insist that she is mad with drink and usher her off to bed. However, Agna insists that the High King rightly regards Grungni's Tower as part of his Everlasting Realm and is prepared to make war upon those who would deny it to him. Sober again, she denies knowledge of such ambitions.

AGNA LOTTRISDOTTIR – DWARF ENVOY (SILVER 4)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	41	28	33	40	32	25	31	34	52	19	16

Traits: Animosity (Elves), Armour (Leather Jack) 1, Hatred (Greenskins), Prejudice (cowardly Dwarfs that aren't eager to wage war in order to re-establish the Everlasting Realm), Weapon +7

Skills: Charm 29, Consume Alcohol 55, Endurance 50, Gossip 29, Haggle 25, Intuition 38, Language (Khazalid) 59, Melee (Basic) 46

Talents: Blather, Magic Resistance, Night Vision, Read/Write, Relentless, Resolute, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Hand Weapon (Dagger), Leather Jack, Old Missives



HELMUT BECKENBAUER

'The Man' employs Wolfgang Bandpater, a respected member of the Merchants' Guild, as a lead racketeer, but Helmut Beckenbauer, his lieutenant, manages his day-to-day affairs. The pair are rarely seen together and communicate through coded messages left at the Labourers' Hospice.

In addition to his criminal activities, Beckenbauer is also a keen Middenball player, and although the days when he was the most feared centre-forward in the city are long past, he still coaches and manages the notorious Southgate Slammers. Using the Grunpark as their training ground, this team of labourers has established a reputation as the most professional Middenball outfit in the city. Their meetings with the Eastenders from the Altquartier are well worth a visit (providing you can take care of yourself in the inevitable after-match brawl).

HELMUT BECKENBAUER HUMAN GANG BOSS (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	53	32	47	45	32	33	31	40	45	53	16

Traits: Armour (Mail Shirt) 2, Prejudice (People who don't appreciate a good game of Middenball), Weapon (Dagger) +7, Weapon (Knuckledusters) +6

Skills: Charm 59, Evaluate 50, Gossip 56, Intimidate 55, Lore (Local) 56, Melee (Basic) 61, Melee (Brawling) 67, Stealth (Urban) 46

Talents: Criminal, Doomed (*Bloody rest shake thy bones to paste*), Etiquette (Criminals), Fearless (Watchmen), Iron Will, Menacing, Robust, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun



ULRICSMUND

The Ulricsmund District is a middle-class residential area, and lies between the Great Park and the districts of Grafsmund and Nordgarten. The High Temple of Ulric — the reason many come to Middenheim — sits in the south-west corner.

The houses here are spacious and comfortable compared to the crowded tenements of Middenheim's slums. The bulk of the district's population is made up of moderately well off artisans and merchants, and some of the lesser priests from the High Temple of Ulric also live here.

THE BEGIERBADEN

The Begierbaden is a medicinal bathing establishment built over hot springs that rise through the Fauschlag. It is favoured by the upper classes and out-of-towners. There are hot steam baths and icy cold pools both indoor and outdoor, and a small Shallyan infirmary caters for patients with stubborn illnesses.

The waters have the reputation of reducing the likelihood of mutations and so are especially popular with pregnant women. Indeed, the place is used as an informal club by the city's wealthy women, and the baths' female attendants are privy to a lot of intrigue.

EPIDEMIC EPICENTRE

The corrupt Doktors of the Tinean Fellowship theorise that were they to introduce an infection into the bath waters, they could study the effects of an outbreak amongst many people at once. However, samples of disease they have smuggled into the bath have had no effect. They surmise that a blessing of Shallya removes contamination from the water, and that only a great affront to the goddess would render the baths vulnerable to their experiments.

BLACK PLAGUE MEMORIAL

This statue stands in a small square formed by the intersection of the West Weg and Sudetenweg, facing the entrance to the High Temple. It depicts a man wearing a crown and a noble expression, hefting a pair of children upon his shoulders and a third in his arms whilst crushing a hideous giant rat under his right foot.

A plaque at the statue's base explains that this is Graf Gunthar, who ruled Middenheim during the Black Plague of 1111 IC. The memorial was ordered and paid for by Ar-Ulric shortly after his return from exile in Talabheim. It was sculpted by the great Heinrich Meer and unveiled in 1547 IC.

HYPOCRITICAL OAFS

The statue is showing its age and much of the detail is lost underneath a crust of verdigris. The Tinean Fellowship has recently put in a bid to pay for the restoration of the statue on the condition that a discrete plaque honouring its own achievements and contributions to the health of the Empire's citizens is added to the plinth. This is a cynical public relations exercise by the Fellowship, many of whom worship the Plague God Nurgle.

GUILD OF PHYSICIANS

The Physicians' Guild is situated opposite the High Temple of Ulric, and is an impressive single-storey building faced with marble. Like Physicians' Guilds in other cities, it licenses all medical practitioners in Middenheim.

However, unlike its counterparts elsewhere in the Empire, the Guild cannot itself bring prosecutions against unlicensed practitioners. Instead, it must register complaints with the Kommission for Health, Education, and Welfare. In such cases, the patient is not permitted to speak for the accused. The Guild also hears complaints against its members, and answers such from the Kommission. In line with practice elsewhere, complaints are only heard from the patient in person, and most are dismissed on the basis that a patient capable of presenting themselves to the Guild has no grounds for complaint (this is known as the 'fit to grouse' clause and is the target of much protest and satire).

The Physicians' Guild is closely linked to both the Temple of Shallya and the Kommission for Health, Education, and Welfare. Would-be practitioners cannot be licensed without the approval of the Kommission, and it does not give approval to anyone without the approval of the Guild. Prospective students find themselves in the same paradoxical situation, though training might be made available for a fee of 10 crowns.

OFFICES OF THE KOMISSION FOR ELF, DWARF, AND HALFLING INTERESTS (KEDHI)

This grey stone-clad building houses the branch of the city's civil service that deals with non-Human interests. The Komission was set up over a century ago when there was tension between Elves and Dwarfs, and both communities felt ill-treated by Middenheim's Human majority. Graf Dieter thought it a wise move to institute this official channel to care for their interests and didn't want to offend Halflings by leaving them out. It is not very active now, but is responsible for organising cultural events during festivals. Local Elves sometimes refer to the KEDHI as 'the dancing hall', a pun on the Eltharin word for an evening of drinking, music, and dancing.

There are separate offices for Elves, Dwarfs, and Halflings within the building, staffed by members of each Species, and the Komission deals with all complaints and problems arising from the city's non-Human population. Komission staff spend most of their time compiling censuses of the non-Human population and producing abstruse, academic treatises on demography and history. Non-Human Characters could start here if they have enquiries about how Middenheim is run, or if they want a few contacts from among their own folk.

Yarnad Magradil is the Head of the Dwarfs' section. He is a grumpy and pompous individual who moans constantly about being overworked and underpaid.

Estelle Celadell deals with the Elf population, although she often turns the topic of conversations to her own plight. She claims to have been unjustly exiled from the Laurelor. *'I'm really a princess, but I was captured by some bandits as a little girl. They would have sold me into slavery, but I was rescued by a Knight Panther. I need to find someone to take me back to the Laurelor, but no one wants to take the risk.'* Oddly though, any Elf gallant enough to offer an escort is told, *'Unfortunately, I can't leave just now. I promised to complete a written history of Elves in Middenheim'*.

Himbo Wobbulbeli is a cheerful and helpful Halfling historian who is more than happy simply to have a chat with any Halfling visitors to the city. Like most Halfling historians, he specialises in genealogy, and any Halfling who has clan connections in Middenheim finds that Bamba can unfailingly locate their relatives.

Estelle is not an exile from Laurelor, but an agent of its Queen. To the Eonir, her tale about the bandits can be interpreted as an invitation to talk about a matter of ongoing, but highly discreet, interest. If she is coaxed into providing more information through a successful Very Hard (–30) Gossip Test, she tells another Wood Elf about the existence of the Dreaming Glade in the Konigsgarten (see page 66).

HIGH TEMPLE OF ULRIC

Although Sigmar is the patron deity of the Empire, Middenheim is unquestionably Ulric's city. If a visitor asks a Middenheimer about 'the Temple', without specifying a deity, it is assumed that they are talking about the High Temple of Ulric. A blend of castle and cathedral, it is the centre of Ulric's worship in the Old World and can hold up to a thousand worshippers. The congregation is drawn from all levels of Middenheim society.

The Temple's roof is a triumph of architecture, and the acoustics in the vast, vaulted chamber are superb. Despite the Temple's great size, a speaker standing by the high altar scarcely has to raise their voice to be heard throughout the Temple.

The Eternal Flame blazes in front of the High Altar, a vast column of silver fire. It is reputed to have magical properties (see box overleaf).

A statue of Ulric, almost 20 ft high, dominates the far end of the temple. It looms above worshippers like a thundercloud, blocking much of the light that streams in from the windows. To either side of the great hall are two side chapels for the exclusive use of the city's knights: the Knights Panther and the Order of the White Wolf. Both of these chapels are guarded around the clock by a member of the respective order.

BLESSINGS FROM THE FLAME

If a Character leaves a weapon in the Eternal Flame, it grants it a powerful temporary enchantment. However, priests and congregants regard it as a crude imposition to simply have adventurers use the temple to acquire magical powers. In order to earn the right to have a weapon blessed in the temple, a Character must first win the regard of a notable priest at the temple and assure them that their motives complement the values of Ulric's cult.

Lukas at the Vermillion Pawn can arrange to have a weapon blessed for the price of 10 gold crowns, but he demands assurances that anyone seeking this service would not subsequently do anything to embarrass the cult of Ulric. He requires a week to procure an opportunity to enchant the weapon and cannot guarantee that any enchantment will last longer than a week.

Chosen weapons are placed within the Eternal Flame for ten hours. This has to be during a relatively quiet period for the temple, and is not allowed during festivities or major events.

A weapon left in the flame becomes magical and gains a bonus of +1 to Damage. The enchantment lasts 1d10 + 10 days, but may last longer if the bearer is performing a task deemed important to Ulric.

Knighly Chapels

The chapel devoted to the Order of the White Wolf is the larger of the two, as befits their status as the Templars of Ulric. It is richly decorated with standards, banners, trophies, and the honour roll of memorial slabs commemorating memorable actions such as the Siege of 1812, or the Chaos Wars of 2302. The oldest of these banners, the Standard of Vess, is tattered and bloodstained. It has been carried by battle companies of the order for nearly a thousand years.

There are two icons within the chapel which are even older and more revered: a great white wolf skin pelt hanging on the wall, and a huge silver-inlaid jawbone. These relics are said to have been taken from the White Wolf of Holzbeck, a monstrous beast slain by King Artur shortly after he founded Middenheim.

The chapel of the Knights Panther is more circumspect, whilst it is also decorated with banners and memorials and the skins of great Southlands cats. The Knights Panther are diligent in tending to their chapel, but they know that this is not a place to compete with the White Wolves.

Temple Outbuildings

Tucked inside a small complex of buildings outside the temple is the Star Chamber, operated by the Order of the Brothers of the Book. They have a similar function to the Witch Hunters more common in Sigmarite areas. Offences against the gods and their clergy are tried in the Star Chamber. Whilst the other Cults may press religious charges, it's up to the Brothers of the Book to try all cases. They have been known to throw genuine cases out of court as an act of spite against a cult with whom relations are strained. The trials themselves are usually momentous ordeals, such as being forced to step through the Eternal Flame. Surviving such ordeals is a vanishingly rare event.

The Lore Haus, a great library of religious manuscripts, is another building in the complex. The impressive library is the place to find old tomes on Ulrican history and religious law. Brothers of the Book can often be seen in the building reading into the early hours. A chapterhouse to the Knights of the White Wolf is also part of the wider temple complex. The knights and their men-at-arms often train in a small precinct to the side of the temple, including a list for jousting. Being a god of battle, it is not considered indecorous for Ulric's knights to spar and joust close to the temple, provided they keep the noise down during major services.



THE MIDDENLAND MINERS' GUILD

The office of the Guild in Middenheim is a small, wide building with narrow windows. The only entrance is beneath a heavy lintel carved with the crest of the noble von Kärzdburger family and an inscription reading 'Honest Work Makes an Honest Man'.

It would be a mistake to think that the Guild represents the interests of professional miners. Almost all the working miners in Middenheim are Dwarfs, represented by the Dwarven Engineers' Guild. Instead, the Middenland Miners' Guild is the euphemistic name given to the organisation that arranges for convicts to serve out sentences in the mines of the Middle Mountains.

The establishment of the penitentiary in the Middle Mountains was once hailed as a great victory for Shallyan reformers, who were pleased with the opportunity to rehabilitate criminals rather than execute them. The reform measures have effectively become a source of slave labour, however. A Dwarf named Yarrick is the Guild's resident Master. He normally tours the mining sites and is only occasionally in the office. He does hold a meeting on the first Marktag of every month with a representative of the Shallyan Tears of Pity Mission, if only to keep up appearances.

MINING DISASTER

Yarrick is a greedy Dwarf who has a lingering fear that the convicts under his charge may revolt. He has contacts among Bretonnian slavers and sells any large, strong, and intractable prisoners to them. He lists such prisoners as missing, presumed dead following cave-ins or brawls. The prisoners then have their tongues removed and are shipped to the *Fox and Crown* tavern in Salzenmund, where slavers pay good gold for them.

The mines themselves are found on a small tract of land in the Middle Mountains which is all that remains of the Kärzdburger estates. The nobles are unaware of Yarrick's slaving, and if informed of it they publicly berate him. Privately they curse their own stupidity in not coming up with such a scheme themselves, and secretly re-employ Yarrick as their agent.

SPREAD EAGLE

The *Spread Eagle* is one of the largest taverns in the city, and is notable for its impressive courtyard and capacious stables. The inn's sign depicts a magnificent Great Eagle soaring over the peaks of the Middle Mountains. Despite its impressive aspect, the tavern is not a popular location for casual drinkers and visitors. It is patronised almost exclusively by off-duty Knights of the White Wolf, who are known for training hard and playing hard.

Werner Ulf, the proprietor of the *Spread Eagle*, is happy enough to cater to this boisterous crowd, for whilst the knights are rather intimidating guests, they have heavy coin purses. There is even a makeshift range set up in the courtyard, consisting of training dummies topped with cabbages for heads. Tipsy knights often engage in contests to destroy as many cabbages as they can within a minute, and spectators are advised to stand way back from competing knights.

During the daytime the *Spread Eagle* is quieter, and regular folk can enjoy a pint of beer and tasty, if unambitious, cooking. However, as dusk approaches, Werner quietly informs any unwitting visitors that this is a tavern frequented by knights and that things can get rough later on.

WORK HARD PLAY HARD

The knights themselves are not malign, but they do regard the tavern as their turf and engage in cheeky badinage with other guests after dark. They tend to refer to anyone who isn't clearly an Ulrican as 'Sigmarite', and are especially scathing of those with a connection to rival knightly orders. Should a fight break out, they prove enthusiastic brawlers and expect combatants to abide by a code of honour that allows for vicious scraps followed by magnanimous agreements to forget any insults or injuries. Local authorities will take the side of the knights if any complaints are made against them.

TEMPLE OF VERENA

A stunning grey marble statue of the goddess Verena stands at the right-hand side of the entrance to this temple. With its arched pillars, a nested dome at the centre, and a fine collection of marble busts in alcoves along the interior walls, it is an exceptional piece of architecture. A huge gilded owl, fully 12ft high, spreads its wings around the main altar.

The temple is attended regularly by most members of the Worshipful Guild of Legalists, as well as many of the city's officials and some merchants. The services seem especially popular with the city's Wizards, who often make use of the library. Those who worship here generally worship at another temple as well, following either Ulric or Sigmar according to their inclinations.

As with all temples to Verena, no matter their size, there is an extensive library. The library here takes the form of a rectangular annexe built on to one side of the main temple. It contains the rarest manuscripts from all over the Old World. Supervised access to the library is free to anyone with a letter of introduction from the Worshipful Guild of Legalists, the Grand Guild of Wizards, or the Collegium Theologica. Of course, donations towards the library's upkeep are always gratefully received. Books may not be removed under any circumstances.



WALPURGA WURKLICH

The tiny form of Walpurga has become an unwelcome sight at many of Middenheim's entertainment venues. She is a little over 5 ft tall and lightly built, but has a voice like a shawm: thin and piercingly loud. Were she to scream into someone's ear, as she is sometimes wont to do, she could leave them with a temporary case of tinnitus.

Walpurga is a devout and conscientious follower of Verena, but she has developed a warped sense of perspective in recent years. She has made it her personal campaign to reform theatrical performances in the city. This is not due to a sense of scandalised ire at satires or censorious prudishness at bawdier productions — she even admits that plays can be useful in depicting the grittier aspects of life and for making the powerful question their actions. Her problem is that she regards acting itself as a form of deceit, and that therefore the whole profession is anathema to Verena.

The official cult does not sanction Walpurga's protest, but does not condemn it either. They suggest that peaceful protest ought to be regarded as a tool of the just. However, they also say that if they are to encourage the sort of honesty embodied in Walpurga, then they should say that she is bloody embarrassing.

WALPURGA WURKLICH HUMAN AGITATOR (BRASS 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	23	25	25	36	40	40	37	44	46	38	12

Traits: Animosity (Liars, Dissemblers, Sophists), Prejudice (Actors, Theatregoers)

Skills: Gossip 48, Haggle 43, Lore (Theology) 54

Talents: Argumentative, Doomed (*When you've stood for all you can stand, a canker*),

Impassioned Zeal, Public Speaker

Trappings: Symbol of Verena, Accusatory Glare, Sanctimony to Spare



BROTHER BENGT

Brother Bengt is now in his 40s and the fervour of his youth has left him. Whilst he looks for all the world like a typical firebrand Ulrican, with his tangled masses of dark shaggy hair and flashing grey eyes, he is actually laid back and affable. Bengt is loquacious, able to speak at a speed and intensity that most people find difficult to process. He has a great passion for learning, and is intimately familiar with all the manuscripts of Ulrican history and religious law held in the Lore Haus.

Bengt is always interested in the stories of adventurers (provided they tolerate his constant interjections). If the Characters are willing to share their stories with Bengt, they can easily win his affection. He can see to it that an adventurer who has convinced him of their worthy character and intentions can have weapons blessed in the Eternal Flame.

BROTHER BENGT – HUMAN PRIEST (SILVER 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	34	32	38	46	42	40	32	50	41	48	15

Traits: Prejudice (Bad Listeners)

Skills: Charm 53, Cool 49, Endurance 52, Entertain (Storytelling) 57, Gossip 53, Intuition 57, Lore (Theology) 57, Pray 52

Talents: Blather, Bless (Ulric), Bookish, Doomed (*Proof against water and proof against fire, but not so stone*), Invoke (Ulric), Read/Write



WESTOR

The Westor district is a middle-class area of Middenheim. Together with the neighbouring Sudgarten it makes up Middenheim's 'Green Corner'. Whilst the two districts are much alike, Westor is marginally wealthier. The streets are narrow but clean, lined with moderately affordable terraced houses. There are shops and businesses in the area, but most residents go to work in other areas of the city. Inhabitants of poorer districts often regard the residents of Westor as snobbish and insular. This reputation is not entirely warranted, but the area is quiet and genteel.

BELL AND BUCKET

Those looking for a lively tavern find little to choose from in Westor, but this dark and hulking inn found within sight of the West Gate is an exception. The *Bell and Bucket* is rowdy and packed from dusk until dawn. It is the first stop in Middenheim for travellers from the northern provinces and, judging by the clientele, some of them never leave the place.

The inn is particularly popular with folk from Nordland, and the place has the feel of a seaside tavern. It is decorated with ancient rigging, seashells, and ship's wheels, and the sound of drunken shanties echoes from its interior at night.

The inn has a number of smaller private rooms on its first floor, and in recent times these have almost always been booked for private functions, for the *Bell and Bucket* is a hub of activity for Nordlander separatists.

THE FIFTH FINGER

To those used to the seedier side of life in the Empire it may come as some surprise to learn that one of Middenheim's main centres of Ranaldan activity is in the centre of Westor. Followers of Ranald have not been able to establish shrine clubs in the poorer quarters of the city, largely because the Low Kings abide by the sort of violent criminal codes that don't sit well with devotees of the trickster god.

The Fifth Finger is one of the most civil and well-appointed shrine clubs to be found in the whole of the Old World. It is a discreet bar and gambling den tucked away on a side street behind the Temple of Shallya. Most of the clientele are well-to-do members of Westor's bohemian set, who treat the few lower-class thieves who visit with an attitude of strained tolerance.

LOOSE LIPS LOSE LIVES



- ☛ Characters that spend much time here are eventually asked their opinions on Nordlander independence. They should be careful about how they answer such queries, as both the von Gausers (who champion secession) and the von Nikses (who seek to remain with Middenheim) have their spies amongst the clientele.

TEMPLE OF SHALLYA

The centre of the cult of Shallya in Middenheim is a small but beautiful temple faced in gleaming marble and decorated with stunning interior frescoes.

High Matriarch Isolde Begegnen, her six priests and two physicians, are here at various times, and there is a small infirmary close by where they attend to some of the sick. The temple is well known for its charitable work with the poor, and many common folk worship here.

The officials of the Guild of Physicians are regular worshippers at the temple, although they generally hold closed services away from the common folk. Priests bemoan this attitude, but realise that it is more constructive to allow the physicians their petty conceits rather than antagonising the Guild.

The Shallyan priests tour the poorer areas of Middenheim, rendering assistance where they can. In many cases, they can go freely where other citizens of similar standing would not dare. The Low Kings leave them alone, since an attack on the Temple of Shallya or its personnel would lose them much of their support and goodwill amongst the lower classes.

As well as its work helping the sick and poor, the Temple of Shallya also runs a small orphanage and school.

NOTABLE BY HIS ABSENCE



☠ The court physician Luigi Pavarotti never worships at the temple. Isolde is reluctant to construe this as a snub, but is curious as to why he has not yet paid so much as a courtesy visit. If Characters engage her in gossip, the normally diplomatic priestess may mention her misgivings about the man.

NIKSE RESIDENCE

This small manor is nestled in quiet, compact gardens. The estate is decorated with friezes depicting the victory of the allied armies of Nordland and Middenheim over the skeleton horde of Dieter Helsnicht. Until recently this residence was a hub of happy activity, but since the death of Anika-Elise von Nikse the place has been mostly abandoned.

The Nikses are an old and powerful Nordland noble family, holding large estates outside of Salzenmund. Were Nordland to become a self-governing state, they would no doubt be well placed to govern the province.

My Old Friend,

I expound upon herein on themes well explored in our previous correspondence, but once I again I must protest that you do not give these matters due weight. Our subjects in Nordland are again vying for the independence which we both know would ruin us. What little faith I had in the Graf to properly address this matter has only waned since the passing of little Anika-Elise. Some mourning is both due and proper – she was of course my own flesh and blood! – but these matters have been left idle for too long.

I propose that we take these matters into our own hands. Find a group of disposables who look sufficiently dubious, set them to some trivial but suspicious task near the court, and frame them as Nordlander spies – from Salzenburg I think. We can have some of our friends in the watch awaiting our word to arrest them in the act. I, of course, can ensure they are identified as spies and rabblers and hung without delay.

The ensuing fracas should ensure I garner the Graf's support in routing the real agitators who trouble my holdings. In Middenheim, I will remain a loyal subject of the Graf, ensuring a peaceful Nordland. In Nordland, I shall cast myself as the shield which turned aside the worst of Todbringer's overzealous rule.

*Yours in faith,
WN*

However, ever since the Todbringers came to power, the Nikses have been their loyal subordinates, bound to them by intermarriage, most recently between Graf Boris and Anika-Elise von Nikse. Her untimely death has done nothing to break the bonds of loyalty between the two noble families.

Nordlanders who seek independence for their province have learned not to trust the Nikses, for while the noble family purport to be standard-bearers for Nordlander interests, they have proved willing to share information about rebellious Nordlanders with the Todbringers.

The head of the Nikse family is a rotund and garrulous man named Baron Werner von Nikse. He claims the prosperity of Nordland is tied inextricably to the fortunes of Middenheim. He sees those rebellious Nordlanders who hang from gibbets erected along the walls of Middenheim as the price he has to pay for continuing comity.

LACKY OF THE GRAF



☠ As a result of his stance the Baron is becoming one of the most hated men in Nordland. Lurid conspiracy theories linking the death of his daughter to orders issued by the Baron in connivance with the Graf are spread by rebellious agents who wish to see the province secede.

SHRINE TO MANANN

Middenheim is a long way from any coastline, so few residents seek to petition the god of the sea. The Teutogens by no means disparaged Manann (he is Ulric's nephew, after all), but they saw no need to provide him with a place of worship.

Opinions have changed and a small unstaffed shrine stands within sight of the West Gate. The shrine consists of a marble plinth topped with a bronze statue of Manann, depicted as a gigantic trident-wielding merman rearing up from the heart of a maelstrom. The shrine bears a plaque mentioning the local worthies who sponsored its construction, including the Todbringers. Many of Westor's Nordlander residents pay their respects at the shrine, but grumble that it is a bald attempt by the Graf to pander to them.

Devotees of Manann follow a stricture of leaving a shilling and a fish at every shrine they visit. This has led to one enterprising resident of Westor to set up a business that would be condemned for petty meanness in any other city. Franz Tietz runs a small wooden booth a short distance from the shrine and sells minnows caught from Grunpark ponds. His asking price of 2/- per minnow is extortionate, but he is the only convenient source of fresh fish nearby.



THE WYND

The Wynd consists mostly of workshops and warehouses, with a sprinkling of middle- and lower-class homes, taverns, and hostelrys of average or lower quality. This is the place to find carpenters, smiths, cobblers, coopers, and chandlers, performing a straightforward job with no frills for a reasonable price.

Buildings here are constructed with practicality in mind and are largely unadorned; they are for working in rather than living in. Poorer blocks of the Wynd are crowded with jostling tenements, but even so the yards and alleyways are neat and tidy compared to the squalor of Altquartier.

CHAPEL OF GRUNGNI

The Chapel of Grungni is in a cavern about 40 ft underground, reached through a tunnel running from behind an unremarkable doorway on the Wendenbahn. A discreet but important location, practically all of Middenheim's Dwarf population come here to worship every ten days. The chapel is generally the first stopping point for any Dwarf visiting Middenheim.

Inside there is an antechamber containing a large granite statue of Grungni. The god is depicted leaning on his pick after opening the way to the underground world. Rarely are non-Dwarfs permitted this far into the chapel — very occasionally, non-Dwarfs are permitted this far. This is a great honour, and never one granted to Elves.

Only Dwarfs can enter the inner sanctum. Another statue of Grungni stands here, 4ft high, made of brass with small jewels set around the God of Mining's helmet and belt. Middenheim's thieves, spurred on by the fact Dwarfs discovered gold in the Fauschlag, believe the brass is cleverly disguised gold and the jewels larger than they seem and impossibly clear. In truth, most of the Fauschlag's gold found its way into the Middenpalaz Treasury, or was turned into coinage by the Spear Mint. It is also rumoured that the shrine leads to the Undercity — Dwarfs neither confirm nor deny this.

Mungrim Dalmrin is the attendant Priest. He is dour and serious even by Dwarf standards. Dalmrin lost an arm in a battle against Orcs 80 years ago and was initiated at the chapel shortly afterwards. He lives in a suite of small chambers behind the shrine and rarely goes abroad. He sends his Initiate, Jodur Gnagrum, on necessary errands. Gnagrum is a quiet Dwarf, rather too laid back for Dalmrin's taste. His hobby of gem-carving suits his tranquil personality.

DWARVEN ENGINEERS' GUILD

This is an unobtrusive building on the Wendenbahn near the Chapel of Grungni. Unlike the offices of the Guild of Stonemasons and Architects, it is not ornate or elaborate. The Dwarven Engineers' Guild trades on its reputation. Most Dwarfs in Middenheim are members and work together to ensure that only Guild members work in engineering and construction.

The Engineers' Guild and the Chapel of Grungni are vital staging posts for any Dwarf wanting to make their way in Middenheim. Unlike Human Guilds, Dwarfs welcome any applicant of their own Species and are pleased to provide training. Access to the Guild's extensive set of maps and information about those parts of the Undercity that they still use are only imparted after a newcomer has been resident in Middenheim for a year or more.

Dwarfs of the guild have decided to embark on a secret project. They have designed a marvelous dirigible based on the designs of the radical Dwarf engineer Malakai Makaisson. It is to be gifted to the Todbringers to mark the debt many of Middenheim's Dwarfs feel they owe to their home city.

GUILD OF STONEMASONS AND ARCHITECTS

This is the most important of the Artisans' Guilds, and all non-Dwarven masons and architects are members (such Dwarfs join the Dwarven Engineers' Guild).

There is a professional rivalry but little resentment between the two Guilds, since the Guild of Stonemasons and Architects generally receives commissions from the temples and from those who want work done in the Human style, while the Engineers' Guild deals with underground work and maintenance of the viaducts. City authorities divide commissions evenly between the two Guilds to avoid cries of bias or escalating tensions.

The Guildhouse is a small but impressive two-storey building roofed in streaky grey slate. Marble pillars flank the entrance doors. As well as being the Guild's headquarters, it is a showcase for its members' abilities and incorporates many impressive architectural flourishes.

KOMISSION OF PUBLIC WORKS

This is a drab, grey, nondescript building tucked away at one side of the Marktweg. This Kommission is responsible for the maintenance of streets, parks, and open public spaces, including monuments and sewers. It employs a small force of labourers and park-keepers who are generally retired watchmen.

The Records Department contains plans for many public buildings, and even for larger private buildings such as Guildhouses. It can be a useful source of information, but as with most branches of the civil service, it is difficult to obtain access without proper authorisation and a tyrannical amount of paperwork. It is common knowledge that the Kommission has numerous maps of the city's streets and sewers, as well as plans of many of the public buildings. These are not available to the general public, but a letter of introduction from a noted authority might earn a Character the right to look at less politically sensitive maps.

The Kommission, in cooperation with entertainment venues and temples around the city, helps to organise major festivals such as the Middenheim Carnival.

Festivals in Middenheim

The New Year

The Middenheim festival year begins on the first day of Nachexen with the Verenan celebration of Jahrsegen. A great procession assembles at the West Gate just before dawn, and 12 fat calves are driven into the city by Verena's clergy to be ritually slaughtered before the temple's doors. The people pray for a prosperous and mutation-free year. The carcasses are then butchered and the meat given to the poor.

Spring and Summer

The Ulrican festival of Kampagnenstart takes place on Mitterfruhl day. A great military parade takes place in the Square of Martials and resplendent companies of Knights of the White Wolf and Knights Panther ride from the city to hunt for Greenskins and Beastmen.

The first day of Sigmarzeit is set aside to remember the Annexation of Middenland by Graf Erich in 1152 IC. The Knights Panther and the Knights of the White Wolf give jousting displays in the Great Park, and melees are held in the Bernabau Stadium.

Sigmar's main holy day is held on the 18th day of Sigmarzeit, the first day of summer. The Temple of Sigmar holds a procession through the Freiburg followed by a night-long service. Most of this is taken up by a Hellfire Special, a term applied to High Capitular Stolz's sermons in which he exhorts the congregation to be vigilant of Chaos and the enemy within.

IMPORTANT FESTIVALS

Festival	When	Celebrates
Jahrsegen	1st Nachexen	Verenan holy day
Kampagnenstart	Mitterfruhl	Spring equinox and start of the campaign season
Siegzeit	1st Sigmarzeit	Graf Erich's annexation of Middenland
Sigmartag	28th Sigmarzeit	Sigmar's main holy day
Arturtag	Sonnstill	Founding of the city
Endeder Kampagne	Mitterbst	Autumn equinox and end of campaign season
Königezeit	25th–27th Nachgeheim	Graf Boris's birthday
Hochwinter	Mondstille	Midwinter solstice

In Middenheim the summer solstice is known as Arturtag and Middenheimers commemorate the city's founding. A special service is held in the Temple of Ulric in which newly dubbed Knights Panther and Knights of the White Wolf are invested with great pomp by the Ar-Ulric. Representatives of the Graf's household distribute alms to the poor.

Autumn and Winter

Endeder Kampagne is a celebration to Ulric thrown at Mitterbst. The High Temple of Ulric conducts rites to mark the end of the campaign season, and preparations begin for the onset of winter. On Mitterbst night, Ulricans light a massive bonfire on the grounds of the Great Park. Some Middenheimers celebrate the ending of the 1812 siege this day by fasting for the previous week and then feasting on Mitterbst. However, most people regard this fast as more properly performed on the week leading up to the Carnival.

Graf Boris's birthday falls on the 25th day of the month of Nachgeheim, which is sufficient cause for three days of merrymaking known as Königezeit. There are military displays in the Square of Martials, parties in the Konigsgarten, and special concerts in the Royal College of Music.

The winter solstice is known to the cult of Ulric as Hochwinter. It is a particularly holy day for them, and the High Temple of Ulric is kept busy performing supplications to see Ulric bless his followers with safety over the winter months, and vigour in the year ahead.

The Carnival

Middenheim's biggest festival is an eight-day period of merrymaking known simply as 'the Carnival'. The Carnival is held according to a rotating schedule, so one year it is held in summer, the next in autumn, then winter, and so on. For the week preceding the Carnival everyone in the city is meant to eat only the kind of food that was available at the time of the 1812 siege (delicacies such as fried rat and cockroach stew), and so they are only too ready for a feast the following week. The Carnival is renowned throughout the entire Old World, let alone the Empire. Even in poor years the population of Middenheim swells by thousands who come to partake in the festivities. Talented performers from all corners of the Old World are commissioned to make the Carnival a memorable and spectacular occasion.

WINDHUND HAULAGE CO.

Ostensibly the offices of the Windhund Haulage Company, and managed by Theodor Gluckstein, this innocuous-looking warehouse is, in fact, a main operations centre for the Cult of the Purple Hand.

Visitors to the offices are greeted by Theodor, a severe-looking, middle-aged man, and informed that the company is fully booked for the next six months. True enough, wagons regularly come and go, but their cargoes are always either contraband or a cover for messages to and from the cult's cells elsewhere. Anyone observing the warehouse might notice that many birds roost in the eaves — Theodor's carrier pigeons which he uses to contact cultists elsewhere in Middenheim.

Theodor is not the head of this operation, however. That dubious honour belongs to Vizier Bhar the Great, an Arabyan Necromancer who serves the cult by researching innovative ways of animating corpses. He has several projects on the go, currently working on creating Zombies that aren't subject to the *Unstable Creature* Trait, that possess the power of regeneration, or that can perform simple tasks without a controller.

He is kept well supplied with subjects for his experiments by the cult. The operation is funded largely by slave trading. Solitary young people with no family are kidnapped by the cult, drugged, and shipped out in barrels by the haulage side of the business. The biggest market is Bretonnia, but some victims are sold to other nefarious cults.

KILLED LABOUR



- Teamsters and muleteers (who are all cultists) work in the yard during the day, but the Purple Hand uses Zombies to do much of the work at night. If anyone were to peer over the yard's 8-ft-high gates, they might see undead sweeping the yard and loading wagons.

THE JOURNEYMAN

The Journeyman is a soulless hostelry managed by Udo Stielike. The place is clean but plain, and rather quiet even during the evenings. Blurph Greenhill, Udo's Halfling chef, returns to his Kleinmoot home in the afternoon, so the only food served in the evening is salted bar snacks. However, breakfast and lunch here are delicious. For the price, it is one of Middenheim's best kept secrets.

Meals aside, a harsh truth is that the only interesting thing about the *Journeyman* is that there isn't anything interesting about the *Journeyman*. Clean, quiet, and simple is the way Udo likes it, and given the trouble to be found in many of Middenheim's taverns who might gainsay him?

OTTO'S PRINTWORKS

This small and shabby workshop sits down a narrow alleyway. The sign above the door reads '*Otto's Printworks, books and leaflets printed to order*'. The front door leads to a cluttered office, littered with loose paper and spattered with ink stains. A desk is flanked by shelves heaped high with guides to Middenheim and flyers announcing civic functions. A set of closed doors barely masks the rattling clangor of the presses.

The business is owned and run by Old Otto. He is friendly to all who enter his office, no matter what their social standing. If he thinks he is speaking to a potential client, he is quick to offer a glass of moderately priced wine and settles down to discuss their business.

Otto's rates are reasonable and he takes on jobs from printing a hundred one-sheet flyers to print runs of 100-page books. Otto charges 2 shillings for 100 one-sheet flyers and 5 shillings per 100 pages of book. These charges are for standard quality work and Otto charges up to 200% extra for special layouts and woodcut illustrations.

There is a secret room at the back of the printworks containing a press dedicated to publishing seditious pamphlets. Otto is one of the leading lights of Middenheim's radical New Millennialist movement, and often writes, sets, and prints their pamphlets.

DISORDERED ORDER



- Recently, Otto took on a print job for Blurph Greenhill to produce a series of menus for use at *The Journeyman*. Beautifully set with woodcut carvings of each dish, the job cost a pretty penny. However, due to an unfortunate mixup, the package with the menus was mixed up with a package of pamphlets calling for the Graf to step down and appoint a diet of the people. Otto might well be hung for printing such material, and needs a group of discrete individuals to recover the pamphlets from Blurph before the *Journeyman* opens tomorrow.



ANDREA BRUHN

A keen-eyed figure, stalking around Middenheim in her black leather coat and tall brimmed hat. Andrea may have the look of a Witch Hunter, but she works for the Komission of Public Works as Revels Officer. It is her responsibility to ensure that events proceed smoothly and to manage the Busk Umpires who judge street performances at the Carnival.

Andrea is an officious individual who derives no joy from her work. Her detachment can be an asset, allowing her to focus on the technicalities of festival management, but performers often complain about her cold manner.

Andrea is not heavily involved in religious festivals, as the cults like to organise these without interference from the Komission, but she is responsible for the Carnival, the Graf's birthday, and other secular celebrations.

When a festival is not taking place, Andrea's time is spent scouting for talent. If a performer were to approach the Komission with the aim of getting a gig at a festival, she might agree to give them a brief audience. However, unless they are very impressive, they are given harsh, if constructive, criticism rather than being offered a job. She occasionally visits Talabheim or Altdorf in her search for fresh talent.

ANDREA BRUHN HUMAN TOWN COUNCILLOR (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	35	30	32	29	43	51	45	52	38	51	10

Traits: Prejudice (Performers who aren't as good as they think they are)

Skills: Bribery 58, Charm 65, Dodge 60, Evaluate 54, Gamble 58, Gossip 71, Haggle 65, Intuition 59, Lore (Law 58, Local 69), Perception 54, Research 70

Talents: Dealmaker, Doomed (*Thou wilt seem pretty in ribbons*), Etiquette (Servants, Guilders, Nobles), Gregarious, Public Speaker, Read/Write, Sturdy, Supportive

Trappings: Bored Servant, Coach and Driver, Eye for Talent, Heart of Stone



GRAND VIZIER BHAR

A talented Necromancer from the Spice Port of Copher, the Vizier fled Araby after his magical malfeasances were exposed. Most Chaos Sorcerers deplore Necromancy as the philosophies governing mastery of Undeath conflict with those of violent mutability. The Vizier has no such qualms, arguing that a synthesis of disciplines better serves the dark gods. Few possess the talent to practice both Necromancy and Daemonology without becoming catastrophically insane — but so far he remains stable.

His innovative approach found him allies amongst those Chaos Cultists who regard adherence to ideology to be counterproductive. When he left Araby he was invited to join the Purple Hand in Middenheim to help out their research department, the Ordo Terribilis.

Vizier Bhar is a valued cult asset, though he is conspicuous as he refuses to eschew his goatee beard and his taste for sweeping silks in the Arabyan style. His age is hard to guess, but his fellows believe that he is older than he looks. He has risen to the rank of Deputy Magister Terribilis, allowing Karl-Heinz Wasmeier the time to devote to other projects.

GRAND VIZIER BHAR - NECROMANCER (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	42	37	32	55	45	37	40	62	54	49	18

Skills: Bribery 55, Channelling 74, Charm 54, Charm Animal 64, Cool 70, Dodge 52, Endurance 68, Gossip 52, Haggle 67, Intimidate 49, Intuition 56, Language (Arabyan 99, Classical 81), Language (Magick) 80, Lore (Daemonology 65, Dark Magic 68, Necromancy 75, Tzeentch 72), Perception 56, Research 88, Sleight of Hand 58, Stealth (Rural) 65, Trade (Herbalist) 52

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Animal Affinity, Arcane Magic (Daemonology, Necromancy, Tzeentch, Witchery), Attractive, Bookish, Criminal, Detect Artefact, Etiquette (Criminals, Cultists), Fast Hands, Frightening, Instinctive Diction, Luck, Magical Sense, Menacing, Petty Magic, Savant (Necromancy), Sixth Sense, Strong Minded, Tower of Memories 4, Witch!

THE UNDERCITY

The Fauschlag is honeycombed with twisting tunnels and chambers that tangle in on themselves. The complexity of this subterranean city is staggering, and attempts to map its intricacies have met with failure. Even Middenheim's Dwarfs, responsible for much of the delving, could only navigate a fraction of the Undercity.

For the sake of simplicity, the Undercity is spoken of as three areas, though these areas intersect in many places. The sewers have been constructed in relatively recent history. The Upper Tunnels are mostly Dwarven passages and account for the more recent excavations. The Lower Tunnels also consist mainly of Dwarven mines and passageways, though there are also a number of natural potholes and complex caverns. Deeper still — entirely unknown to Middenheim's citizens — is the Skaven lair of Under-Middenheim.

GRUNGNI'S TOWER

The Dwarfs are careful to respect the beliefs of their Human neighbours, but they do not share them. To them the Fauschlag has little to do with Taal and Ulric. They refer to it as *Grazhyakh Grungni*, Grungni's Tower. They see the seams of gold and caches of precious stones that they mined out of the rock as a sign of Grungni's divine design. Many Dwarfs suggest that whilst the city atop the Fauschlag may be Human, the rock itself is theirs.

It has been nearly two and a half thousand years since the Dwarfs of old emerged from their tunnel network on to the Fauschlag's plateau, but their descendants still guard secret entrances. Two principal access points wind down from the Inner Temple of the Chapel of Grungni and the Council Chamber of the Dwarven Engineers' Guild. There is a direct tunnel link between the Chapel and the Guildhouse. The latter is common knowledge to many of Middenheim's Dwarfs, but they'd never let a member of another Species know about it. The fact that Dwarfs occasionally enter deeper tunnels is a well-guarded secret. If a visiting Dwarf were to earn the respect of a senior member of the Engineers' Guild, then information about this might be passed on.

The Dwarfs use the tunnel network primarily to provide accommodation for visiting Dwarf dignitaries. To outsiders it merely appears that the person is staying with the clerics at the chapel out of respect. But the Dwarfs keep part of the tunnels open as an insurance against the day when their above ground dwellings should no longer be safe.

THE SEWERS

Middenheim's sewers run just below the city streets. Underlying the whole city, the system is built around a core of main sewers fed from branching minor ones. The system is designed so that the nearer you get to the centre of the plateau, the closer to the surface the sewers are. The incline is shallow, but the resulting gradient allows sewage to flow outwards to the edges of the Fauschlag, where it runs down a number of channels carved into the sides of the rock.

The poorer and older areas of Middenheim, such as Ostwald, Sudtor, and the Altquartier, have open sewers due to lack of plumbing. On hot summer days the reek can be eye-watering.

At the points where a sewer passes beneath the city walls, an iron gate is fitted across the tunnel. Watch patrols that pass these gates are supposed to inspect them every six hours. If there are signs of someone having entered the city, the patrol immediately sounds an alarm and carries out a systematic check of every sewer outlet and manhole, but this system is not adhered to consistently. Many people are willing to let undesirables in when the sentries have their eyes turned, and too few members of the Watch carry out careful checks. Things are different at the Middenpalaz. The sewers under the Graf's residence have gates like the rest of the network, but Knights Panther carry out inspections diligently.

THE UPPER TUNNELS

Much of this area is known to and mapped by the Dwarfs, but even they do not remember every corner. The tunnels are built around the original route carved by the Dwarfs to reach the plateau of the Fauschlag, but they also include mines, well shafts, and cellars.

The legacy of honeycombed rock was well known to Middenheim's early leaders, but the tunnels were apparently sealed when the city all but fell to the besieging Middenlanders in 1750 IC. Most people think that the viaducts and chair lifts are now the only way into or out of the city, but the Dwarfs secretly keep a few tunnels in use, although Dwarf warriors often have to clear them of creatures from the surrounding wilderness. Many secret boltholes exist in isolated corners of the tunnel network where criminals have hideaways and mutants escape detection.

Some of the city's grander buildings have cavernous cellars that run deep below street level, and many include secret doors leading to the Upper Tunnels. Many noble manors include such cellars, as does Middenheim's Grand Guild of Wizards. Low Kings and cultists are always on the lookout for such places, while others have undoubtedly already acquired one.

THE LOWER TUNNELS

The ancient maps that exist of the abandoned Lower Tunnels are incomplete and misleading. The Lower Tunnels consist of ancient Dwarf delvings and many natural caverns. The tunnels are surprisingly dry; the Fauschlag is mostly composed of granite, and aside from the hot springs that feed the Begierbaden steam baths, there is little opportunity for underground streams to pass through. Additionally, deep well shafts run from street level to the depths of the Fauschlag and beyond.

The areas where moisture does gather are susceptible to deadly cave-ins. These high-risk areas are mostly around the sewer discharge ports that are continually drenched in filth.

During their excavations of the Fauschlag, Middenheim's Dwarfs took care to avoid any intersection between their tunnels and flows of water or magical energy coursing through the rock. The Skaven of Under-Middenheim have not been so circumspect. In their haste they have delved too close to the magical Wellspring that feeds the Eternal Flame, and now monstrous elementals manifest within the tunnels.

WOMB OF THE WOLF

There is a warren of abandoned Dwarf mines at the upper levels of the Lower Tunnels. The carved mines exit into a complex natural cave system. No map of this labyrinth exists, but those who know the way can reach a large and airy grotto, the Womb of the Wolf.

Centuries before Sigmar's rise, a Teutogen chieftain quarrelled with his daughter, Griselda. When Griselda became pregnant, the girl's insistence that Ulric himself had impregnated her was met with outraged disbelief. Griselda fled into the wilds, and legend has it that she found her way to this cavern. There she remained, nourished by gifts of fresh meat brought to her by Ulric's wolves and refreshed by the clear waters of a spring, until she gave birth to a boy named Blaz, first of the Sons of Ulric.

The Sons of Ulric (even female members of the loosely affiliated group tend to go by this name) believe themselves descended from the god. They claim to be the mortal descendants of Blaz, or to have origins in a similar union between Ulric and a mortal. The Womb of the Wolf is a sacred site to the Sons. Prevented by law from associating together in the city above, they regularly assemble here. The cavern is bedecked in soft wolf pelts and a spring bubbles up from a crack in one of the cavern walls. The chamber is occupied throughout the year by a group of Sons of Ulric called the Bearers of the Blood. Like many of the God of Wolves' most faithful, the Sons of Ulric are intensely competitive, but they put aside their differences and power struggles in this holy place. At any one time there are between five and ten of them here. Some of the Sons of Ulric spend the night here in the hope of having a similar fate to Griselda's.

LAIR OF EXTREMISM



- ☠ The Bearers of the Blood believe themselves to possess exclusive knowledge of this site, and were some curious adventurers to stumble upon it, they wouldn't hesitate to kill to keep their secret safe.
- ☠ The cult of Ulric in Middenheim is aware of the site, but is also able to plausibly deny knowledge of its existence. This suits the cult, as it does not want to risk making martyrs of any Son of Ulric. If the site's existence became public knowledge, the cult would have to act decisively or stand accused of hypocrisy, and open war with the Bearers of the Blood and their supporters would no doubt result.

WELLSPRING OF GHUR

Some academics suppose that there must be a rational explanation for the Eternal Flame. They are careful not to advance their theories publicly, for any perceived suggestion that the flame results from anything other than the divine will of Ulric is sure to displease his priests.

Nevertheless, a growing body of theory and evidence suggests that a quirk of the winds of magic causes *Ghur* to concentrate somewhere within the Fauschlag and vent upwards to the flame, analogous to the way subterranean concentrations of water may result in a spring. The Amber Wind is a cold and primal force that is attracted to wild places and tends to blow weakly in areas of civilisation, so it is paradoxical that one of the strongest concentrations of *Ghur* is the Empire's second city. The academics advancing such theories are keen to point out that they are compatible with the work of a god, but amongst themselves they suggest that it is silly to rely on a divine explanation for the phenomenon when a magical one is so much more likely.

Middenheim's academics know their ideas work in theory, but in order to advance them they must produce some evidence. Dusty scholars and inky bookworms are unsuited to the dangers of Middenheim's Undercity, but they might be willing to sponsor brave adventurers.



UNDER-MIDDENHEIM

Skaven presence in the Empire's Northern provinces dwindled following their defeat by Mandred Rat-Slayer. Skavendom subsequently fell into centuries of civil war, and only recently has it been stable enough to sponsor efforts at expansion.

At the behest of Seerlord Kritislik, the Council of Thirteen awarded Clan Scrutens a contract to extend the Under-Empire to Middenheim. Scrutens, respected for their work as spies, seemed a promising choice to log what threats or opportunities the city presented to Skavendom. This commission was opposed by Clan Skryre, who accused Scrutens of purloining valuable blueprints. Clan Scrutens, denied Skryre support, exhausted their treasures and slave gangs excavating the burrow.

Now Under-Middenheim contains a permanent Skaven enclave, but it is not a large lair and its population fails to surge. The Skaven here face setbacks and expend scarce resources bickering with each other. The lair here is at the end of a long, isolated burrow, making it difficult to provision and garrison. Carving out new tunnels suffers for want of the digging machinery Clan Skryre might otherwise provide.

Presently four clans have a presence in Under-Middenheim. Clan Scrutens makes up the majority of the inhabitants, though small contingents from Clan Pestilens and Clan Moulder have research facilities within the lair. Clan Eshin also keeps a small coterie here to gather information (and perform the occasional murder) in the city above.

BLESS WITH FILTH

CN: 6

Range: Willpower Bonus yards

Target: AoE (Willpower Bonus yards)

Duration: Willpower Bonus Rounds

You curse the blades, claws and teeth of those around you to cause septic wounds. For the duration of the spell every character within the area of effect counts as possessing the Infected creature trait.

CASTELLAN-WARLORD GNAWRETCH SKRRAY

The Castellan-Warlord of Under-Middenheim is an ancient and malign Skaven, personally appointed by a Lord of Decay called Warlord-General Paskrit the Vast. It is Gnawretch Skrray's duty to whip purpose and efficiency into Under-Middenheim. He stalks the burrows dressed in the rusted steel of an elite Skaven warrior, and should any tarry in his path, they suffer a jab from his hook hand or the searing agony of his sting.

Gnawretch was once the model of a Skaven Warrior: tall, muscular, with a thick, dark pelt. Renowned for his ruthless resilience, on campaign in the World's Edge Mountains he suffered pangs of black hunger and consumed his own tail and left hand. A dark perseverance alone let him survive the injuries

and earned him the respect of lesser Skaven. Warlord-General Paskrit brought Gnawretch into his service, severing his clan ties and extending his life through warpstone elixirs. Gnawretch grew a new tail, tipped with a lurid-yellow sting. He hasn't been so fortunate regarding his hand, a wears a cruel prosthetic hook.

Like all the best tyrants, Gnawretch is a consummate bureaucrat and an enthusiastic enforcer of quotas and schedules. Should a Scrutens foraging party arrive back late, or Moulder researchers requisition more warpstone than their due, he logs the discrepancy and delivers swift punishment. He is uncommonly fond of inflicting blindness. An underling who offends him once loses his left eye, and those who fail him twice are left sightlessly groping around the warrens, doomed to be killed and eaten by former comrades.

Gnawretch focuses on winning glory through efficient management of Under-Middenheim. He hopes that through strict rationing he can increase its population. He sends Scrutens scouting parties out to the surrounding area to search for shards of warpstone. Much of this he consumes himself, but he stores the remainder as gifts to Clan Skryre in the hope that they will lend support to the project. He also continually petitions the council to allow him to dig breeding pits and a temple to the Horned Rat, all in the hope of improving the prospect and reputation of the lair.

But the council demand results first. They want Gnawretch to discover the sources of Middenheim's water supply and whatever it is that fuels the Eternal Flame. Gnawretch sends scouting parties up into the tunnels above for this purpose, but with no success. Those exploring the areas Gnawretch suspects will yield results are assailed by a gigantic adversary, the nature of which is not clear to the Skaven. Reports of 'a big-big goat-head thing' are made by the few who survive such encounters.

CASTELLAN-WARLORD GNAWRETCH SKRRAY

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	54	36	47	45	60	45	41	45	42	45	16

Traits: Acute Sense (Smell), Armour 4, Infected, Mutation, Tail +6

Skills: Athletics 75, Climb 57, Cool 57, Dodge 65, Intimidate 67, Leadership 65, Melee (Basic) 74

Talents: Combat Aware, Enclosed Fighter, Night Vision, Warleader

Stinging Tail: Gnawretch may make a free attack by spending 1 Advantage. This is a Tail attack. Anyone who takes damage from the attack also suffers a *Poisoned* Condition.

Prosthetic Hand: Gnawretch always counts as carrying a knife in his left hand. He may not use weapons that require two hands.

Trappings: Heavy Armour, Sword.



ARCH-PRELATE KANKER FLETT

Kanker Flett of Clan Pestilens is prelate to Under-Middenheim, the rank of those tasked with establishing a Pestilens presence in an area where the clan has not previously been active (Kanker added the 'arch' himself and no one seems to mind).

Kanker and a coterie of attendant Plague Monks are only recently established in Under-Middenheim. The Arch-Prelate's bickering attendants carry him from place to place on a wooden bier, for his legs have withered away and his emaciated form, hidden under his green tattered raiment, is a palsied and maggoty ruin. Kanker and his entourage keep a low profile, muttering litanies of devotions to the Horned One to those with ears to hear. Whilst they offer service to the Castellan-Warlord, he isn't sure how to employ them. Gnawretch and Kanker hold conferences in which Kanker promises to unleash a plague in Middenheim once Gnawretch discovers a source of water.

Kanker would dearly love to spread plague in the city above, but he would also love to unleash it amongst the Skaven below. The Horned God he worships is Nurgle, and if he lays either Middenheim or Under-Middenheim low with an epidemic, his divine patron will be delighted.

ARCH-PRELATE KANKER FLETT

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
1	32	30	30	56	40	35	20	47	46	32	17

Traits: Corrupted (1), Disease (Ratte Fever), Infected

Skills: Channelling 61, Dodge 45, Intuition 50, Language (Magick) 62, Lore (Magic) 57, Melee (Basic) 42, Perception 50

Talents: Arcane Magic, Night Vision, Instinctive Diction, Petty Magic

Petty Magic Spells: Drain, Produce Small Animal, Rot

Arcane Magic and Lore Spells: Bless with Filth (page 109), Creeping Menace, Curse of Crippling Pain, Stream of Corruption

Trappings: Spell ingredients, sword, crutches.

MASTER-MOULDER SKREE

Skree himself does not remember which of his malformations are due to mutation or surgery. He appears more like a scaled warthog than a rat. Each of his hands bears six fingers and two thumbs. His hulking form is clothed in thick leather aprons with all manner of buckles and straps, pierced through by rows of sharp horns that rise from his hunched back.

Skree heads a group of Clan Moulder Skaven who have been despatched to Under-Middenheim from Hell Pit, a Skaven stronghold in the northern Worlds Edge Mountains. Ostensibly, the Moulder crew are here to aid Castellan-Warlord Gnawretch in his scouting expeditions by providing him with trained tracker rats in exchange for stipends of warpstone.

The masters of Hell Pit have ulterior motives. Man-things associate Middenheim with legends such as terrible white wolves and humans who change into animals and back again. Capture and study of such specimens is imperative to Hell Pit. The degree to which the Human body succumbs to warpstone is also of interest; Skree has been asked to acquire subjects for experimentation. Negotiations with Gnawretch have gone nowhere, the Castellan-Warlord is too cautious to show his hand by openly abducting Middenheimers.

MASTER-MOULDER SKREE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	47	34	48	46	40	35	45	48	43	28	16

Traits: Armour (Hide 2), Bite +7, Die Hard, Infected, Regenerate

Skills: Animal Care 58, Animal Training 58, Climb 68, Endurance 56, Heal 58, Lore (Beasts) 58, Melee (Basic 57, Polearm 62), Perception 60, Set Trap 65

Talents: Acute Sense (Smell), Night Vision, Surgery, Trapper

Trappings: Man Catcher (Treat as a spear with *Entangle* and *Undamaging*), Hand Weapon (Sword)

MIDDENHEIM BEYOND THE WALLS



Middenheim is not neatly confined to the top of the Fauschlag. In many places the buildings jut into and over the open space around the rock, and in older areas they are literally piled up on top of one another, especially in crowded low-income districts. Newer tenements and terraces crisscross lower sections of the city, and it is sometimes hard to distinguish overshadowed streets from inhabited sections of subterranean tunnels. But the City State does not end at Middenheim's fortified gatehouses. Many of the surrounding towns and villages come under the Graf's suzerainty. Their inhabitants must pay his taxes, fight in his armies, and obey his laws.

Surrounding villages are located close to Middenheim, as few local people would wish to live far away in the forest, many miles from the sanctuary of the fortress city. Indeed, while the Drakwald and the Forest of Shadows provide a rich resource of timber, they are also home to large bands of Forest Goblins, mutants, and Beastmen. While the Templars of Ulric and the Graf's Knights Panther occasionally mount raids to beat them back, they remain an ever-present threat.

Known as the Warrenburg, it is home to many of those who either cannot afford or will not deign to live in the city proper. The region is a refuge for highwaymen and bandits, and subject to intermittent raids, but it is rare for a major criminal to be caught at home on such occasions.

THE KLEINEKAPELLE

The Kleinekapelle is a tiny chapel to Ulric found nestled within a tight crevice, dug into the cliff edges of the Fauschlag rock. The chapel faces north and can only be accessed by undertaking a vertiginous journey following a tight winding set of steps that wend down the cliff face from the palace above. Although much smaller the chapel is a perfect reproduction of larger Ulrican temples, with a bronze statue of the god flanked by two massive wolves facing the entrance.

The chapel was built many centuries ago during the reign of Graf Heinrich for the express purpose of providing the Graf's family with a private place to contemplate Ulric and offer up prayers to him. There was a political motive for constructing the chapel at this time. Ar-Ulric had left Middenheim and it served the Graf to make a show of being a reverent Ulrican in the absence of his cult. The Todbringers, whilst they are loyal followers of Ulric, are not so fervent in their devotions that they can be bothered with the arduous and hair-raising journey to the chapel. These days it is rarely even visited, and is left a dusty and cobwebbed relic that stands testament to a piety no longer practiced by the Graf's family.



The chapel is not known to the cult of Ulric: it too has forgotten all about its existence. Were the cult to uncover documents pertaining to the chapel's existence, it might be dismayed by the degree to which the site has fallen into misuse. Any publicity pertaining to the chapel's state would be greatly embarrassing to the Graf and his family.

It is unlikely that the Characters will ever set foot in this private and exclusive place. However, an Ulrican Character with Sin points might find that the most effective way to redeem themselves is to persuade the inhabitants of Middenpalaz to visit here more often. They could be guided into undertaking such a mission through visions, or perhaps the discreet urgings of a senior priest.

KÖRPERREGAL

The cult of Morr provides a bare minimum burial service for Middenheim's poorest residents. For those unable to pay for grave plots or for their bodies to be cremated within the fires in the High Temple of Ulric, Morrite priests are willing to perform a quick blessing over the corpse before flinging it from the city's Cliff of Sighs. These corpses tumble down the sides of the Fauschlag before coming to a sudden stop on a long and broad ledge on the side of the cliff, known as the Körperregal.

The accumulation of corpses poses a problem for Middenheim: large collections of bodies attract the Amethyst Wind, concentrating *Dhar* in the area. Should such magical forces reach a critical mass, they can spontaneously create undead creatures, such as Zombies or Ghosts. The blessings performed by the priests of Morr go some way to mitigate this phenomenon, but the reason that the ledge serves Middenheim well is that it has become a banqueting hall for airborne scavengers. Crows and other carrion birds flock to the ledge to feast upon the corpses. Sometimes larger birds of prey fly from the distant mountains to take part in the feast, such as Blood Vultures and even the majestic Great Eagles.

Even so, the weight of accumulated corpses is just too much for the carrion birds to consume. The subterranean tunnels that run within the Fauschlag close to the ledge are said to be haunted. Frightful insubstantial spirits have their trails within the underworld. Those who adventure within Middenheim's Undercity must take great care in dealing with the Ghosts and Spectres found there.

On rare occasions a large flying monster like a Manticore or Griffon that keeps a lair in the Middle Mountains comes to regard the ledge as a good source of food. This invariably causes panic amongst the citizens of Middenheim, and the Kommission of Public Works soon offers a reward for the head of the creature. Whilst aspiring heroes amongst the White Wolves and Knights Panther regard it as their privilege to hunt down such creatures, adventurous Characters could win renown and a small sack of gold if they take on the challenge.

REBKLIPE

The Fauschlag's cliff sides are home to numbers of nesting birds. The Rebklippe, a swath of cliff on the the south side of the Fauschlag, is dotted with many thousands of small ledges and crevices that provide home to Rock Partridges. In the early months of spring the area becomes the site of one of Middenheim's most risky trades. Youthful and athletic members of Middenheim's poor abseil from the top of the cliff to collect the birds' eggs in baskets. A basket full of eggs sells for a good price in the Altmarkt district, and they are particularly beloved by Halfling cooks for their small size and full flavour. However, this is a dismal trade. Every year a few egg collectors are lost as they slip from their ropes and tumble down the Fauschlag.

The tragedy of young and poor people dying just to make a handful of shillings at the market is upsetting enough that opposition to this practice is growing in some quarters of the city. The cult of Shallya leads the campaign, assisting young people in finding other work and education.

The outspoken priests of Shallya are causing some consternation within the city's Halfling community. Whilst no serious consequences are likely to result from this dispute, for neither Halflings nor Shallyans possess any desire to upset one another, a wedge is being driven between them.

Sister Martha Queller is possessed of the melancholy notion to draw attention to the plight of the egg harvesters by joining the trade herself, with such a disregard for her own safety that she is certain to become a martyr before too long. Characters may encounter her perched on the cliff edge, bedecked in parchments bearing the names of those who have lost their lives. Her self-sacrifice is not supported by the official cult, but they are not actively dissuading her either.

THE WARRENBURG

The Warrenburg is a sprawling and borderless slum settlement erected around the base of the Fauschlag. It is an ever-expanding shantytown of tents and clapboard shacks, inhabited by people so poor that they would consider life in one of Middenheim's crime-rife rookeries a distinct step up in station. Many of the Warrenburg's residents have no particular employment - they make a living either by scavenging through the waste produced by the city as bone pickers or gong farmers, or even more simply by foraging throughout the nearby country for edible plants and fungi.

The Warrenburg also provides an unpleasant but useful hideout for the agents of the Low Kings and the more mutated members of Chaos cults. In particular, the Red Crown has a number of followers living in the shanty town on a permanent basis. The normal residents of the Warrenburg are so desperate and lacking that they rarely find the existence of mutants among them particularly shocking.

Given the desperate impoverishment of the area it may be surprising to learn that in some respects it is hotly contested property. In recent years some degree of industry has come to the Warrenburg. Middenheim is densely crowded and many of the nobles who live there have hit upon the idea of moving noisome and dangerous businesses to the Warrenburg. Whilst industries such as tanners, dyers, and fullers still exist within the city, an increasing number are being relocated. The Warrenburg's residents are so desperately poor that they regard even these stinking industries as a welcome source of opportunity and a little hard-won wealth.

Several of Middenheim's movers and shakers predict that in years to come the Warrenburg will become a valuable new district of the city. As life atop the Fauschlag becomes increasingly crowded and precarious, the area around the base will no longer be used as a holding area for the areas poorest, but prime real estate. Noble families like the Helsteins and Kärzburdgers have a quiet interest in the place, anonymously sponsoring philanthropic ventures and businesses in return for a stake in their future. 'The Man' also draws up battle plans to ensure that criminals at work in the Warrenburg are brought within his organisation, or punished for failing to do so.

WOLF KIN SHRINE

Grasping ivy chokes the base of the Fauschlag along its northern face. The ivy grows so thick and strong that it is possible for a good climber to make their way up to a small natural alcove set into the side of the cliff, within which is a small wooden podium holding up the skull of a large wolf. This alcove is perhaps the smallest and most humble of the world's shrines to Ulric. It is known only to a handful of his most zealous adherents, fervent Wolf Kin. These fanatics care to worship the god in their own private and individual Way.

The Wolf Kin are not an organised group and have few things in common even with each other. Yet they regard this tiny shrine as one of the few places in the world where they can pay homage to Ulric on their own terms. Whilst there is no doctrine or formal code of worship common to Wolf Kin, it has still become a tradition amongst them to pay their respects at the shrine. Each day a handful of these wild people arrive at the base of the Fauschlag. They do not wish to call any attention to themselves, so they wait for darkness to fall. Then, patiently, one at a time, they scale the lush growth of ivy, make their way into the alcove, and pay their respects.

The cult of Ulric is aware of this practice, and is in no way motivated to prevent Wolf Kin from worshipping there. Their attitude rather is one of patronising acceptance of such eccentric zealots. No priest would ever condemn Wolf Kin for their austere approach to the faith, but they might sardonically remark to their own congregants that one does not have to undergo this degree of hardship in order to win Ulric's favour.

It is perhaps ironic that the tiny Wolf Kin shrine is found hundreds of feet below the Kleinekappelle. So the two smallest shrines to Ulric in the world are set into the northern face of the Fauschlag. One designed for the convenience of the wealthy and rarely used; the other, modest, nigh inaccessible, and beloved of the god's most fervent adherents.





JACOPO SCHMIDT

Whilst mutation is not as common in Middenheim as it is in many of the Empire's other cities, the parents of altered offspring often follow rumours that such children are accepted amongst the teeming wretches of the Warrenburg. Rather than cast their mutant offspring from the Cliff of Sighs, some parents sneak down to the Warrenburg, where they are received by a strange man calling himself Jacopo Schmidt (almost certainly not his real name). The altered children earn their keep by working in rundown taverns and as Jacopo's messengers.

At odds with the destitute scavengers of the area, Jacopo is charming and urbane. He wears a number of different hats, with something of the grave robber, the bawd, and the bounty hunter about him. He is connected to the agents of no fewer than three different Chaos cults in the city, and thus far has kept each of them from knowing of his affiliation with their rivals.

Jacopo most commonly acts on behalf of the Red Crown. His primary role as their agent is to find willing parents amongst the inhabitants of the Warrenburg and guides them in inculcating the children in the values of Tzeentch.

Through his connections in the Red Crown he has also come into contact with the Jade Sceptre. If Jacopo finds himself having trouble with investigators, he simply kidnaps and sells them to the Jade Sceptre — the cult is always in need of living sacrifices.

JACOPO SCHMIDT – HUMAN PROCURER (SILVER 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	45	35	48	37	43	48	47	40	45	57	14

Skills: Bribery 55, Charm 59, Climb 52, Cool 51, Gamble 45, Gossip 55, Intuition 44, Melee (Basic) 52, Outdoor Survival 52, Perception 53, Stealth (Rural) 49, Stealth (Urban) 52

Talents: Alley Cat, Blather, Break and Enter, Criminal, Doomed (*Katya's eye and vanity shalt speed thee to death*), Flee!, Gregarious, Shadow, Strong Back



TRAUDL BAUER

Many Wolf Kin have their origins in a disastrous confrontation with the forces of Chaos and Destruction. Traudl once worked on a farm within the Barony of Immelsheid, tending to a herd of cattle, and sending milk and meat to the markets of Middenheim. Her life was near feudal, trusting in the Baron to protect his people.

When the Night Goblins of Spinny Backstab raided Traudl's farm and slaughtered her co-workers, Traudl did not blame the Baron. She had been brought up a proud Ulrican, and knew that her faith in him had been naïve. She wandered into the wilds, determined to be responsible for her own survival and beholden to no one else.

Two years later and Traudl is, miraculously, still alive. She has had many adventures, both on her own and in the company of fellow Wolf Kin. With her matted hair and much-patched and tattered milk maid's garb she haunts the laneways and farmlands within sight of the Fauschlag, foraging and praying every few nights at the Wolf Kin Shrine.

Though traumatised, Traudl has been known to communicate with some folk. She sees a lot of what goes on in the lands about the Fauschlag. It would take a lot of careful petitioning to coax any sort of communication from her, though.

TRAUDL BAUER – HUMAN PENITENT (BRASS 0)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	55	28	40	45	31	24	39	24	39	27	19

Traits: Animosity (Sigmaries), Hatred (Orcs and Goblins), Prejudice (Insufficiently zealous Ulricans), Weapon (Axe) +9

Skills: Cool 44, Dodge 41, Endurance 50, Melee (Basic) 60, Outdoor Survival 44, Ranged (Sling) 33

Talents: Doomed (*Perseverance, fortitude, thine end rushes still, soon*), Field Dressing, Frenzy, Hardy, Implacable, Seasoned Traveller, Stone Soup

MIDDENHEIM

BESTIARY



THE BLOODY HIDESMAN

Incarnate Elementals of *Ghur* are normally created as the result of powerful and complicated rituals enacted by practitioners of Amber magic. Piles of beast skulls and freshly flensed pelts are required to power these rituals, leading to it being known as The Bloody Hidesman to Amber magicians. The Elementals occasionally manifest close to the Wellspring of *Ghur* purely as a result of the extreme concentration of the Amber Wind there.

The Elemental is a gigantic humanoid figure swollen with powerful muscles and crisscrossed with sinews like whipcords. Its head is fleshless, a skull armed with tusks like sabres and sweeping antlers. Its foreclaws are an eagle's talons and it rears up on hind legs like those of a lion. It contains within it the fierce drives of nature's most savage predators. It merely seeks to run down anything that encroaches upon its territory, maul them until they cease to struggle, then gorge upon their flesh.

THE BLOODY HIDESMAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
7	56	—	75	62	45	49	15	—	—	—	104

Traits: Armour (Hide 2), Construct, Horns +10, Size (Enormous), Stride, Territorial (Wellspring of Ghur), Terror 3, Unstable, Weapon +11

Manifestation of Ghur: Spells from the Lore of Beasts do not have any harmful effect on an Incarnate Elemental of *Ghur*. Magical effects that cause extra harm to Daemons and Undead affect Elementals to the same degree unless they are the result of spells from the Lore of Beasts.

Eternal Guardian: Should something slay the Incarnate Elemental guarding the Wellspring of *Ghur*, it reconstitutes in D10 days unless appropriate precautions are taken (such as extensive taming rituals, magical syphoning, or corruption of the wellspring).

Howl of the Great Beast: The howling of the Bloody Hidesman strikes fear into all those who hear it. On its turn, it can spend 1 Advantage to howl at its enemies as a free attack. All living targets within a number of yards equal to the creature's Initiative (45) immediately gain 3 *Deafened* Conditions and must pass a **Difficult** (–10) **Cool** Test or receive 3 *Broken* Conditions. A Character who passes such a test once does not need to test again for the remainder of the encounter.



CHILD OF ULRIC

'Child of Ulric' is a term used throughout the Empire for a Human capable of assuming the form of a wolf, either wholly or partially. Most are able to transform into terrifying hybrids, creatures with powerful furry bodies and snarling canine heads that yet walk upon two legs.

The nature of such creatures is not clear, but most people in the Empire regard them as abominations of Chaos. The cult of Sigmar is firm in these beliefs, and Witch Hunters strive to eradicate the creatures. Yet these abilities are often passed down through generations, which is unusual behaviour for mutations. Rarely found in southern lands, the creatures are less scarce in the north where folk traditions tell that they are blessed by Ulric. In isolated woodland communities they may live among Human neighbours as wild protectors.

But it is undeniable that Chaotic corruption can cause or exacerbate lycanthropy, and even those Children of Ulric who reside amongst Humans can struggle to control the violent bloodlusts that afflict them during their transformations. Even those who otherwise suggest that Children of Ulric be free from persecution do well to give them a wide berth.

There is no set profile for a Child of Ulric. The GM must create a Human character and then decide on the degree to which they manifest their abilities. Some Children of Ulric transform wholly into wolves (see **WFRP**, page 317). Those who are able to transform into hybrids make the following alterations to their profiles when they do so. The GM can also decide if any Skills or Traits the character had as a Human are retained in their hybrid form.



CHILD OF ULRIC

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
+1	+10	-	+10	+10	+10	+10	-10	-10	-	-20	+4

Traits: Armour (Hide 2), Bite (SB +3), Fear (2), Night Vision, Tracker, Weapon (SB +4)

Options: Belligerent, Bestial, Big, Blessed (Ulric), Champion, Die Hard, Fast, Frenzy, Immune to Psychology, Regenerate, Size (Large)

Shapeshift: A Child of Ulric can spend two actions to shift from one form to another.



ULRIC'S CHILDREN?

'Child of Ulric' refers to a type of Human Were, whilst 'Son of Ulric' refers to those who claim to be blood descendants of the god. In the Old World at large, these terms are used colloquially and often interchanged. In Middenheim, legal distinction is made, as Sons of Ulric are forbidden from congregating.

The issue is muddled further by the fact that many synonyms exist for Children of Ulric, whilst individualistic Sons of Ulric reject the notion that they can be pigeonholed alongside those they may consider bitter rivals.

More complexity lies in the fact that a notable minority of Sons of Ulric manifest the abilities of a Child of Ulric. Some may say that this is because Ulric's own shapeshifting powers are embodied in his descendants, whilst others argue that it is easier to claim to be blessed by a god rather than admit to being a mutant monstrosity.



SPECTRE

To anyone ignorant of Necromantic lore, there is nothing to distinguish Spectres from Ghosts. They are similar in nature and appearance, being ethereal undead shades with insubstantial bodies. They are also created through similar means: Necromantic rites, high concentrations of *Dhar*, and unusual acts of will on behalf of a departed soul.

Experts in Necromancy suggest that Spectres often result from vows made in life that the spirit seeks to fulfil in death. However, what truly delineates the Spectre from other undead spirits is its ability to subject its victims to a form of paralysis.

SPECTRE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	40	—	—	40	40	35	30	18	18	—	10

Traits: Dark Vision, Ethereal, Fear 2, Undead, Unstable

Paralysing Chill: Spectres do not deal damage in combat. Instead their opponents may be struck with a supernatural chill that leaves them shocked stiff. If a Spectre lands a blow in combat, it inflicts 1 *Stunned* Condition for each SL.

WHITE WOLVES

The mythical White Wolves are prominent figures in popular folklore. At times they have posed terrible danger, whilst sometimes they take on the role of benign protectors. The provenance of these beasts is not clear. Tavern wags suggest that just as tales are told of Ulric siring children with Teutogen women, the White Wolves are the descendants of she-wolves who caught his roving eye. It is true that the White Wolves are rare beasts, but that each one is large and coated in thick silver-white fur. They are fiercer and more intelligent than other species of wolf.

The cult of Ulric reveres the White Wolf as the embodiment of the challenges associated with their god. The cult's leaders regard it as a rite of passage to embark on a quest to find a White Wolf, slay it, and take its pelt. Only a select few have ever accomplished this feat.

WHITE WOLF

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	45	—	45	45	35	35	—	28	35	15	30

Traits: Armour (Hide 1), Bite +6, Night Vision, Size (Large), Stride, Tracker, Weapon +7

Options: Belligerent, Bestial, Blessed (Ulric), Die Hard, Fast, Frenzy, Stealthy



From the desk at the Oberfast Inn



For the atensh atensh For the eyes of Sur
Here you find here within letters a set of them mysel and my
fellers have highjacked for the cause

We took them along the route from the north city causeway while
north wards during a period from Mitterpruhl to the
middlesummer

I hope you note our effort to proke proe get you what news
concerns developings a long these here lines

- moaning about rule of Graf over his territories north wards
- perpull fed up that merchants do not pay ennuft tax
- innatural person phenomena events
- news of others what honor Grate Changer
- the move meants of troops
- ennee other bisariss

I hope you find our effort partyn has gotten what you wants
I mysel is the onlee of mine fellers with letters and veruns
isn't so good at them as you can likelee tell

We awaite the day when the areayn arch cleur mister sech
of our Lord Grate Changer is made right and playne

So rites who you do know as I

Regress We could ples do with more munny if you can spare

told you firmly that the Niskos are not for our cause and that it could be ruinous to attempt to draw them into sig-
porting it. Yet in my last meeting with the Baronet he once again led me to believe that not only had you pressed him
for signs of encouragement but that you had also hinted I was of your opinion on the matter. It took me a great deal
of fast talking to persuade him you were mistaken and that such misconstruction of my beliefs was to my considera-
ble outrage.

Please do not doubt my commitment to a rightful restitution of sovereign power to Salzenmund. However, whilst I would
lay down my life for a free Nordland, if I am to be hung, drawn and quartered I would prefer it to occur within cir-
cumstances conducive to our aims. Don't let the encouraging words of our supporters fool you into thinking the time is
yet ripe. Should the Graf get wind of our ambitions it would give him plenty of opportunity to mollify the mood of
common Nordlanders. A reduction of taxes here, a contrived military threat there, and they'll forget the wounds they suf-
fered at The Doom Lord's Ruin.

I would urge you to change tack and expend efforts on fostering an
lander identity. Tying our message in with Manann's major festivals
board ever could. Appeals to economic self-interest always have their be
govern ourselves we will have no barriers to competing with Marienburg o

Honoured Sisler in Faith

I refer you to the verse included with this letter in hope that you can set my mind at rest
regarding a suspicion I cannot ignore. I had this song from a gang of shun children playing a
catch-and-tag game in Middenheim's Altquartier this last Marktag.

I recall that during our training you showed particular enthusiasm for the subject of enduring
Necromantic entities. Personally I found it tiresome in the main, but the doggerel reminded me of
a work you recommended to me. I forget the title, but I am thinking of a codex held in the
monastery library, a bestiary of sorts concerning the likes of Constant Drauchenfels, the undying
Sylvanian tyrants, the Desert Liche King and other intertemporal horrors.

If my memory serves a chapter of this book dealt with the subject of the First Threat to
Middenheim. This being a sort of enduring and recurring Undead Menace, neither ghostly shade nor
nummified liche yet embodying the worst aspects of such entities. My memory is far from perfect,
and I cannot recall the details, but I reckon a name was attached to it along the sound of
'Ba-barak', and that the notion of eating the world is styled to its own dire works.

Would you locate this work and perform a cross-referencing for me? Reply in all due haste.
These may be unwarranted concerns, yet I cannot in good faith let my worries rest without checking
with you first.

I beg your discretion. I fear the wolf worshippers have forgotten the lessons of their Wizards'
War, but I need evidence to support me if I am to charge them with complacency in the face of
the gathering evil I sense there is here.

For the glory of Sigmar, the health of our Grand Theognist, and the fortune of our High
Capitular.

Sarta

Order of the Silver Hammer.



Ba Ba Barak, why do you tarry?
Slow not wait not, woe and hary,
Ba Ba Barak, come and sup,
Eat the world and sky right up?

MIDDENHEIMERS RISE UP!

A demonstration is to be held at the Wolf Hole this coming Festag at noon in order to make
our voices heard. We complain about the miser Sparsam's stubborn neglect of needful tax
reforms. Whilst the humble labourer is forever forced to give a portion of his small profits
to the tax collectors fat merchant princes continue to lobby our tight-fisted Treasurer for
benevolences.

We say enough! Force the rich to pay a FARE SHARE!

JOIN US!

Put down your tools and shut your shop doors this Festag. Assemble at the Wolf Hole at
Noon. Show our so-called betters who really runs this city and pays their way for it!

THE GRAND DUCHY OF MIDDENHEIM



Several small duchies and baronies make up the Grand Duchy of Middenheim, the lands surrounding the Fauschlag. They are not wealthy lands, though three major roads provide great opportunities for commerce, and narrow waterways that rise from the boggy ground of the Grand Duchy provide access to the Empire's network of great rivers.

Middenheim is a city state, but the ambit of Graf Boris is not limited to the Fauschlag. Middenheim's Graf governs the internal affairs of the city as well as the wider duchy, and he also manages the affairs of the neighbouring province of Nordland. The Grand Duchy of Middenheim is ruled by the Graf either directly or through the cooperation of closely aligned aristocratic landholders.

The lands directly around the Fauschlag are all owned by the Todbringers themselves, but management of these estates is delegated out to a number of minor noble households. Many of these nobles live within the Grafsmund district of the city. These aristocrats hold their lands under varying degrees of tenure, but the Todbringers could easily reclaim them if Graf Boris so wished.

Many members of the Graf's court are from these minor noble families, though some of Middenheim's more important people come from noble estates further afield. For example, the von Genscher family have a long-standing tradition of military service, and hold a small castle near Schoninghagen over the border in Middenland. The Kärzburdgers are former Grafs who still maintain a small estate in the Middle Mountains.

Smaller provincial areas are attached to the lands about the Fauschlag. These are large noble estates ruled by powerful bloodlines. Whilst these landowners are independent, in that their holdings are granted through charters the Graf of Middenheim could not easily revoke, they have nevertheless pledged fealty to the Todbringers. These houses send goods and coin as tribute to Middenheim, and their citizens are subject to levies during times of war.

THE TIMBER TRADE

Middenheim derives a great deal of its wealth from harvesting and selling timber taken from the Drakwald. Seasoned lumberjacks bring logs to the city, which are processed in the lumber yards in the mercantile district. Planks are then transported down the Old Forest Road to Dunfurt. Here they are loaded on to barges that take the wood down the river Taub to be distributed throughout the Empire.

Elves are often consulted on how to carry out logging. It is commonly presumed that they find Human processes to be destructive and wasteful, so the fact that they can be consulted on best practice is acknowledged by loggers in the area. The Drakwald is so vast and vigorous in its regeneration that logging can be carried out at the current rate without destroying the forest.

TIMBER TANTRUM



- Elves still find the logging industry distasteful, and fear that even sustainable practices may anger forest spirits. This causes some friction between Human loggers and their Elven advisors, but nothing that slows down business.
- The Elves draw a hard line in any proposals to harvest from lornalim groves that grow deep within the Drakwald. So far no logger has violated this trust, and the groves are deep within the wood and difficult to access.



FARMING IN THE GRAND DUCHY

Loggers have cut back the Drakwald around the base of the Fauschlag and around the larger towns of the Grand Duchy. The acidic soils of the Drakwald forest floors are not conducive to easy horticulture, yet the Grand Duchy manages to feed itself and set aside some surplus grain most years. There is little dairy farming in the province — herds make too tempting a target for Beastmen and Greenskin raids — but hunting expeditions into the Drakwald are carried out throughout the year, and meat from deer and boar is often for sale from Altmarkt stalls.

There are very few independent farmers in the region; farmers tend to serve a particular noble estate. Most of the farmers have no autonomy and live all their lives on the farm, leaving only to head to the city for market days. Despite this humble existence most farmers see benefits to life in the Grand Duchy. Middenheim affords them a degree of protection that Stirland's farmers would envy, and the city is a source of distraction and entertainment.

TO BEFRIEND THE FIEND?

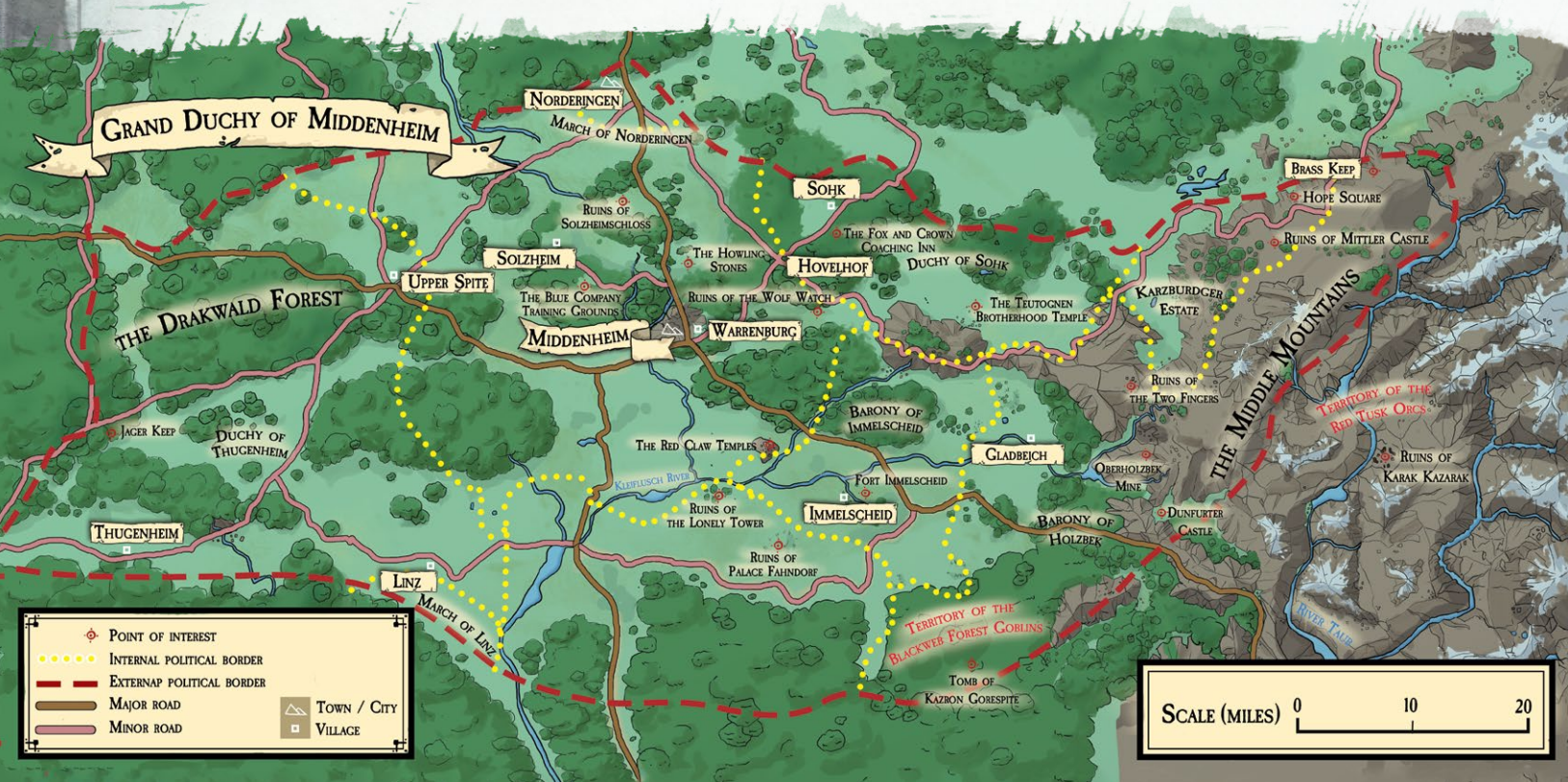
The harvests have suffered in recent years, and blights have destroyed much of the crop around the Fauschlag. Agents of the Red Crown (see page 135) have heard that Beastmen in thrall to the god Nurgle have established bases in the Drakwald and that they may be responsible. This places the Red Crown in a dilemma: they wish to appeal to Beastmen, but they also need to eat.

THE LIE OF THE LAND

For such a small area the Grand Duchy encompasses many diverse terrains. To the west of the province the ground is level and carpeted with dense forest. In the east, the woodlands give way to the bare slopes and sheer peaks of the Middle Mountains.

The Drakwald forest has been cleared from around the base of the Fauschlag rock, but it still stretches over a massive swathe of land bordered by the Talabec, the Reik, and the Middle Mountains. It's a dark and brooding mixed deciduous forest, with coniferous stretches on higher ground. The forest interior is said to conceal light and airy glades full of lornalim trees. Elves from the Laurelorn forest are said to have small enclaves deep within the Drakwald, though when they are called upon to verify these rumours the Elves dismiss them.

Much of the soil of the surrounding region is a deep, soft loam. It soaks up water during the colder months of the year and slowly dries during the summer. There are many areas of wetland and marsh around the province, but few rivers. Those that do flow from the Middle Mountains cut deep ruts through the soft soil. Their waters are dark, peaty, and only barely potable.



THE ROADS

Despite the untamed wilderness of the Drakwald the roads running from the Fauschlag are mostly in fine condition. Work gangs, often seconded from the Middenland Mining Company, make sure that the highways are kept level and paved with cobbles. The Old Forest Road begins at the southern viaduct, running through the baronies of Immelscheid and Holzbek before continuing to Hergig, and then further south to Talabheim and Wurtbad. The Great North Road runs from the western viaduct, curving through the Drakwald in a long arc until it reaches Marienburg. The Salzenmund road is also a major route, though less travelled. It is the Salzenmund Road that connects Middenheim to Nordland. The eastern viaduct runs into the foothills of the Middle Mountains, connecting to the Duchy of Sohk and the Kärzburdger Estates.

The roads around Middenheim are relatively safe for travellers. Road Warden patrols are frequent and well equipped, and it is not uncommon to meet bands of campaigning knights and their retinues from the city. There are also a number of well-appointed coaching inns, especially on the Old Forest Road and Great North Road.

OLD FORTIFICATIONS

There are several ruined forts and castles around Middenheim. Most of these are vestiges of barely remembered wars. Solzheimschloss stands as a grim reminder of the 1812 IC conflict with Middenheim, and once marked the extent of the lands the Graf could control under threat from his enemies there. The nearby nameless ruined castle is older still, one of the many smaller border forts that were built in the early years of the Wars of the Three Emperors. The burned-out remains of Palace Fahndorf to the south also date from this time.

THE MIDDLE MOUNTAINS

The Middle Mountains are a steep and desolate range of mountains that border on several of the Empire's northern provinces. Whilst they are not rich in minerals, there is still enough iron and silver ore to support a number of mining operations. The mountains are also home to a variety of different Greenskin tribes, Stone Trolls, and other monstrosities.

The Middle Mountains are significant to the Dwarfs. There are a number of lost holds amongst the mountain peaks, and some say the Nordberg, the highest peak amongst the mountain range, was the site of a heroic sacrifice performed by the Dwarf god Grimnir.

ELVEN REMNANTS

The largely unexplored Lonely Tower and Two Fingers ruins are thought to be Elven constructions built before the War of the Beard. Both of these mysterious ancient sites can only be found by undertaking difficult journeys through the trackless Drakwald.

EVERLASTING RUIN



- Many Dwarf Slayers choose the Middle Mountains as a destination on their quests to meet a notable doom. It is even said that somewhere on the slopes of the Nordberg is a shrine to Grimnir that is kept by a brotherhood of Slayer Priests. Dwarfs who are asked about such rumours tend to laugh off the idea as unseemly and impractical.
- Certain Dwarf Loremasters believe that before the fall of Dwarf holds in the Middle Mountains, a vibrant culture had developed, distinct from that of the World's Edge Mountains Dwarfs. In particular, they point to certain texts that suggest a number of now-forgotten runes were inscribed by the rune smiths of Karak Kazarak. They would fund parties of adventurers to enter the ruined hold to look for more evidence.

Despite constant rumours to the contrary, Eonir envoys say that they keep no permanent, or even temporary, dwellings in the Drakwald around Middenheim. Still, each year more Eonir are encountered wandering the roads of the Grand Duchy, or visiting Middenheim for a period. When the question is raised as to why the Elves are so restless these days, vague responses are sometimes given along the lines of shifting intensities in the winds of magic being of interest to the Queen of Laureorn, and that Elves feel the Humans of Nordland encroach on their territories and wish to see this problem dealt with diplomatically rather than through violence.

More on The Laureorn, and Queen Marrisith's concerns, can be found in **Archives of the Empire Volume I**.

A BAD SIGN



- Queen Marrisith of the Laureorn has foreseen a cataclysmic potential future, involving the unmaking of the world through magical forces. She has shared her visions with no one else, but has dispatched her agents throughout the northern Empire to monitor magical phenomena. Characters capable of working magic may find themselves under Elven surveillance.
- In particular, Queen Marrisith is interested in whatever powers Middenheim's Eternal Flame. She seeks any Character with knowledge of the fire and its secrets. Anyone planning an expedition into Middenheim's Undercity soon discovers that talented Elves — the queen's spies — are keen to join in.

DWARFS IN THE GRAND DUCHY

Most of the Dwarfs who live within the Grand Duchy are descendants of those who fled the destruction of Karak Kazarak in the time before the coming of Sigmar. These Dwarfs are fairly acculturated to living alongside Humans, and whilst they still have the distinct personalities and gruff manners of other Dwarfs, they are notably more open-minded than their kin in the World's Edge Mountains.

Their relaxed attitude does not win the Dwarfs of Middenheim much favour with their relatives. High King Thorgrim Grudgebearer has urged them to reclaim their lost hold and pledge its resources to the Karaz Ankor, the ancient everlasting realm of the Dwarfs. This is the cause of a little tension between local Dwarfs and those who visit from elsewhere. Local Dwarfs are ashamed that they have never organised an effective effort to retake their lost hold, but are also aware that anything less than an overwhelming military strike will surely fail.

The Dwarfs of the World's Edge Mountains might be tempted to regard the attitude of local Dwarfs as cowardly, but given that they are so stretched in defending their own territories, they could not afford more than a token of assistance in reclaiming Karak Kazarak, so they do not press the issue, for now.

GREENSKIN PRESENCE

Several Greenskin tribes are found within the borders of the Grand Duchy. Most of these are nomadic or temporary — smaller offshoots of larger tribes that have been either wiped out by rivals or culled by Middenheim's knights. However, there are two large tribes with lengthy histories that exist within the region.

The Red Tusk Orcs are the current occupants of the lost hold of Karak Kazarak. A mountain Orc tribe with a number of Night Goblin allies who act as scouts and skirmishers, they are well dug in and even a concerted campaign involving all of Middenheim's military might would struggle to winkle them out of their holes.

A lone Giant has been spotted prowling the foothills of the Middle Mountains. Whilst it has not yet bothered anyone, news of its presence is causing some panic in Middenheim. Some argue that it ought to be killed for fear that it could go on to ally with the Red Tusk Orc tribe. Others wonder if it might be supplied with food and ale in return for assisting Middenheim against its enemies.

MENACING SKULKERS



☠ The Blackweb Forest Goblins haunt the Drakwald around the Barony of Holzbek. They consist of a number of related warbands and raiding parties who pay fealty to a revolving cadre of leaders and shamans. The Blackwebs are subservient to a larger Forest Goblin tribe to the south, the Gloomfangs, but are left to their own devices most of the time.

☠ Traditionalist fans of Middenball remember a time when it was played with a bound Snotling rather than a stuffed leather ball. This practice is now frowned upon by sanctimonious Shallyans and dainty noble worthies, but the poorer folk of Middenheim still enjoy a proper game of Snotball as it was originally played. A Snotling tough enough to survive a game or two is worth 4 shillings to the right customer.

BEASTMEN IN THE GRAND DUCHY

The Drakwald is infamous as a place where Beastmen congregate and organise. Around the Fauschlag the number of herds thin out, as only the most bellicose of Beastlords would openly provoke the Knights of Middenheim.

Still there are herdstones and Chaos monoliths found within the borders of the Grand Duchy, erected deep within the forests where few Humans would ever set foot.

The character of Beastmen in the area falls into two rough groups. The first are those who have been contacted by agents of the Red Crown. These Beastmen tend to either serve Tzeentch or honour Chaos as an undivided whole. They are happy to cooperate with Human agents of Chaos (though they aren't particularly enamoured of taking orders from them) and their herds contain a number of Human mutants who act as go-betweens.

The second group are wilder and more bloodthirsty. On the few occasions that Red Crown agents have tried to recruit these Beastmen, they have been lucky to escape with their lives. They congregate to the south of the province, and worship the Blood God Khorne. These Beastmen are drawn to the area by the malefic energies given off by the Tomb of Kazron Gorespite (see page 125).

ANCIENT EARTHWORKS AND BARROWS

The Grand Duchy is notable for a paucity of ancient sites connected to Human habitation in the time before Sigmar. Teutogens claim that this is due to the fact that no Humans settled in the area prior to the arrival of Artur. However, scholars find this claim dubious, as there is no real reason why ancient Human tribes would not have lived in the area. Nevertheless, there are few ancient druidic sites or Ogham stone constructions in the Grand Duchy.

The Howling Stones are among these rare sites, erected to the north of Middenheim. This large stone circle can be found in a circular clearing of the Drakwald, not far from a stagnant stream. The stones are unusual in that they are not standing, but laid lengthways from the centre of the circle, splayed out like the numerals on a clock face. Legends say that on certain moonlit nights screaming and wailing emanates from the stones.

SECRETS OF THE STONES



Trapped beneath each stone is an ancient undead entity: ghosts of the druids who tended the stone circle millennia ago. The ancient druids were slain in barbarous necromantic rituals that empowered an earlier manifestation of Babrakkos. If they were finally laid to rest or destroyed, it would do much to set back the Liche-Thing's attempts to return to unlife.

FORGOTTEN LEGACIES

Much of the land around the province is a stagnant, sucking bog. Even where the Drakwald has invaded the wetlands the soil remains soft and a number of great lakes, cold and deep, are visible about the Fauschlag from between the trees.

Scholars at the Collegium Theologica reckon that the Drakwald didn't always grow so vigorously here, noting archaeological clues to suggest that a number of rough stone forts and partially sunken dwellings were once scattered about the landscape.

Few of these buildings remain, and even the best preserved of them is in ruins, but they are constructed from great slabs of slate, too big and heavy to have been placed by Human hands.

Scholars presume that once the land was settled by the monstrous Fimir (WFRP page 320), who are said to still haunt the mires of the Schadensumpf to the west. The ambitions of the Fimir are not shared with Humans, but it is all too easy for suspicious folk to presume that they resent their current circumstances and would one day seek to reclaim the territories that were lost to them.



THE RED CLAW TEMPLES

The Red Claw is a strange sect of unorthodox Ulricans who are tolerated, but not encouraged, by the official cult of Ulric. The sect is esoteric and mysterious, accepting nuns and monks who wish to dedicate themselves to an unending war against the God of Winter's enemies. Those initiated into the order are provided with a set of robes decorated with bright-red sleeves.

The sect appeals to Ulricans who might consider the official cult to be rather staid, but the Wolf Kin to be too wild and unorganised. Red Claw adherents wander the roads of the province, ready to protect villagers and travellers from marauding monsters and bandits.

Whilst there are small monasteries dedicated to the Red Claw all over the Empire, the Temples, which are a set of scattered barracks and shrines to the south of Middenheim, are the largest Red Claw holding. They cater to nearly 200 armed clergy and Warrior Priests.

A PAGAN PLACE

Not everyone trusts the Red Claw. There are many followers of Ulric who greatly admire them for their fierce dedication, but many others who suspect that there is something blasphemous about their practices. All manner of interested parties might like to sponsor some sort of spy effort to discover how their teachings vary from those of the official cult.

Matika Flenz is a senior member of the cult of the Red Claw. However, she is also a fervent follower of Lupus, an old god once more widely worshipped. Once Lupus was considered a god of wolves, but Ulric now rules that domain unopposed. Instead Lupus is more commonly cited as a god of predators, little better than the pirate god Stromfels. The behaviour of his followers is borderline in terms of what modern Empire citizens tolerate.



THE BLUE COMPANY GROUNDS

The Knights of the White Wolf are organised into various battle companies, each one differentiated from the others by a designated colour. The Grand Battle Company, which is trained and housed in Middenheim's High Temple of Ulric, is made up of squadrons seconded from the various battle companies found around the Old World.

This means that the actual local White Wolves are not centred in Middenheim themselves. They are the Blue Company, and their grounds are located on the Salzenmund Road to the north of the city. Blue Company members regard themselves as the true Knights of the White Wolf, for they have their grounds in the area roamed by the Teutogen tribes before the coming of Sigmar.

The Blue Company grounds consist of a small, cramped barracks building, a surgery, a smithy, a chapel of Ulric, stables, and a lengthy tilting yard. The area is surrounded by a tall fortress wall that would repel a siege by a small army. Certainly local bands of Beastmen and Greenskins give it a wide berth.

The Blue Company are keen to prove that they are the fiercest and most deadly of all the White Wolves. If travellers call by the grounds, members are keen to hear of the achievements of knights in other parts of the world. If any such tales inspire them, they will immediately seek to undertake a similarly impressive feat. Setting a band of Blue Company knights on such a quest surely earns their favour.

THE PROVINCES

The area around Middenheim is divided into duchies, baronies, and marches. The rulers of these lands have all pledged fealty to Graf Boris, one way or another. Some of them are hereditary lords with a degree of independence, whereas others are simply landlords acting on behalf of the Todbringers.

Private wars and border disputes between the lords of Middenheim are rare, but not unknown. Because so many of the local aristocrats merely act as wardens of Todbringer lands, they are distanced from the need to prove themselves in competitive disputes. Grievances, when they do occur, are taken before the Graf. However, lesser lords are keen to earn Hereditary Office, and one way for a petty lord to demonstrate their worth is to show that they are better at managing their estates than their neighbours. So whilst armed conflicts are unusual, conspiracies to cause trouble for rival lords abound.



BARONY OF HOLZBEK

The Barony of Holzbek is a poor and wild region found to the south-west of the Middle Mountains. Middenheim holds nominal control over the Barony as a consequence of political machinations that are now centuries old. The Baron of Holzbek used to be affiliated with the Grand Baron of Hochland, but during the 19th century the barony came to be more closely associated with Middenheim.

Accounts as to why this happened differ. Middenheim's partisans claim that Hochland was poorly equipped to defend the region from Goblins and Beastmen. Hochland's advocates reply that war parties of such creatures still rove throughout the area and, besides, the Kärzburdger Grafs had menaced Baron Holzbek into accepting their patronage and protection.

Whatever the truth, the current Baron Holzbek is loyal to Middenheim and the rulers of Hochland regard the land as poor and impossible to secure from raiding Greenskins. Therefore the Holzbeks only make desultory attempts to press their claim every year or two so as not to look politically insipid.

The opening of the Oberholzbek mine in the foothills of the Middle Mountains may change this. Miners in the area are able to finance their prospecting with the moderate quantities of argentiferous galena — an ore rich in lead and flecked with silver — they dig from the earth. The mine produces a modest income for now, but Middenheim and Hergig are both keeping a close eye on how the situation is developing.

The Holzbek family inhabit Dunfurter Castle, which stands by a large tarn on the river Taub. They are currently petitioning the Graf to be able to expand the size of their retinue, as they fear increasing raids by Greenskins and Beastmen. So far the Graf has obliged them to limit the size of their private army, fearing that to allow them extra leeway would provoke Hochland. This situation is a cause of growing tension, and if Baron Holzbek should suffer a military defeat to Greenskins or Beastmen, his loyalty to the Todbringers could be found wanting.

Tomb of Kazron Gorespite

During the Great War against Chaos the Champion of Khorne, Kazron Gorespite, his warband south but fell in battle against the forces of Magnus the Pious. Kazron's followers buried him in a tomb deep in the Drakwald. The tomb has since become a shrine for the local Beastmen who have raised a massive herdstone over the entrance. It is a rough-hewn pillar of grey stone almost 30 ft high. The severed heads of the Beastmen's victims are piled around its base.

A Minotaur, Gazk Redhorn, guards this sacred site. Gazk is a devoted follower of Khorne who maintains the herdstone. Gazk and other Beastmen in the region believe that powerful artefacts were buried with Kazron, and they are fiercely devoted to protecting the site from interlopers.

The Ruin of the Two Fingers

High up in the mountainside, just above the treeline, is an old ruin of two slender towers, each carved from a pale stone and wreathed in ivy and choking creepers. The shape of the towers, and their vertiginous height, lead people to believe that they were constructed by the Elves, possibly as a trading post in the time before the War of the Beard. Few people ever visit the towers. The journey there involves a steep climb through ancient woodland.

The entrances are long lost in the swathing undergrowth. A determined climber could reach one of the windows if they shimmied up the ivy. However, no one has ever explored the towers and returned to tell the tale, and even the Red Tusk Orcs, who have their territory nearby, give the site a wide berth.

Lost Hold of Karak Khazarak

The Taubertaal, a steep-sided valley carved into the Middle Mountains by the swift running Taub, provides the Barony of Holzbek with its eastern border. The mountains beyond still fall within the Grand Barony of Middenheim, but they are rough mountainside territory, infested with Goblins, Trolls, and worse. The lost Dwarf hold of Karak Khazarak lies just beyond this border region.

Karak Khazarak was first overrun by Greenskins two centuries before the crowning of Sigmar, and has been in the hands of one Orc tribe or another ever since. The Red Tusk Orcs — a fairly small tribe but fierce in battle — currently control the region. Bands of Stone Trolls swell the tribe's ranks and they are said to command a horde of Night Goblin vassals. The Goblins infest the caverns in the Middle Mountains and snipe at any who seek to trespass in Red Tusk territory.

The Dwarfs still bitterly remember losing the hold, and have recorded it in the Great Book of Grudges kept by their High King. Whilst the hold is isolated and well defended, no large Dwarf throng has yet been mustered to retake it, though the High King has sent agents to try to rouse Middenheim's Dwarf population to undertake the task. It is not uncommon for those young Dwarfs in Middenheim who take the Trollslayer's Oath to journey towards Karak Khazarak, though most meet their end long before they even set eyes on the lost hold.

The Red Tusks have grown shiftless in recent years, and they have erected a great stone idol depicting one of their monstrous gods, towering over the treetops within sight of the Oberholzbek mine. Whether this is intended as a mark of territorial boundary or a forbidding portent of things to come is unclear.

DUCHY OF IMMELSCHIED

The quarry town of Immelscheid is a major asset in the region. Through a quirk of geography the slate found here is smooth and fine, but also resilient. Almost all of Middenheim's stone buildings are roofed with Immelscheid slate. Whilst quantities of it are exported to other cities in the Empire, transport issues mean that most of it is used locally.

Much like mining towns, Immelscheid and its residents are focused on trades that support slate production or servicing the artisans in that industry. Satellite villages such as Grimmwitz, Angreslin, and Khrenshen support smaller slate quarries, supplemented with enterprises in harvesting lumber from the surrounding Drakwald.

Quarry workers use blackpowder and pickaxes to create large blocks of stone. These are delivered to splitters who create sheets of slate of varying thickness. Then the various slaters create individual slates. These range from 'Gravins', the largest at 24 in by 12 in, through the smallest 'Singles', which are the size of a Human palm. Specialist workers are also employed to remove unworkable boulders and other rubbish.

Great quantities of gunpowder are shipped to the town, and whilst it is transported securely and carefully logged there is too much to keep track of. Cultists of the Red Crown in particular are keen to infiltrate the town and start work on their own pilfered stockpile.

Fort Immelscheid

This bastion structure used to guard the road from Hochland to Middenheim. Since the Barony of Holzbek came under Middenheim's ambit there has been no particular fear of an invading army arriving from this direction. The Duke of Immelscheid keeps only a token garrison here, and uses the fort as little more than a training facility. Captains awarded the putative honour of commanding the garrison can be fairly sure that they have annoyed the duke and need to work their way back to his good graces.

The relative vulnerability of the fort has drawn the attention of the Blackweb Goblins. They are ultimately uninterested in the Duchy, but are obsessed with conquering Middenheim itself. With this in mind, their leaders believe that were they to storm the fort it could result in the Graf sending Middenheim's forces out to retake it. With Middenheim's soldiers deployed to the fort, the Goblins would be free to attack the city itself.

The plan is ridiculous. Even if Boris Todbringer despatched a significant portion of his garrison to Fort Immelscheid, Middenheim would still easily repel a ragtag force of Forest Goblins. However, much mayhem and destruction might result from this conflict, even if a victory for Middenheim is inevitable.



BLACKWEB AMBITIONS

The Blackweb tribe is an affiliation of Forest Goblin bands that live around the south-western slopes of the Middle Mountains. They are effectively vassals of the Gloomfangs, who have territory by the northern banks of the Talabec. The Gloomfangs generally leave the Blackwebs alone as long as they receive tributes of arrows, spiders, and intoxicating brews.

Grout Snotgurge, ageing and incontinent shaman of the Blackweb tribe, preaches that the Fauschlag is sacred to Greenskin gods. There is no tradition of Goblins worshipping the Fauschlag, but Orcs and Goblins tend to find large rocks impressive and Goblins have considered Middenheim to be vulnerable after it nearly fell to the forces of WAAAGH Grom! As a result of their shaman's prompting, bands of Blackweb Goblins have started raiding Human villages and travelling parties in the area.

The Gloomfangs' leaders advise against these provocations. They know Middenheim is effectively invulnerable to assaults from all but the most powerful armies. Whilst they would not mourn the loss of the Blackwebs, they fear that the Graf might organise reprisals that could lead to clashes between their own tribe and companies of Knights of the White Wolf. They have sent an agent, a particularly sneaky git known as Bloodcap, to spy on the Blackwebs and steer them away from inciting violence with Middenheim.

Bloodcap fears that Grout will plunge the Blackwebs into inevitable war. He is canny, and hopes to manipulate a travelling band of Humans into finding and killing Grout before the shaman can advance his plans.

KÄRZBURDGER ESTATE

The Kärzburdger Estate is all that remains of their once-extensive holdings, which included the Duchy of Sohk and swathes of land around Middenheim itself. Since the Todbringers have come to rule Middenheim in their stead, Kärzburdger power has diminished. The family has had to sell or surrender much of its land in order to maintain this small, but highly profitable, corner of its former domain.



Graf Erich von Kärzburdger allowed Shallyan reformists to send criminals who had been condemned to death to work in Middle Mountains mines instead. Over the years the Kärzburdgers realised how lucrative the operation was, and what was once seen as a merciful chance to reform wrongdoers is now effectively an exercise in slave labour. From the start the enterprise proved profitable for the noble family, and they remained rich even after they lost the throne in Middenheim. In the centuries since, the need to protect their mountain territories from raiding Greenskins, coupled with unwise investments, has seen them become ever more impoverished.

Twin granite pylons mark the start of the road to the estate, each bearing a pair of manacles and the heraldic devices of Middenheim and the Miners' Guild. Wagons carrying shackled prisoners wind their way along a road that hugs the northern slopes of the Middle Mountains for a rattling two-day journey until it reaches a narrow valley. Two spurs of mountainside reach out around the area, a natural feature named 'The Graf's Embrace' by sardonic prisoners.

The Square of Hope is found at the head of the valley, a rough settlement of barracks, guard houses, and workhouses. There is a small Shallyan chapel here, and a weatherworn statue of Sister Hildegard that was commissioned by ex-prisoners back in the days when the penitentiary was seen as an optimistic sign of social progress. These days it is better known as a site of abuse and exploitation. The wagons return, but few ex-convicts are lucky enough to return with them. Most are worked to death in the mines, killed in Night Goblin raids, or sold to slavers.

Mittler Castle

The towering ruin of Mittler Castle exists as a symbol of the Kärzburdgers' diminishing fortunes. The lands that make up the Duchy of Sohk were sold in part to finance the construction of a proud border fortress, the Mittler Castle.

Before the curtain walls were built around the square stone keep, the Red Tusk Orcs attacked, able to assault the keep directly. Kärzburdger troops retreated to the keep, and sniped many Orcs from the ramparts. However, the besieging Orcs had timed their assault to coincide with a successful undermining project by their Night Goblin allies. Goblins opened the keep from the inside, and the Greenskins overwhelmed the defenders.

The castle now lies in ruins. The Kärzburdgers are too proud and prickly to petition the Graf to help them win it back, which is fortunate as the Graf would only consider the operation too costly to undertake.

Brass Keep

If you follow an eastward trail from the ruin of Mittler Castle, you soon come across the foreboding Brass Keep. It marks the easternmost extent of Kärzburdger domains, and whilst Graf Todbringer claims to govern the mountainsides beyond, he has no effective way of projecting power here.

Brass Keep was raised centuries before Sigmar. It is not known who built the castle, but it became the holdfast of Morath, a legendary powerful Necromancer. The mountain fortress boasted strangely smooth walls and a number of slender towers. From its heart rose a soaring tower of strange pearlescent stone. This tower was more of a weapon than a defence. From its windows shone a strange pallid light that leached the vitality from any form of life that it fell upon.

During his campaign to unify the Empire, Sigmar and his army stormed the citadel. They discovered that much of Brass Keep was simply a husk, devoid of interior buildings, staircases, or decorations. Only the tower of pearlescent stone was furnished. Sigmar confronted Morath in the tower and slew him.

Brass Keep remained an eerie, haunted place. Soldiers sent to garrison it came to fear the place. It was the site of many mysterious accidents, disappearances, and outbreaks of illness or madness. During the Great War against Chaos, the fortification was stormed by a force of Chaos raiders. Brass Keep remains in Chaos' hands, despite numerous campaigns to dislodge the raiders. The fortress itself seems to sustain them over the centuries. Folklore has it that the life force drained by the lights of the pearlescent tower now infuses the garrison.

MARCH OF LINZ

The border town of Linz is a cattle-market hub at the edge of the Drakwald. Dairy farmers around the Grand Duchy struggle, for cattle do not thrive in northern soils and those that do survive to adulthood are tempting targets for raiders. However, about the March of Linz there are a number of larger forest clearings that just about serve as pastures.

The Ganmark family have ruled as Margraves of Linz for 16 generations. The title of Margrave is usually reserved for those lords who rule border regions, and whilst the March of Linz has long been a recognised part of the Empire its proximity to the borders of the lost province of Drakwald explains why it is seen as a wild, far-flung outpost of civilisation.

Two centuries ago the Margrave established a manor at the edge of the long lake that lies 3 miles from Linz. The manor house is a fine dwelling, with adjoining farmlands, an ornamental park, and a stunning view across the lake to forbidding stands of the Drakwald.

The town of Linz has a forgotten history. It was here that the Liche-Thing Babrakkos was cornered and slain by Myrsa, Warrior Eternal and champion of Artur. In Middenheim the necromantic Cult of the Eaters of the World labours to bring the Liche-Thing back to unlife.

Agents of the cult have sold signifiers of Babrakkos — pewter and glass pendants in the shape of a wicked hooked claw — to the locals. Recently there have been tales of spectral riders harrying isolated travellers and lone farmers in the March. These necromantic apparitions are the first signs of Babrakkos's growing power in the world. Unless the Eaters of the World are prevented from achieving their goals, these manifestations will only become stronger and more intense.

MARCH OF NORDERINGEN

Babrakkos's growing power has caused a strange malady to spread throughout the March of Norderingen, turning sufferers on one another in a growing wave of violence. A disease of both the body and mind, it is Babrakkos's most powerful weapon, the reason why he is remembered as a Pestilential Liche-Thing.

The March is currently under a cordon imposed by a strange alliance of Shallyan priests, the personal retinue of the Margrave of Norderingen, and Middenheim's State Army. Many inhabitants of the March have fallen ill with a disease that transforms them into unreasoning violent maniacs. The physical symptoms of the disease, lesions on the skins and an unhealthy bilious pallor, combined with its effect on behaviour, have led it to be termed the Spotted Green Brain Pox.

Managing the cordon is a complicated business, as the road from Middenheim to Salzenmund runs right through the town. Traffic is currently being sent through in batches that are accompanied by a heavy road warden presence. The town itself is patrolled by bands consisting of Shallyan priests and soldiers. Those who the priests deem to be beyond saving are dispatched by their guards.

Norderingen is the hub of a network of logging villages, and one of these, Alberwitz, has been turned into a makeshift infirmary where victims of the disease are being treated. Other villages in the area have been evacuated and turned into garrison posts. Soldiers keep an eye on any infected peasants trying to escape the cordon from these outposts. However, the army cannot monitor much of the March, for it borders on the Drakwald. Those infected with the Brain Pox stumble raving through the woodlands, and whilst many of them might be found and slaughtered by Beastmen a few may yet escape and spread the pestilence.

SPOTTED GREEN BRAIN POX

This terrible disease turns those who suffer from it into raving maniacs, driven to bite, scratch, and dismember anyone who crosses their path. The disease itself is spread through the infliction of injury, so as more violence is unleashed as the result of the disease, the more people succumb to it.

Contraction: If you fail an **Easy (+30) Endurance** Test after a combat in which you were wounded by a carrier.

Incubation: 3d10+5 hours.

Duration: 3d10+10 days.

Symptoms: Buboes, Convulsions, Homicidal Raging, Lingered (Average), Pox

Homicidal Raging

You are filled with fury and desire to lash out at anyone you encounter. You become subject to the rules for *Hatred* (*All Living Things*) and *Frenzy* (with the exception that becoming frenzied does not prevent you being subject to *Hatred*). The desire to harm living things is so overwhelming that Tests to avoid the effects of *Hatred* must be taken every five rounds, so you may succumb even after passing initial Psychology Tests.

If you pass the Psychology Test to avoid the effects of *Hatred*, you are lucid enough to be able to interact in a rudimentary way with other living things. This interaction is limited to fleeing from them, or warning them that they need to get out of your way.

DUCHY OF SOHK

The Duchy of Sohk is a small province to the north of Middenheim. The Kärzburdger line once ruled these lands, but as their fortunes have diminished, the Todbringers acquired the Duchy. The Todbringers have granted wardenship of the province to the noble Eisenhal family.

The town of Sohk and its surrounding villages sit within one of the few areas of the Grand Duchy that has rich soil for farming. Wheat and vegetables produced here are sold mostly in Middenheim's Altmarkt. To the south of the province, the village of Lindenheim is a small mining community that produces lead and iron ore. The Kärzburdgers claim that this village was never intended to be sold along with the rest of the province, and a bitter disagreement between them and the Eisenhals exists as a result of such border disputes.

Teutogen Brotherhood Temple

The Teutogen Brotherhood is a strange organisation devoted to honouring Ulric as a Teutogen ideal. It does not have the approval of Ulric's priests, who find themselves in the awkward position of accepting that Ulric held the ancient Teutogens in high regard, whilst refusing to associate the god with any sort of ethnicity or racial supremacy.

The Teutogen Brotherhood Temple is built by the side of a lonely road running from Sohk to Immelscheid. It is frequented by a strange assortment of people, Wolf Kin zealots, Knights of the White Wolf, and representatives of the Teutogens who inhabit farmsteads and villages all over the Empire's north.

The temple is not a religious building, though a small shrine to Ulric exists as an outbuilding. It is more of a drinking hall and clubhouse, fortified in the same manner as the coaching inns that can be found around the Empire. Weary travellers may be delighted to see the temple from afar, but anyone who cannot demonstrate clear Teutogen heritage is unwelcome there.

The Brotherhood is a network, with members sharing tales and news and offering support to one another. They are nepotistic and clannish, and embody the worst aspects of anti-Sigmarite prejudice. They are also fierce warriors and are known to strike out to meet a roving Beastman herd, or similar sort of threat. Currently the Brotherhood are heavily involved in helping manage the worsening situation around Norderlingen, keeping the uninfected out and the infected in.

The Wolf Watch

The Wolf Watch is an ancient ruin that stands above the road marking the Duchy's southern border. It is a strange structure, and scholars speculate as to who built it and why. It is a roughly circular walled fort, built from large flat slabs of brownish stone.

The region is a swampy forested wetland. The surrounding terrain and manner of construction leads some to suggest that Fimir constructed the tower long before Humans came to

inhabit the lands around the Fauschlag. These days the ruin is called the Wolf Watch as it is often used by wolves as a dry shelter. The interior of the fort is littered with bones from old kills.

On occasion desperate travellers have made their camp in the area, but spending a night at the Wolf Watch is ill-advised. People say a lingering curse afflicts the place: travelling parties who spend a night near the ruin suffer mysterious disappearances and unexplained deaths.

DUCHY OF THUGENHEIM

The Thugenhems are a powerful aristocratic line who rule from their castle of Jager Keep. The castle stands near to the current border between the Grand Duchies of Middenheim and Middenland. This land remains somewhat contested, as many Middenlanders argue that it was seized in the mid-19th century. The folk of Middenheim shrug and point out that Middenland had set a precedent for invasion and annexation having launched the War of the Poses in 1812 IC, and that Middenheim claiming the duchy is the price to pay for that.



Middenheim's Graf technically rules the land, but the Thugenhems have ruled the area for centuries. This family has a long aristocratic and military history: several heroes of the War of the Poses were Thugenhems.

The mighty Drakwald blankets the area, covering most of the duchy in thick woodlands. Whilst the forest has been cleared away for miles around settlements, such as Thugenheim, Spite, and Jagerhausen, dense and ancient forests dominate elsewhere. The archetypal notion of a journey in the Empire consisting of wending through forest roads hoping to make the next coaching inn before nightfall holds true here.

MIDDENHEIM

THE LOW KINGS



The Low Kings are the monarchs of Middenheim's underworld, the absolute rulers of the streets. They run all the organised crime in the city, creaming off the profits made by bawdy houses, drug traffickers, gambling dens, cutpurses, loan sharks, and scammers. Save, perhaps, for one another the Low Kings brook no rivals.

THE LOW KINGS AND RANALD

The followers of gods such as Katya and Ranald, who are associated with a more orderly approach to vice in other parts of the Empire, are not welcome in Middenheim. Their codes inhibit the sort of violent measures the Low Kings resort to in order to maintain their power. Those few Ranaldans who do practice their faith in the city often note with irony that their greatest foes are not noble popinjays and watch commanders, but fellow criminals. Asked his opinion of Middenheim's organised crime, a senior member of the Ranaldan order known as the Crosses was even heard to remark that Middenheim's criminal underworld was *'Terrible! Worse than Tilea'*.

Folk in Middenheim still acknowledge Ranald in a colloquial sense, making the sign of the cross for luck or whispering beneficences to him as dealers lay down cards for Find the Empress. The Low Kings would not be so thin-skinned as to prohibit such harmless observances. However, any attempts to organise by Ranaldans are stamped down and only one secretive shrine club to the god is kept in Middenheim.

THE MAN

'The Man', though epithets like 'King' and 'Boss' are also used. Not even the most trusted of lieutenants know this Low King's real name. Rumoured to be a master of disguise, 'The Man' has no known permanent headquarters, but directs an organisation of footpads, thieves, and fences that can be contacted in Middenheim's seedier inns.

'The Man' heads one of the largest crime syndicates in the Old World, rivalling even pirate lords of Sartosa for the extent and profitability of its enterprise. Virtually every business in Ostwald and Sudtor has to come to some arrangement with racketeers, and the King's turf even extends into the Brotkopfs, Kaufseit, Westor, and Sudgarten districts. 'The Man' is careful not to restrict operations wholly to the south of the city. He has drug labs and safehouses in every quarter of Middenheim and important criminal contacts in many other cities. His reach has recently overtaken even the Warrenburg outside of Middenheim's walls.

The iron grip of 'The Man' extends far beyond his turf. Even in the shady lanes of the Königsgarten his agents quietly observe from the shadows. Should anyone seek to pick a pocket or pull a confidence trick, they may be approached by the Low King's racketeers, who will carefully explain that in order to indulge in such crimes safely they must ensure that 'The Man' receives a sizable portion.

LOW KING RISING



- Of course, the true identity of 'The Man' is a hot topic. Whoever it protects their anonymity even when consulting with loyal lieutenants. Folk wonder if the Sartosan crime lord Antonio Soaprano, reported dead twenty years ago, is alive and working in Middenheim. An old woman from the Altquartier mutters in her delirium that her poor bereaved son Ron still misses his brother Rutger. Of the various stories told of 'The Man', the ones that excite most interest posit the figure is a shapeshifting Daemon, an avatar of a vicious aspect of Ron, Graf Boris's illegitimate offspring, an Elven thief from the Laurelorn, a rat-like Beastman, a native of Glimdwarro seeking revenge on the city, or Herla Heiwardt using the term 'The Man' to throw everyone off the scent.
- The Low Kings often make gruesome public displays of those who cross them, but 'The Man' finds this tasteless. Instead, people in Ostwald who stand up to criminals just tend to disappear. Rumour has it that 'The Man' possesses sorcerous means to transport their enemies to a place from which they never return.
- Anyone making discreet enquiries about any illegal item or deal will be told to contact 'The Man' or their agents. Later on, the Character will be approached by a respectable-looking stranger who quickly reveals that they are remarkably well-informed about the Character's business, and may be able to help, for a price. Whether it's buying or selling stolen property, arranging an assassination, or even supplying ingredients for spells, there is nothing that can't be arranged. But woe betide anyone who reneges on a deal — those who are thrown from the Cliff of Sighs don't always begin their descent as corpses.

EDAM GOUDA

One of the biggest villains in the city's east side is Edam Gouda from Marienburg, known locally as 'the Big Cheese'. On top of the income he extorts from the Altmarkt's stallholders, he makes a handsome profit from his extensive drug-smuggling operation. Dried Moonflowers are brought in from the Laurelor forest in the guise of packing for pottery, and his brother manufactures Laughing Powder in a disused warehouse. A flamboyant dresser with great waxed moustaches, Gouda is easily noticed among the dowdy inhabitants of Middenheim, especially as he is always accompanied by four hulking bodyguards.

Gouda is known for the extreme violence he metes out to those who cross him, and the threatening vulgarity of his enforcers. Experts in Middenheim's criminal underworld note the difference in tone between the Altquartier and Ostwald. Agents of 'The Man' seem to be polite and businesslike — even bottom tier thugs are encouraged to adopt a laid-back manner and attempt persuasion at first. Not so with Gouda's racketeers, who are fierce and vulgar from initial meetings onwards.

Gouda is vicious and ambitious, and is not satisfied with the amount of turf currently under his control. Having just recently expanded his territory northwards, Gouda is consolidating his gains, but still he wants more. He is careful not to antagonise 'The Man', as he knows he would lose any gang war with the criminals of Ostwald. Indeed, he pays regular tributes of money and drugs to Ostwald gangsters in order to assure their Low King that he is more useful as an ally than a rival. However, Gouda is not intimidated by Bleyden, and is making plans to muscle in on his territory.

THE CRIMINAL WHEY



- ☠ Recently, a teenager named Hetta Grunbur has been campaigning vociferously against Gouda's predations, calling for the poor folk of Altmarkt to strike against paying their protection money. Her stern looks and claims to be inspired by no less than the goddess Shallya are shaming older residents. Gouda is usually swift to dispense with his critics, but does not wish to martyr Hetta. However, he suspects that the young lady has clandestine stage managers, and that if he were to get to them she could be silenced.
- ☠ Gouda desperately desires an Ogre henchman. However, such a gross power play could upset the delicate balance between the Low Kings and their relative freedom to operate within Middenheim. Gouda's ambition could lead to short-term gain for him, followed by a ruthless anti-criminal crackdown.

HERLA HEIWARDT

Herla is a pitiless and straightforward crime boss, who isn't given to the romantic self-justification of her peers. If asked why she chooses the criminal life, she responds that it is because she is selfish, lazy, and greedy. Such honesty is her one and only redeeming feature.

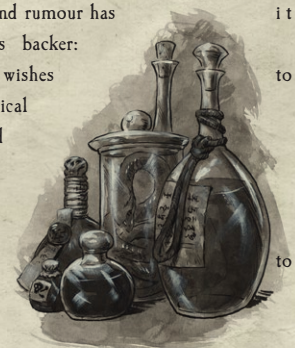
The Neumarkt gang who follow her directions are smaller and less desperate than those of the Ostwald and Altquartier, but Herla is an efficient organiser and brutal enforcer. Still, she has no wish to test herself against 'The Man' or extend her turf southwards (though she does secretly sponsor rumour-mongering to the effect that she is actually 'The Man' in order to scare off any competitors).

Herla has recently moved some of her operation into the middle-class Freiburg district. She concentrates on providing weirdroot and other substances to students and eccentrics there. This is turning out to be a very profitable side project, which is a growing problem for Herla. Many of her dealers and lieutenants are beginning to enjoy the fruits of their labours, but she does not want them to engage in any profligate spending lest it clue other Low Kings into the success of her weirdroot ring and inspire them to muscle in on Freiburg.

SORCEROUS SIDE EFFECTS



- ☠ Herla has heard that weirdroot can be responsible for awakening magical talents in its users. She would love to take advantage of this herself, but is too cautious to try it until she has made a full study of its effects. The students she sells to are her experimental group, and her lieutenants are encouraged to sell ever-larger doses in order to encourage magical activity.
- ☠ The increasing generosity of Herla's weirdroot dealers has to be paid for somehow, and rumour has it that Herla has a sorcerous backer: an unethical Wizard who wishes to understand weirdroot's magical power too. This Wizard apparently funds Herla's operation, and whilst they wish to remain anonymous, they may well move to protect Herla if she runs into difficulty.



BLEYDEN, THE LOWEST KING

The Low King known only as Bleyden enjoys the humble title of 'Lowest King'. He is an old man, around 80 years of age, shrunken and hunched in his twilight years. His skin is lined and waxy and his hair thin and silver. Yet for all his humble airs and tiny frame, Bleyden is a force to be reckoned with. He has maintained his territory, a few blocks to the north of the Altquartier and Altmarkt districts, despite the aggressive takeover of neighbouring streets by Edam Gouda. Bleyden's business concentrates on the provision of brothels and fencing stolen goods, as well as the opportunities such things present for acts of extortion and blackmail. He also exacts a quota from the pickpockets and petty thieves who work in his territory. Whilst he lacks the vigour to mount a gang war and expand his territory, he is nevertheless dogged in defending it.

Bleyden recognises that Gouda presents him with a threat. He is privately considering whether adopting Ranaldan principles might protect his claim as Low King. He is keen to bring any Characters who worship Ranald into his fold.

Bleyden is humble in accepting his reduced position, and stoic about the squeeze that Gouda has him under. Secretly, he would love the opportunity to levy revenge on the Big Cheese, whom he considers reckless and vicious, and he is considering hiring a skilled and discreet assassin.

TURFS, AND CRIME WITHIN THEM

If a Character wants to partake in virtually any criminal activity in Middenheim, they must do so with the Low Kings in mind. Failing to accept their patronage or give the Low Kings their due often means the rogue criminal parts with their fingers, toes, or other extremities.

Within a Low King's turf there is an understanding that any criminal activity taking place is done with the permission of that Low King. This presents two problems for would-be criminals working in such areas.

Firstly, the agents of the Low Kings have eyes everywhere, from street brats to corrupt watchmen. All hope to win the graces of a Low King by informing them of unapproved criminal activity. Unless a Character takes very careful precautions to be unseen in their criminal activities, they should make a Stealth Test opposed by the Perception of the nearest Low King informant (assume most run-of-the-mill agents have a Perception of 40). If the Character loses this Test, they have been spotted by someone working for a Low King, and it is only a matter of time before they are confronted.

THE LOW KINGS TURF

THE MAN

EDAM GOUDA

BLEYDEN

HERLA HEIWARDT



However, even if they are not spotted, they may be in trouble. The Low Kings subject those in their turf to extensive racketeering on the promise they will subsequently be free from criminal activity. If a Character steals from a shop or market stall within a Low King's turf, the owner may well complain the next time they are asked for protection money. The Low Kings do not like to be made a fool of, and they will be on high alert for those who seek to profit from their own racketeering stock.

When it comes to 'The Man', pickpockets and racketeers working in other areas of Middenheim must still consider that he expects his due. Even criminals working in the rich parts of the city, far away from his turf, may find themselves at the receiving end of a beating or worse if his agents spot any unapproved criminal activity.

Even if you leave 'The Man's' territory, he regards all areas of Middenheim that are not explicitly claimed by another Low King to be tantamount to his own turf. So, whilst he has no particular leverage over businesses in the northern quarters of the city, he still demands a quota of the profits of any petty theft that goes on there. A pickpocket or footpad who seeks to escape the attention of a Low King cannot find independence just by sticking to the wealthier parts of Middenheim.

QUOTAS

If a rogue seeks to benefit from the patronage of a Low King, they must locate one of his henchmen, sign up to their books, and arrange to pay a quota. A criminal can find an agent of the local Low King by passing an **Easy (+30) Gossip** Test in any tavern in Ostwald, Altquartier, Altmarkt, Nordtor, Numarkt, or Wynd.

The quota is equal to the Status of the criminal, and must be paid every week (though most of the racketeers collect at the end of every month). So, a Swindler (Brass 3) would pay 12 pennies every month, and a Fence (Silver 2) would pay 8 shillings every month.

If an independent criminal is found to be working within a turf, the Low Kings will usually forgive them provided they are willing to sign up to the quota system, and pay a little extra by way of 'compensation'. This punitive addition to the quota adds 50% to the tally for a period of time equal to an estimate of how long the criminal operated in the turf before signing up.

Criminals working outside the Low Kings' turf may still be 'taxed' by agents of 'The Man', though this will usually involve spot fines as opposed to quotas. Such criminals can relieve themselves of paying the taxes if they adopt the quota system.

Criminals who fall short of paying their quotas can pay off their debts through low-level racketeering. Many of those who are sent to intimidate stallholders and other small businesses do so in order to balance their own accounts with the Low Kings.

THE LOW KINGS AND THE WATCH

The Low Kings ensure that the Watch is thoroughly bribed and intimidated within their territories. Many of the most prized members of a Low King's retinue are members of the Watch. Watch posts in criminal-controlled areas tend to have secret exits and hideaways, so that even if the Watch do arrest any criminals who work for a Low King, they can easily escape.

The Low Kings know that they cannot abuse their power over the Watch without repercussions. Lowly pickpockets and thugs are left to face the law if they are caught, even if they have paid their quotas to a Low King. In order to benefit from the privileged treatment that can be provided by the Watch, a criminal must have earned a good reputation over a long period of time.

The Low Kings also tip off Watch patrols to criminals who are not part of their organisations. Whereas followers of Ranald would not consider this part of their criminal codes, the Low Kings are cynical enough to ensure that their friends in the Watch are still able to apprehend criminals, thereby glossing their own reputations and furthering their own careers.

On very rare occasions, members of the Watch even help the Low Kings' racketeering efforts, though this is mostly done only in times of desperation, and under strictest secrecy.

In the northern quarters of the city, the Watch is more professional, and subjected to greater scrutiny. However, there are senior members of the Watch here who owe their early successes to a Low King, and who still show them some degree of loyalty.

WATCH OUT



- ☠ Commander of the Watch, Ulrich Schutzmann, has little idea of the degree to which his men are compromised by the Low Kings. Were he to learn of their influence, he would begin a campaign to root out corrupt watchmen and hire investigators to help him in this effort.
- ☠ The Low Kings would not just sit idly by whilst this occurred, and would seek to discredit Schutzmann by pointing out his adherence to the cult of Sigmar. They would try to frame the Watch itself as a Sigmarite institution, and send thugs to persecute anyone who assisted the Watch.

MIDDENHEIM

DARK CULTS IN MIDDENHEIM



Despite all its size and bustle, regardless of the rumours its leadership is soft on dark sorcery, Middenheim is home to few proscribed cults. Sigmarite Witch Hunters find it a tough place to conduct business and are shunned by its citizens. On the other hand, Middenheim's historically generous attitude towards wizardry actually helps guard it against Chaos. Local mages are so grateful for the tolerance that they put great effort in working hard to root out witches themselves.

Another reason for the paucity of Chaos cults in the city is, ironically enough, the runaway success of the Tzeentchian Purple Hand. This large cult has so thoroughly inveigled itself into Middenheim's high society that it fears lesser cults bringing attention to its activities. Members of the Purple Hand in Middenheim watch vigilantly for signs of rival cults and act to expose them.

TZEENTCH

Worshippers of Tzeentch have always been a problem for Middenheim. In the days before the Wizards' War, many unscrupulous magicians made their homes in the city, and many of them consorted with the Daemons of Tzeentch in return for magical power. Whilst the Wizards' War forced these Daemonologists underground, two cults dedicated to the worship of the Great Conspirator are currently flourishing in Middenheim.

THE PURPLE HAND

The Purple Hand is dedicated to infiltrating the upper echelons of power in the Empire with the aim of subverting the aristocracy from within. The cult operates on a cell system. Cultists are dotted all over the nation, and communications between them are intermittent, even contradictory. Obsessed with secrecy, various cells constantly change their recognition codes, and occasionally a messenger from one group is murdered by another after being mistaken for a Witch Hunter.

It is probably only because the cult is so loose in its coordination that it has not done more damage than it has. For all its bungling inefficiency, the Purple Hand is a real threat to the stability of the Empire. Over the years it has infiltrated many powerful political and religious institutions. Even high-ranking members of the nobility or of the cults of Sigmar and Ulric are manipulated by the Purple Hand.

Fields of Operation

In Middenheim in particular, the cult has a large and active membership and mature plans for how to control the nobility. The prime mover is the cult's Magister Magistri, Head of the Inner Circle, none other than the Law Lord Karl-Heinz Wasmeier. In addition to Wasmeier's intrigues, the cult's operations in Middenheim are split into three fields: recruitment and indoctrination (Ordo Novitiae), fundraising (Ordo Impedimentae), and research and development (Ordo Terribilis).

Each field has its own group of agents and is based in one third of the city. The Ordo Novitiae operates from Ulricsmund and concentrates on the north-western districts, the Ordo Impedimentae is based in Kaufseit and concentrates on the south-western areas, while the Ordo Terribilis is based in The Wynd area, with cells in the eastern districts.

Three high-ranking cultists, known as Magistri, control the Ordos. These are either specialists (such as Wizards, academics, or assassins), or long-standing members who have achieved positions of power and influence in the city (like important Guild members or councillors on one or other of the Middenheim's many Kommissions).



The Inner Circle

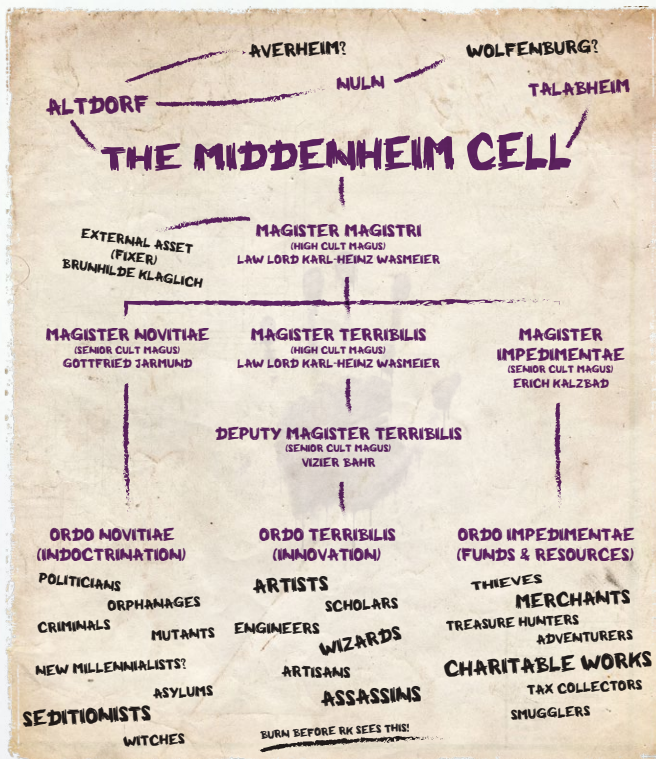
Overseeing every move are the three shadowy figures of the Inner Council, usually referred to as the Triumvirate. Partly for security reasons, and partly because the cultists are obsessed with secrecy, communications between the three Ordos and the Inner Circle are kept to a minimum. The Magistri use carrier pigeons to send short, coded messages between the Ordos, but all three of the Inner Councillors are unaware of each other's true identities.

Wasmeier is the nominal head of the Ordo Terribilis in Middenheim, though his duties as Magister Magistri and Law Lord leave him little time to devote to research and development. He leaves most of the work to Vizier Bahr.

Gottfried Jarmund, a well respected lawyer, heads the Ordo Novitiae. He specialises in advocating for young and disenfranchised Middenheimers, which wins him the hearts of Middenheim's philanthropists, but also puts him in touch with perfect recruits for the cult.

Erich Kalzbad is a senior clerk in the Chancellor's office. A gifted embezzler within arms reach of the treasury, he is the perfect person to head the Ordo Impedimentae.

They meet in person only twice a year, deep within the Drakwald forest on the nights of Hexenstag (Witching Day, New Year's Day) and Geheimnistag (Day of Mystery). In a magically hidden clearing, the masked Magistri of the three Ordos swear oaths of devotion to Tzeentch, sing his praises, and conclude the ceremony with a human sacrifice.



THE RED CROWN

The Red Crown is the Purple Hand's chief rival. There are many Red Crown cells throughout Middenland and Reikland. Whilst both dedicate their efforts to the glory of Tzeentch, they have vastly different methodologies. The Purple Hand works to corrupt existing structures and institutions, while the Red Crown seeks to destroy them. The Red Crown's agents instigate widespread uprising, uniting dispossessed citizens with the scattered bands of mutants and Beastmen that live within the Empire.

The two cults are bitter enemies. The leaders of the Purple Hand regard the Red Crown as naïve. They doubt that there are enough mutants in the Empire to seriously threaten a professional army, and that efforts to unite them would be costly and ultimately worthless. The leaders of the Red Crown regard the Purple Hand as dangerous compromisers, using the powers of change merely for their own advancement. It is ironic that these two embattled rivals hold important headquarters within the same city.



Cult Hierarchy

Many Human members of the Red Crown are dispossessed individuals who do not fit in well with wider society and reject the organisational structure of the Purple Hand. The Red Crown does not require the same veil of secrecy as members of the Purple Hand, because it tends to recruit those who are already compromised, mutants, and practitioners of illegal magic.

The leaders are selected according to vague notions of volunteering and democracy. An inner council of concerned members meets once every three months at the *Cocky Dame* tavern. The meetings are fairly casual, and usually attended by a revolving cast of sorcerers and mutant leaders who pass information and progress reports to one another.

The leader of the cult is afforded the title of Master of Change. Many individuals have led the cult over the years, but they all adopt this title. The Master of Change coordinates cult activity throughout its sphere of influence.

The Red Crown's Plan

The Red Crown regards Middenheim as a perfect staging post. The nearby forests are home to dense concentrations of Beastmen. Whilst these herds are diffuse, were they to be united under a strong leader, they would make a fearsome force.

The Beastmen of the Forest of Shadows and the Drakwald do not recognise any Human authority. This presents the Red Crown with a problem. Although a number of mutants find a home in the cult, none of them are so grossly warped that they would impress a Beastman of the forest. The cult's current strategy is to find a potential Beastlord canny enough to work with it.

The cult takes great pains to sponsor mutant go-betweens. Human enough to infiltrate cities without too much need for disguise, but mutant enough to find home amongst the Beastmen. Such folk straddle different worlds, bringing word of any potential Beastlords to the Red Crown, who then decide how they might best groom such individuals for glory.

Aided by the cultists, mutant and Beastmen groups have established bases in Middenheim's Undercity. The Beastmen rarely stray into the upper levels, and although many of the mutants originally entered through the sewers, they too stay deep beneath the surface.

They dare not risk discovery as they wait for the day when Chaos will control the face of the world. Cooperation between the cult and these creatures is strained. Deep in the bowels of the Undercity, power struggles continue to cause internal disruption.

Faced with the difficulties of coordinating their unruly allies, the Red Crown's leaders have become increasingly interested in warpstone. The substance is valuable to the Beastmen and causes mutation in Humans. The cult has made the location and acquisition of warpstone its top priority.

THE WANDERING EYE

The cultists of the Wandering Eye are not based in Middenheim, and tend to avoid the city if at all possible. They are a looser network of Tzeentchian cultists found scattered around the countryside. The Wandering Eye chooses its recruits from those who provide services to travellers along the roads of Middenland and Nordland. Its members include coachmen, innkeepers, Road Wardens, and travelling pedlars.



The cult has a centre of sorts at the *Oberfast Inn*, a sprawling and ancient coaching inn on the Middenheim–Salzenmund route. Many of the staff members have been inducted into the cult, and it holds regular meetings there to discuss matters of importance and future plans.

The cult has a structure like a revealed religion, and its initiates are left blind to the inner workings of the cult and its leaders. It is a speciality of the Wandering Eye to intercept and scrutinise letters provided to it by corrupted messengers and coachmen. The cult uses much of the information it gathers to assist its members in making good use of opportunities. However, much of the information is merely logged in an encyclopaedic collection of ledgers stored in an office in the *Oberfast Inn*.

An accomplished sorcerer of Tzeentch tends to the ledgers at the coaching inn. He spends much of his time in meditation, emerging from his trances to check facts listed in his ledgers, or to inform his underlings of an upcoming opportunity. His long-term plans are a secret between himself and whatever entities he communes with in his trances.



KHORNE

Khorne the Blood God is commonly worshipped by Warriors of Chaos and Beastmen. He is a god of wanton slaughter, but also of martial honour and personal prowess. Cults dedicated to Khorne are rare, for he is a harsh master and his worship is embodied in the sort of indiscriminate carnage that civilised folk do not abide. Nevertheless, there are those in the Empire who find Khorne's cults attractive. Some isolated communities in the wilds of Middenland find Khorne a more straightforward god of battle than Ulric, and even in Middenheim he has adherents.

THE CRIMSON SKULL

Dating its formation to before the Great War against Chaos, the Cult of the Crimson Skull is an unusually successful cult of Khorne. Unlike the Purple Hand, which cajole its members into high positions, the Crimson Skull has had some success in recruiting those who are already in power.



Unlike many of Khorne's bloodbathed adherents, the Crimson Skull avoids reckless killing as a governing philosophy. It understands that its position will quickly become untenable — unless it finds a socially acceptable form of violence to appease the Blood God. The Crimson Skull has worked its way into warrior fraternities throughout the Empire, and disguises rites and dedications to the Blood God in the form of training regimes and military ceremonies.

The Crimson Skull has managed to sway a number of elite fighters and members of the cult of Ulric over to its cause by convincing them, often through bloody duels, that Khorne surpasses Ulric as a god of battle. The elite warrior fraternity known as the Brotherhood of the Axe now includes a number of worshippers of Khorne. The Crimson Skull is particularly keen to subvert Ulrican warrior institutions, for it hopes to sow discord between the cults of Ulric and Sigmar, whom it regards as its greatest foe.

Cult Hierarchy

Each cell of the Crimson Skull consists of just eight cultists: seven adherents led by a cult magus. The cult holds a grand conclave in Middenheim every year, when each cult magus meets with the Grand Magus, Boris Eichermann, a former priest of Ulric who claims descent from Artur himself. Boris has his sights on a particularly prized future inductee, Denfather Claus Liebnitz of the High Temple in Middenheim. However, should any Character display the qualities most sought by the Crimson Skull — Ulrican zeal and personal prowess — he may seek to recruit them.

NURGLE

Cults of Nurgle, the Chaos God of Pestilence, have found it hard to establish themselves in the city. Despite the crowded squalor of Middenheim's slums, there are a number of fine Shallyan institutions, and the water drawn from the wells and springs upon the Fauschlag is famous for its health-promoting purity. Until recently, many Nurgle-worshipping mutants in the city formed a cult called the Running Sore, but it was exposed and destroyed after agents of the Purple Hand tipped authorities off to its existence.

THE TINEAN FELLOWSHIP

Named for an ancient Tilean city famed for its healers, the Tinean Fellowship is a secretive organisation of physicians set up by Doktor Festus of Salzenmund. The public face of the organisation is thoroughly respectable, a club for physicians to network with one another and share information. Those who are trusted may learn that there is a darker side to the organisation, and that its senior members engage in medical experimentation that prioritises results over ethics.

Doktor Festus has become corrupted by Nurgle, seduced into the service of the Plague God with promises of insights into all manner of disease. The resulting flood of information turned him quite insane and, whilst he isn't a straightforward follower of Nurgle, he and his compatriots nevertheless serve the Plague God. They undermine the profession they claim to uphold, unleashing experimental new strains of disease under the deluded notion that they can reach greater understanding through the study of such outbreaks.

The Fellowship's agents are at work in the Morrspark, while small groups of mutated cultists live in nearby tunnels. A main sewer runs past the cemetery to the north of the graveyard, and the cultists have tunnelled into this channel to give them access. The tombs provide rich loot, both for their own experiments and for sale to unscrupulous academics, physicians, and even the occasional closet Necromancer. These sales provide funds for essential supplies, and a group of powerful servants kept loyal through blackmail.

STRUCK OFF



☠ Herr Doktor Sesselweiss wants out. After initially benefitting a great deal from his association with the Fellowship, he suspects their inner circle of dark deeds. The trouble is that he has been the recipient of a number of corpses supplied for his research by the cult. If he were to hear of bold adventurers in Middenheim he might seek to provide them with clues concerning the Fellowship's dark deeds, just so long as he isn't implicated himself.

SLAANESH

Not counting famously lewd Bretonnian cities, there is hardly anywhere in the Old World where a cult of Slaanesh has as much political clout as it does in Middenheim. Power and politics don't normally matter to the followers of the Prince of Chaos. After all, the cultists argue, since we're all due to be subsumed by Chaos in the end, the important thing is to have a good time while we're waiting.

THE JADE SCEPTRE

The cult of the Jade Sceptre recruits from among the city's idle rich with the promise of indulgence in endless forbidden pleasures. The cult itself is named for the rod which Slaanesh is often depicted holding in votive art. The young rakes adopt other names to help cover their tracks, and often style themselves the 'Deviants and Decadents'.



Recently the cult has undergone a tragic setback with the loss of its most energetic adherent: Anika-Elise Nikse of Nordland. The cultists are not quite sure how the young lady, only 23 years of age, died. Anika-Elise was its only toehold on the ladder of political power, for their leader had been none other than the vivacious second wife of Graf Boris himself. Some believe that a Witch Hunter infiltrated the group and assassinated her on orders from the Graf. Others maintain that she died of natural causes.

Whichever version of Anika-Elise's death is true, none of the cultists have been charged or persecuted. In fact, the death of a noteworthy influencer did not worry the cultists as much as the loss of an enthusiastic and creative sybarite. The cultists soon got back to living as decadent a lifestyle as their pockets could stand. And things would probably have continued in this vein had it not been for Gotthard von Wittgenstein, a protégé of Anika-Elise herself.

The von Wittgenstein line has been developing progressively worse mutations for generations, and none had left their barony in over 70 years. But young Gotthard was bored in the family's crumbling Reikland castle. He was tired of the same old faces and there was nothing for a young, ambitious hedonist to do. When he stumbled across an old journal that mentioned the existence of a Slaaneshi cult in Middenheim, he decided to chance the city. On arrival in Middenheim, Gotthard soon contacted the cult. Introduced to Anika-Elise, he made a great impression and was rapidly promoted to Deviant Master.

Realising the need to hide his real origins — the depth to which the von Wittgensteins had sunk was bound to be uncovered sooner or later — Anika proposed that he adopt the name Gotthard Wallenstein. Given that young Gotthard was blessed with a natural talent for swindling people, Anika saw him as the ideal person to infiltrate the Merchants' Guild. Within six months, thanks no doubt to Anika's influence, Gotthard became not only chairman of the Merchants' Guild, but also Covenor of the Kommission for Commerce, Trade, and Taxation.

OTHER PROSCRIBED ORGANISATIONS

Chaos cults are not the only groups deemed a threat by Middenheim's establishment. The following groups are either outlawed, or would be if anyone outside the organisation knew about them.

THE SONS OF ULRIC

According to legend, the gods walked the world in ancient days. In these tales — more oral histories than well-documented accounts — Ulric appears as a virile warrior, an image many Teutogens either aspired to attain or were attracted to themselves. The stories feature an endless number of Ulric's children, who go on to rise to great heights themselves, earning high positions and beginning powerful families.

If such legends have any truth, Ulric's blood must run thick in the veins of Teutogens. The Sons of Ulric are Ulrican zealots, supportive of those who believe themselves literal heirs of the god, and take the legends seriously. Deadly seriously. The Sons of Ulric share a political mission as well as clannish ties. They reason that those who trace their lineage to Ulric are entitled to lead his cult. The group is given to factionalism because an individual Son of Ulric usually thinks the best candidate for leadership to be themselves, and that their fellows should be satisfied with subordinate roles.

The established cult of Ulric judges the Sons a dangerous and radical opposition, and in Middenheim it is illegal to identify as a Son of Ulric or to associate with those who do. City authorities are circumspect in meting out punishment for this crime because they fear creating martyrs. Sons of Ulric tend to receive a slap on the wrist rather than serious sanction.

The Sons are most popular in Middenland, where they are strictly illegal, but they are found elsewhere. Those who claim Ulrican blood outside of Middenland often do so by tracing their lineages to a known Teutogen tribe or have their own stories of meeting with the god. However, the Sons of Ulric native to Middenland do not respect such claims, even regarding them as heresies to be punished.



BEARERS OF THE BLOOD

While all Sons of Ulric agree that a descendant of Ulric should lead the cult, they tend to disagree over which descendant is worthy of the honour. Although the group may seem disorganised, there are coherent bands that wage a campaign of terror against the official cult of Ulric. The largest of these groups, the Bearers of the Blood, has its base in Middenheim. They do not kill miracle-working priests of the cult, supposing that such people have earned Ulric's favour. Even Ar-Ulric, the man they seek to usurp, is afforded this respect. Instead, they concentrate on making life difficult for them, subjecting them to non-lethal attacks, or carrying out campaigns to publicly shame or discredit them.

The group's organisation is partly democratic, but also based on physical prowess. Any candidate for leadership who feels that they have the support of their fellow Sons can challenge a superior to relinquish the post in favour of the challenger. Often these challenges take the form of a trial by combat, but ordeals such as undertaking a lengthy journey through the Drakwald in winter, or to hunting and slaying a wolf armed only with a knife, are commonly employed to settle disputes.

The group supports many organisations in Middenheim that unnerve the official cult through their zealotry, including the Sentinel Press and the Brotherhood of the Axe (though the Bearers of Blood are so far ignorant of the Crimson Skull's influence over the Brotherhood). Members of the group also carry out attacks on Sigmarites in the region.

No one could doubt the personal bravery of the Bearers. They have to undergo a dangerous journey just to access their most prized place of worship. They hold their conclaves deep within the Fauschlag, journeying the Undercity to the hidden grotto known as 'the Womb of the Wolf'.

THE EATERS OF THE WORLD

Of all the enemies that faced Middenheim throughout the ages, the first, and perhaps the greatest, was Babrakkos the Liche-Thing. The undying creature is so integral to the legends surrounding Middenheim's early days that it is sometimes known as the First Threat. A vile undead monstrosity, Babrakkos remains a puzzle to the scholars of the Collegium Theologica, for it bears little resemblance to Vampires or the revenant kings of distant Khemri. Yet its connection to such things is undeniable. Babrakkos cheated death and commanded animated corpses as its soldiers and servants.

The Teutogens fell foul of Babrakkos in the time before Sigmar. It was said to cause people to fall on one another in a spreading revelry of violence and destruction, and the more deaths the Liche-Thing caused, the more powerful it grew, feeding on the magical wind of *Shyish*. King Artur cut Babrakkos down, at great personal cost, but a weakened form of the creature returned. This revenant was slain by the great Teutogen hero Myrsa.

After this second death, the curse of Babrakkos seemed lifted. Yet something of its personality lingered, bodiless and weakened as it was. Over the centuries a cult to Babrakkos has emerged: the Eaters of the World. Hoping to call forth the Liche-Thing, they carried out murders and grotesque necromantic rites. Several times icons and incantations associated with their activities have been linked to crises in Middenheim, but most of them were uncovered and slain during the Wizards' War.

In the present day, the devotees of Babrakkos play a more subtle game, slowly stoking the will of the Liche-Thing by spreading his iconography and practices in a disguised form. They manufacture icons dedicated to their lord in the shape of innocuous crescent moons that they distribute as gifts to unwitting carriers.



Cultists teach incantations to the Liche-Thing to their children or those they may teach or look after. They also wish to collect a number of artefacts deemed archetypal of life in the city, for it is believed that the will of Babrakkos is drawn to such totems. They have secured the Sundered Veil from the Temple of Shallya, and have ambitions to acquire the Jaws of the White Wolf slain by Artur, a panther pelt from the Magnum Odenhaus Pantera, and the Cup of Cheer.

Whether the Eaters of the World's efforts will eventually prove enough to facilitate a reincarnation of the First Threat is dubious, but it is true that manifestations of undead activity have become increasingly common in and around Middenheim, and this may be down to their efforts.



THE NEW MILLENNIALISTS

Middenheim has a reputation for liberal attitudes, and agitators airing petty grievances from street corners are only occasionally harassed by the watch. However, a growing movement of ardent progressives and resentful malcontents has gathered under the banner of the New Millennialists, and their revolutionary creed is considered dangerously seditious.

Many of the New Millennialists are devotees of Verena, though they do not enjoy the endorsement of the official cult. They believe that society should be reordered from the top down to uphold core principles of justice and rationality. The group also strongly opposes the Dark Gods and their followers, for Chaos means the end of order and reason.

Despite their avowed love of truth and justice, they are a hive of conspiratorial bias. They declare the schism between followers of Ulric and Sigmar to be designed to stir up resentment between poor people who might otherwise rise to better themselves. They regard the sacrifices nobles make in war as cynical justification for their despotism in times of peace. They point to Middenheim's disparities in wealth as evidence of the wealthy's contempt for the poor.

The New Millennialists are not as influential as they would like. Whilst they claim to champion the common folk, they paradoxically scorn the masses for their lumpen complacency, and whilst most of the New Millennialists have righteous aims, they also enable a minority of malcontents who just wish to lash out at the world.

VOLANS'S OATH

Middenheim has always been a haven for practitioners of magic, and long before Wizards were licensed to practise their arts throughout the Empire, there were institutions of magical learning in the city. There are many Wizards in Middenheim who complain that had the rest of the Empire heeded their example sooner, rather than subjecting Wizards to persecution, the might of Human wizardry might conceivably match that of the Elves.

The Volans's Oath of Devotion Society, known as Volans's Oath for short, is unusual in that it is open about being a secret society. It is named after Volans, an early supporter of Teclis's efforts to codify the practice of magic in the Empire, and the first Supreme Patriarch of the Colleges of Magic.

The group holds regular meetings in the *Split Veil* tavern in Neumarkt, and many of its members are honoured patrons of Middenheim's Guild of Wizards. The members of the society are an eccentric bunch, for whilst they do not practise magic, they are fans of wizardry. Their meetings usually consist of getting drunk and recounting anecdotes of how magic has contributed to Imperial successes on the battlefield and in glorious civic works. In order to join the society, a prospective member must demonstrate serious commitment to becoming knowledgeable about Wizards, and loyalty to the cause.

The society has a secret agenda, however. Members who prove their loyalty are carefully inducted into further mysteries that support darker magics. The grandees of the society do not regard it as unfitting for a Wizard to practice Necromancy or summon Daemons if they so wish. Whilst Volans's Oath are not Chaos cultists in the usual sense, they do not disdain bargaining with the ruinous powers if it means contributing to their acquisition of magical lore.



'MAGISTER' HUGO GREENDALE

Hugo is a stuffy and officious Halfling of the Greendale clan. The clan is well known in the Kleinemoot for its association with craftsmanship and business, and Hugo looked set to continue this tradition. Once a promising carpenter's apprentice, an accident in the workshop left Hugo short of three fingers on his good hand.

Following his injury, Hugo became involved in the Volans's Oath of Devotion Society, for he was fascinated with the history of magic, and even harboured a hope that there might be a magical solution to his injury. The society's inner circle soon picked up on Hugo's gift for fast talking. Seeing as Halflings do not possess magical abilities, who better to represent the society and underline the fact that they are merely fans of magic rather than practitioners?

Hugo is devoted to protecting the interests of the organisation, and despite the lack of talent his Species has for magic, Hugo keeps trying to learn all he can about wizardry and witchcraft.

'MAGISTER' HUGO GREENDALE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	22	45	18	39	41	40	42	36	34	52	9

Skills: Charm 57, Endurance 44, Evaluate 49, Haggle 65, Language (Mootish) 41, Perception 49, Lore (Local 51, Magic 61, Politics 51), Sleight of Hand 45, Stealth 43, Trade (Carpenter) 44

Talents: Acute Sense (Taste), Beneath Notice, Gregarious, Night Vision, Read/Write, Resistance (Chaos), Schemer, Small, Supportive

Injuries: 3 Amputated Fingers (see WFRP page 180)



BEATE MOSER

Signs of Ulric's favour are plain in Beate's appearance. A young woman in her late teens, she has long, pure-white hair, pale-blue eyes, and a strong frame. A miracle worker, she is currently recognised as the leader of the Bearers of the Blood in Middenheim.

In the past, the Bearers of the Blood have been a small and exclusive group. Their belief that they are superior to normal people by dint of their relationship to Ulric has held them back from winning popular support. Beate is cannier than most of her fellows, and whilst she is convinced of her own right to dictate Ulric's will, she knows that proclaiming this belief is unlikely to win her friends.

If she can get her lieutenants to heed her ideas, the Bearers of the Blood will start to refocus their efforts, moving away from appealing to Ulrican hyper-partisans and taking a more moderate approach. Beate has a hard task ahead of her, for the Bearers of the Blood are a deeply conservative bunch. However, if she were to discover something world-shaking, such as news of Ar-Ulric breaking his vow of celibacy, she might be able to start her campaign in earnest.

BEATE MOSER

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	41	44	42	41	35	29	45	40	40	37	20

Skills: Athletics 43, Charm 47, Climb 54, Cool 55, Consume Alcohol 56, Dodge 44, Endurance 56, Entertain (Storytelling) 44, Gossip 45, Haggle 44, Intuition 49, Leadership 49, Lore (Beasts 47, Politics 51, Theology 58), Outdoor Survival 52, Perception 49, Pray 57

Talents: Alley Cat, Argumentative, Blather, Bless (Ulric), Doomed (*When abandoned and alone, Morr shalt befriend thee*), Gregarious, Hardy (+4 Wounds already added to profile), Holy Visions, Impassioned Zeal, Public Speaker, Read/Write, Rover



OLD OTTO

An elderly but spry artisan, Old Otto peers out from behind thick-lensed glasses framed by his wild mop of wavy white hair and scraggly goatee beard. Otto is a fervent worshipper of Verena, and is secretly a leading light in the radical New Millennialist movement.

Old Otto is not what could be described as an Agitator himself, though he is a great facilitator of grassroots political activism within Middenheim. His primary role in the movement is to provide New Millennialists with the use of a private press that he keeps in the back room of his Printworks. Otto has been a member of various anti-establishment groups during his life, and whilst he is currently happy to leave front-line action to his juniors, this does not mean he isn't courageous and committed. Rather he recognises the need for someone with a cool head and greater experience to protect assets, advise on strategy, and act as an example to rasher participants.

Otto still has a propensity to enjoy a few glasses of red wine and argue about politics, however, he is careful to remain in control and speak to those he knows he can trust. The operation he has built up is too precious to squander as the result of an intemperate rant.

OLD OTTO

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	32	37	42	38	35	38	59	57	54	59	15

Skills: Art (Writing) 65, Charm 69, Consume Alcohol 44, Cool 68, Endurance 55, Evaluate 65, Gossip 65, Haggle 65, Intuition 45, Leadership 62, Lore (Local 58, Politics 62), Perception 46, Research 65, Stealth (Urban) 46, Trade (Printing) 65

Talents: Argumentative, Artistic, Dealmaker, Doomed (*Eaten by thine very own offspring*), Nimble Fingered, Read/Write, Strong Back, Tinker, Very Strong



BRIGITTE SCHLEIGEL

A rising star among the New Millennialists, Brigitte is an articulate, passionate, and tireless advocate for the extension of rights to all citizens and abolishing laws that disadvantage Middenheim's poor and marginalised. She cuts a distinctive figure, tall and pallid, with brittle hanks of thinning red hair. Her loudly patterned blouses are a trademark. She loves to debate hot topics and social issues, but can descend into sanctimonious hectoring if she becomes frustrated with unwarranted objections.

Unfortunately, Brigitte is driven by copious consumption of Laughing Powder. She is deeply addicted and suffers from withdrawal if she doesn't get a daily dose. Her habit is expensive and she is increasingly indebted to a number of dealers and creditors. If the degree of her addiction became known, it could discredit Brigitte and undermine the movement she champions.

The New Millennialists have recently undertaken a funding drive to sponsor a night at the theatre for Middenheim's destitute families. Brigitte was in charge of these funds; she thought she could dip into them and replace the money later. But she got carried away with purchasing a new outfit, new shoes, good food and rounds of drinks for her many friends during the Festag festival. She is desperate to find some way out of her increasingly precarious predicament.

BRIGITTE SCHLEIGEL

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	31	34	31	32	45	49	35	50	34	47	12

Traits: Prejudice (aristocrats, reactionaries, watchmen, wealthy people, weirdroot users), Afraid (Creditors)

Skills: Art (Writing) 45, Bribery 57, Charm 57, Consume Alcohol 42, Entertain (Storytelling) 57, Gossip 62, Haggle 57, Intuition 55, Lore (Politics) 60, Trade (Printing) 50

Talents: Argumentative, Doomed (*Thy end lieth hidden in the gloaming*), Read/Write, Savvy

APPENDIX I

MIDDENBALL



Middenball is a popular team sport in the Empire's north with a growing fan base throughout the Old World. It has origins in the combat training exercises of ancient Teutogens, referred to as 'Muddibal' in documents dating back to the time of Sigmar. The game is sometimes called Snotball, as it is common practice following Greenskin raids to use Snotlings in lieu of a ball. Whilst purists insist this is the only way to play the game, Snotlings are difficult to source and a leather ball is more commonly used.

The game's popularity exploded following the 2412 IC Carnival. Graf Dieter was a fan, but felt a code of play was needed to make it more competitive. The game remains a craze in Middenheim. Unfortunately, matches attract a hooligan element, who treat the games as an excuse to riot.

MUCOS REGULATIONS

The very mention of regulations irks the purists, who recall the days when games were just roiling melees with goal scoring a secondary consideration. MUCoS enforces the following code for its events.

- ☠ *The game is played between 2 teams of 11 players; 2 additional players may be substituted for retired players.*
- ☠ *The pitch is 200 ft long by 85 ft wide. A goal 11 ft wide and 7 ft high stands at each end.*
- ☠ *Before play begins, at the start of each half and after a goal is scored, a team must occupy its own half of the pitch.*
- ☠ *The ball is placed at the centre of the pitch at the start of play and at the sound of the whistle play begins.*
- ☠ *Regulation balls are made of leather and stuffed with feathers. They are to be no larger than 24 inches in circumference and no more than a pound in weight.*
- ☠ *Play proceeds over 2 halves of 30 minutes each, with an interval of 15 minutes at half time. If the scores are level at full time, 2 additional periods of 10 minutes each are played.*
- ☠ *Weapons are prohibited and a mail coif is the only metal armour to be worn.*
- ☠ *No spells or blessings may be used to affect play.*
- ☠ *An area called the box, which is 11 ft wide and 4 ft deep, is marked out directly in front of the goal. This area may be occupied by no more than one defending player at a time (usually referred to as the Keeper).*
- ☠ *A prone player must be spared further assault.*
- ☠ *If part of an attacking player's anatomy is in contact with the ball as it crosses the goal line, the goal is void.*
- ☠ *If the need to bury a deceased player should arise during a game, this is to be done without impeding play.*

There is a Middenball League, made up of teams from across Middenheim's urban society. The showpiece is a knock-out competition played during the week of the carnival. The contest is called the MUCoS Cup, as it is sponsored by the Middenheimer United Confederation of Snotballers. Players wear colourful padded leather jerkins and trousers, tough leather boots, and mail coifs. Each player has a unique number on their back for identification.

MIDDENBALL PLAYERS

There tend to be three types of Middenball player. The first are muscular brutes with a talent for hurting people, the second are lithe athletes with a talent for avoiding being hurt, and the third are Dwarfs.

BRUTE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	47	32	42	42	35	35	35	30	30	30	15

Skills: Athletics 45, Dodge 45, Melee (Brawling) 67

Traits: Armour (Leather 2)

ATHLETE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	38	44	35	35	45	45	45	30	40	30	12

Skills: Athletics 65, Dodge 65, Melee (Brawling) 48

Traits: Armour (Leather 2)

DWARF

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	47	34	38	45	30	25	35	30	50	20	16

Skills: Athletics 35, Dodge 40, Melee (Brawling) 62

Traits: Armour (Leather 2)

BASIC QUICK PLAY RULES

For quick play, such as games that do not involve important characters, use the following rules.

Each Round have all players make an **Average (+20) Melee (Brawling)** Tests or a **Challenging (+0) Athletics** Test, and add up the total SL for each team. The team with the higher total gains +1 Advantage for the next Round (using the normal Advantage rules, see **WFRP** page 164), and go on to score a goal if their total is +25 or higher. A game lasts for 2 halves of 3 Rounds (each Round standing for 10 minutes).

ADVANCED RULES

If important characters such as Player Characters are on the pitch, it may be best to focus in on play a little more. In this case, each 30-minute half is split into 10 turns representing approximately 3 minutes of play each. These turns are split into four phases.

1. Team Phase
2. Movement Phase
3. Action Phase
4. Random Event

The Pitch

The Pitch is divided into six bands as shown below, with the home team goal to the left, and the away team goal to the right.

The Team Phase

The Team Phase determines a big picture concerning the overall performance of each team. Before the game begins, select one team to be the home team, and the other to be the away team (if neither team is playing on their home ground, this does not matter, the distinction is for clarity).

Each team has two stats: A (for Athletics) and B (for Brutality).

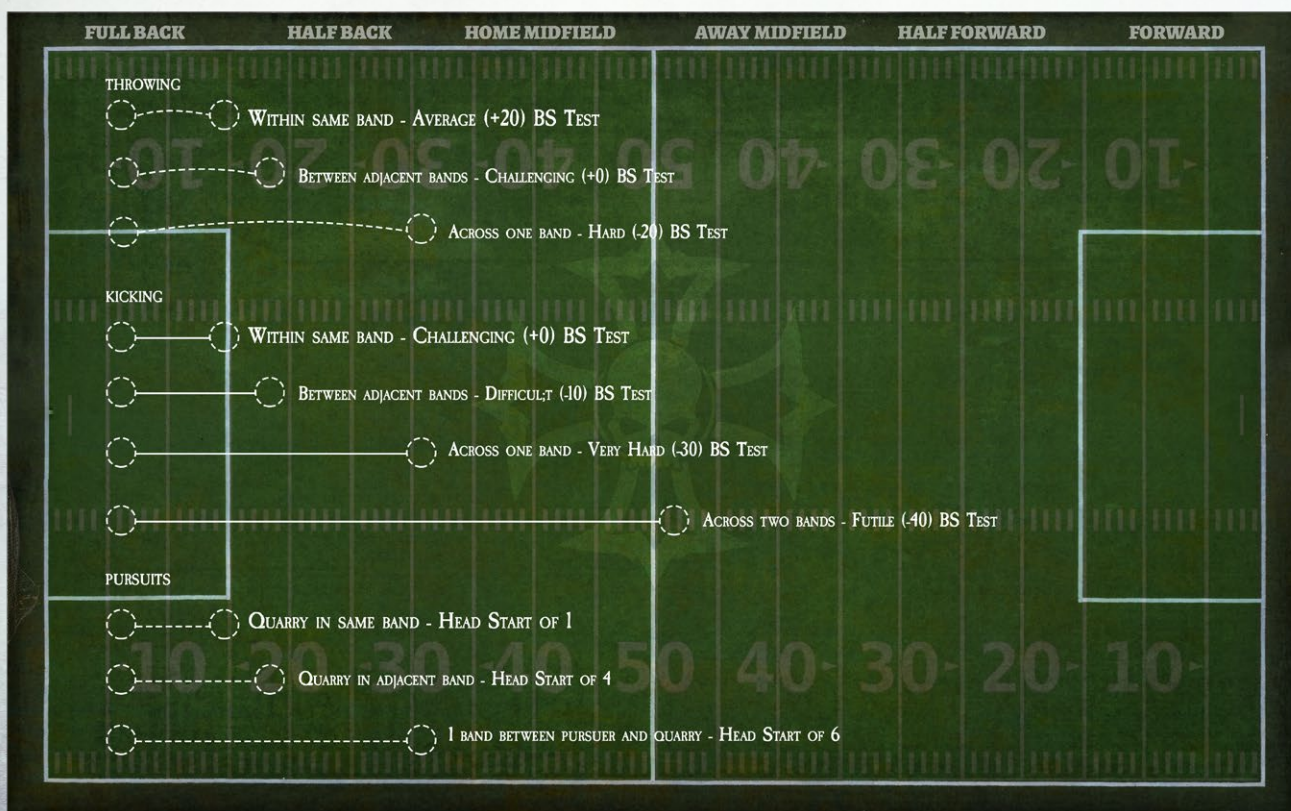
- ☠ A (Athletics) = 2 per Athlete and 1 per Brute or Dwarf
- ☠ B (Brutality) = 2 per Brute or Dwarf and 1 per Athlete

If a Character wishes to take the place of a normal Middenballer, they may opt to be a Brute if they have Melee (Brawling) of 50 or more, or an Athlete if they have Athletics of 50 or more. They may not count as both, and if they have neither Skill threshold, they only add 1 to their team's Athletics and Brutality scores.

During a Team Phase, each team rolls on the Athletics Table then the Brutality Table. Any results generated should not conflict with one another. If a Home Team player positions themselves for a shot whilst another is removed as a casualty they must not be the same player, if possible.

The scores of the best known Middenheim teams are in the table below.

Team	Derived From the...	Team Members	A	B
Eastenders	Altquartier Working Class	8 Brutes, 5 Athletes	18	21
Pit Bulls	Altquartier Working Class	10 Brutes, 3 Athletes	16	23
Freiburg Eagles	Students and Scholars	4 Brutes, 8 Athletes, 1 Dwarf	21	18
Hammer Bearers	Temple of Sigmar	6 Brutes, 7 Athletes	20	19
Palast Towers	Knights and Squires	8 Brutes, 5 Athletes	18	21
Bloody Claws	Ostwald Working Class	7 Brutes, 6 Athletes	19	20
Southgate Slammers	Labourers	7 Brutes, 3 Athletes, 3 Dwarfs	16	23
Engineers	Dwarfs	13 Dwarfs	13	26
Middenheim Wolves	Temple of Ulric	9 Brutes, 4 Athletes	17	22



The Athletics Table

Roll a D100 and add the Home Teams A score, then subtract the Away Teams A score. If you wish, you can instead determine the difference between these two scores, then add or subtract from the result of the D100 role as appropriate.

D100	Result
01–02	An Away Team player is positioned in the Full Back area of the pitch. If passed to this turn, they can shoot.
03–10	An Away Team player is positioned in the Half Back area of the pitch. If passed to this turn, they can shoot.
11–20	An Away Team player is positioned in the Home Midfield area of the pitch. If passed to this turn, they can shoot.
21–35	An Away Team player is positioned in the Away Midfield area of the pitch. If passed to this turn, they can shoot.
36–46	The Away Team show slight dominance. Add 5 to their A score next turn.
47–54	There is no effect this turn.
55–65	The Home Team show slight dominance. Add 5 to their A score next turn.
66–80	A Home Team player is positioned in the Home Midfield area of the pitch. If passed to this turn, they can shoot.
81–90	A Home Team player is positioned in the Away Midfield area of the pitch. If passed to this turn, they can shoot.
91–98	A Home Team player is positioned in the Half Forward area of the pitch. If passed to this turn, they can shoot.
99–00	A Home Team player is positioned in the Forward area of the pitch. If passed to this turn, they can shoot.

Determining Player

If there are different sorts of players on the team, then it may be necessary to randomly determine who is hurt, or who has achieved a good position to shoot from. Athletes tend to be good at finding positions, but are hurt more often. Roll on this table, choosing the first result to apply the effect to. If the first result does not apply (the team has no available Athletes, for example), then choose the next option, and so on.

D10	Pertinent Player
1–6	Athlete, Brute, Dwarf
7–9	Brute, Dwarf, Athlete
10	Dwarf, Athlete, Brute

Note: Certain characters are not immediately affected by results on the Athletics and Brutality tables. These are Player Characters, and/or the character in possession of the ball.

The Brutality Table

Roll a D100 and add the Home Teams B score, then subtract the Away Teams B score. If you wish, you can instead determine the difference between these two scores, then add or subtract from the result of the D100 role as appropriate.

D100	Result
01–02	A Home Team player suffers a critical injury and is removed from play. Subtract that player's A and B score from the team total. If there are no substitutes available, one of the Away Team players becomes a Free Player.
03–10	A Home Team player is badly hurt. Reduce the Team's A and B scores by 1 each.
11–20	A Home Team player is rattled. Reduce the Team's A and B scores by 1 each for 1 turn.
21–35	An Away Team player interposes themselves between the player in possession and the goal. This either counts as Guarding, or could be used to cancel out the effects of an existing Guard (whatever most benefits the Away Team).
36–46	The Away Team show more aggression. Add 5 to their B score next turn.
47–54	There is no effect this turn.
55–65	The Home Team show more aggression. Add 5 to their B score next turn.
66–80	A Home Team player interposes themselves between the player in possession and the goal. This either counts as Guarding, or could be used to cancel out the effects of an existing Guard (whatever most benefits the Home Team).
81–90	An Away Team player is rattled. Reduce the Team's A and B scores by 1 each for 1 turn.
91–98	An Away Team player is badly hurt. Reduce the Team's A and B scores by 1 each.
99–00	An Away Team player suffers a critical injury and is removed from play. Subtract that player's A and B score from the team total. If there are no substitutes available, one of the Home Team players becomes a Free Player.



Movement Phase

After the Team Phase is concluded, the Movement Phase begins. The GM focuses in on any important individual players and works out how they progress. How many players this concerns is up to the GM, but it is recommended that the number is kept to a minimum in order to reduce complexity. However, the following players must be accounted for.

- ☛ Any Player Characters who are involved in the game.
- ☛ The player in possession of the ball.
- ☛ One opposition player for each Character and/or player in possession of the ball.
- ☛ Free Players as determined as a result of the Team Phase.

KICK OFF

At kick off, a player from each team is chosen to try to get the ball. These two players make an Opposed Athletics Test. The winner becomes the player in possession of the ball and they begin play in their midfield band.

During the Movement Phase, the players involved decide on which of the following plays to make. The plays are resolved in the order listed. If two players take the same play, they act in Initiative order.

1. **Move to Mark.** The player makes their way to an opposing player within two bands of them. This player may try to evade them. In this case, a 3-Round pursuit ensues (see WFRP page 166 and refer to the diagram above to determine head start). If the quarry wishes to dribble the ball whilst moving, they may do so, but they incur a -10 penalty to Athletics Tests. If the quarry outruns the pursuer, the quarry may choose a band adjacent to their initial position and the players stop there. If the pursuer gains on the quarry but does not catch them, they may choose a band adjacent to the quarry's initial position and the players stop there. If the pursuer catches the quarry, then the two players mark one another at the quarry's initial position. This ends the Movement Phase for both players. The second player may decide to stay put, in which case the two players mark one another at the second player's position.
2. **Change Position.** The player makes a Challenging (+0) Athletics Test, moving 1 band per SL (to a maximum of their Movement). A player in possession of the ball may dribble it ready to shoot. This incurs a -10 penalty to Athletics Tests.
3. **Move to Guard.** A player may move up to 2 bands in order to interpose themselves between the player in possession of the ball and either the goal or another player.
4. **Move to Get the Ball.** If the ball is not in anyone's possession, and is on the pitch within 2 bands of the player, they may move there and become the player in possession of the ball.
5. **Stay Put.** The player does not move, but can benefit from a +10 bonus to Ballistic Skill Tests they make this turn.

FREE PLAYERS

If there is a discrepancy in the number of players on the pitch, Free Players will almost always opt to Move to Mark the player in possession of the ball or Move to Guard. This may mean two players try to Mark the player in possession. If this player evades the first, they may attempt to evade the second as well, but must first pass a Challenging (+0) Endurance Test. If they fail, they suffer from a Fatigued Condition.

Action Phase

Once movement is resolved, the players involved decide on which of the following plays to make. The plays are resolved in the order listed. If two players take the same play, they act in Initiative order.

1. **Throw Ball.** A player in possession of the ball may throw it at the goal or to another player. To see if the throw is accurate, make a Ballistic Skill Test. The difficulty of this Test depends on the distance as shown in the diagram above. A receiving player must pass an Athletics Test to become the next player in possession of the ball.
2. **Attack.** A player may attack another. This is worked out over one round of unarmed combat. If an attacker inflicts an Entangled Condition on the player in possession of the ball, the attacker may choose to release the player, removing any Entangled Condition but gaining the ball.
3. **Kick Ball.** This action may only be taken by players who did not move, or who dribbled whilst moving. A player in possession of the ball may kick it at the goal or another player. To see if the kick is accurate, make a Ballistic Skill Test. The difficulty of this test depends on the distance as shown in the diagram above. A receiving player must pass an Athletics Test to become the next player in possession of the ball.
4. **Shoot.** If a player who has received the ball is noted as being in a good position to shoot as a result of the Athletics table, they may immediately take a shot. This is resolved as Kick Ball.

Any **Ballistic Skill** Tests made in order to score a goal benefit from a +10 bonus, as it is a large target. However, each team usually reserves one of its members to act as Keeper. If a Keeper is occupying the goal, any **Ballistic Skill** Tests made to score a goal must be opposed by the Keeper's **Athletics Skill**. If the Keeper wins the Test by 1 SL or more, they become the player in possession. If the player shooting succeeds by 1 SL or more, they score a goal.

Ambiguous or inconclusive results when passing the ball or shooting at the goal mean that the ball ends up out of possession, half way between the shooter or thrower and the intended target.

GUARDING

The player in possession of the ball subtracts -10 from any **Ballistic Skill** Tests for each player who counts as guarding a goal or another player. If the player in possession of the ball fails a **Ballistic Skill** Test whilst players are guarding the target, those players may make a **Challenging (+0) Athletics** Test for a thrown ball or a **Difficult (-10) Athletics** Test for a kicked ball. If they pass the Test, they take possession of the ball.

Half Time and Extra Time

The game enters Half Time after ten turns. This has no particular effect on play, but Characters have 15 minutes to tend to injuries to get their team back to full strength, if possible.

Play then continues for another ten turns. If the score is even at this point, a further six turns may be played. If the score is still level at this point a penalty shootout is called to resolve the game. Resolve this by rolling on the Athletics Table, taking the difference of the two teams' A scores into account. Any results of 01-50 mean the Away Team win, and results of 51-00 mean the Home Team win.

If at any point in the game all players on a team are injured, the other team are declared victors.

Random Events

At the end of each turn roll on the following table to see if any unexpected events affect play.

D100	Result
01-33	Nothing particularly unusual occurs this turn.
34	The ball splits open, sending feathers cascading all around. If a Snotling is being used, the creature breaks free from its bonds and may either attack its tormentors or attempt to escape. The game is paused whilst finding a replacement.
35-40	A fan throws a punch at a nearby player. Work out 3 rounds of unarmed combat between a randomly selected player and a standard Human (see WFRP , page 311).
41-60	The weather turns inclement. Cold and/or wet conditions incur a -10 penalty to all Athletics and Ballistic Skill Tests next turn.
61-75	If the teams are uneven, the Keeper on the team with fewer players abandons the goal.
76-79	A fan throws an object at a randomly selected player. The player must pass an Easy (+40) Endurance Test or suffer a Stunned
80-83	A randomly selected player (not a Player Character or the player in possession of the ball) slips in the mud, twists their ankle, and is forced to retire.
84-86	A randomly selected player (not a Player Character or the player in possession of the ball) has been sipping from a hip flask. Determine the player and make a Hard (-20) Consume Alcohol Test for them.
87-89	A randomly selected player (not a Player Character or the player in possession of the ball) has been taking a performance enhancing stimulant. They start to benefit (and then later suffer) from the effects of Ranald's Delight (see WFRP , page 307).
90-95	Home team fans commence a rousing chant. The Home Team benefits from +5 B next turn.
96-00	Away team fans are in fine voice. The Away Team benefits from +5 B next turn.

APPENDIX II

CHARACTER CREATION



The Character Creation rules in the **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** rulebook focus on characters from the Reikland. Whilst folk from the northern provinces of the Empire have much in common with their southern neighbours, there are some important cultural distinctions. These differences are reflected in Skills and Talents that a northern Character can take during creation.

When generating a Character from these areas, you may choose 3 Skills to gain 5 Advances each, and 3 Skills to gain 3 Advances each. If a Talent listing presents a choice, you select one Talent from the choices given. Random Talents are determined by rolling on the Random Talent table (see **WFRP**, page 36). If you roll a Talent you already have, you may reroll.

CHARACTERS, CAREERS AND SAMPLE CHARACTERS

The following pages contain rules for creating characters from Middenland, Middenheim, or Nordland, as well four sample starting Player Characters and a new career. The Characters can be used as a starting point for Players to create their own adventurers, or by the GM as NPC allies or enemies.

At the GMs discretion, Characters who are *randomly* assigned both the Wolf Kin Career and the *Noble Blood* Talent may forgo the Talent in order to become a Child of Ulric instead (page 116). Note that this is a powerful option for a starting Character and might change the tone of your game.

Class	Career	Middenheimer	Middenlander	Nordlander
ACADEMICS	Apothecary	01	01	01
	Engineer	02	02	02
	Lawyer	03	03	03
	Nun	04–05	04–05	04–05
	Physician	06	06	06
	Priest	07–11	07–11	07–10
	Scholar	12–13	12–13	11–12
	Wizard	14	14	13
BURGHERS	Agitator	15	15	14
	Artisan	16–18	16–17	15–16
	Beggar	19–21	18–19	17–18
	Investigator	22	20	19
	Merchant	23–24	21	20
	Rat Catcher	25–26	22–23	21–22
	Townsmen	27–28	24–26	23–24
	Watchman	29–31	27	25
COURTIERS	Advisor	32	28	26
	Artist	33	29	27
	Duellist	34	30	28
	Envoy	35	31	29
	Noble	36	32	30
	Servant	37–39	33–35	31–33
	Spy	40	36	34
	Warden	41	37	35
PEASANTS	Bailiff	42	38	36
	Hedge Witch	43	39	37
	Herbalist	44	40	38
	Hunter	45	41–42	39–40
	Miner	46–47	43	41
	Mystic	48	44	42
	Scout	49	45	43
	Villager	50–54	46–50	44–48

CLASS AND CAREER

Middenlanders find employment in much the same way as Reiklanders, but Nordlanders are a little more tied to life by the sea. Middenheimers are not likely to have a Career that involves working on a river in any way, though there is still work to be found as Smugglers or Stevedores. These trades often take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the traders who come and go from the city.

Any Middenheimer Character who generates the sort of Career that would require membership in a Guild to pursue the Career in the city will already be a paid-up member. (See page 24 for more on Guilds.)

Any Middenheimer Character who pursues a criminal Career may either decide to be attached to a particular Low King — and must, therefore, keep paying a quota — or work for themselves, in which case they had better hope a Low King doesn't find out about them. (See page 133 for more on the Low Kings' quota scheme.)

Characters who generate the Wolf Kin Career may choose to be a Flagellant (see **WFRP**, page 88) instead.

Peasant Middenheimers are not from the city itself, but come from the estates that surround the Fauschlag. Middenheimer Miners are likely to have been convicted as criminals, and to have worked in the Middenland Mining Colony and Penitentiary at some point before being given their freedom. Characters with the Miner Career may decide whether to take the Rover Talent like other Miners, or the Criminal Talent instead.

NEW RULE: BROADER CAREERS

Some careers, such as Wolf Kin, may have more than 8 skills to choose from at the first Career level. This is fine — you need only advance any 8 of the skills available to your Career to advance to the next Career Level (**WFRP** page 48). However, when completing your first Career Level, one of these 8 skills must be your Career's Earning Skill (the one marked in *italics*.)

Class	Career	Middenheimer	Middenlander	Nordlander
RANGERS	Bounty Hunter	55	51	49
	Coachman	56–57	52	50
	Entertainer	58–60	53–54	51–52
	Messenger	61	55	53
	Pedlar	62–63	56	54
	Road Warden	64	57	55
	Witch Hunter	65	58	56
	Wolf Kin	66–68	59–60	57–58
RIVERFOLK	Boatman	–	61–62	59–60
	Huffer	–	63	61
	Riverwarden	–	64–65	62–63
	Riverwoman	–	66–68	64–66
	Seaman	–	69–70	67–70
	Smuggler	69	71	71–72
	Stevedore	70–71	72–73	73–74
	Wrecker	–	74	75
ROGUES	Bawd	72–73	75–76	76–77
	Charlatan	74	77	78
	Fence	75–76	78	79
	Grave Robber	77	79	80
	Outlaw	78–79	80–83	81–84
	Racketeer	80–82	84	85
	Thief	83–86	85–87	86–87
	Witch	87	88	88
WARRIORS	Cavalryman	88–89	89–90	89–90
	Guard	90–92	91–92	91–92
	Knight	93	93	93
	Pit Fighter	94	94	94
	Protagonist	95	95	95
	Soldier	96–99	96–99	96–99
	Slayer	–	–	–
	Warrior Priest	100	100	100

Who'd 'ave guessed that you 'ave to know your figures to make it in the underworld? Wasn't for the love of counting pfennings that I started thievin'! But ferget half a smidge of the Man's cut and suddenly no one in Middenheim'll give a fella the time of day. Eh, speaking of, you hirin'?

— Gerdon Salzwed, Unemployed Fence



GERDON SALZWED

As a child Gerdon resided within the teetering piles of tenement buildings that pile on top of one another around Middenheim's southern gate. Poor and sickly, a childhood ague robbed him of much of his dexterity, and not a little of his wits.

The Low Kings keep lookout for lonely, bullied children. They make fine recruits as they are often in need of big brother figures to run to, and the henchmen of the Low Kings are happy to act in such a role. Gerdon was an unimaginative young man, but he applied himself to the tasks set for him, running messages between criminals, and making up the numbers when racketeers felt the need to apply pressure to a stallholder.

Impressed with his dedication, one of his criminal patrons set Gerdon the task of handling stolen goods. Unfortunately, it is a task he is wholly unsuited to. Whilst he possesses a knack for winking more money from people, Gerdon is bad with numbers and poorly organised. He is looking for a way out before his criminal patrons find out how poorly he has kept their books.

GERDON SALZWED – MIDDENHEIMER FENCE (SILVER 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	31	23	33	31	25	29	22	21	37	33	12

Skills: Bribery 38, Charm 38, Cool 45, Dodge 32, Evaluate 29, Gamble 31, Gossip 43, Haggle 36, Melee (Basic) 39

Talents: Ambidextrous, Dealmaker, Doomed (*Tarry not about the mouth of primed artillery*), Etiquette (Criminals), Marksman, Pure Soul

Trappings: Clothing, Dagger, Hand Weapon (Sword), Pouch containing 3 Shillings, Sling Bag containing 2 Candles, 4 Matches, Hood, and Stolen Goods worth 17 Shillings

DOOMING IN THE NORTH

Like many folk in the south of the Empire, Middenlanders and Nordlanders often regard it as proper to allow a Morrite Doomsayer to prophesy on the nature of a child's death on their tenth birthday. However, this tradition is not taken as seriously in the north, where Morr is still considered something of a new god and Doomsayers rarely visit isolated communities. The *Doomed* Talent may be replaced with a Random Talent, reflecting that the Character either never received a Dooming, or is dismissive of the experience. Middenheimers, who have easy access to facilities in the city's Morrspark, always have the *Doomed* Talent.

HASSO SCHROETER

Hasso was born to a poor but respectable family of Artisans in the Wynd district. He was always a talented singer and took to an old lute the family owned with a degree of skill. This was fortunate for Hasso, for he was a poor student in all other subjects.

Middenheim is a good city for a halfway talented Busker, and whilst Hasso's skill on the lute was nothing special, combined with his sweet voice he was able to draw an appreciative audience. Every day he would leave his home in the Wynd and journey to Freiburg, hoping to earn some pennies from the art lovers who live there.

On a good day Hasso brings back a handful of pennies, but he yearns for something more. He has a dream to emulate the grand deeds of the heroes and noblemen he sings of.

That Busk Umpire felt the need to tell me I was no Rallane Lafarel, that it was time to clear out of the Great Park, and I should give someone else a go. I told him he wants the wax cleaned out of his ears, but with only eight pennies and a rotten turnip to show for an hour long set, I suppose the punters agree.

— Hasso Schroeter, Unpopular Entertainer



HASSO SCHROETER MIDDENHEIMER ENTERTAINER (BRASS 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	24	31	34	40	34	28	33	25	34	35	14

Skills: Charm 45, Entertain (Singing) 45, Evaluate 28, Gossip 38, Haggle 45, Melee (Basic) 37, Play (Lute) 43, Sleight of Hand 43

Talents: Attractive, Doomed (*One last hole to creep into when you are weary and aged*), Etiquette (Guilders), Flee!, Luck, Suave (+5 bonus to Fel already added to profile)

Trappings: Cloak, Clothing, Dagger, Pouch containing 27 Brass Pennies, Lute, Backpack containing Bowl, Tinderbox, Blanket, Rations (1 day)

HUMANS (MIDDENHEIMER)

Citizens of Middenheim have grown up within a big cosmopolitan city, with strong links to trade, entertainment, and criminal life. Skills and Talents reflect the likelihood that such Characters have either learned how to earn a living working, or are good at networking with at least one section of the city's complex society.

Skills: Bribery, Charm, Cool, Entertain (Any), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Leadership, Lore (Middenheim), Melee (Basic), Ranged (Bow), Trade (choose one)

Talents: Doomed, Etiquette (choose group) or Strong Back, 3 Random Talents

I got me clothes pegs from a bargee in Carroburg. Paid good schilling, but I knew customers in Norderingen would recoup me and then some. Of course, as we left the Drakwald behind us, my mates were shot by Goblins! I have no luck. Escaped, but I spent three days in the Schadensumpf, lost half me pegs and was near eaten by midges. All that, only to be told Norderingen was closed over a few cases of Brainpox! So I came to the city, paid tariffs I couldn't afford, and of course everyone here already has pegs.

— Kat Serber, Annoyed Pedlar



KAT SPERBER

Kat has spent many of her years wandering the roads of Middenland, selling her wooden pegs. She is the poorest of Pedlars, owning no cart or mule. She travels alongside strangers, hoping that they have more to gain through her company than they would by robbing her. She is intimately familiar with the stinking and wretched common rooms of every coaching inn in the province. There have been nights that she has been so penniless that she has even slept under the twin moons, risking madness and discovery by ravening Beastmen.

Like many itinerant Pedlars before her, Kat has decided to try her luck in the city of Middenheim, hoping to have better luck hawking her wares on the streets of the Altmarkt rather than the villages of her home province. She has had little luck making any money, though spending her nights in the Grunpark is safer than sleeping in the Drakwald.

KAT SPERBER – MIDDENLANDER PEDLAR (BRASS 4)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	35	27	38	35	32	31	29	30	40	26	13

Skills: Animal Care 33, Charm 36, Endurance 45, Evaluate 35, Gossip 31, Haggle 41, Intuition 37, Melee (Basic) 38, Outdoor Survival 33

Talents: Ambidextrous, Attractive, Flee!, Orientation, Very Strong (+5 bonus to S already added to profile), Warrior Born (+5 bonus to WS already added to profile)

Trappings: Cloak, Clothing, Dagger, Pouch containing 12 Brass Pennies, Backpack containing Tinderbox, Blanket, Rations (1 day), Tent, Wooden Clothes Pegs worth 5 Brass Pennies

HUMANS (MIDDENLANDER)

The folk of Middenland arguably have more in common with their Teutogen ancestors than Middenheimers. Many of them lead a hardscrabble existence in farming communities or villages near the edges of the Drakwald. Skills and Talents reflect a need for such Characters to have learned how to live within the wild.

Skills: Animal Care, Cool, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Language (Wastelander), Leadership, Lore (Middenland), Melee (Basic), Outdoor Survival, Ranged (Bow)

Talents: Doomed or Additional Random Talent, Menacing or Warrior Born, 3 Random Talents

THERESIA KLEIST

Theresia's folk have plied the cold waters of the Sea of Claws for many generations. They trade and barter with wild men from Norsca, but always with a sword hand free, for they know that the people of the frozen and mountainous land to the north are a savage folk who might sink to bloody betrayal at any opportunity. And so from an early age Theresia was taught how to swim, sail, trade, and how to fight.

One day tragedy struck Theresia's family. Some monstrous fish loomed from the deeps and swallowed their small vessel whole. Theresia was lucky enough to be ashore that day, fixing holes in crab creels. With nothing for her at home, she has come to Middenheim in the hope of a change of fortune.

So I came to Middenheim to ask the Graf if he can please send his men to end the raids once and for all. Isn't he supposed to be our protector, our strong shield? It's all well you telling me his knights have slaughtered goatheads and greenies in the forests, glad I am to hear it, but I need him to keep the whale roads safe. What do you mean he won't see me?

— Theresia Kleist, Impatient Seawoman

THERESIA KLEIST NORDLANDER SEAWOMAN (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	27	34	28	36	29	37	31	32	33	27	9

Skills: Climb 38, Consume Alcohol 39, Gossip 32, Language (Norse) 37, Melee (Basic) 32, Ranged (Bow) 37, Row 33, Sail 52, Swim 41

Talents: Fisherman, Resistance (Disease), Strong Legs, Strong Swimmer, Super Numerate, Very Resilient (+5 bonus to T already added to profile)

Trappings: Bucket, Brush, Mop, Cloak, Clothing, Dagger, Pouch containing 4 Shillings, Sling Bag containing a Flask of Spirits

HUMANS (NORDLANDER)

Most outsiders view the archetypal Nordlander as a grog-soaked sea dog, though in truth only a small minority of them live by the coast. The town of Salzenmund has the hallmarks of urban sophistication, though swathes of Nordland's baronies are isolated backwaters. Skills and Talents reflect either a familiarity with the sea, or a need to cope with life in the country.

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Language (Norse), Language (Wastelander), Lore (Nordland), Melee (Basic), Ranged (Bow), Sail (Any), Swim, Trade (choose one)

Talents: Doomed or Additional Random Talent, Fisherman or Rover, Stout-hearted or Very Resilient, 2 Random Talents





Wolf Kin

Human

Looking to Ulric for inspiration, you have decided to deal with life's difficulties by practising a form of extreme self-reliance.

Flagellants are rarely seen in the north of the Empire. Zealots who follow Sigmar find it hard here, as they are not taken seriously and find it difficult to find fellow travellers. The few Flagellants who walk the roads of the northern provinces are often jeered, rather than seen as figures of awe.

But Ulric has his own zealots. They adopt no uniform and preach no creed, for they are quiet and private in their fervour. They seek to embody the virtues espoused by their god by testing themselves against the wild, living amongst the wolves even in the depths of winter. In the wilds of the north, many people are left homeless and bereaved by Beastmen, sea raiding Norscans, or bands of Forest Goblins. Reasoning that, according to Ulrican

creed, the god helps those who help themselves, survivors learn how to live off the land, endure the winter cold, and to face their enemies in single combat.

Many Wolf Kin hold deep prejudices against Sigmarites or against the leaders of Ulric's official cult, whom they tend to regard as ostentatious and hypocritical. However, most simply wish to honour their god through lives of extreme austerity and challenge. Many of them die, victims of predators or harsh winters, but those who survive are exemplars of a tough, resourceful way of life.

The archetypal Wolf Kin leads a solitary life, but they are known to band together with others. This is usually as a result of being possessed by a belief that the only way to confront the enemies of Ulric, or to act on his wishes, is to work together with others for some time.

WOLF KIN ADVANCE SCHEME

WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel
+		+	+	☠	🛡			🔪	

CAREER PATH

✚ Survivor – Brass 1

Skills: Climb, Cool, Endurance, Heal, Intimidate, Intuition, Lore (Ulric), Melee (Basic), Melee (Brawling), Outdoor Survival

Talents: Berserk Charge, Frenzy, Rover, Stone Soup

Trappings: Hand Weapon, the Clothes on your Back

⚔ Wolf Club – Brass 1

Skills: Athletics, Dodge, Lore (Beasts), Lore (Herbs), Stealth (Rural)

Talents: Acute Sense (Any), Hardy, Implacable, Strider (Any)

Trappings: Hand Weapon, the Clothes on your Back

☠ Wolf Kin – Brass 1

Skills: Navigation, Perception, Track

Talents: Field Dressing, Furious Assault, Orientation, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Hand Weapon, the Clothes on your Back

🛡 Wolf Brother – Brass 2

Skills: Animal Care, Swim

Talents: Battle Rage, Fearless (Beastmen), Frightening, Impassioned Zeal

Trappings: Hand Weapon, the Clothes on your Back, the Respect of other Wolf Kin



APPENDIX III

MIDDENHEIM AND FUTURE EVENTS



SPOILER WARNING

This section discusses events in published adventures, and ideas for what might happen to Middenheim as a consequence of those adventures and other events in the Warhammer timeline. If you are planning to play these adventures, especially **Power Behind the Throne**, then you should consider these ideas for the GM's eyes only.

Middenheim, as it is described in this book, reflects the city circa 2512 IC. As such, this guide to Middenheim is useful to GMs who are looking for supporting materials for **Power Behind the Throne** and later parts of the **Enemy Within** campaign. If you are not familiar with these adventures, it may be wise to note that many of the important figures in Middenheim's high society have a part to play in the **Enemy Within** campaign. In order to ensure **Power Behind the Throne** runs smoothly, the following NPCs should be alive and apparently well when the Characters start on that adventure, and occupying their professional positions as described in this book:

Graf Boris Todbringer, Baron Stefan Todbringer, Baron Heinrich Todbringer, 'Princess' Katerina Todbringer, Chaperone Zimperlich, Chancellor Sparsam, Dieter Schmeidehammer, Rallane Lafarel, Emmanuelle Schlagen, Luigi Pavarotti, Ar-Ulric, Gotthard Wallenstein, and the three Law Lords: Reiner Ehrlich, Joachim Hofflich, and Karl-Heinz Wasmeier.

Many notable courtiers, the High Wizard and his Deputy, the Midden Marshalls, and other NPCs noted in passing also appear in **Power Behind the Throne**. However, they do play smaller roles than the NPCs mentioned above and if they are encountered, influenced, compromised, or even killed as the result of Characters' interactions with them, it is easy enough to review their status or replace them without needing to rewrite swathes of the campaign material.

COMING TO MIDDENHEIM BEFORE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE

If you plan to run **Power Behind the Throne**, you may well benefit from allowing the Characters to arrive in Middenheim and spend time getting to know the city before running the adventure.

Allowing Characters to get to know some of the more sociable NPCs, such as Dieter Schmeidehammer and his fiancée the Lady at Court Kirsten Jung, her friend the Lady-at-Court Petra Liebkosen, Rallane Lafarel, and Luigi Pavarotti. Passing acquaintance with such NPCs, as well as an idea about how the political scene in the city is developing, could really help motivate the Characters to get involved with the events of **Power Behind the Throne**.

Note: these NPCs are almost never seen in the poorer areas of town. Venues such as the *Showboat*, the *Harvest Goose*, and the *Red Moon* are good places for presentable adventurers to hobnob with the rich and famous.

We recommend GMs familiarise themselves with **Power Behind the Throne** and later parts of the **Enemy Within** campaign before allowing their Characters to become too embroiled in Middenheim's social scene.

On the Trail of the Purple Hand

The Purple Hand has a large part to play in **The Enemy Within**, but the cult has a number of branches in the city and not all of them are involved in the plot that takes centre stage in **Power Behind the Throne**.

In particular, there are places such as Karbunkle's Pharmacy, or the Windhund Haulage Company that are key to the cult's plots. If the Characters are clever about investigating the cult, you could reward them by having them uncover these operations prior to **Power Behind the Throne**. They may even intercept secret messages, such as those carried by pigeons to Windhund Haulage, that warn of something big about to happen, shortly before the events of **Power Behind the Throne**.

On the other hand, if the Characters do not uncover these cells of the cult by the time they undertake **Power Behind the Throne**, such people are bereft by the revelations that Law Lord Wasmeier has been uncovered as their Magister Magistri, and has very possibly been killed.

In the vacuum left by Wasmeier's unmasking, the cult members will be in a mad scramble to protect themselves, escape retributive justice, and then rebuild what is left of their cult. Once the cultists complete these plans, they may well decide to take their revenge on the Characters who spoiled their best chance to usurp the throne of Middenheim.

On the Trail of Gotthard von Wittgenstein

If the party have played **Death on the Reik**, they may well have come to Middenheim hoping to track down the renegade nobleman Gotthard von Wittgenstein. Gotthard also plays a part in the later stages of the **Enemy Within** campaign. Whilst he is at large in the city, and up to no good, it would probably be best if any trail the Characters are following goes cold. If Gotthard slips away from the Characters, you can reintroduce him as an antagonist later.

As chairman of the Merchants' Guild and Covenor of the Kommission for Trade and Commerce, Gotthard is making quite a few enemies in the city, and is a popular figure in satirical skits such as the one performed in the *Laughing Jackass*. You could use these skits to suggest Gotthard Wallenstein is a bad guy, without tipping off the Characters that he is Wittgenstein in disguise.

CHANGES AFTER POWER BEHIND THE THRONE

After playing **Power Behind the Throne**, it is likely that many of the NPCs named above may have left their positions or even died as a result of the campaign. In most cases, you can decide who inherits which position. However, there are a number of positions that will certainly be left vacant after **Power Behind the Throne**.

The three Law Lords will almost certainly have been killed or compromised in **Power Behind the Throne**. Their replacements are drawn from senior clerks at the Worshipful Guild of Legalists. The new Law Lords are Eberhardt Richter, Karl Georg Jhering, and Hannes Brucker. Like their forebears they are all serious and somewhat dull men who keep themselves at a distance from politics and controversy (publicly, at least).

Ar-Ulric Jarrick Valgeir will also likely suffer a fall from grace as a result of indiscretions that come to light during the adventure. Emil Valgeir, the current Grand Master of the Knights of the White Wolf, replaces him after a short while.

Denfather Leibnitz, the deputy of Ar-Ulric, will resent the fact that he was passed over for promotion. He consoles himself by becoming ever more interested in the activities of the Brotherhood of the Axe.

A NEW MANIFESTATION OF BABRAKKOS

The pestilential Liche-Thing is increasingly able to have an influence on the mortal world thanks to the efforts of its followers, the Eaters of the World. The further they proceed with their efforts, the more powerful Babrakkos becomes and the more deadly its influence over events around Middenheim grows. There are several keys to Babrakkos's power. It gathers strength from the release of *Shyish*, the Amethyst wind of magic, so the more people die in and around Middenheim, the more its power grows. It also gathers strength through controlling items associated with Middenheim, like cult artefacts, trophies, and regimental banners. Other keys to Babrakkos's power are the strange glass pendants its cultists disseminate, and singing songs that praise his name.

The more powerful Babrakkos grows, the more it is able to spread the plague known as Spotted Green Brain Pox (see page 128), summon undead servants, and manifest as an entity in its own right. As they are presented currently, the Eaters of the World have started to make progress. They have disguised hymns to Babrakkos as children's doggerel, ensuring his name lives on. They have manufactured pendants bearing his symbol and have persuaded many fashionable people in Middenheim to don them. They have also begun to steal artefacts linked to the city. Babrakkos has not yet manifested, but some undead riders have been summoned to harry the March of Linz, and plague is rife around the town of Norderingen.

Getting the Characters on the Case

As Babrakkos's power grows, the Characters may well notice further outbreaks of plague and undead manifestations. Religious Characters may receive visions of an awakening undead power, while Characters with magical sight may notice sudden gathering and draining of *Shyish*. Middenheim's temples, Guilds, and other long-standing establishments also begin offering rewards for stolen artefacts, all of which link back to the Eaters of the World. Investigations may reveal that those attacked by undead often include people wearing pendants like glass claws, and research into this symbol could lead to confirmation that it is associated with the ancient Liche-Thing. Investigations into outbreaks of Spotted Green Brain Pox yield similar clues. If the Characters foil the cult's plans in gathering artefacts or producing pendants, they could mitigate or entirely avoid some of the manifestations of Babrakkos's power.

Time	Undead Manifestations	Brain Pox Outbreaks	Babrakkos
Campaign Start	Skeletons rumoured to have attacked isolated travellers in the March of Linz.	Norderlingen	Dead
1 Month Later	Skeletal Riders harry the March of Linz.	Immelscheid	Ghost
2 Months Later	Cairn Wraiths, Ghosts, and Spectres haunt the Barony of Holzbek.	Sohk	Ghost
4 Months Later	A skeletal regiment gathers in the Duchy of Thugenheim and marches on Middenheim.	Holzbek	Ghost
8 Months Later	All over the Grand Duchy graves give up their dead and Skeletons and Zombies swarm the streets of Middenheim.	Throughout the Grand Duchy	Liche-Thing

BABRAKKOS – PESTILENTIAL LICHE-THING

The First Threat to Middenheim is a powerful undead monstrosity, with aspects similar to both an insubstantial ghost and a vampiric entity. The origin of Babrakkos is uncertain, but scholars suggest that the lack of sites devoted to the Old Faith in the area, as well as the strange necromantic properties of the Brass Keep, suggests that before the Teutogens came to the area a powerful Necromancer may have reigned here. Perhaps Babrakkos may have been a servant, friend, or rival of Morath, the Necromancer who once inhabited the Brass Keep.

Babrakkos has spent over 2000 years gathering strength to a point where it can manifest in the world once more. At first the Liche-Thing can only embody itself as a weak ghostly form, but as its servants achieve more in its name, it grows into a deadly undead entity indeed. The Eaters of the World keep a shrine to Babrakkos in the cellars of a building in Altmarkt (see page 33). It is here that they store any artefacts they manage to steal. Babrakkos manifests in this area and remains there until the disease and mayhem reaches such a fever pitch that it feels secure to wander the mortal world once more.

If Babrakkos is encountered prior to reaching its full power, use the profile given for a Ghost (**WFRP**, page 331). If it reaches full strength, use the profile below.

A True Death for Babrakkos

Babrakkos may be slain, its servants slaughtered, the Eaters of the World could be eradicated and all their works destroyed, and still Babrakkos would linger. Like dread Nagash or the Great Enchanter, Babrakkos has invented a multitude of methods to return from death.

Babrakkos can only truly be defeated if the Howling Stones are exhumed and the spirits trapped within are laid to rest. Hidden texts kept by the Eaters of the World, or lost in some dusty corner of the Lore Haus at the High Temple of Ulric, may provide clues linking the worship of the Liche-Thing to the ancient stone circle.

BABRAKKOS – PESTILENTIAL LICHE-THING

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	68	42	64	58	64	53	67	78	68	49	22

Traits: Corruption (Minor), Die Hard, Disease (Spotted Green Brain Pox), Ethereal, Hatred (Teutogens), Infected, Regeneration, Spellcasting (Death and Necromancy), Terror 3, Undead, Unstable

Skills: Channelling (Shyish) 83, Intimidate 84, Language (Magick) 88, Melee (Polearm) 83

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Magic (Death, Necromancy), Instinctive Diction, Menacing, Perfect Pitch, Second Sight

Spells: Caress of Laniph, Purple Pall of *Shyish*, Raise Dead, Reanimate, Scythe of *Shyish*, Steal Life.

KHAZRAK'S FEUD

In the years to come following the **Enemy Within**, Graf Boris will recover some of his lost vigour, and take to campaigning alongside knights from Middenheim. This recklessness will result in a series of battles against a particularly fierce Beastlord who develops a peculiar grudge against the Graf. The history of this feud plays out over the next few years in the following way.

2516–2517 IC

After defeating the Beastlord Graktar, the mighty Beastlord Khazrak leads his warherd from the Reikland into the Drakwald. He leads a campaign against the Human settlements of the area, sacking many towns and villages, including Immelscheid in the Grand Duchy of Middenheim.

2518 IC

Boris Todbringer initiates a massive purge of the Drakwald, and hunts Khazrak down. The Beastlord is cornered at the Battle of Esterweld. A cavalry charge led by Todbringer himself drives through the herds, and wounds Khazrak, who loses his left eye.

2519 IC

The campaign against the Beastmen continues. Boris leads a regiment of troops to Norderingen, where Khazrak springs an ambush. The Beastlord orders the slaughter of Todbringer's soldiers, but lets the Graf live after putting out his eye in revenge. On returning to Middenheim, the Graf pledges 10,000 crowns to anyone who can bring him the head of Khazrak.

The Role of the Red Crown

Whilst Khazrak's feud against Graf Boris could be explained merely as a result of coincidental meetings between a ravaging Beastlord and a campaigning Graf, it is interesting to consider that the Red Crown are ultimately behind the Beastlord's rise. Therefore, if the Characters track down and destroy key members of the Red Crown, they may be able to prevent the rise of Khazrak, or disrupt his battle plans.

You could conceive of a campaign that pits the Characters against the Red Crown. If the cult's meeting place in the *Cocky Dame* tavern is disrupted, if the Master of Change is killed or compromised, if the cult's network of communication between cultists in the city and Beastmen in the surrounding area is disrupted, or if cult agents in Warrenburg are unmasked, then the confrontations between Khazrak's warherd and the armies of Middenheim might look very different.

Clues given in **Death on the Reik** suggest that the cult have a headquarters in Middenheim, but little notion of how to find it. The Characters must be very proactive to track down and break up the cult in the city. If the Red Crown is destroyed, Khazrak's campaign will lack critical guidance, but if the Characters can intercept messages between the cultists and the Beastmen without tipping the Red Crown off, they could help Middenheim mount a conclusive counter-offensive.

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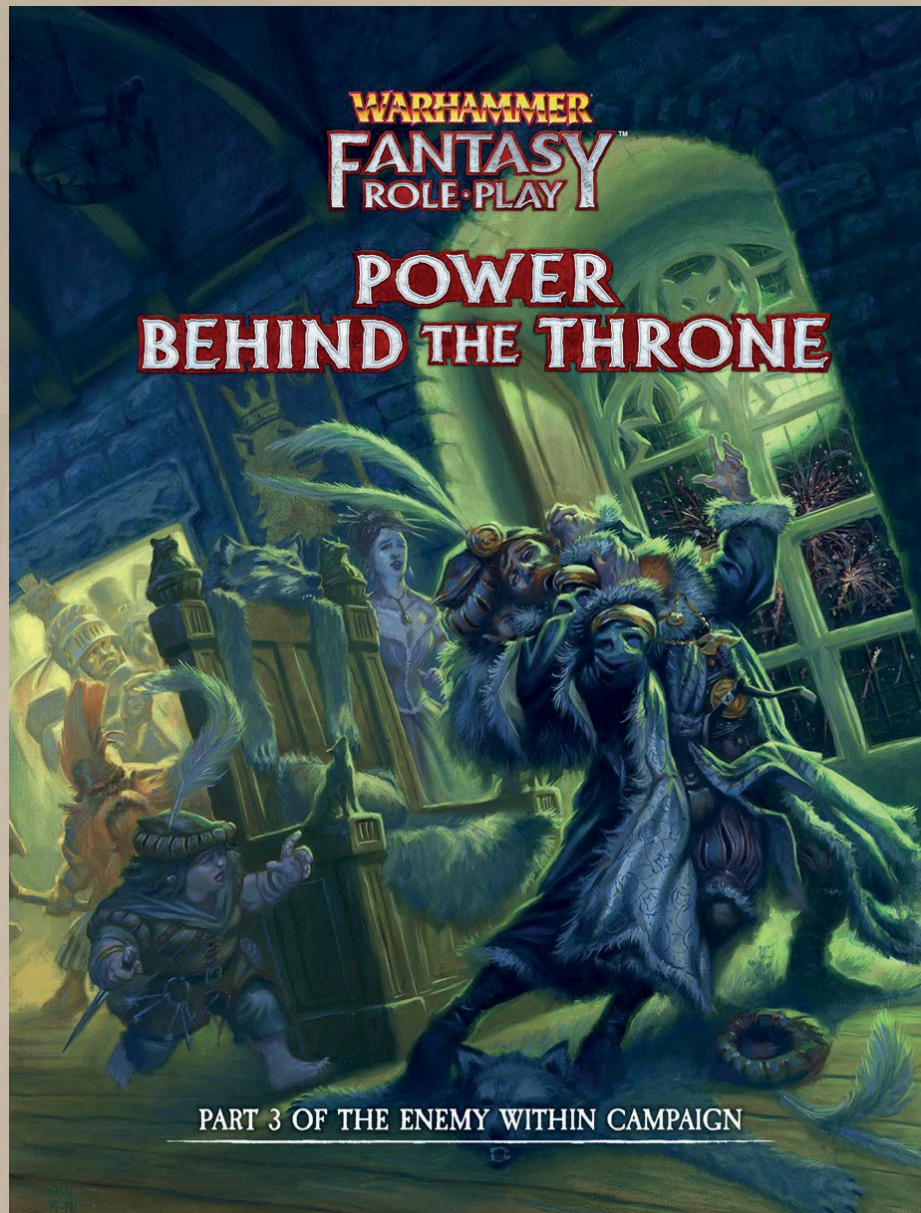
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THE ENEMY WITHIN CONTINUES WITH POWER BEHIND THE THRONE



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