
WARHAMMER
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ROLE·PLAY
ARCHIVES OF THE EMPIRE
VOLUME I
A GRIM AND PERILOUS EXPLORATION OF THE EMPIRE

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Last Updated: 7th December 2020

Call me Isabella.

It has been a while, but I have been so consumed by my important mission that I've lost track of when I was brought to my new home. I bear no ill will towards those who confined me, against my good wishes. At least, that is a lie I take some time to tell myself each morning, just before the sisters come by to see to my needs. It requires no self-deception for me to acknowledge that I am grateful to them, though let it be noted that I'm not a fantasist. In their own way the sisters pay me more respect than the family who put me here — for my own safety they said! In my first weeks here, I placed much importance upon being addressed by my full title, and in this the sisters have indulged me. I wonder now if this was a mistake on my part, for while I was at first quite pleased by how quickly they acquiesced to my request, it has since become clear that they doubt my nobility. I would have preferred an honest refusal rather than this coddling, as it does me little good to know in my heart that their every greeting is uttered in pity. Though I note that they seem to ignore the clear traits of my position: accent, deportment, and education.

Still, this unhappy state of affairs cannot continue much longer, as I know that soon I shall be returned to my rightful place in my brother's court. As such, it is vital I continue my work in collating and editing these writings from the very best of the Empire's scholars. I have established correspondance with scholars in Nuln, Middenheim, Ostermark, and even traded a few missives with a quietly brilliant Kisvelite in the court of Tzarina Katarin. All this I do in anticipation of the time when I will need to advise my brother once again, and it is vitally important that I am as informed as possible on any topic that might come to vex him. If even a fraction of what I have foreseen comes to pass, then he will sorely need such advice, especially from someone he can trust. I know he is uncomfortable with my gift for prophecy and believes my insights should not be shared, but it is my hope that he will consider these gathered articles, a wealth of evidence behind them, in a different light.

Despite my exile, I am not without friends among my peers in the nobility, even now. Why, just last week an agent of Duke Leopold von Bildhofen of Carroburg came to see me. It created a terrible fuss among the sisters, necessitating a visit from von Aschendorf herself to settle things down. I'm sure some fine donation was made to the sisters' coffers to facilitate our meeting. Leopold, or Leo as I was once allowed to call him, sent his right-hand man to visit me in the best rooms they keep for me here, which are finely appointed only if you squint and ignore the wood worm. The duke's agent was kind enough not to mention it. He also had the good grace to pretend not to know about the duke's feelings for me. (I treasure Leo's poems from a more innocent time.)

We spoke at length, the sun seeming to rush its way across the sky, and Morrslieb had risen to

an uncomfortable height before the sisters, in the name of decency and my fragile state, all but trussed him up and dragged him from my rooms. He wished to know all about my research on the Elves of Laurelorn, and was most vexed that I would not reveal my sources to him. I must admit that I somewhat lost my patience with the man then, and though I am little pleased to record it here, I did hurl a number of convenient items at him. His reflexes do him justice, and I am certain the sisters will have seen to his wounds. In the end, he left with a sheaf of papers to 'independently verify'. No doubt, he will be back when this is complete.

Though we parted in less than ideal circumstances, the duke's agent did give me much to consider. It is clear to me now that to be taken seriously it is not enough simply to trade correspondence with a few scholars, and entertain the occasional visitor who has a whimsey to hear a few emissions from 'The Seer Princess'. Instead, I must make more of my own scholarly work, collecting and curating the writing of those scholars who, by mundane means, have gleaned insight to some oddities of the Empire and the Old World at large. I have done just that, trying even the sisters' patience with my demands for ink and parchment. It has been some weeks, but I have at last finished my first collection. While there are endless drawbacks to my present circumstances, I must admit that the isolation is not without its benefits. The sisters have agreed to undertake the services of a scribe to copy and despatch my work to the Empire's most prestigious universities and colleges, where at last I shall regain a little of the recognition and respect that has fled me. I have no doubt that, on reflecting upon this collection of works and its worth, my brother shall welcome me back to his court with a warm heart and humble apologies.

I cannot help but relish the thought.

Princess Isabella von Holswig-Schleistein,
Sister to Emperor Karl-Franz I,
16 Vorgeheim, 2512 IC

Our 'Princess' deposited this with me this morning during her bath, along with a sheaf of papers I can hardly decipher. She simply refused to bathe until I had promised to treat every scrap of parchment with the utmost care. Whilst I was under the impression that she had been making good progress, I see that what I had taken for improvement was merely her latest mania. Why, not even the year is correct! Was there any such visitor as this representative of the duke of Carroburg Perhaps a male relative of one of our other wards, as I can see from the guest book that Isabella has had no visitors at all recently. Though there is no denying that her background is clearly one of privilege, and her moments of lucidity indicate a high level of intelligence, I'm amazed by some of her episodes. I suggest we make continued efforts to locate her family, perhaps an exposure to a familiar face will shake her from this delirium or dare I say delusion of grandeur before she is lost to it entirely.

- Sister Annabel Grauss, the Great Hospice

THE GRAND PROVINCES



THE EMPIRE IN THE YEAR 2512 IC

This chapter provides a brief overview of the Empire's Grand Provinces and some of its larger ordinary provinces as they are just before the opening of the **Enemy Within**. For the Empire's state after this, please refer to **Empire in Ruins**, the fifth instalment of the campaign.

Though some have vanished and others come into being since the Empire's founding, Grand Provinces are the successors to the pre-Imperial tribal kingdoms brought into confederation by Sigmar. Their rulers are the heads of the most powerful noble families, sometimes the lineal descendants of the founders. Though the specific title varies from one to another, each ruler's status is shown by adding 'grand' to their title — 'Grand Count', 'Grand Prince', and so on. They also bear the title 'Elector Count', showing their right to vote for new Emperors, and carry a Runefang as a symbol of their office. Beneath them are the noble rulers of the other provinces, who answer to them. Then there are the 'freiburgs', self-governing towns and cities that have been granted a charter by the grand provincial ruler — or even the Emperor himself. This frees them of their obligation to lesser nobility and gives them lordship over a small territory and the right to raise troops and impose taxes.

The Emperor, while their 'lord', does not rule the Grand Provinces. The Elector Counts see the Emperor as first among equals. Indeed, there is a saying that every elector looks in the mirror and sees an emperor staring back. While a strong emperor can exercise considerable influence, a weak one finds themselves herding cats. At all times, the electors guard their provinces vigorously from outside interference, while trying to aggrandise their own power. Though this competition is contained during times of Imperial strength, at others it has led to inter-provincial strife and civil war.



AVERLAND

Official Name: The Grand County of Averland
Ruler: Elector Countess Ludmilla III of House Alptraum, Grand Countess of Averland, Princess of Averheim, Countess of Gaital
Government: Autocracy, supported by a poorly attended State Council of Prime Estate representatives that annually meets in Averheim to advise the sovereign
Capital: Averheim
Internal Provinces: Principality of Averheim
Notable Freistadts: Agbeiten, Bernloch, Sarheim, Zorje
Primary Exports: Cattle, fashionable clothing, fine porcelain, horses, leather goods, wine

The Land

Unlike the rest of the Empire, Averland is a series of sun-drenched rolling plains running northwest to southeast between the Upper Reik, Aver, and Blue Reach rivers. To the west lies Wissenland and Nuln, while the plains rise east to meet the Black and Worlds Edge Mountains, home to the Dwarfs — and to Greenskins, Trolls, and worse. A fertile country, annual floods renew Averland's plains. Some years, these wreak havoc in the settlements along the great rivers' banks, but Averlanders see this as Taal's price for abundant crops.

Away from the rivers, the interior of Averland is given over to small villages of tenants dotting the nobility's fiefs. In west and southern Averland, nobles devote themselves to raising the famous Averland longhorn cattle, leading their herds each year to the stockyards of Averheim and Loningbruck for slaughter and export. In the south, where the nobility also raise strong, fast horses, and in the east, cattle-raising gives way to viticulture and wine-making, as the country there is more suitable for growing high-quality grapes. The east is home to traders in gems, minerals, and furs. In the far southeast, just south of Mootland and west of Sylvania, are the three independent fiefs of Brachland, Achter Aver, and the Auld Ryding. These are claimed by both Averland and Stirland, a source of friction between the two. Many Humans mine the foothills of the Black and Worlds Edge Mountains, but few venture far into the mountains in search of mineral wealth, for eventually they would trespass on the claims of the Dwarfs, who do not hesitate to seize a claim-jumper and demand restitution.

The People

Averland was settled by the Brigundian tribes during the great migrations around –1,000 IC and, while time and migration have brought new bloodlines to the land, Brigundian traits are still strong. With dark-brown hair, olive skin, and grey eyes, Averlanders are typically generous, passionate, and value honest speech, but bragging and flowery words are looked down on. At the same time, they have a reputation for fickleness that leads others to think of them as 'flighty'.

Most Averlanders will tell you, however, that this is the fault of Averheimers, who have a weakness for flamboyant clothing and vanity.

Still, Averland overall respects tradition, and the rule of the Grand Counts is unquestioned: 'advice is fine', goes the Averlander saying, 'but leave jibber-jabber to the Halflings'. Everyone remembers how Streissen's experiment in self-government ended, and the 'Massacre of 2502' is taken as a warning to all. The State Army of Averland, largely cavalry with local pike detachments, is under the tight control of the Grand Countess and the Avermarshal, though nobles captain and equip individual regiments.

Recent events elsewhere in the Empire have troubled the Averlander court: the shocking seizure of Ubersreik in what was at best a legally questionable move has the Elector Countess doubting the Emperor's mental state and wondering what may be next — and who she has to fear. There are even rumours in Averheim that she has given refuge to members of the deposed Jungfreud family, both as an act of mercy and as a potential tool in the event of an Imperial crisis.

Significant Place

Streissen

Once famous as a freethinking exception to traditionalist Averland, Streissen had been a chartered freetown under a council of burghers. By 2500 IC, a clique of radicals from Streissen's university gained control and instituted radical policies — even debating secession and eliminating noble titles. Then the crops failed in 2502, bringing riots and famine. A delegation of burghers begged the Grand Countess to restore order. She did — with cavalry, pikemen, and executions. The charter was revoked, and now a lord mayor governs Streissen. Informants lurk among town and gown alike, and loudmouths have a way of disappearing. Some malcontents, however, still plot sedition — 'reform' as they call it — and some are rumoured to meet with other allies, who are always happy to see human governments in turmoil.



MIDDENHEIM

Official Name: The Grand Duchy of Middenheim
Ruler: Elector Count Boris X of House Todbringer, Grand Duke of Middenheim, Warden of the Middle Mountains, *Ban-Ulric* ('Beloved of Ulric')
Government: Autocracy, with an extensive supporting bureaucracy
Capital: Middenheim
Internal Provinces: Barony of Nordland, the Westenmark
Noteable Freistadts: Middenheim, Salzenmund
Primary Exports: Illuminated books, honey, salt, stained glass, silver ore, silver works

The Land

With magnificent views of the Drakwald Forest and far-off Middle Mountains, Middenheim is a city of bridges, spires, and winding stairs. The fortress-city sits atop the mighty Fauschlag, a 500-foot-tall plateau said to have been shaped by Ulric himself as a home for the Teutogens and his cult. Built on rough plateaus and high crags, there's a magnificent fall, as the occasional drunk or unfortunate who runs afoul of the criminal gangs learns. The Fauschlag itself is riddled with tunnels and chambers, some built by Dwarfs to serve in the city's defence, some dug in secret by Greenskins, and some so old that explorers shudder to think what might have built them.



Middenheim is the great commercial centre of the north: four great causeways, one for each cardinal point, rise to the city's four gates and carry traffic from all parts of the Empire. (Popular rumour has it that the causeways can be collapsed in an emergency.)

Long ago, during the 'Age of the Three Emperors', Middenheim was home to a rival dynasty of Emperors. Founded in 1547 IC when Graf Heinrich was defeated in an election he claimed was rigged, the 'Wolf Emperors' ruled much of the north from the Fauschlag for nearly 800 years — until Magnus reunited the Empire.

Beyond the Fauschlag, Middenheim's writ extends roughly 20 miles north and south, and some 50 miles east and west to the borders of Middenland, Ostland, and the province Hochland. It claims a portion of the Middle Mountains, where the Graf's feared penal colony is found: a series of salt mines worked by those who have broken the law — or offended the Graf. Small towns and villages dot the remainder of Middenheim's territories, and large, fortified coaching inns service each of the four main roads, at about a half-day's ride out.

As the seat of ar-Ulric, the leader of the Cult of Ulric, Middenheim is home to the cult's fearsome armed order, the Knights of the White Wolf. Along with the Graf's elite personal guard, drawn from the Knights Panther, these form the core of Middenheim's State Army, a heavy cavalry renowned in battle. Nordlander foresters from near the Laurelorn form a light infantry nearly as talented as Wood Elves in stealth and scouting.

Nordland extends from Ostland's border west to the edge of the Wasteland, and north from the Great North Road to the shores of the Sea of Claws. Two great forests blanket Nordland, leaving Humans to exist in pockets carved out of the thick woodlands and along the barren shoreline. The eastern quarter comprises the edges of the Forest of Shadows, which dominates Ostland. It extends as far as the Erengrad-Middenheim Road, crossing it north of Beeckerhoven, and ending on the banks of the River Salz. Nordland's coast is a desolate place, where a hard people eke out a scant living from the sea. The coast is frequently blanketed in thick fog and lashed by storms in fall and winter. From the westernmost settlement at Hargendorf east to Neues Emskrank, the shore comprises sandy lowlands interrupted by marsh and bog.

Finally, in the far west lies the Laurelorn, the realm of the Eonir, who are known as Wood Elves in the Empire. It is referred to as 'Witch's Wood' by the locals, for fear of its ruler. As the fate of Schlaghügel hints, perhaps they have good reason.

The People

Middenheimers see themselves as the rock that keeps the Empire steady. Hardheaded and loyal to the point of bloody-mindedness, they tell each other: 'When all else falls apart, we'll still be here, the flame ablaze, and we'll be ready to put it all back together for them.' Fitting for people descended from the Teutogens, typical Middenheimers are tall with blond hair and blue eyes. They are known for their grim bravery and unwillingness to back down from a fight, but this can also give way to a chauvinism towards other citizens of the Empire. Indeed, Dwarfs sometimes remark how, through all the Empire, it is Middenheimers who most resemble them. Middenheimers have a strong respect for privacy, perhaps as a result of living in such confined spaces.

Nordlanders, masters of the forests and seas, have a similar look from their shared Teutogen heritage, though favoring reddish-brown hair and grey eyes, perhaps inherited from the Norscans who often raided their lands. Nordlanders also seem to show a Norscan temperament, and are seen by others as having all the subtlety of a wild boar.

Significant Place

Schlaghügel

A day south of Hargendorf on the west bank of the River Demst sits the abandoned village of Schlaghügel. Founded by the current baron's grandfather, the village was an attempt to slowly expand west of the Demst. The village housed a curious old stone circle — the baron thought it was a holy site. Forty families were sent to start new lives in Schlaghügel. After a few years it seemed like the Eonir would tolerate Schlaghügel; some even came to trade.

Then, one summer night five years ago, the people of Schlaghügel vanished. Investigation confirmed the news: all the people and animals were gone. There were no signs of violence, no corpses. The only clues were two words carved on the tree in the village commons: 'fog' and 'mercy'.



MIDDENLAND

Official Name: The Grand Duchy of Middenland
Ruler: Elector Count Leopold II of House Bildhofen, Grand Duke of Middenland, Prince of Carroburg, Protector of the Drakwald
Government: Autocracy; although the grand duchy is 'officially' feudal with a State Diet of Prime Estate representatives, burgomeisters, and cult representatives, they have not met since the Grand Province was reformed in 2429 IC
Capital: Carroburg
Internal Provinces: Princedom of Carroburg, Protectorate of Drakwald
Noteable Freistadts: Delberz, Magnusdorf, Ulfensee, Wyrming
Primary Exports: Copper, iron, 'iron oak' timber, wine, wool, woollen goods

The Land

Middenland stretches east from the River Reik in the south and the Wasteland in the west to Hochland in the east and Middenheim in the north. The Drakwald Forest, once famously home to Dragons, covers most of it. While Humans have settled some of it, Drakwald is a dangerous host, for Beastmen and worse lurk deep within.

In the southwest lie the Midden Moors, known locally as the 'Mirror Moors'. Its meres are still as glass, perfectly reflecting the night skies. Said to be haunted by the ghosts of long-dead warriors, strange lights float among its mists, beckoning heedless travellers to follow, and rumours abound of a mysterious 'Moorfolk'. (See **Rough Nights & Hard Days**.)

In the southeast are the barren Howling Hills, home to iron mines and keening winds. North from here are the Howling Heights, a deeply forested area known for Greenskins and plentiful seams of ore. To the northwest, over a hundred miles west of Middenheim, the ground sinks into a huge morass called the 'Schadensumpf'. The swamp is contested by Middenheim and Middenland, but holds little of worth. The local fiefs of Kammen, Barschland, and Schandensumph make perfect refuges for criminals fleeing justice.

To the north is the Laurelorn, whose Elves are hostile because of Middenland's long-standing claims of a protectorate over the forest, inherited from the Drakwald Emperors of long ago. The Eonir, however, have made it clear their forest needs no human 'protection'. Several harsh lessons over the years have finally gotten that message across to the Middenlanders.

The People

Middenlanders descend from two great tribes: the warlike Teutogens in the east, who also founded Middenheim, and the aristocratic Thuringians, who settled the western Drakwald. Unlike the Teutogens, the Thuringian chiefs welcomed Sigmar's rise, receiving rulership of Middenland and possession of its Runefang. Descendants of the Thuringians are notable for being tall and of noble mien, with brown hair and hazel eyes.

The blending of people reflects the contentious history between Middenland and Middenheim: sometimes joined, sometimes separate, sometimes allied, sometimes enemies. The relationship has been so troubled that, in 1550, after nearly 400 years of being ruled from Middenheim, Middenland regained its sovereign status. The Middenlanders joined the Wolf Emperors; nine years later, their joint armies captured Carroburg.

Middenlanders, particularly westerners, are more talkative and expressive than their Middenheim cousins, but a love for oratory should not imply softness in war. Middenlanders are regarded as a 'tough bunch'. The core of the State Army comprises sturdy pike and billmen from among the burghers and peasants.

Significant Place

Carroburg

Carroburg, Middenland's capital, is built on steep slopes rising from the Reik's northeast bank. Once a royal city, it is now a maze of twisting streets and stairs, with one's height above the river — and the city's effluent — serving as a sign of status. The cliff faces are carved with an impressive Dragon, a reminder of the time when it was Drakwald's capital. It is also home to the Empire's finest school for oratory, another relic of its days as a royal city.

Atop the city sit two palaces: The Drakschloss and the Palace of Glass. The Drakschloss is the larger of the two, the now-abandoned residence of the Drakwald Emperors. It is ancient and tall with many narrow windows, all sealed with chains. Once majestic and welcoming, it's been shunned since Emperor Boris Goldgather and his court died there in 1115 in the Great Plague. Any attempts to reopen it have ended in madness and death — even thieves avoid it like the plague.

The Palace of Glass belongs to the Grand Duke Leopold von Bildhofen, the Prince of Carroburg. The family is an old one, tracing its roots back to Drakwald nobility, and even claiming Emperor Magnus as a relative. Although the Grand Duke leaves Carroburg to his younger brother and heir, Siegfried, and lives on family estates at Bildhofen, he often returns for important occasions. Leopold holds ceremonies at the palace to remind all of his family's claim to the Imperial Throne, a potential challenge not unnoticed in Altdorf.

NULN

Official Name: The Grand County of Nuln
Ruler: Elector Countess Emmanuelle of House Liebwitz, Grand Countess of Nuln, Countess of Wissenland, Duchess of Meissen (in Sudenland)
Government: There are two governments in Nuln: the County of Wissenland is feudal, with a State Assembly of Prime Estate representatives, cultists, and burgomeisters that meets in Wissenberg; the County of Nuln is an autocracy
Capital: Nuln
Internal Provinces: County of Wissenland
Noteable Freistadts: Halstadt, Nuln, Wissenburg
Primary Exports: Finished silver and gold work, high-fashion clothing, distilled liquors

The Land

'The crown that glitters with a thousand jewels', the City-State of Nuln is the Empire's second most populated, but its first in social life, culture and the arts. Home of the Imperial School of Gunnery, and the ancient University of Nuln, the city is regarded as among the finest in the world. Wealthy parents send their children from as far away as Araby to study here.

Nuln sits on a triangle of land where the Rivers Aver and Upper Reik meet to form the Reik, making it a natural trade centre for the southern Empire. The last deep-water port on the Reik, ships from as far away as Estalia dock here, and the merchant houses of Marienburg maintain warehouses and agents in Nuln. Bounded on the northeast by Stirland, the east by Averland, to the south by Sudenland, and the northwest by Reikland, Nuln has remained independent by being wealthy enough to fund any army it needs — often Tilean Dogs of War. Outside the city, Nuln's territory extends roughly 40 miles north, east, and south, and 60 miles to the west, into the Grey Mountains. While the farms and villages there provide food for Nuln, the majority of its food is imported along the rivers.

The Province of Wissenland comprises a fertile wedge of land between the Grey Mountains and the River Söll, and from the River Grissen bordering Reikland to the fiefs of Wissenrhurer, Bierbach, and Pfieldorf in the south, which form the border with Sudenland. Warm lowlands favours the cultivation of excellent wine grapes, while the cool uplands near the mountains are where the fine 'Wissenland White' wool originates. Though there are Dwarf Holds in the mountains, Humans also mine silver there, which is shipped to Nuln and Wissenburg.

While Wissenland is joined to Nuln under the Elector Countess in her role as Countess of Wissenland, she rarely holds court in Wissenburg, thinking Wissenlanders to be dull, overly religious clods. Instead she leaves daily governance to a chancellor who makes sure tax revenues arrive in Nuln on time and in full. Wissenland provides billmen and archers to the State Army, but Nuln's reliance on mercenaries means they aren't well-trained.

The People

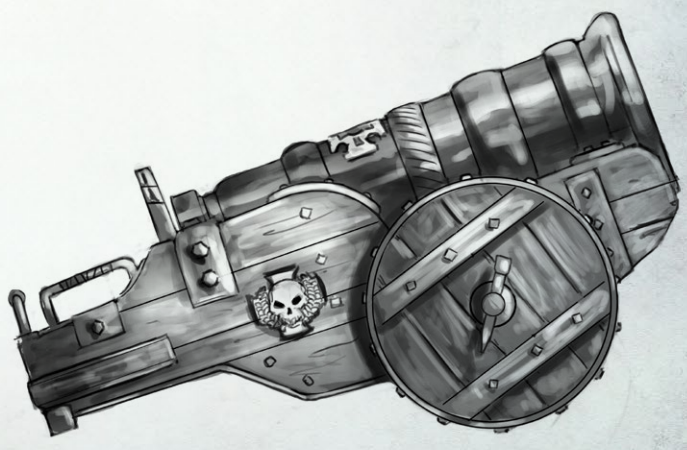
Considered a melting pot of sophisticated people and culture, Nuln is one of the most cosmopolitan cities of the Empire. Many of its people are descended from immigrants, or are recent arrivals themselves. Bretonnians, Tileans, Dwarves, and even High Elves mix with natives to form a worldly and refined population that sees itself as the most experienced, cultured, and knowledgeable in Imperial affairs.

Physically, most Nulners and their Wissenlander cousins resemble their Merogen ancestors: tall and light-skinned, with tawny hair and eyes ranging from light grey to dark hazel. 'Country' Wissenlanders in particular reflect the Merogen personality traits: dependable, dour to the point of being depressing, careful about showing emotions, and implacable when angered.

Grand Countess Emmanuelle von Liebwitz, beautiful and decadent, loves Nuln and spends almost all her time hosting fabulous balls and dinners that last for days. Though Nuln is officially a city-state with its own charter and council, the Grand Countess is nevertheless a canny ruler and maintains tight control over the city through judicious gifts and subtle but firm punishments: being denied an invitation to a palace ball is feared more than a trip to the dungeons. However, the freewheeling people of Nuln accept this as the Grand Countess, outside of politics, gives them free rein to lead their lives.

Nulners have a reputation for being much more expressive and excitable than Wissenlanders, and are prone to talk with their hands, an influence of the large Tilean population. They are also fond of garish clothes and jewellery; the Elector Countess herself is said to have over 10,000 complete outfits.

While Nuln fields a large and effective army of its own — the Nuln-trained bands of arquebusiers and halberdiers — and its artillery is the best in the Empire, Nuln of all the Grand Provinces relies the most on hired mercenaries. The Tilean 'Blue Heron' condottieri have been on retainer for over a century.



~~26 Vorgeheim, 2512 IC~~
18 Vorgeheim, 2515 IC

Dearest Em,

Last night I dreamt I went to Middenheim again. Or was it Nuln?

You appeared in my dream, uninvited, but always welcome. It brought me back to that night at the opera, The Ring of the Nibble Unger Lied. I recall your heart-stopping outfit — what a sensation you caused. (Is it any wonder you turned Leo's head, but no more of that. Let's not quarrel again.)

Nuln may be renowned for its atmosphere, but it's nothing without you. Nuln and void if you ask me. Reminds me of the last time I visited — only to find you had been called away on urgent business. My heart sank. I could have sworn you were there, and your butler mistook me for someone else. He informed me that the Palace Ball was cancelled! It must have been important business.

I'd never be allowed to attend a ball now nor visit you in Nuln. The sisters would deem it far too exciting, and von Aschendorf would have to administer an extra dose of Hospice herbs, which I've no doubt is just weirdroot.

Please visit me. Whatever they say: I do NOT suffer from my nerves.

My visions are real!

Bella x

Significant Place

Dotternbach

Upriver from Wissenburg along the Weiss River, past Weningen, sits the village of Dotternbach. Formerly unremarkable save for a fine wool produced by local shepherds, Dotternbach became famous a year ago when a team from the University of Nuln found pre-Sigmarite cairns and tombs in overgrown gorges deep in the foothills. The news inspired a rush of treasure-seekers, and claim-jumping has become a problem. Worse still are the recent rumours that some prospectors have gone out again and never come back.



A Tale of Two Schools

Perhaps the most famous Nuln institution is the Imperial Gunnery School. At the forefront of new developments in gunpowder, steam engines, siege weaponry and more, the school is also the largest cannon foundry in the Empire. Nulners are rightly proud of the School, a sprawling building topped with turrets, battlements, leering gargoyles and decommissioned artillery pieces. Visitors come from across the Empire to study there, or to attempt to lure away an expert engineer or talented gunnery instructor.

The Imperial Gunnery School takes in a great number of Nuln's orphans, providing care and apprenticeships to those with no one else to care for them. This only serves to further lionise the institution in the eyes of Nuln's citizenry. Even Dwarfs, who had a prominent hand in the School's founding, admit that the weapons made in Nuln are the peak of manling manufacturing.

Of lesser note, and not a little bitter for it, is the College of Engineering. All but destroyed in a disastrous fire and still controversial sewer collapse in 2504 IC, the building never quite received the funds required to rebuild it. Scaffolding coats the almost impressive walls of the College, and only a handful of its forges, lecture halls and libraries are accessible. However, there are those who are committed to the future of the College, and a handful even suspect that the Imperial Gunnery School may have had something to do with the fire of 2504. This has lead to a rivalry between the two institutions that, infuriatingly, very few at the Imperial Gunnery School even seem to be aware of.

After the events of Death on the Reik, and presuming she survivied, the Dwarf Engineer Aynjulls Isembeard (DOTR page 36) has taken up a teaching post at the College of Engineering. Eager to put the events surrounding the signal tower behind her, she has instead become obsessed with proving the worth of the College, and has challenged the Imperial Gunnery School to a Steam Tank race from Nuln to Altdorf. She is looking for a likely band of mercenaries to protect the College's new experimental Steam Tank, nicknamed Old Red by its designers, from sabotage during the race. While the Imperial Gunnery School is not taking the race nearly as seriously as Aynjulls and has no intention of sabotaging Old Red, that doesn't mean that someone else hasn't taken an interest in stealing it during the race.

OSTLAND

Official Name: The Grand Principality of Ostland
Ruler: Elector Count Hans-Hals III of House Tasseninck, Grand Prince of Ostland, Prince of Wolfenburg, Graf of Tasseninck
Government: Feudal with a legislative State Parliament comprised of Prime Estate representatives that meets in Wolfenburg
Capital: Wolfenburg
Internal Provinces: The Northern March
Noteable Freistadts: Borgrad, Bosenfels, Hochnar, Kanod, Kolengrad, Lubrecht, Öbelstein, Raukov, Steilstand, Vandengart
Primary Exports: Pewterware, salt, cheeses, vodka, lumber

The Land

Ostland is known across the Empire for the ominous Forest of Shadows, which covers most of the province. The forest is shaped like an arm wrapped around the shoulders of the Middle Mountains that dominate its centre. Claimed by all the provinces surrounding them, the Middle Mountains are ruled by none. Long ago, the mountains were home to Dwarf kingdoms, but they abandoned their holds and sealed them forever, cursing the mountains for reasons unknown. (See **The Horned Rat**.) None have ever found lost Karaz Ghumzul, and now Ostland's portion of the mountains hosts tin mines exploited by the local towns and villages.

Long ago, before the Empire's founding, the Udose tribe claimed and colonised the lands from the Urskoy to north of the Lynsk. This brought them into conflict with the Ungols. Gradually the Udoses and their Ostlander descendents were pushed back, until Ostland was forced to renounce its claims to this territory at the time of the Gospodar invasions that lead to the founding of Kislev. Now the only territory of Ostland not covered in forest is the northern coast on the Sea of Claws and the windswept Northern March that borders Kislev.

The Forest of Shadows, which runs southwest from the edge of Nordland to the river Talabec, is synonymous with Ostland for many. Dark and overgrown, it holds many secrets, some older than the Empire itself and best left undiscovered. Woodsmen and others who venture deep within are sure that, when they are not looking, the forest redraws the paths through it to confuse those who anger it, and perhaps even cause their deaths. Dank and boggy in parts, it is home to valuable game, such as deer and boar, but also fell creatures like Giant Spiders, Bog Octopuses, and even Jabberslythes.

Led by the Grand Prince, the State Army of Ostland comprises the heavy cavalry of the Prince and his nobles, as well as stout axemen from the forest and billmen from the Northern March's towns.



The People

Descended from the ancient tribe of the Udoses, Ostlanders show the typical Udose traits: short and stocky with olive skin, brown hair, and brown eyes. Instead of beards and combed hair, they have a preference for long mustachios and braided hair, with the wealthy braiding it with silver thread. Clothing for rich and poor alike show distinct Eastern traits, reflecting their frequent contact with Kislev.

Ostlanders have a reputation for being stubborn and bull-headed, much like their local bull god, Guvaur. Among their Imperial brethren, it is often asked who would win in a contest of wills between a Dwarf and an Ostlander. This stiff neck serves them well, not only when confronting the dangers of the forest, but when invaders threaten from the east, whether Kislevite or Chaos Marauder. Living in a poor land, Ostlanders are also famed for their thrift, being able to make do with whatever is at hand. A common joke claims that Ostlanders make stone soup with only one stone, for fear of wasting good rocks. While an exaggeration, Ostlanders are skilled in getting the most out of what they have and for being loath to throw anything away.

Significant Place

The Northern March

The Northern March, often just called 'The March', is situated near the Sea of Claws. The coastal towns dotted along the blustery grasslands stretch from the Erengrad to Middenheim Roads. The revenues from this traffic are important to the Grand Prince, and the duties he sets are often a bone of contention with Middenheim. Ruled by the Margrave of the North from the fortress at Schönfeld, the March has tried to capture some of the sea traffic between Kislev and the west, but ships usually bypass the sleepy ports of Salkalten, Stielstand, and Sieverhof in favour of Marienburg. Instead, the March's prime exports are salted fish and a pungent sheep's milk cheese, leading to the common nickname, 'Cheeseheads'.

REIKLAND

Official Name: The Grand Principality of the Reikland
Ruler: Emperor Karl-Franz I of House Holswig-Schliestein, Grand Prince of Reikland, Prince of Altdorf, Count of the West March, Sigmar's Chosen
Government: Feudal with a supporting State Council and a legislative State Diet of Prime Estate representatives that both meet frequently in Altdorf
Capital: Altdorf
Internal Provinces: Princedom of Altdorf, Archduchy of the Upper Teufel
Noteable Freistadts: Essel, Fielbach, Garmdek, Geetburg, Gerlbach, Gient, Jettenberg, Kalegan, Kemperbad, Loder, Pfront, Prie, Tahme
Primary Exports: Beer, fine clothing, lumber, metals, religious icons, wine, wool

THE GLORIOUS REIKLAND!

Reikland receives thorough coverage in the **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** rulebook. The **WFRP Starter Set** offers a detailed Reikland setting, the town of Ubersreik and its surrounding duchy.

The Land

Reikland is home to the Imperial government, whose seat, Altdorf, is the Empire's largest, most diverse city. This lends a vibrancy, and a sense of prestige, to all of Reikland. Though other provinces regard this lofty air with disdain, if not outright contempt, few can deny that the Reikland's fortunes have only grown in recent decades. The Grand Principality has all the advantages to make it and its people a roaring success.

Westernmost of the Empire's Grand Provinces, Reikland comprises the lands from the Grey Mountains to the River Reik, and from the Wasteland to Blood Keep and Grissen in the south. It is largely covered by the Reikwald forest, though Humans have carved roads, towns, and farms out of it. However, the deep forest still holds dangers and mysteries that make the timid hug the roads: Greenskins and Beastmen inhabit the woods, and ancient pre-Imperial sites tempt both treasure-seekers and scholars.

Between the forest and the Grey Mountains is the Vorbergland, a region of grasslands and small woods that serves as the Reikland's breadbasket, particularly in the south. The foothills where Vorbergland and the Grey Mountains meet conceal profitable mines, though these are sometimes the subject of irritation and dispute with the local Dwarf kingdoms.

However, it is the River Reik that symbolises Reikland — 'our river', many Reiklanders call it, much to the annoyance of neighbouring Grand Provinces. The Empire relies on its rivers, and almost all its commerce must travel the Reik, much to the enrichment of the towns along its banks, and especially the deep coffers in Altdorf. The Reik is so important that the Emperor maintains a large navy and a fleet of Riverwardens to suppress piracy and to make sure taxes arrive safely.

The People

Tall, dark-haired, and grey-eyed, of all the peoples of the Empire, the descendents of the Unberogens are the most optimistic, forward-looking, and enterprising — as they themselves gladly proclaim! There is some measure of truth to this, blessed as Reikland is with fertile lands, rich mines, and profits from the Reik's traffic, all components of a flourishing province.

And yet there is worry behind the Reiklanders' friendly smiles — something is not right. Things 'feel' wrong, and many are starting to grow fretful. The Emperor, who showed such promise at his election, has been behaving erratically in recent years, according to rumour. And then there was the shock of his sudden coup against the rulers of Ubersreik, House Jungfreud, in defiance of Empire and Reikland law and custom. Reiklanders fear that the good times are about to come to an end.

Significant Place

St Ulrika's Abbey

A Shallyan nunnery and shrine in the Vorbergland hills west of Bögenhafen, St Ulrika's was named for a great warrior who renounced violence in order to defeat a Daemon Prince of Nurgle, and it was founded on the site of her legendary victory. Today it is a pilgrimage site, with visitors from the powerful to the meek coming to pray and seek miraculous healing. On holy days, the sisters parade the bones and blunted weapons of the saint before the faithful, which is then followed by public healings. Kohlkopf, a local village, provides food and other services to the abbey, as well as The Three Doves, a large coaching inn for well-to-do pilgrims.



STIRLAND

Official Name: The Grand County of Stirland
Ruler: Elector Count Alberich of House Haupt-Anderssen, Grand Count of Stirland, Prince of Wurtbad, Overlord of Sylvania
Government: Feudal with a State Council of selected Prime Estate representatives that meets biannually in Wurtbad to advise the sovereign
Capital: Wurtbad
Internal Provinces: County of Sylvania, Princedom of Wurtbad
Noteable Freistadts: Aulen, Bylovash, Flensburg, Schramleben, Waldenhof
Primary Exports: Woollen goods, wine, salted fish, woodcrafts

The Land

Stirland is a rugged province with a reputation as a weird, rural backwater, despite its location near the Empire's centres of power, largely because it is home to the dread lands of Sylvania.

Bounded by the Worlds Edge mountains and three of the Empire's great rivers, the northern portion along the banks of the Stir are covered with the last reaches of the Great Forest. To the east, beyond Siegfriedhof, the forest thins and breaks up into separate woods: the feared Hunger and Grim woods, places of foul reputation.

The Stirhügel hills occupy the west, a hilly country that was the first home of the Asoborn tribe. Crossed by the Old Dwarf and Nuln roads, they are home mostly to villages of sheep herders. Hidden amongst their foggy vales, however, are the tombs of the ancient chiefs of the Asoborns, which locals consider accursed.

The People

Stirlanders are descendants of the Asoborns, and are typically of average height, with brown hair and eyes, and tanned. They are a superstitious people — others in more cosmopolitan parts of the Empire, especially Reiklanders and Nulners, regard them as rubes. Compared to more urban folk their customs are odd. For example, when strangers approach a village in the Stirhügels, children throw pig droppings at them, believing that this drives away evil spirits. A person covered in pig dung is especially protected.

With regard to formal religion, Taalism had long been Stirland's dominant cult, but recent decades have seen the growth of Sigmar's following, particularly in the towns and cities, thanks to the efforts of travelling priests sent from Reikland to spread the word. Though there's been no open hostility, yet, many Stirlanders fail to see the rightness of abandoning their old loyalties to Taal.

Stirlanders are also renowned for two obsessions: ancestry and beer. Stirlanders are infamous beer snobs, claiming no one else brews real beer, and jealously guard their recipes. They are almost as fanatical about ancestry: a Stirlander will have their family tree memorised back at least seven generations, will know all the connections to other families, and can talk about genealogy until you beg for relief. Visitors to Stirland have the most success when they can find some family connection to the locals, no matter how distant.

Stirlanders in the central portion of the province are known for their dislike of Halflings; they still resent the decision 1,500 years ago that gave their best farmlands to 'the Shorties' to form Mootland, and they don't like it when others joke that their love of beer and genealogy means they must be part-Halfling. While this resentment rarely breaks out in violence, the belief that Halflings are thieves at heart is stronger here than in any other part of the Empire.

Stirland's State Army comprises the feudal retinues of the great barons, mostly cavalry, and the infantry levies of the villages and towns. In times of great crisis, the Elector Counts can summon the armies of Sylvania, though that has not happened for centuries. How the Vampire Counts would respond to a new summons worries Stirlander grandees immensely.



Significant Place

The County of Sylvania

It is the east of Stirland — in the dreaded County of Sylvania — that one finds the historic home of the Vampire Counts of House Carstein. From Morr-dominated Siegfriedhof to the Worlds Edge Mountains between the Aver Reach and the Stir, Sylvania is a land of gloom. The eastern portion is the bleakest, where the castles of the old Vampire Lords sit on their craggy peaks, staring down on the fearful towns below. Most try to forget Sylvania exists. Even the Dwarfs avoid it, preferring the road south through the Moot or north through Ostermark.

Sylvania's representative holds an estate, the 'Black House', in the province's capital, Wurtbad. The eastern representative rarely comes to court, and many whisper the curse of vampirism blights the estate.

SUDENLAND

Official Name: The Grand Barony of Sudenland
Ruler: Elector Countess Etelka Molrella of House Toppenheimer, Grand Baroness of Sudenland, Baroness of Pfeildorf, Baroness of Geschberg
Government: Feudal with a biennial State Diet of Prime Estate representatives, selected cultists, and burgomeisters that meets in Pfeildorf to advise the sovereign
Capital: Pfeildorf
Internal Provinces: March of Vennland
Noteable Freistadts: Geschberg, Lasperg, Mecklenburg, Meissen, Öschel, Pfieldorf, Wusterburg
Primary Exports: Copper and tin ore, finished bronze and brass work, agricultural produce, cheese, boots

The Land

Far to the south, almost out of sight and often out of mind of the rest of the Empire, sits the Grand Province of Sudenland, ruled by the Grand Baroness Etelka Morella von Toppenheimer. One of the newest Grand Provinces, Sudenland was created by Magnus the Pious in 2305 IC from the ruins of lost Solland, devastated in Gorbag Ironclaw's invasion of 1712, and the southern half of Wissenland, something Wissenlanders in both provinces still resent.

Shaped like an arrowhead, Sudenland lies between the Worlds Edge Mountains to the west, the Upper Reik and Averland to the east, and Nuln to the north. The Black Mountains and the Dwarf kingdoms including Khazid Hafal, Karak Gantuk, Karak Hirn, and Karak Anghazhar form its southern boundaries. It rises from rich farmland in the area of Pfeildorf for about 100 miles to the south, then climbs gradually through lightly wooded hills into lands dedicated to cattle and sheep-raising in the foothills of the Black and Grey Mountains. There mining takes over, with rich veins of copper, tin, and gold — though the Dwarfs claim the gold is stolen from their lost mines and tombs.

As Sudenland is seen as a backwater, most trade with outsiders is conducted in Pfeildorf at the great Marktplatz where the Söll and Upper Reik converge. The rivers are crucial to Sudenland's economy, with ore and finished goods travelling by barge from upriver ports as far as Mendelhof and Kroppenleben. This makes them rich targets for river pirates, and so the Grand Baroness maintains a strong force of Riverwardens.

Sudenland controls a State Army consisting of, in addition to the Grand Baroness' household cavalry and the town militias, a light infantry made up from the Road Wardens and Riverwardens, as well as axe-and-hammer wielding infantry from Vennland to the south. In times of crisis, the Grand Baroness can invoke treaties to summon contingents from the Dwarf Holds, though the Dwarfs successfully demanded clauses 'keepin' us out of your silly civil wars'. The Margrave of Vennland commands the State Army in the Elector Countess's name as 'Sudenmarshal'.



GRUDGE SETTLER

When Solland was razed by the WAAAGH! of Gorbad Ironclaw, its Runefang was thought lost. These ancient blades were forged by the Dwarf smith Alaric The Mad and gifted to the nascent Empire to solidify its strength. They have ever since been the treasured heirlooms of the Empire's Elector Counts, as much a mark of office as weapon. Gorbad ripped Solland's Runefang, *Grudge Settler*, from the dying grasp of Eldred, the province's last Elector Count.

The blade was recovered centuries later by the Dwarf Thane Egrim Stonehammer, with the aid of a cohort of trusty adventurers. Found deep beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains, it was returned to Altdorf in recognition of the ancient bond between the Empire and its Dwarf allies. Without a Solland Elector to wield it, the blade has been kept in Altdorf and entrusted to the Empire's most worth heroes – it is currently in the possession of Reikmarshal Kurt Helborg. While the leadership of Sudenland has made several attempts to claim the blade, thus far none have succeeded.

Some in Sudenland, wary of their province's tenuous position on the stage of Imperial politics, feel that acquiring Grudge Settler is a necessary step in securing its future. While most agree that any attempt to recover the Runefang from Kurt Helborg would be unwise to say the least, some in the Baroness's court have begun to whisper the rumor that the weapon recovered by Egrim Stonehammer was not *Grudge Settler*. This rumour, almost certainly a fabrication of the court, claims that the weapon found beneath the World's Edge Mountains was another Dwarf blade of similar providence, and that the real Runefang remains waiting to be recovered. For her part, the Baroness is pragmatic. While it is too unlikely to be seriously considered, were someone to bring her Grudge Settler, or in fact any suitably convincing Dwarf blade, she would certain consider using it to solidify her own position. Whoever assisted her in this would doubtless be greatly reward. The blade would have to be a true dwarf weapon, however, and a suitable story of its heroic recovery would have to exist. It is said that several enterprising individuals are already planning trips into the Grey Mountains to search ancient Dwarf Holds for a suitable weapon.

The People

Largely descended from the Merogen and Menogoth tribes, modern Sudenland represents a blending of two ancient tribes forced together when Magnus the Pious tried to fill the vacuum left by Solland's loss. The two ancestries diverge significantly: the Merogens resemble their Wissenland and Nuln kin, while Menogoths are shorter, with sun-bronzed skin, and brown hair and eyes.

Sudenlanders are regarded as a quiet, thoughtful lot, as if their past weighs on them. Once known as the Grand Province of Solland, the region was devastated in the Orc invasion led by Gorbag Ironclaw in the 18th century. The people slaughtered, the royal family sacrificed to Orc gods, the lands and towns burned, the Runefang lost — it's as if the shock of that still weighs heavily, something the province's refounding and renaming did little to ease.

Magnus's reforms did little to make things better, as Wissenlander and Sollanders had sometimes clashed over control of the Söll and its rich adjacent farmlands. Wissenland still resents having its southern half torn away from it, while many who live there and whose ancestors were originally Wissenlander still resent being ruled by a 'foreign' house. Along with the echoes from Solland's destruction, this leaves the Grand Baroness an unsettled land to rule.

Though Sigmar's cult is spreading thanks to itinerant Reiklander clerics, most rural Sudenlanders worship Rhya, particularly in the western, newer portion of the province. East of the Söll, the further one goes into 'Auld Solland', worshippers of Söll, the Menogoth god of vengeance and, some say, an aspect of Solkan, become more prominent. Söll's priests agitate for the restoration of Solland as a Grand Province. Riots between Rhyans and Söllites are a regular headache for the authorities.

The landscape is dotted with standing stones and stone circles, some still in use, though temples are now more common. East of the river old Sollander castles and abandoned towns destroyed in Gorbag's invasion haunt the landscape. Deep in the foothills and vales of the south, it's said that loyalty to Sigmar and other common deities is rare, and that the locals have pledged themselves to more ancient, obscure gods.

Significant Place

Kreutzhofen

Far off in Sudenland's west, deep in the foothills where the Vaults and the Grey Mountains meet, the village of Kreutzhofen serves as an important way station for trade with Bretonnia and Tilea, due to two key geographical features. First is the Montdidier pass leading to Quenelles in Bretonnia through the Loren Forest, a route that only recently opened up after years of negotiations with the Wood Elves of Loren. Traders passing to and from Montdidier are both protected by and carefully watched by the Elves, lest they leave the road.

The other is the Alimento tunnel, a great cavern and river system that is the source of both the River Söll in the Empire, and the Cristallo river in Tilea, which leads to Miragliano. For over 150 miles, traders travel by boat under the mountains from one country to the other, stopping for rest and resupply in the Miraglianese cavern town of 'Alimento'. Both routes have brought prosperity to Kreutzhofen and profits to the Grand Baroness by allowing her to bypass the Merchant Houses of Marienburg and Nuln. This has left some of the houses unhappy, and they would not be averse to something hindering — or destroying — trade along those routes.

TALABECLAND

Official Name: The Grand Duchy of Talabecland
Ruler: Elector Count Gustav of House Krieglitz, Grand Duke of Talabecland, Count of Krieglitz, *Grátaal* — 'Beloved of Taal'
Government: Feudal, supported by a State Parliament of selected Prime Estate representatives and burgomiesters that meets in Küsel
Capital: Krieglitz
Internal Provinces: The League of Ostermark, The Dunkelküste
Noteable Freistadts: Bahlkurk, Bechafen, Brunmarl, Carlsbruck, Dnierson, Eisental, Essen, Fortengrad, Gelt, Kolitz, Küsel, Markgrad, Poritz, Sigmarsgeist, Volgen
Primary Exports: Salted pork and fish, timber, religious icons, leather goods



The Land

Talabecland is a vast realm, stretching from the March of Konfluenz bordering Altdorf in the west, to the Badenmark in the shadow of the Worlds Edge Mountains in the east. Imperial Cartographers claim these two fiefs are almost 1,000 Imperial miles apart, but this is hotly disputed as few believe Talabecland could possibly be that large. Whatever the truth, Talabecland occupies a central position in the Empire, bordering on more Grand Provinces than any other. Consequently, it has become a major transit route for trade, with traffic flowing up and down the Stir and Talabec, and north-south trade making extensive use of the Old Forest Road from Hermsdorf to Talabheim.

The Great Forest commands much of Talabecland, stretching from along the province's length until it splits at Ostermark, with the northern spur forming the Gryphon Wood, and the southern becoming the feared Dead Wood bordering with Sylvania. Less forbidding than the Forest of Shadows or the Drakwald, the Great Forest nonetheless holds its share of dangers and mysteries. Deep within lurk bands of Beastmen and Greenskins, as well as maleficent things that have lived there since the dawn of time. The west in particular, near the Barren Hills not far from the Reikland, is known for sheltering Mutants.

A central spine of highlands runs east to west, comprising three distinct regions. Near Ostermark are the Kölsa Hills, known for their megalithic stone monuments. Their purpose is a mystery, but the priests of Taal have claimed this land as a religious preserve.

The Färlic Hills in the middle are home to clans of herders who are also part-time bandits, preying on the Old Forest Road. The Grand Duke is forced to maintain a large number of Road Wardens in fortified inns and peel towers.

Talabeclanders fear the Barren Hills. Over 100 years ago, they say, Morrslieb cursed the land and spat upon the world, the gob landing on what were then the Green Hills. Most life within the area soon died, but those who did not mutated and were destroyed by Talabeclander forces. Today the hills are shunned by all save a few treasure hunters pursuing rumours of lost gold or magical items. (More about the Barren Hills can be found in **Death on the Reik**.)

The People

Most Talabeclanders are descendants of the Taleuten and Ostagoth tribes, to whom Sigmar gave rulership over all the lands between the Talabec and Stir. The Ostagoths settled in the far east of their new lands, while the Taleutens headed west to explore. After years of wandering, they found the Crater, a huge bowl in the earth surrounded by a natural wall. The wall itself was pierced by four gated tunnels. Deciding this was a sign from Taal himself, their chief ordered a great city built within the crater, and called it 'Talabheim'. It is the largest city in the east and is considered impregnable. Though Talabheim separated from Talabecland over a thousand years ago to form the 'Ottilian Empire', no ruling House of Talabecland has ever forgotten the loss of 'their' great city, which they scheme to recover.

Talabeclanders have reddish-brown to red hair, with tanned, freckled skin, and blue eyes. Practical and self-effacing, they are a religious people, particularly revering Taal and Ulric. The Grand Dukes have sponsored the construction of a new, larger temple to Taal in Krieglitz near Castle Schloss, but a series of mysterious accidents — signs of divine disfavor, some say — have delayed its completion.

Significant Place

The League of Ostermark

Ostermark is in Talabecland's east, where the Empire's writ stops at the boundaries of wild Kislev and the Dwarf kingdoms in the Worlds Edge Mountains. A confederation of small freistadts — the majority of Talabecland's free towns — and independent nobility governed by a chancellor answering to the Grand Duke, Ostermark is a sombre moorland between two arms of the Great Forest. Snowfalls blanket it in winter, while the spring turns its roads into muddy quagmires. Even in summer, the sunlight seems to have a weak, tentative quality, as if it is not sure it belongs there.

Ostermarkers tend to be stout and thick-set, with black hair and olive skin, and their brown eyes often reveal an Eastern heritage from their Ostragoth ancestors. Their men are given to wearing long, thick moustaches rather than beards, while women wear their hair loose if single, or in a long braid wound up at the back of the head if married. The people of the League honour all the gods, but hold Morr highest in their regard. Ostermarkers conduct public festivals with dances and plays that seem bizarre to outsiders, involving bones, strange voices, and heavy drinking. Yet Bechafen, the chief town and seat of the Chancellor, is the site of the largest Sigmarite temple in the east.



TALABHEIM

Official Name: The Grand Duchy of Talabheim
Ruler: Elector Countess Elise Talrid von Krieglitz-Unterlic, Grand Duchess of Talabheim, *Luddataal* ('Taal's Shield')
Government: Autocracy, with a State Parliament comprised of selected Noble House representatives, burgomeisters, and cultists supported by a powerful bureaucracy
Capital: Talabheim
Internal Provinces: The Barony of Hochland
Noteable Freistadts: Bergsburg, Hergig, Koerin, Talabheim
Primary Exports: Illuminated manuscripts, fine leather goods, distilled spirits, dyes

The Land

Founded thousands of years ago in the bowl of a vast crater that legend says Taal gave to the Taleutens, Talabheim was the chief city of Talabecland and seat of the Grand Dukes for over 2,500 years — and even home for 1,300 years to a line of rival emperors, the Ottilian Dynasty. Now an independent city-state and electoral province on its own, Talabheim sees itself as a rival to Altdorf, Middenheim, and Nuln — and a potential enemy of Talabecland.

Outside the crater walls, Talabheim's domain extends east for some 20 miles, and south and west for about 40 miles. Largely covered by the Great Forest, this territory of backwoods villages, nicknamed the 'Hinterhof' (or 'Backyard') by Talabheimers, is nevertheless significant. Aside from the fortified coaching inn at Uckrofurt, the last stop for travellers and caravans along the Old Forest Road before reaching Talabheim, itself, there is the city's port at Talagaad, a rundown slum that hosts Talabehim's Kislevite enclave. Beyond the city, the forest holds small towns and villages, as well as the shrine of Taal's Deep.



The River Talabec is the city's lifeblood, and control of the province of Hochland on the opposite shore gives the city-state a stranglehold over traffic east and west.The Elector Countess keeps a strong force of Riverwardens in a fort in Talagaad. Boats and barges passing Talabheim must stop and pay a toll at the city's port, even if coming from or going to Hochland. Needless to say, smugglers are also active.

The crater itself is almost forty miles in diameter, and its circular peaks of dark rock over a thousand feet high. No record exists of it ever having been breached. It is pierced by a single tunnel with fortified gatehouses at each end, both of which are said to have been in place, uninhabited, and open, when the Taleutens arrived. Other legends, though, assert that Krugar — king of the Talutens during the time of Sigmar — found his way in through a natural series of caves, guided by a great stag sent by Taal himself.

The Barony of Hochland comprises the eastern end of the Drakwald Forest. Heavily wooded Hochland is bounded by the Middle Mountains in the north, and the rivers Drakwasser, Talabec, and Wolf's Run on the west, south, and east, respectively. Hochland's main trade is in timber and woodcrafts. Woodsmen fell oak, sycamore, pine, and cedar and float the logs downriver to mills in the riverside towns.

Annexed by Talabecland in 1400 IC during the chaos after Talabehim's secession, Hochland was awarded to Talabheim by Magnus the Pious in the reforms that rejoined the Ottilian Empire to the Empire and gave Talabecland back its eastern lands, including Ostermark. The Baroness Hildegarde Tussen-Hochen, who rules from Bergsburg, answers to the Grand Duchess. Hochland also supplies much of Talabheim's State Army, with Hochlander forester axemen forming the core of Talabheim's forces.

The People

Hide-bound by tradition, Talabheim is known as a city of laws. There are laws governing all aspects of life, many dating back to the city's foundation. The confusing morass of often contradictory and capriciously applied laws drives even natives to distraction, making the Litigant's Guild very wealthy and influential, given Talabheimers' penchant for lawsuits. Whereas a Marienburger twists and turns a contract to seek every advantage, Talabheimers are known for sticking to the letter of an agreement, even to their own detriment. Negotiations with a Talabheimer can seem interminable, as every word is argued over before signing. It's said that marriage agreements can take so long to reach, a bride becomes a widow before she's a wife.

Talabheimers share the looks of their Talabecland cousins, while Hochlanders have a vaguely Eastern look, with brown hair, grey eyes, and tanned skin. Both honour the gods of the Empire, especially Taal, whose temple lies deep in the Kraterwald, the forest that covers the floor of the Crater. Verena, worshipped as the goddess of the written law, is second only to Taal. Ulric is also important — one of Ulric's high priests lives in the city — and Sigmar has his temple, where the Arch-Lector of the East resides, though ancient prejudices mean Sigmarites are viewed with quiet suspicion. Some radicals would like to reinstate a thousand-year-old ban lifted in the last couple of centuries against Sigmarites.

Significant Place

Tarnhelm Keep

Tarnhelm is a squat, crumbling structure where the Grand Dukes and Duchesses have traditionally locked up offenders. It has an evil reputation, and tales are told late at night about how, once or twice a year, a prisoner can be heard screaming as they are torn apart by … something.

SET YOUR SIGHTS

The Barony of Hochland is famous in the Empire for one thing above all else – the splendid Hochland Long Rifle. Known more correctly, if rarely, by it's full title – Leon Todmeister's Fantabulously Far-reaching Harquebus of Unforseeable and Unperceived Bereavement – the rifle was adapted from the fine weapons used by Hochland's hunters. It has seen much use in the Empire's armies, and many an enemy officer, certain that they stood well beyond the range of accurate fire, has fallen to it.

While grievously expensive, Hochland Long Rifles are occasionally offered as prizes in hard fought hunting competitions held in Talabheim. The Countess has sponsored one such competition, with the coveted prize going to whoever can bring back the largest deer from the surrounding woods. With such a fine prize on the line, any Character had better keep as close an eye on the other competitors as on their quarry. Rumours that a Great Stag has been spotted near Talabheim abound, and while the creature is arguably sacred, whoever presented it to the Countess would no doubt have to be declared the winner.

The stats for a Hochland Rifle are given on **WFRP** page 295. If you cannot afford such a fine weapon, using some Precision Shot and Powder (page 93) can help to some degree.



HALFLING CLANS OF THE REIKLAND



'So, Mercy Lowhaven looks up at that big fella, all smiles, and says, "if you think Rumster's Revenge is bad, wait 'til you see mine!" That wiped the smile off his face, I can tell you!'

— Edacious 'Ed' Brambledown, Halfling Raconteur

Gregarious, communal creatures, Halflings are found throughout the Reikland. They have carved a place into the Empire's villages, towns, and cities, integrating well with their Human neighbours, which they often call, 'bigs'. Halflings find great comfort in intimacy, and have little sense of personal space or property. Accordingly, they live cheek-by-jowl with one another, generally sharing a bed with several of their friends and family members, nestled together in an arrangement as comforting to the Halflings as it is appalling to most Sigmarite Reiklanders.

Halflings live in all corners of the Reikland. The densest population is found in Altdorf's Haffenstadt district, where many thousands live shoulder-to-shoulder in the capital's East End. Almost all of these Halflings belong to one of only a handful of families, called 'clans', that have migrated from the Mootland (see page @@) into the area. Wherever they are found, Halflings have a natural fondness and talent for the preparation, presentation, and consumption of food of all sorts. This has lead them to enjoy a reputation as excellent cooks, and Halflings are sort after as chefs by the Empire's, noble houses, inns, and even its armies. Indeed even Lumpin Croop, the most renowned Halfling tactician and soldier, was frequently asked to prepare meals — something the diminutive commander was extremely annoyed by, despite the fact this he could prepare a boar stew so fine that on one occasion a bowl of it is said to have averted a minor war.

Given their naturally affectionate natures, and the close proximity of so many potential partners, it is perhaps no surprise that Halfing birth rates are so high. Halflings favour matrilineal succession, charting their lineages through the mother's side (*'the only way to be sure, ain't it!'*).

This means that when a Halfling child is the product of two different clans, the infant is deemed to belong to the mother's family. Halflings record their ancestry with pride, and most Haflings in the Reikland can chart their lineage back to one or more of the Great Families from the Mootland. The *Haffenlyver*, the great genealogical record of the Halfling Clans, is held by the Elder of the Mootland, who also acts as the final judge over any disputes regarding bloodlines and ancestry.

Because of this, clans are the dominant social structure of Halfling society. The Reiklander proverb, '*It takes a village to raise a child*', is strongly disputed by Halflings: they claim it takes a clan. While Halflings almost always know who their mothers are, not all Halflings possess the desire, or skill, to serve as parents. Thus, the responsibility for raising the child lies with the clan as a whole, rather than with any one individual. Childcare and education are handled communally, with the local clan elders acting as *de facto* parents, doling out wisdom and discipline in equal measure. This social upbringing instils the values and traditions of the clan in their youngsters, meaning each Halfling clan possesses a distinct character, and many are predisposed towards certain roles and professions.

The casually polygamous nature of Halflings, and the looseness of their application of terms such as 'mother', 'father', and 'cousin' is not widely understood by Humans of the Reikland. While such relationships fly in the face of Sigmarite morality, the majority of Halfling children grow up happy, stable, and well-loved.

However, the unconventional nature of Halfling family groupings, in addition to their relaxed attitude towards personal property, is the source of many Humans' distrust of Halflings across the Empire. Fortunately, such prejudice is less present in the 'enlightened' Reikland than in the grand provinces nearer to the Mootland.

THE GREAT CLANS OF THE REIKLAND

Although representatives of almost all the Halfling Clans of the Mootland can be found in Reikland, 12 are particularly common. Most of these migrated to the area many centuries ago, and, in most cases, have seamlessly integrated with their communities.

Ashfield

The Ashfield Clan bears a long and august history. In days gone by, the Ashfields patrolled the Mootland's borders as Fieldwardens (see page 89). They protected against all threats, ranging from Human rustlers to the Restless Dead from Sylvania over the border. Down through the centuries, this bred a clan known for its keen eyes, stout hearts, and strong backs.

Since Ludwig the Fat formally recognised the Moot over 1,500 years ago, Halfling archers have served alongside Human soldiers in defending the Empire's borders. Many of the bravest and best of those archers have hailed from the Ashfield clan. A small number of Ashfield Halflings have even been hailed as Heroes of the Empire, and awarded a golden Imperial Cross in recognition of their brave and valued service.

In the Reikland, many of the Halfling soldiers, scouts, and hunters are Ashfields. Most of these are based in Altdorf's Halfling barracks, near the main State Army Barracks, their support detachments attached to the State Army units. Ashfields dwelling in the Reikland's rural reaches can often be found in the service of Human lords as huntmasters, or making their own living in the Reikwald as poachers and outlaws. In towns and cities, the Ashfields' sharp eyes (and short stature) makes them ideal rat catchers — a highly valued skill in the Reikland! Those Ashfields's more motivated by the pursuit of wealth often find themselves working as bounty hunters, where their targets' likelihood to underestimate their prowess is directly proportional to their success.





The Wide-Eyed Archer

An Ashfield through and through, Doc Ashfield was raised in the Grissenwald, and learned from his fathers to shoot and fight against the Beastmen and Mutants who lurk in the dense forests there. Doc joined the Mootland 1st Brigade Archers, alongside a dozen or so of his closest cousins, hoping to follow in the footsteps of his great-great uncle, twice removed, the legendary targeteer, Captain 'Deadeye' Ashfield. When not on patrol in Altdorf's surrounds, Doc will most likely be found practising marksmanship in Altdorf's Halfling Barracks or drinking in The Cock of the North, one of Haffenstadt's many fine, Halfling-proportioned taverns. He speaks earnestly with a mild Reikland accent, often pausing to chew his lip thoughtfully before responding to questions.

MISODOCTAKLEIDIST 'DOC' ASHFIELD – SOLDIER (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	30	54	21	36	35	28	44	27	53	40	11

Skills: Athletics 33, Climb 26, Cool 63, Dodge 38, Endurance 41, Language (Battle) 32, Lore (Reikland) 30, Melee (Basic) 35, Perception 38, Play (Drum) 49, Ranged (Bow) 59, Stealth 31

Traits: Ranged (Bow) +5 (50), Weapon (Dagger) +4

Talents: Acute Sense (Taste), Deadeye Shot, Marksman, Night Vision, Resistance (Chaos), Small

Trappings: Bow (with 10 Arrows), Breastplate, Dagger, Leather Jack, Helmet with impressive feather, Uniform

Brambledown

Halflings of the Brambledown Clan are some of the most widely encountered in the Reikland, especially among the province's riverfolk. While most Halflings favour a sedentary life, settling down in one place with a few dozen of their closest relatives, others are more driven to find work (or adventure) further afield. Unique amongst the Reikland's Halfling clans, the Brambledowns actively enjoy an itinerant lifestyle, often travelling far afield simply for the pleasure of the journey. Brambledowns are often found in the company of Ogre mercenaries, serving as cooks and brokers. Their itinerant nature is a natural fit with the Ogres' wanderlust.

A simple folk, with simple desires, they are unafraid of hard work, but also unafraid to shirk it should the opportunity present itself. Brambledowns are often found plying the Reik, as boatmen or huffers, where their nimble fingers and sharp eyes are great assets. Some seek employment as Riverwardens, though one is far more likely to find them on the other side of the law, smuggling goods and transporting them illicitly. Some Brambledowns serve as pedlars, or as servants or cooks to Human merchants or nobles, travelling with them as they traverse the Reikland.

Not all Brambledowns travel incessantly; many spend their entire lives in one place, though they will often pounce on any travellers, keen to hear tales of far-off places, and to enquire after their second cousin, who, *'went down that way but twenty year past'*. Brambledowns possess an endearing curiosity and forthright nature, and believe coin is for the spending. As such, they are frequently popular, but rarely wealthy.



The Well-Travelled Wanderer

Over the 73 years of her life so far, Tina Brambeldown has travelled the length of the Reik, from the Black Mountains to Marienburg, and along many of the Reikland's canals and lesser waterways, including the Bögen. Naturally friendly and talkative, she is well known up and down the river, and has friends in most ports, where she picked up her skill with knots. Her knowledge of the Reik has recently earned her a position as bargeswain for the Auftrager merchant house. Working for such a large firm allows her to change routes every few months, appeasing her wanderlust, while also affording her a steady income. She may be encountered in any of the riverside inns that proliferate the Reikland. Should anyone need passage downriver — no questions asked — Tina would be the one to bribe. She talks (incessantly and with great enthusiasm) in a fairly neutral accent, as a result of her nomadic life.



THOMASINA 'TINA' BRAMBLEDOWN – BARGESWAIN (SILVER 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	21	48	34	41	45	55	51	27	39	43	11

Skills: Athletics 65, Charm 56, Climb 49, Consume Alcohol 51, Dodge 68, Endurance 56, Entertain (Storytelling) 56, Gossip 56, Lore (Reikland 32, Riverways 45), Melee (Basic) 31, Navigation 32, Perception 61, Row 44, Sail 77, Swim 49

Traits: Weapon (Boat Hook) +7

Talents: Acute Sense (Taste), Gregarious, Night Vision, Resistance (Chaos), Seasoned Traveller, Small, Strong Back, Strong Swimmer, Very Strong, Waterman

Trappings: Hand Weapon (Boat Hook), Leather Jack, Pole, Pouch with 12 silver, Rope, Uniform (Auftrager Trading)

Brandysnap

The Brandysnaps trace their lineage back to the Mootland's oldest farming family. They have a deep affinity with the rich, fertile earth and growing things. Much like typical Stirlanders (see page 15), Brandysnaps are often slow of speech and deep of thought, and they have a reputation for being legendarily lazy. In truth, they are best suited to the slow pace of bucolic life on a farm, where sunrise and seasons set the pace, not minutes and hours, and where everyone works together for the common good, without worrying too much about high-minded abstractions such as personal space and private property. In many ways the cheerful, lackadaisical Brandysnaps, with their open faces and light fingers, are the archetypal Halflings, oft-caricatured in the Altdorf news sheets.

Brandysnaps living in the villages, hamlets, and countryside of the Reikland tend to work as farmers, brewers, or artisans, crafting fine work with their delicate and dexterous fingers. Some work as servants for wealthy merchants or the nobility, tending to their grounds and gardens, or serving in the kitchens. Their affinity for growing things means they make excellent herbalists and apothecaries, though they grow herbs for recreational use as often as for medicinal purposes. Those Brandysnaps living in more densely urban environments take whatever work comes their way, preferably work that involves little effort for much reward. Accordingly, Brandysnaps account for many of the Reikland's Halfling thieves and pick-pockets.

Hayfoot

Hayfoots (or 'Hayfeet' — both are used by the clan) are a largely mercantile clan of Halflings. They are found in the Reikland's major trading spots: riverside villages: towns on major crossroads; and, of course Altdorf, the bustling jewel in the Reikland's fiscal crown. With a shrewd eye for business and a knack for forging relationships, Hayfoot Halflings are driven by profit, and will travel far in search of a good deal, often with a retinue of adventurous Brambledowns in tow. On paper, the Hayfoot Clan is theoretically the largest trading house in the Reikland, but despite sharing a name, the clan's business enterprises are far from unified. Individual Hayfoots, or small consortiums, make their own trading deals, even competing against and undercutting close relatives.



Most Hayfoots work as merchants, though many pursue adjacent careers, such as litigant or clerks. More adventurous Hayfeet may be found engaging in corporate espionage as investigators and spies, sniffing out their rivals' secrets. Younger Hayfoots may work as servants for their older relatives, driving wagons pulled by ponies, earning their place in the family business. Rare is the Hayfoot that undertakes illicit activity. They recognise that success in business depends on reputation as much as savvy, and so Hayfoot merchants are unlikely to behave too unscrupulously, lest they tarnish their clan's name.

Hollyfoot

The Hollyfoot clan delight in making beautiful things. The family's origins lie in the weaving trade, though over the centuries they have diversified. Today, Hollyfoot Halflings can be found in most towns and cities of the Reikland, working in a range of artisanal fields. From a very young age, creativity is instilled in Hollyfoots. Such is their commitment to quality, some Hollyfoot workshops have even earned the respect of Dwarf tradesmen (not that they admit such in public). Recent developments in industrial processing, such as the great steam-looms of Altdorf and Nuln, are of great concern to skilled Hollyfoot weavers. They are keen to halt the proliferation of such mechanisation.

The Hollyfoots are also deeply involved with Altdorf's construction business. The Hollyfoot-led Gaffers Guild leads the project management of a significant proportion of the city's architectural projects. And because the Hollyfoot gaffers have cornered the Ogre labourer market in the city, they have an enormous advantage over their Human peers.



Almost all Hollyfoots work as artisans — weaving still dominates the clan's interests, but other trades such as carpentry, smithing, and buckle-making are also common. Other members of the clan work as merchants, trading their family's wares, or as servants, assisting the more skilled clan members. Given the taxes imposed by Human guilds — and certain guilds' reluctance to welcome non-Human members — some Hollyfoots are driven to pursue a career in smuggling, transporting their skilled wares to somewhere they can be sold freely. Recently many have taken to the streets of Altdorf as agitators, protesting the potential rise of industrial looms that directly challenges the tried and trusted skills of their clan.

Hayfoot-Hollyfoot

The Hayfoot-Hollyfoot clan are a relatively recent formation (by Halfling standards), born out of a dispute over bloodlines. The precise details of the schism are lost to centuries of infighting and accusations, but the Hayfoot-Hollyfoots believe they are the true clan, and Clan Hayfoot and Clan Hollyfoot are the illegitimate offspring of their own one, true bloodline. This assertion is greeted with patronising smiles and rolled eyes by most Hayfeet and Hollyfoots. But such is ignored as pedantry is carved into the very bones of Hayfoot-Hollyfoot Halflings. They are pernickety, punctilious, and petty by nature, over-proud and easily offended, quick to anger and litigious by nature.

Hayfoot-Hollyfoots are almost exclusively found in Aldorf's Haffenstadt, though some have since emigrated to Ubersreik and Bögenhafen. They are most commonly found working as litigant, pawnbrokers, and money-lenders, though they often encroach on the interests of the Hollyfoot and Hayfoot clans. As such, they can be found working as unscrupulous, money-grubbing merchants, or running sweatshops, producing low-cost, poor-quality goods to undercut proper Hollyfoot workmanship. They are rarely involved in more serious crime, not through any moral compunctions, but out of fear of the Lowhavens, who brook no competition.

Lostpockets

To be a Lostpocket is to live a life of misery and isolation. Lostpocket is the name given to Halflings without a clan. Though in rare cases this may be a formal punishment, meted out for serious transgressions by clan elders, more commonly Lostpockets are foundlings or dispossessed orphans, unclaimed by any family. What would lead a compassionate creature such as a Halfling to abandon their offspring is the source of much speculation: scandal, fear of retribution, or death being most likely. The Lostpockets' enforced isolation often results in resilient, independent young Halflings, though beneath their confident exteriors their very being cries out for the warmth, intimacy, and security of a family forever denied to them.

Most Lostpockets begin life as paupers and beggars on Altdorf's streets, or the Reikland's larger towns. Here they live a life of sorrow, as they run with gangs of Human children who outstrip and outgrow them time and again. While Lostpockets make other Halflings uncomfortable, a lucky few may find themselves adopted into another clan, given Halflings' forgiving and gregarious nature. However, many Lostpockets cannot look past the pitying eyes of their peers, leading many to carve out a home for themselves amongst the bigs. As such, Lostpockets who escape Altdorf's streets and slums can be found almost anywhere, working as entertainers, servants, cooks, bawds, or any number of careers that earn them a reliable living and a place amongst humanity, constantly seeking the affection denied them in their infancy.

Such is the Lostpockets' sense of shame that few countenance having children. However, there is a growing 'clan' of such unfortunates in Altdorf's slums, a development most right-thinking Halflings consider deeply worrisome.





The Light-Fingered Street Rat

A foundling discovered on Altdorf's Luitpoldstrasse, Louis was raised in an orphanage that was run as a philanthropic enterprise (and means to launder money) by Wolfgang von Arripov, an Ostlander nobleman. When his fraud was discovered, he was interred in Munsden Keep, the orphanage was closed, and Louis found himself on the streets. There, he ran with a number of child gangs in the Altmünze Rookery. Now in his 50s, he is a part of the Kaiser's Crew, a gang of beggars operating in Altdorf's East End. A born survivor, Louis is always on the lookout for an opportunity to escape his impoverished state. Should he encounter anyone wealthy, he is equally likely to ingratiate himself or pick their pocket. He talks in a high-pitched, slightly wheedling voice with a thick East-End Altdorf accent, and calls everyone *'guv'*.

LUITPOLDSTRASSE 'LOUIS' LOSTPOCKETS – MASTER BEGGAR (BRASS 4)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	22	46	23	52	32	42	46	36	61	48	26

Skills: Athletics 52, Charm 58, Consume Alcohol 62, Cool 71, Dodge 57, Endurance 62, Entertain (Acting) 58, Gossip 58, Intuition 42, Lore (Altdorf) 46, Perception 47, Sleight of Hand 56, Stealth (Urban) 57

Traits: Weapon (Dagger) +4

Talents: Acute Sense (Taste), Beneath Notice, Etiquette (Criminals), Hardy 2, Night Vision, Panhandle, Resistance (Chaos), Resistance (Disease), Small, Stone Soup, Very Resilient

Trappings: Poor Quality Blanket, Bowl, Crutch, Cup, Ugly Dagger (Shiv), Hiding Place with 6 Brass Pennies

Lowhaven (aka Shortbottom)

The Lowhaven Clan are dominant in Nuln, and have only recently come down the Reik to the Imperial capital. However, despite only moving into the Reikland a few decades ago, the clan spread through the province quickly, and now have influence in Haffenstadt and most of Reikland's bigger towns. The Lowhavens are the natural conclusion of the Halflings' innate disregard for the sanctity of private ownership. A family of thugs and criminals, they form a tight network of mutually supporting interests, and are a far more organised and cohesive unit than any of the other clans. While one Halfling will almost always be defeated by a Human opponent, the Lowhavens are careful to move *en masse*. They always attack in packs, should it come to violence. Having carved out their space in the Reikland's underworld, a tense rivalry now exists between the clan and other organised crime organisations, like the Fish and the Hooks (Altdorf dock gangs), or the Selblich and Barbieri criminal families.

While most Lowhavens serve as thieves and racketeers, others maintain the facade of respectability, working as investigators, litigants, fences, and merchants — the better to further the clan's agenda. To this end, many adopt the name 'Shortbottom', the name of a now-defunct clan, subsumed centuries ago by the Lowhavens. While all Halflings are aware of this deception, it never occurs to them to share this with the 'bigs', who merrily assume that the two clans are wholly separate. Still other Lowhavens serve as spies, infiltrating Human organised crime syndicates to undermine them from within, some even joining the Altdorf Watch — arguably the largest criminal enterprise in the city! If there is a profit to be made on the wrong side of the law, there is a Lowhaven willing to snatch it.

The Lowhaven Enforcer

Bella moved to Ubersreik a few years ago, to work with her aunt, Mercy Lowhaven, leader of the Ubersreik branch of the clan. Most days she works the Lowhaven protection racket, shaking down market traders in the Marktplatz and Furlisdottir's Corn Exchange for protection money, or seeing off any rival interests encroaching on their turf. She has become one of her aunt's most trusted lieutenants, often tasked with cleaning up the mess left behind by her cousin Shufflepig (Mercy's favourite, but most inept, nephew). Bella's face bears the marks of a rough life: a broken nose and dozens of scars, all of which add to her air of unmistakable menace. Bella may be encountered shaking businesses down, or roughing up anyone late in their payments. Equally, she may be hired to cause trouble, or protect anyone expecting trouble. If there's coin to be made, and violence to be had, Bella is game. She talks with a surprisingly gravelly Reiklander accent, often speaking quietly, to cultivate her menacing air.



BELLIQUOTIOUS 'BELLA' LOWHAVEN IV – RACKETEER (BRASS 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	44	40	40	50	32	35	46	33	40	40	14

Skills: Bribery 50, Charm 53, Consume Alcohol 60, Cool 55, Dodge 48, Endurance 60, Evaluate 43, Haggle 53, Intimidate 55, Intuition 47, Lore (Ubersreik) 43, Melee (Brawling) 59, Perception 47, Stealth (Urban) 45

Traits: Weapon (Knuckledusters) +6

Talents: Acute Sense (Taste), Criminal 2, Dirty Fighting 2, Etiquette (Criminals), Menacing 2, Night Vision, Nose for Trouble, Resistance (Chaos), Small, Strike Mighty Blow 2, Warrior Born

Trappings: Chip on her shoulder, Knuckledusters, Leather Coif, Leather Jack, Mail Shirt, Purse with 16 Silver Shillings

Rumster

Rumster is perhaps the Reikland's best known clan of Halflings. Rumsters — and their infamous pies and pasties — are ubiquitous across the province, and indeed the entire Empire. Human, Halfling, and Dwarf alike sample their wares on a regular basis from street hawkers and small bakeries, though their preference for thick pastry is a touch indelicate for Elven palates. Humans assume that all pies bearing the legend 'Rumster' come from the same source, but in truth there are hundreds of separate Rumster operations active in Altdorf alone. As most Rumster pies are of decent quality, this can lull Humans (whose intestinal fortitude is somewhat lower than that of Halflings) into trusting the quality of a dubious Rumster's pie, which can lead to a bout of 'Rumster's Revenge' (see **WFRP**, page 187).

Almost all Rumster Halfings work as cooks or merchants, making pies or selling them. A handful of Rumsters work in other fields, supporting their diffuse pie-making empire. Some work as servants and coachmen, delivering hot pies across the Reikland, while others serve as guards, protecting secret recipes from rivals, and pie-sellers from irate, discontent customers. However, Rumsters can be found in other, surprisingly diverse fields, such as rat catching and grave robbing; the meat has to come from somewhere, after all!



The Pie Seller

Suffy is even more fond of food — especially pies — than most of his peers, and is correspondingly as wide as he is tall. All his short life he has longed for nothing more than to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious ancestors, and further gild the name of Rumster amongst the gluttons and gourmands of the Reikland. Though currently apprenticed to his cousin Parsimonious 'Parsley' Rumster in Kemperbad, Suffy dreams of opening his own business in Altdorf, where he can experiment with unique flavour combinations. As his latest experimental flavour combination was fried fish and blackberry, it is perhaps just as well that it will take him a long time to achieve his dreams. Suffy can be found on Kemperbad's streets, day and night, peddling his cousin's pies. He has a startlingly deep, booming voice, with just a hint of a lilting Averlander accent (an affectation he adopted in the belief it would sell more pies).

SUFFONSIFICATION 'SUFFY' RUMSTER LVI – APPRENTICE ARTISAN (BRASS 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	15	49	26	32	32	39	49	34	35	43	9

Skills: Athletics 44, Charm 48, Cool 40, Consume Alcohol 37, Dodge 44, Endurance 42, Evaluate 39, Haggle 48, Lore (Reikland) 37, Perception 35, Sleight of Hand 42, Stealth (Urban) 44, Trade (Cook) 59

Traits: Weapon (Dagger) +4

Talents: Acute Sense (Taste), Craftsman (Cook), Night Vision, Public Speaking, Resistance(Chaos), Small, Strong Back

Trappings: Aspirations beyond his capacity, Dagger, Leather Jerkin, Pouch with 16 Brass Pennies, Tray of Pies

Skelfsider

The Skelfsiders are a poor clan. Having no special skills or trades, they exist on the fringes of both Human and Halfling society. They take whatever jobs become available, finding work where they can, no matter how unpleasant. Necessity often drives them into illegal pursuits, though rarely with the relish displayed by the Lowhavens. They are also less cohesive, and less well connected, than the racketeers, with most larger towns and cities being home to one or more Skelfsider 'warrens' — almost a mini-rookery — where dozens of Skelfsiders eke out a living, squashed into sordid, unclean quarters.

Skelfsider Halflings can generally be found pursuing all the unpleasant jobs no one else wants to undertake. Gong farmer, rat catchers, and beggars are common professions, and many work as day-labour in abattoirs, docks, tanning yards, and lye manufacturers. Some work on the fringes of the law as grave robbers and outlaws, often being roped into the Lowhavens' schemes as extra (expendable) muscle. Skelfsiders are unafraid of hard work, and many are honest, meaning some can end up in relatively secure employment, working for respectable businesses as seamstresses, stevedores, or clerks.

The Shady Servant

Spoony never meant to fall afoul of the law when working in Dunkelberg's bleachfields as a young Halfling. But work dried up, following a particularly devastating Goblin raid, and in desperation he sought other, more lucrative employment. When the aged Doktor Heinz Liebrich offered him lodgings in exchange for 'light duties' around his townhouse, Spoony thought his luck had changed, little realising his employer's true designs. Now Spoony robs graves for his master, praying nightly to Esmerelda that Liebrich is merely an inquisitive physician, not an aspiring necromancer. By day, Spoony may be encountered running errands for his mysterious master, pale-faced with hooded eyes unused to the sun's bright rays. After dark, he is often found near the Garden of Morr, lurking in the shadows, on some nocturnal enterprise. He is perpetually stopped, his spine bent almost double through years of digging graves and hefting corpses. He will (understandably) leap at the opportunity to work for anyone he thinks can help him escape Dunkelberg. Spoony's melancholic tones are fairly soft, with a mild Reiklander accent.



SPOONDRIFT 'SPOONY' SKELFSIDER – GRAVE ROBBER (BRASS 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	31	40	37	37	47	31	38	38	56	48	11

Skills: Climb 47, Cool 66, Consume Alcohol 40, Dodge 41, Endurance 62, Gossip 58, Intuition 62, Melee (Basic) 41, Perception 62, Stealth (Urban) 44, Trade (Cook) 43

Traits: Weapon (Handweapon) +7

Talents: Acute Sense (Taste), Beneath Notice, Flee!, Night Vision, Resistance (Chaos), Resistance (Disease), Small, Strong Back, Sturdy, Very Strong

Trappings: Backpack, Collapsible Step-ladder, Crowbar, Handcart, Hand Weapon, Hooded Cloak, Rope, Spade, Storm Lantern and Oil, Tarpaulin

Thorncobble

Halflings don't have nobles in the sense that Humans, and the other species, do. Status is, generally speaking, afforded to Halflings based on what they have done, not who their parents are, and while their lineage is important (and often traced back to the days of Ludwig the Fat) it is no guarantee of respect or privilege. That being said, the Thorncobble Clan are the closest analogue to the nobility in Halfling society. A line as ancient as the Stouthearts (to which the Elder of the Mootland belongs), the Thorncobbles see themselves as superior to the other clans: older, wiser, more knowledgeable. A wealthy clan, grown rich on trade and exploiting the work of other, lesser, Halfling clans, they moved to Altdorf over a millennia ago. They are well integrated into Altdorf's Imperial Court, and most have an unmistakably upper-class accent that shocks those who have never encountered the clan before.

Thorncobbles generally pursue the clan's interests (and their own), in search of profit, influence, and status. Many are found as courtiers in Altdorf, either in their own right, or attached to the households of Elector Counts and other influential Human nobles. Some work as merchants, bankers, and guilders, often purchasing guild licences despite having no aptitude for the trade in question, solely to procure the political influence of guild membership, or even leadership. Thorncobbles are often well educated, and many can be found working in the universities and institutions of learning across the Reikland. Many Thorncobbles take servants after the Human fashion: Skelfsider and Brandysnap servants are common, as are Ashfield guards.

OPTIONS: HALFLING NOBLES

A Thorncobble Halfling with the Noble Blood Talent may choose to enter the Noble career at Character creation when selecting a Career.





Little Lord Thorncobble

Thelonius's earliest memories are of being swaddled in green velvet when he was taken to the Imperial Court at the Imperial Palace in Altdorf. Nowhere else does he feel as in his element as when hob-nobbing with the Reikland's great, good and glamorous, far from the stench of poverty, ordure, and Brambledowns. Nowadays, he visits court, accompanying one or more of his mothers (he has at least a bakers' dozen) as often as he is able. A social gadfly, he enthusiastically attends parties, salons, and dinners, the better to mingle with his peers. He may be encountered at the Imperial Palace, or in the home of any of Altdorf's noble families. Thelonius speaks with a rigidly precise, upper-class Reiklander accent, with a tone of sneering disdain. When in the presence of his inferiors (anyone without noble blood) he is stiff-lipped and straight-backed, drawing himself up to his full height of 3'6" in a vain effort to appear imposing.

THELONIUS HARDCASTLE MONKENBRIDGE THORNCOBBLE XII – SCION (GOLD 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	20	46	24	30	34	27	48	29	40	48	10

Skills: Bribery 52, Charm 53, Consume Alcohol 38, Evaluate 39, Gamble 37, Intimidate 29, Leadership 58, Lore (Heraldry) 34, Melee (Fencing) 25, Play (Harpsichord) 53, Sleight of Hand 51

Traits: Weapon (Tiny Foil) +4

Talents: Acute Sense (Taste), Etiquette (Nobles), Luck, Night Vision, Noble Blood, Resistance (Chaos), Small

Trappings: Courtly Garb, Tiny Foil (counts as a Dagger, may be used with Melee (Basic) or Melee (Fencing)), 4 Rings worth 3 GC each, Lolli Skelfsider (Servant)

Tumbleberry

The Tumbleberries are perhaps the best integrated of the Reikland's Halfling clans. They mix well with the burgeoning middle-classes of the Empire, and are reasonably affluent, but without the Thorncobbles' airs and aspirations to nobility. They bear the hallmarks of the genial Halfling — charming, friendly and pleasant — and they cannot abide poor manners. They set great store by the art of conversation, and are easily offended if the niceties of civil discourse are ignored. Tumbleberries are also more bookish than most other Halflings, often taking an interest in learning and scholarship, finding themselves a place in the schools and universities of the Reikland, or assisting in temples to Verena (where their personal lack of faith is of less concern than their interest in knowledge).

Tumbleberries can be found working as tradespersons, merchants, and guilders in the Reikland's towns and cities. They often run their own small businesses, such as bakers, tailors, and law firms, or run reputable eating houses or taverns. Some work as scholars and scribes, famed for the neatness of their script. Given the almost oppressive politeness of their clan, younger Tumbleberries sometimes take to the road for a life of adventure, safe in the knowledge that they can return to the bosom of their family — and their good name — in their later years.

Options: Halfling Clan Skills and Talents

When generating a Halfling character, you may choose to modify the Halfling Species Skills and Talents from **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay**, with clan-specific variations. To do this, use the following Skill and Talent list as normal, with additions appended according to your Clan as marked in the table.

Halfling Species Skills: Charm, Consume Alcohol, Lore (Reikland), Perception, Sleight of Hand, Stealth (Any), Trade (Cook), 4 Clan Skills

Halfling Species Talents: Acute Sense (Taste), Night Vision, Resistance (Chaos), Small, 1 Clan Talent, 1 Random Talent

Clan	Additional Skills	Additional Talent
Ashfield	Cool, Intuition, Language (Mootish), Ranged (any)	Acute Sense (Sight) *or* Etiquette (Soldiers)
Brambledown	Language (Mootish), Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Swim	Gregarious *or* Seasoned Traveller
Brandysnap	Animal Care, Gamble, Language (Mootish), Lore (Herbs)	Craftsman (Farmer) *or* Sturdy
Hayfoot	Gamble, Haggle, Evaluate, Language (Mootish)	Dealmaker *or* Etiquette (Guilders)
Hollyfoot	Evaluate, Haggle, Language (Mootish), Trade (Any)	Craftsman (Any) *or* Nimble-Fingered
Hayfoot-Hollyfoot	Bribery, Haggle, Gossip, Language (Mootish)	Argumentative *or* Numismatics
Lostpockets	Endurance, Gamble, Gossip, Intuition	Hardy *or* Stone Soup
Lowhaven	Bribery, Haggle, Intimidate, Language (Mootish)	Criminal *or* Etiquette (Criminals *or* Guilders)
Rumster	Endurance, Gossip, Haggle, Language (Mootish)	Craftsman (Cook) *or* Dealmaker
Skelfsider	Endurance, Gamble, Gossip, Language (Mootish)	Beneath Notice *or* Etiquette (Servants)
Thorncobble	Gossip, Leadership, Lore (Heraldry), Language (Mootish)	Etiquette (Nobles *or* Scholars) *or* Read/Write
Tumbleberry	Gossip, Haggle, Lore (Any), Language (Mootish)	Etiquette (Burghers *or* Guilders) *or* Read/Write

A GUIDE TO THE GRAND COUNTY OF THE MOOTLAND

'The land is beautiful and verdant, and the people are warm and welcoming. That's very suspicious, wouldn't you say?'

– Andulla Sorgewarze, Averland Witch Hunter

'When Mother Rhya made the peoples
She measured out some things
To the Dwarfs she gave the long beards
The Halflings got the chins
To the Dwarfs she gave the scowlings
The Halflings got the grins
To the Dwarfs she gave the virtues
The Halflings got the sins!'

– Reiklander Children's Nursery Rhyme

HISTORY

Halflings do believe in history, but not like the Humans do. Theirs is not a history written in books, or worse, in stone like Dwarfs. Theirs, they say, is a history of blood. Of family. A Halfling is much more likely to know what their great great second cousin three times removed did at the party of their great-aunt (and who had to clean up the mess afterwards) than know what particular year a certain king fought a certain battle over a funny coloured flag. That said, there are some dates they do remember — and Halflings will use any excuse for a party, festival, or event.



How Halflings Came into the Old World

Halfling history records precisely when they arrived in the Old World from lands to the east: on a Bezahltag, just in time for morning tea. Scholars have found evidence dating back to the second century of the Imperial Calendar. Some Halflings claim to have ancestors who met Sigmar and shook his hand — but this seems unlikely. There were several waves of migrations with Halflings establishing small settlements across the Border Princes, then spending several centuries in a semi-nomadic state, moving through Tilea, Estalia, and Bretonnia before most of their number settled in the Empire. They have been quite content to remain there since, but Halflings hold little value in permanence. There might come a time when they will wander the world again.

The Creation of the Moot

'Don't you oppress me! I'm an Imperial citizen, I am! Why, if you tried that in the Moot, you'd be hung, drawn, and quartered!'

– Sir Bullywick Applebag, Halfling Politician

No event since their arrival has been more significant to Halfling history than the creation of their homeland in the year 1010 IC. Although Human historians are swift to point out that Emperor Ludwig the Fat founding the county was done as a joke at the expense of the then-Elector of Stirland, Halflings are quick to respond that any good joke has meaning and possibly truth behind it. More careful historians have noted that Ludwig had a rather quick-witted Halfling jester. This might have something to do with how the Halflings acquired nearly ten million acres of some of the most fertile farmland in the Empire.

Halflings are natural survivors and highly adaptable. These tenacious and resilient folk are able to take whatever they find and make it their own. Thus many Halflings saw no need to move to the Moot, though most still prefer to live close by. There are Halfling families who have lived in Altdorf or Middenheim since before the Moot was formed, who have more in common with other 'city' Halflings than those in the so-called 'home county'. Meanwhile, Halflings descended from those who helped build the Moot have their own quirks and characteristics that give the Moot a different feel from any Halfling-town in the Empire.

All Halflings have a fondness for what the Moot represents, and no bigfooter would ever be allowed to criticise it. But away from Human ears, they will explain at length why they would never choose to live there (or never choose to live anywhere else, as the case may be).

The First Elector

The tension between the Mootland as a place and as a concept that grants political power comes to a head in the fact that the Elector Count of the land must, by Imperial Law, have been born inside the county limits. This law was also enacted by Emperor Ludwig, assuming that the Halflings would be unwilling or unable to present a newborn baby at the next Imperial Election, and thus forfeit their seat. The Halflings called his bluff, and set to the task with great fervency. Just three months later (Halfling gestation being quite short) Pulchritudinous 'Trudy' Talltree was presented, the youngest Imperial Elector ever to appear at a council. Naturally she was helped in her decisions by her family, and this tradition has continued.

'Mootmothered' is a disparaging term used by Halflings who live outside the Mootland to describe how political figures from that place tend to come from a very small collection of families, and only have Mootish concerns in mind.

The current Elector Count, Hisme Stoutheart, has been an exception to this rule: a cosmopolitan, well-travelled figure, who lived in Altdorf most of her life, she has been able to appeal to Halflings across the Empire, in all the clans (see **Halfling Clans of the Reikland**) She is seen as a unifying and stabilising interest. She is, however, thinking of retiring, as she is now one hundred and fifty-nine years old, and becoming a little forgetful and quite arthritic. She delays year after year because she has yet to find a suitable replacement.

THE LINE OF SUCCESSION

- Hisme is highly aware that everyone around her now works for an aspiring replacement candidate, and thus has nobody she can trust. She is looking for the kind of individuals who don't mind breaking the odd law and have no political ties. She will pay such folk handsomely to send into the Moot to survey the territory, and investigate the candidates for her.
- The Elector of the Mootland is chosen by the Grand Elder Council in a vote at Eicheschatten. The Council almost always choose the Halfling nominated by the exiting Elector because the Elector takes pains to choose someone that Council will approve. Thus, it's vital for candidates who wish to be chosen to travel the county winning the appeal of the town elders and the people they represent. This is known as the Hustlings.
- Theodosius Stoutheart, Ambassador to the Moot, works in Altdorf and hates making public appearances, finding the flimsiest excuses not to appear. He will happily try to convince any itinerant Halfling to wear the regalia and pass as him for an evening, or even for an entire formal trip back to the Moot. While Theo is a poor Ambassador, Hisme may decide he is the most neutral choice, which means a Halfling Character in borrowed robes could suddenly find themselves named the new Imperial Elector.

HALFLINGS IN THE OLD WORLD

c. 200 IC
Halflings and Ogres migrate into the Old World, coming over the Worlds Edge Mountains from the east.

420 IC
Experimenting with bread recipes, Hanselstorf Kuekenmeister creates flat, flaky pastry. He puts it on top of a stew and when the steam comes out in a narrow stream he calls it a 'piper', an allusion to a bedroom predilection. His wife, Mostworthy Kuekenmeister, shortens it to pie, and then has the idea of putting pastry below. Her husband insists that with pastry all around it, it should be called a pasty.

421 IC
The Pie War begins.

444 IC
The Pie War ends in a truce, although the Kuekenmeisters remain separated.

c. 500 IC
Halfling communities assimilate into the wider Empire as it expands its borders, a period known as the 'Drive to the Frontiers'.

572 IC
The Charter of Imperial Rights is crafted, which recognises Halflings as citizens.

701 IC
Tartlytongue Burdenblouse invents the topless pie and calls it a 'tart'. The Second Pie War begins.

719 IC
The Second Pie War ends. Elder Leopold Ramsitthome establishes a ruling body to end all future pastry disputes. However, he is easily bought, so it becomes known as the 'Pay Leo Diet'.

833 IC
Halfling poet Forthright Firstforemostly performs his poem *The Short Man's Burden*, urging Halflings to take up the life of servants as a way of growing in power by proximity to it.

1010 IC
Ludwig the Fat establishes the Moot.

1035 IC
The Greenleafs are added to the Moot's territory.

1105 IC
Halfing Fieldwardens travel to Altdorf to warn the Emperor of Skaven uprisings they have detected. Emperor Boris the Incompetent declares all mentions of Skaven to be treasonous because they are declared not to exist.

1115 IC
Skaven clans rise up and conquer much of the Old World. The Moot is abandoned by Stirland, and Averland and Halflings seek refuge in Dwarf karaks.

1124 IC
Emperor Mandred drives out the Skaven. Halflings are the first in most cases to return to towns and rebuild them. They claim Saurapfel from Averland as a result.

1360 IC
Buttermilk Condlywurst returns from the Chaos Wastes with an idea for the 'Norscan', a fluffy pastry with fruit and custard.

1550 IC
Civil war grips the Empire and three Emperors make a claim to the title. The Moot declares itself neutral, recognising, '*no Emperor but Sigmar until a fair and equal Council is called*'. This establishes a tradition of Mootlanders removing themselves from bigfooter politics from then on.

1680s–1880s IC
The Under Years. The dead rise from their graves all over the Empire and attack. A few decades later, a vast Greenskin horde explodes from the south. Once again, Halflings in the Moot retreat, hiding mainly underground. Halflings gain a reputation for cowardice, soft living, and only caring for the finer things in life. This prejudice affects Halflings across the Empire and causes a great rift between them and the Mootlanders.

1787 IC
Lack of pie meat leads to the invention of the sausage roll. It remains a symbol of lean times and often denigrated.

1999 IC
A giant warpstone comet crashes into Sylvania. Halflings run many expeditions into the site. Many Mooter families have tiny pieces of warpstone on their mantelpiece dating to this period, something that only the naturally corruption resistant Halflings could do without terrible consequence.

2000–2145 IC
The Vampire Counts, in three waves, almost destroy the entire Empire. As Halflings are resistant to vampirism (or at least don't taste very nice), Elector Count Ellaminamanda Moonrow rescinds the previous stance on neutrality, declaring the Moonrow Doctrine: that a threat to any part of the Empire is a threat to Halfling kind and the Moot will respond in force. The Vampires go north instead, devastating Ostermark and Stirland, but Averlanders forever after recall the Mootland protection.

2231 IC
The flan is made illegal, but unlawful baking continues.

2429 IC
Marienburg formally secedes from the Empire. Discussion begins across the Moot about following suit.

2431 IC
After the Great Fire of Altdorf, Halfling pies are one of the few things available to eat. Pie Week, invented a century earlier in Saurapfel, becomes a hit in the capital and soon spreads.

2512 IC
Hearing news that Ubersreik has become self-governing, the Moot sends a semi-official exploratory committee to the city, as the first steps perhaps towards Mootish secession.

The Grand County of the Mootland and Its Borders

'Call this the Empire? Get off with ye. Why, in Nordland we're not happy unless we're cold, wet, and miserable, and the soil is full of rocks. These Halflings are soft, no doubt.'

– Angry Algred, Nordland Herbalist

The Grand County of the Mootland contains some of the richest and most fertile land in the Empire — and some of the most beautiful as well. The Aver River flows fresh and clear, and the climate is temperate and predictable. In the west are beautiful soft downs and grasslands that rise to rolling hills and then into taller promontories in the east, but the Mootlanders would be horrified to possess something as stark and miserable as a mountain or a cliffside. Similarly they have forests large and small, but nothing ostentatious like an Elven forest or choked like the Drakwald. The grasslands tend to be busy with plots of land filled with prize-winning vegetables; hardy sheep, pigs, and goats; and in the west, their highly famed tobacco.

The Mootland is much more densely populated than most provinces of the Empire (see **Sigmar's Heirs**). With few forests and mountains, vast areas for farming, and a fast-breeding population, folks live just about anywhere, in towns large and small that sprawl across the countryside and almost overlap. Only the capital — Eicheshatten — could really be called a city, but it's humble and small compared to other of the Empire's cities. Most Halfling settlements would really only qualify as villages. Mootish roads are so poorly tended because Halflings typically have what they need close at hand; they view the Reikland's wide paved roads as evidence that everyone there is too busy to talk to anyone or stop awhile along the way.

ROADS AND RIVERS

The state of Mootland's roads is a running joke in the Empire, and in the south its rivers grow ever more narrow and turbulent. As such, many wagoners, messengers, coachmen, and river folk will stop at the border and refuse to go further without a 'Moot Road tax'. Meanwhile, the Halflings who ply those roads and rivers have a wide reputation of being masters in their field. In particular, the need for rapid communication between vast clans have created the swiftest, most agile messengers in the Old World, whether on foot, driving a team, or riding the stout Halfling ponies. 'Took off like a Mootland message' is a common southern phrase for something rushing from sight.



The rivers split the land into three areas: Aver Reach (Averland), Auld Styrland (Stirland), and Greenleafs. Aver Reach in the southeast is named after that bustling river that also lends its name to their neighbours the Averlanders. Generally, Averlanders and Mootlanders get along, although the competition between them is fierce when it comes to who produces the best sheep and finest wool garments. More than one county fair has ended in bloodshed — for Averlanders seem to have no sense of humour whatsoever. Auld Styrland is to the north, and named for the province whose ancient land it occupies. Relations on this border are stonier, with Stirland never able to forgive the wrong done to them by Emperor Ludwig. To this day, they call it 'The Great Wrong', and grumble about setting it right again.

The rough hills known as the Greenleafs are to the west. This land was not part of the Imperial decree. It was bought from an Averlander lord, who declared the land absolutely worthless for turning any kind of profit. The Greenleaf clan had spotted that the dry hills were perfect for growing olives, grapes, and especially tobacco. At that time the Empire's only source of the soporific weed was Bretonnia: a wet, insipid product that had failed to excite the market. Within a century, Halfling pipeweed was the first choice of smokers across the Empire, and the Greenleafs became the richest part of the Moot.

To the east of the Mootland lies a very different neighbour: the benighted land of Sylvania. That land's evil seeps out of it like water through cloth. Stirland and Averland must deal with its dark intrusions. Each county has its own solutions. The Halfling traits of diligence and courage have proven arguably the most effective.

Halfling Politics

Almost all Halfling politics is settled by a council of Elders, a startlingly informal and unofficial process to Empire eyes. Every village has a collection of Halflings who make judgements on law and policy, with larger issues or appeals handled in the bigger towns or at the Grand Council in the capital, Eicheschatten. Councils are usually composed of odd numbers so they have no ties in votes. Once appointed, typically membership lasts for life. Despite the name there is no age — nor gender — requirement to join the councils. But they do tend to be composed of older Halflings as the appointment is for life. Ambitious halflings must be nominated to join by an established member of the Council.

Elder Councils are held at most once a month, but sometimes only once a year, for most of the time Mootlander society believes in a live-and-let-live approach, leaving folks to settle their differences primarily on their own. Since families are large (with a single household being up to 50 folk) and interconnected, and word travels fast, it is hard to do anything without your own mother hearing all the salacious details. This means compromise and discussion are the tools of the day, and those tools are always at work. The whole place bubbles with chatter. Almost nothing is done without a long discussion beforehand to make sure everyone agrees. This can take a while and stoic types — Dwarfs especially — may find organising anything in the Moot an ordeal because everyone has to weigh in.

Of course, it's not all as harmonious as the Mootlanders like to pretend. Clans and councils intersect and the decisions and affiliations of their members can come into conflict. Halflings do not live and breathe grudges like Dwarfs, but families are living memories. Halflings are affable folk because they often have to be, passing the day despite great arguments and long-held anger.

Moot Elders

Although Halflings have a casual approach to life, often that is because they must yield to the dominant cultures around them. Visitors to the Moot will discover that every now and then, Halflings do have a drop of pomp and circumstance, and can take things almost seriously, and this happens most of all in the Moot.

For example, unlike most of the Elector Counts, the Moot representative must be elected by the Grand Council of Elders. Grand Elder is the title they prefer. The election is held every three years in Eicheschatten. It lacks the lavish ceremony that taller species prefer, but it's central to Moot politics. It's treated with its own kind of formality and respect. Families are more likely to gather for a picnic than for soldiers to march the streets, but that is how Halflings show respect: gathering with food. Mootlander society works because every Halfling sees themselves as part of it, and has a stake in protecting it. Indeed, visitors may find towns shut down if a council is going on.

Not that council days are quiet, nor are Halfling 'holy days' either, for that matter. Even the highest courts of the Moot are loud, bawdy affairs, with frequent jokes, appeals to the audience, and audience 'participation' (constant interruptions). Hisme loves to begin official matters with a big raspberry to get everyone's attention. The longest ever Grand Council is said to have been delayed by persistent outbreaks of folk singing, complete with deafening armpit noises by the famous Elder Obvaluta Crumleywort.

MOOTISH MATTERS

- The party arrives in town desperate for provisions only to find that no house is open to them as the town is in the grip of what has now been a three-day long Elder Council. Executive proceedings appear to have broken down into an argument over whether one could fall asleep standing up. If the Characters want any kind of help, they'll have to settle the argument and then get through 14 other matters of important village business.
- Okona Mainsthirst is a Halfling found so desirable by most of his kind that his motions are easily carried at Councils. Halflings in Einsamholz have found getting a fair hearing impossible if it goes against what Okona wants. They are looking for any exotic, handsome outsiders who can woo a few council members long enough to make them forget Okona so that some desperately needed changes can be made.

COUNCIL CONTORTIONS

- Elder Bellowbreech Smallnose needs to take a stance at the Council of Grunhugel that will be vastly unpopular with his uncle. He hires the party to transport his uncle to the meeting on the understanding that they will encounter some trouble on the river that will make them arrive too late. But when the uncle proves incredibly hard to waylay, the Characters may have to restrain him somehow which could be very hard to explain...
- After an Elder's untimely death, the Council of Birnbaum has been deadlocked for a year on a key issue – which guild is responsible for cleaning the public bathing houses, a vastly expensive and thankless task. Council law allows for an outsider to cast the tie-breaking vote when even numbers result in this. They have chosen one of the Characters for this honour. Both sides have, of course, instructed the Character on the correct way to vote while other parties have an interest in keeping the deadlock going, and will try to arrange an 'accident' for the tie-breaker.

CLANS WITHIN CLANS

Halfling society is based around clans: conglomerations of relatives who share a common ancestor (though not always the same last name). Each area of the Empire has their own clans, but clans also move around, and this can create internecine struggles. There are Brandysnaps in the Moot who would rather be mistaken for Lostpockets than be thought of as the Brandysnaps of the Reikland (see Halfling Clans of the Reikland) There are Stirland Pumpkerlickens who have never even met their Mootish cousins. And, of course, the Moot has her own unique clans, chief of which include:

- **The Crumleyworts**. Where most of the Mootland farms tobacco, fruit, or sheep, the Crumleyworts found great wealth in herding small potbellied pigs. The grease they manufacture is used by almost every cook in the county. It's also popular with Ogre butchers. The smell of muck and rendered hogfat follows them everywhere, which they make up for with self-deprecating humour.
- **The Downhills**. The recipe of the famous Halfling Peculiar ale is the closely guarded secret of the Downhill clan, and secrets are their other stock in trade. What began as a way of promoting their brand has become a way of life for many Downhills. They now are less trusted in the Moot because they are so tight-lipped. This also makes them well regarded as messengers, confidants, and spies.
- **The Harbarfenarders**. The tobacco farms of the Greenleafs are owned by lots of different clans, but packaging and exporting to the far reaches of the Old World is handled mostly by the Harbarfenarders. Traffic on the roads of the Mootland that aren't simple farmers or messengers are just as likely to be Harbarfenarder delivery wagons. With their wagons comes the latest news and gossip – Harbarfenarders are as long-winded as their signature pipes.
- **The Smallnoses**. The size of their proboscis varies wildly but Smallnoses have made a reputation as reliable, hard-working folk free of notions. As they have little interest in putting on airs or being Elders, they are viewed as more objective than other Halflings. So strong is their reputation as such that they are often pushed into being Elders, on the assumption that they will be unbothered by ego, although this does not always prove true. 'Smallnose, big problems', as the Halfling saying goes.
- **The Stouthearts**. Once famed for their battle-prowess and tremendous courage, the Stouthearts have grown in fame – thanks to Hisme's high position. They are now the significant political force in the Mootland. However, their assuredness that Hisme will name one of them as the next Elector Count has riven the once united clan with rivalry and division. A visitor who talks to one Stoutheart before another may find half the town despising them for this misstep.
- **The Talltrees**. Until recently, the Talltrees were a smaller and less prosperous clan, but they have grown in stature as the Moot has become a popular tourist location. The Talltrees are natural hosts, gregarious and physically affectionate, which suits them well for greeting newcomers. They are also inveterate pranksters, even more than regular Halflings, and have spread this tendency to pick on tourists across the Moot.

The Fieldwardens

Just as Halflings have politics, albeit in a strikingly informal way, the same is true of their armed forces. The Fieldwardens are one of the most lethal fighting forces in the Old World (see page 89). The Fieldwardens have no named regiments, no uniforms, and few leaders. They are fiercely loyal, cunning and dogged, and are all volunteers. Much of their success comes from the fact that they are guarding their homes. They not only know every twig and brush like the back of their hands, they know the people intimately and are usually related to them. This allows them to use snipers and commando tactics: long-handled staff-slings can make a stone travel as fast and far as an arrow. The Fieldwardens also remain vigilant by having a tight focus: they don't care for any lives that aren't Mootlander Halflings. Ogres can take care of themselves, Stirlanders and Averlanders are probably up to no good, and any Human coming from the east is more than likely Undead (or worse). Visitors who expect help from local authorities will be laughed at. The Fieldwardens protect their own — no more, no less.

FUGITIVES AND MALINGERERS



- After a very rowdy punch-up in a tavern, the Characters are arrested and manacled together until who did what can be ascertained. One Character is manacled to a stranger who uses his unnatural strength to slip away into the darkness, pulling the Character with them. The runner is a Vampire. The Fieldwardens are closing in, and are unlikely to bother to check which of the two runaways is Undead before they open fire.
- A small collection of Fieldwardens protect the shepherd families of the northeast from ravenous beasts they call the 'Sheep-Savagers'. Of course, there are no such beasts. (The occasional staged occurrence of a gutted sheep ensures all the local Fieldwardens get plenty of praise while doing nothing at all.) However, the Characters stumble onto a Chaos cult performing sacrifices – and can't convince anyone that it's not a 'Sheep-Savager' at work!

Halfling Law

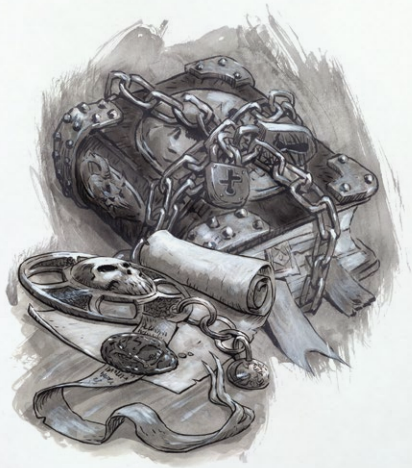
There's a popular saying in Stirland that goes: *'There's no law for halflings'*. In its broadest sense, it means that in the general scheme of things, small sins and small sufferings are soon forgotten by sinner and sufferer alike. Others choose to take a more literal interpretation — that the diminutive Mootlanders pay little heed to laws at all.

For some Stirlanders — and increasingly, Averlanders as well — this meaning has become truth. After all, Stirland territory itself was stolen by Halflings to create the Moot. Therefore, they must be a lawless folk with no concern for others. Thus, there can be no harm in stealing from them in return. So it is that Stirland shepherds will graze their flock on lands across the Mootland. Stirland foresters will wander into Moot forests for wood and game. Muleskinners will run their lines across the Moot without paying border tolls. Bailiffs and wardens might slide borders ever inwards, encroaching into the Moot. For who is there to stop them?

RANDOM EUPHEMISMS

Halflings have a euphemism for everything and in the Moot they come thick and fast. Here's a table to help you add colourful language to any encounter. They can mean anything you want.

D10		
1	Polishing	...the Sheep
2	Visiting	...the Broomhandle
3	Aggravating	...the Blunderbuss
4	Baking	...Old Quinsberry
5	Shaking	...the Chaos Realms
6	Noshing	...Sigmar's Sausage
7	Magicking	...the Piecrusts
8	Mutating	...the Dingleberries
9	Shooting	...the Snotlings
10	Looting	...the Wizard's Tower



Road Wardens and Riverwardens are charged to defend all the Empire, *'Unto All Its Farthermost Climes'*, but more often than not stop their patrols at the Mootland borders. No Empire coffers are spent on troops to defend against Greenskins or Undead invasions. No excisemen come to make sure that Mootish taxes are not undue or unfair.

The popular myth is that the Mootland is insular, and acts as if the rest of the Empire is forgotten. The truth is the opposite: the Empire wishes the Mootland did not exist. The Moot is a place where Halflings look to Halfling things — for no one else will care for them. And they often extend this policy outwards. Visitors who come from the 'big folk' (Humans, Dwarfs, and Elves) may find that if they seek justice for any crimes committed against them that local Mooters will shrug their shoulders and say, 'there's no law for Halflings'.

However, Halflings do have a legal system, albeit one much more simplistic and far more liberal than the rest of the Empire's. 'human justice' is a Halfling phrase meaning something cruel and cold. Halflings find executions barbaric, imprisoning people a waste of good labour, and the stocks a waste of good vegetables. Punishments for Halfling crimes are meted out by Elder Councils. They are almost always financial, paid in either coin, work, or goods in trade. The most extreme Halfling sentence is exile, which is quite severe in a culture centred entirely around community. In some rural areas, Halflings will brand exiled folk if they feel the rumour mill won't keep up with the news, but this is rare.

The unfortunate consequence of this system, however, is that perpetrator and victim remain in close proximity: you may live and work with your cousin's killer for the rest of your days. Halflings sometimes wait until a dark night and deliver some 'human justice' to those they feel deserve it.

HUMAN JUSTICE



- Musty Tartlytongue killed three Halflings in what he claimed was a drunken rage. He has since grown amused by how much his presence terrifies the grieving families when he comes around their farms and shops. After another body is found, the townsfolk would love for some passing ne'er-do-wells to deliver some human justice, but are they willing to kill in cold blood?
- Things get worse when evidence suggests another suspect is possible, and the town Elders start investigating: Halfling law takes a very dim view of outside agitators coming in and dispensing foreign judgements as if they owned the place. That could be seen as treason and in the Empire, they hang people for that...

Heading to the Moot

'The symbol of the Moot is the cockerel, and so to thank you for your generosity we have drawn on your tavern walls a proud, upstanding pink one, thrusting forward with all its might'

– Hillary Talltree, Halfling Street Artist

There are many reasons to head to the Moot. For those preparing an excursion into the fearsome land of Sylvania, it makes an excellent stopping point, and passing through it to reach the Border Princes allows one to avoid Sylvania entirely. Trade with the tiny county is constant and fervent; tobacco is a perennial, with each new season offering new flavours, and the ale and wine are the same. In spring and summer, the fruit trade is busier than the wool trade from Averland. Finally, there is tourism: as Halfling delicacies and hallmarks ever rise in popularity, a growing market has risen in wealthy northerners keen to try the 'real thing'. Of course, the Moot is often quite different than they expect, but for many that's part of the appeal: everyone knows only real Mootlanders provide a true Halfling experience.

That 'real' experience can be shocking. The Moot is the one place in the Empire where Halflings don't have to live by human standards — they take this as a matter of pride. Large cities and tourist havens like Eicheschatten and Saurpafel make accommodations for taller visitors but many places aggressively do not. All ceilings are five feet high and furnished with toddler-sized furniture; beds are impossible to sleep on without buying a double room and pushing them together. (And of course, beds pushed together by staff costs extra, like everything Humans might need.) Humans will also find that the common Empire outhouse or longdrop is replaced with a communal all-gender bench system. Bathing rooms are the same. Lodgings are often public; privacy is not something Halflings care to provide. This means Human thieves love to haunt the Moot tourist trade, and Halflings only care if it starts to damage their income.

Some places will even have special things set aside for the big folks, to emphasise that they are unwelcome. Drinks come in thin vases a foot tall; crockery is twice as long as it should. After all, Halflings don't know what humans need and thus can 'innocently' make mistakes (see **The Grand Tour**, opposite). If the humans don't like it, of course, they can be pointed to the Ogre lodgings most Moot towns have, but staying with Ogres is far, far worse. The smell alone can prove fatal.



THE TOURIST TRADE

- Elder Prudential Stoutheart hires the Characters to act as her bodyguards as she fears a political assassination. This means the Characters have to follow her everywhere, including tiny little Mootish meeting rooms and of course, communal bathhouses. The latter is where the assassins mean to strike, which will leave the Characters without armour or weapons, or indeed room to stand upright, to fight back.
- Wellworth Piecrusties runs a guided carriage tour of the 'real Halfling experience' along the northern roads. He chats with his passengers, and if he finds any that won't be missed much he takes them back to his farm for a home cooked meal, where he drugs and imprisons them. Wellworth and his siblings make their prisoners toil the land from dusk 'til dawn. While most die of dehydration and too much toil, one has just escaped and could spoil everything.

The Grand Tour

Halflings are natural pranksters but the Mootland Halflings have concentrated this art form. Being seen as the mysterious place of exotic Halfling culture, and having a steady stream of tourists and traders, means the Moot's biggest export is now grandiose myths about the traditions, mores, and legends of the county. Some of these include:

- Insisting that every week is Cock Festival, requiring tourists to purchase a large purple cockerel, which the Halflings insist be hung on the wall back home to bring good fortune.
- Inventing outlandish Halfling history, regaling tourists with tales of epic battles and particularly unique troops, such as Swan Riders and Badger Knights. (Halfling Ram Cavalry are real, however, and terrifying to behold.)
- Leading tourists into the woods for 'snark hunts', a mysterious beast that can only be seen if tourists cover themselves in mud and leaves and hum the mating song. Similar legends include 'bowelbears' that can tunnel into privies in the middle of the night, 'dust monsters' that hide under beds, and 'bee-holders', arboreal canids that carry beehives in their mouths.
- The eating of disgusting food and drink, either raw and gruesome or filled with incredibly hot spice.
- Elaborate cultural rituals that the visitors are assured of being mandatory. One involves visitors being chosen to be the Cheese Wife, a position of great honour, where one must ceremoniously marry a great block of cheese. The wealthier the customer, the more they are milked for wedding ceremony costs.

The code phrase used by Mooters is 'The Grand Tour'. If a Halfling announces that certain folk are here for the Grand Tour or enquires if they have had a Grand Tour, it's code for everyone within earshot that these people are marks, and everyone should play along with whatever deception they can imagine.

WRAITH WANTED, APPLY WITHIN

- The Halflings are running the snark hunt scam on some tourists, possibly including the party, when they suddenly find a real Hydra. Some of the guests are convinced it's fake and rush up to 'remove its costume'. The tour guides desperately need help but also don't want the Characters to blow their cover.
- The Altern Forest is the biggest scam in the Moot. The same clan owns inns at either end. When travellers arrive, they regale them with tales of the strange ghosts that haunt the trees. Once the caravan sets off the next day, they place bets on who will scream the loudest and run the farthest, while fellow agents dress in sheets and make to waylay the coach. Recently, however, other clans have wanted in on the action, and have been leaking the truth in small amounts to show they are serious. The haunters need a big scare to solidify the legend again. Some also say there really are ancient ghosts in the forest, but is that just another lie?



MAJOR LANDMARKS

'The Moot is another country. They do things differently there.'

– Friar Boz, *Sketches of Empire*

The land has three distinct areas, though they have no official label or distinction, and a few towns worthy of special note.

Aver March

To the east of the Blue River is the area known as the Aver March. Here the land is best for grazing sheep, goats, and occasionally deer, and breeding the small-legged dogs that herd them. Orchards grow the famed fruits, apples, pears, plums, which end up in so many pies. Along the eastern border lie half a dozen ruined castles, said to date from when Averlanders had to be driven out of the Moot at swordspoint. The Halflings leave the castles alone. They are now overgrown and could hide any manner of danger — or treasure. To the south lies the Wailing Woods, which is said to hold an angry banshee. Beyond, is the town of Zel, which is famed as the strangest place in all the Moot, although that may just be a lie to attract tourists.

DOG TIRED

- The screams in the Wailing Woods are actually coming from the rituals of a band of Grinning Moon Goblins. They know the Fieldwardens of the Moot are strong so they are slowly expanding their numbers into the ruined castles under cover of darkness. By the time they are noticed they will be able to swarm the March, and cut off any support from the Empire.
- Breeders in Birnbaum are convinced their newest dog breed, long thin 'dash-hounds', can rival the ratting qualities of any north-Empire terrier. However, their strange appearance and tendencies to bite anything they see has hampered sales. They are willing to pay famed or reputable folks to take a few back north to espouse their virtues in the public square. Brave heroes would be perfect for the job.

Auld Styrland

The area to the north of the Aver was once Stirlander territory. This land grows most of the Mootland's grain and similar staples, and the main road to Eicheschatten means the region is filled with taverns and inns. Folk here are used to seeing Human and Dwarf traders and many visitors from Stirland to the north, although not all the latter are friendly. Here the Mootland border is disputed and often violently fought over. This and the intrusions from Sylvania make the northerners more dour and serious types, and they look down on the softer folks of Aver Reach.

THE GRINNING MOON

- Bogglewort is the one town in Auld Styrland that enjoys a fairly cordial reputation with the northern neighbours. This is mostly because of the ongoing semi-friendly matches of brucket (a strange Halfling sport) they play against Rootmarsh, a Stirlander town just two miles up the road. But other Stirlanders disapprove of this relationship, and would do anything to prove that the Halfling side has been cheating for years.
- Leedletown to the east is a town that Halflings, in their gratitude, built entirely for Ogres – at Ogre size. Many Halflings live there but the size difference can make a few things difficult, and there's always a need for humans, particularly tall ones, to do odd jobs. This also suits the local Halfling thieves, who use cunning acrobatics to perform crimes that suggest only a human could have done them, then letting Ogre rage take care of the rest.

THE GRAND TOUR

CATCH THE MOOTLAND MENACE

WANTED: brave folk to join our Snark Hunt!
Yellow bellies need not apply.
Enter these mysterious woods at your own peril.
This terrifying Snark MUST not escape.

Admits one adult or two halflings for a full day's exhilarating entertainment.

Bold and brilliant Badger Knights
Stupendous and spectacular Swan Riders
Ghost tour of the Alarming Alvern Forest
Free scrumptious pie at the Fat Fool Tavern

** Worms as additions apply*


THE GRAND COUNTY OF THE
MOOTLAND
AULD STYRELANDE
ALTERN FOREST
MOOT ROAD
Bogglewort
Moldberg Ruins
Brandenberry
Leedleton
Haukern
AVER REACH
SLEEPY WOOD
AVER REACH
AVER
Hornsby's Ferry
EICHESCHATTEN
Sauerapfel
AVER
Birnbaum
Grunhügel
Einsamholz
Averwache Ruins
Die Nachtfestung Ruins
BLUE REACH
GREENLEAFS
Gipfel
Quellstunden Ruins
GREENLEAF HILLS
Fallenblatt
Schlachtfurt Ruins
WAILING WOODS
Dreiflussen
BLUE REACH
PFUNGZIG
Waldwache Ruins
Zell
Dieffurt
Essign
Hutten
N
Scale in Imperial Miles
0 10 20 30 40

The Greenleafs

Due to a cartographical error in the creation of the Moot, there was one tiny part of the Empire owned by no county. The Duchy of the Fallow Hills was the smallest province of all. When the noble who owned it eventually sold it to the adjoining Moot, the new owners instantly turned it to great profit in tobacco. Although they have no problem growing rich on the foreign demand for their product, the Greenleafers are the Mootlanders most likely to have no time for visitors of the wrong height. They also do a roaring trade with the Dwarfs in the mountains and folks of the Border Princes. As their wealth increases so too does the area become less rural and more urban compared to the rest of the Moot. There are some in the Greenleafs that talk of not needing the rest of the Moot or even the Empire, as Altdorf is a long way away and the south know how to deal with Halflings properly.

THE DUKE AND THE DAG

- Carla von Stehlenwieder, the many times removed descendant of the Duke of the Fallow Hills discovers an error in the ancient purchase document that bought her ancestor's land – an error that could make the whole deal null and void. Now that the Greenleafs are worth a fortune, she's hired a pack of expensive Altdorf litigants. She is coming to take back what the Duke owns, or at least a sufficiently profitable portion as a 'fair compromise'. The locals could lose their entire livelihoods. They need academics to investigate the claim, conmen who might smell out a ruse, or heavies to make her change her mind and go home.

- The tiny town of Gipfel is the hub of the largest of the tobacco production houses. Dagobert 'Old Dag' Heathland, who also owns virtually all the growing land around, keeps a close eye on production. Dag plays the backwood simpleton while ruling half the Greenleafs through fear and intimidation. He also owes his crop's great potency to a ritual he discovered long ago in Kislev – one that requires an annual blood sacrifice. Tourists and traders provide candidates, and Old Dag insures the secret remains just that.

Eicheshatten

Eicheshatten, the county's capital, is the centre of all three regions, near the river fork, and owes no great allegiance to any part. It's primarily an administrative town, designed to host the Grand Councils and hold the residence of the Elector Count in its fine 'palace' (a modest two-storey town house). Hisme Stoutheart declines living there, preferring her own farm on the outskirts, so the building is as empty as the council hall is most of the time. Many of the Mootland State Army's training houses and various other Imperial outposts of financial, political, and military function remain empty for most of the year. The locals enjoy sending visiting officials to these buildings, assuring them that the staff 'must be around somewhere', if only they look hard enough.

Eicheshatten has plenty of non-official business, and bustles in its own quiet way. Smithies, leather workers, and horse traders do a roaring trade. Anyone can get work as a messenger running things back and forth from embassies and outposts, and to the Halfling official in question, who is most likely dozing in their backyard. Despite having the most cobbled streets in the Moot, there's little traffic and the streets are narrow and winding, bumping into crossroads and squares and diving around great spreading oak trees or gorgeous floral gardens. 'Straight as an Eicheshatten road' is a popular turn of phrase among Halflings and bigfooters alike, and can also refer to the suspicion that every human visitor is being thoroughly fleeced and conned.

PIE IN THE STY

- Thanks to family connections, Helmut Henzig was made the secretary to the graf of Talabecland. He was sent to Eicheschatten to perform a thorough analysis of Mootland trade. He fell into the sleepy-town lifestyle, however, and now a year later he's had word that his liege is on his way to see why no updates have been sent back. Helmut has only two days to gather the information. He faces execution, if he is found to have been making up lies.

- A popular trick played on new arrivals is to sell them 'magic homing piglets' which will, if chased down the winding streets, lead them to the Halfling or other official they need to see. This variant of an old children's game causes much hilarity for onlookers as hapless bailiffs charge after swiftly running swine. Strangely, however, one particular pig is proving reliable time and time again, because his heightened sense of smell is attracted to the sweet scent of rotten flesh that surrounds those officials who happen to be part of the same Nurgle cult.



HAFFENNAFF

Another bewildering experience for the big folks in the Moot is that there everyone speaks Mootish, or Haffennaff as it is more correctly known. This language is a conglomeration of a since-lost ancient Halfling tongue and every other language they've encountered. It contains bits of Grumbarth, the Ogre tongue, Classical, and some Reikspiel, and indeed some Reikspiel words come from Haffennaff, such as Halfling which is a Reikspiel mangling of 'Haffen'. Since the language is related to Reikspiel, most Mootlanders can switch back and forth easily, and drag words and conventions back and forth.

GMs can simulate this half-dialect by using some verbal tricks such as:

- **Dropped consonants**. Where two or more consonants are together, the extra ones tend to disappear. So Halfling is haffen, farmer is fammer, hungry is hunny, Ogre is ogie.
- **Vowel lengthening**. Short words that end in vowels often have extra vowels added, or used as links to the next word. 'How do you do' becomes 'Hoodoodee', and 'No thanks' becomes simply 'Noot'.
- **Metaphor reversals**. Halflings enjoy lots of metaphors and metonymy and then reverse them in slang. Since one says 'as cunning as a fox', a fox can be known as a 'cunner'. Judges are 'sobers', merchants are 'honests', soldiers are 'straits'. Dwarves are 'drunkies', elves are 'lonelies', and humans are 'dafties'.
- **Hand gestures**. Emphasis and a sense of scale can be added not with words but with adding hand gestures which to outsides seem unrelated, confusing and obscene. For example, someone addressing a crowd might not say 'Greetings to you all' but simply shout 'Hoodoo' and let the arm gesture express 'to everyone'.

SAURAPFEL

'An apple a day keeps Morr's hand at bay!'
– Saurapfel Apple Picker Company Slogan

The town that launched Pie Week is now one of the main stops on a gourmand's tour of the Empire, Saurapfel is very happy to be the face of the Moot. Often what is taken for as tradition across the whole Moot is just a Saurapfel peculiarity. Likewise the town's Halflings assume they can speak for all their kin all too often.

Saurapfel is a pretty town, with lots of bridges and barges along the river, and bright, cheerfully painted fences and walls. Wide squares are perfect for hosting festivals, and the many Halfling games that take place during them. These often include dressing up as large pantomime creatures with several Halflings inside. These costumes can be hot and confusing for the many Halflings stuffed into them, and afford frequent opportunities for intimate relations. Sometimes these costumes are of animals, but just as often they are caricatures of political figures such as Human nobles of nearby towns and counties, who act foolishly and then get clobbered with cloth-covered sticks. Visiting nobles may also be drenched in the cider barrel or thrown into the river. The Halflings assure everyone it's all in fun, but in their effort to top each previous year they go further and further, and visiting nobility aren't laughing nearly as much.

Saurapfel gets its name from the tangy red apples of the nearby orchards that go into almost every cooked dish, and are part of the town's heraldry. During Pie Week, tens of thousands sample the bounty of just a few orchards, which is increasingly putting stress on the product. Attempts are being made to grow larger apples, but nobody wants to make a mistake and cause the largest mass poisoning in the history of the Empire.

OVER THE BORDER

- Demand is rising more and more for Ogre workers in Halfling guilds across the Empire. In meeting that demand the Sauerapfel Haflings are usually the brokers and Ogres the 'product'. The town has seen so much of this that prices are dropping to compete, and Ogres are losing family and friends for pocket change. They are on the verge of rebellion – which could destroy the town and the work trade and get a lot of people killed.
- Saurapfel was once in Averland, a fact everyone has forgotten except for an ancient spirit. This wraith is all that remains of Sir Elias Holson-Haesteler, a knight who pledged to his lady that he would not rest until he returned to Averland soil. When the borders shifted he found himself cursed back to life and every night tries to ride the five mile journey from Saurapfel back to Halstedt – and fails. The tourist trade is now running into him, making him furious and bloodthirsty.

Pfunzig

Pfunzig is firmly in Averland, but it's known as the Twin Cities because the northern half of it is Halfling sized. Switching from 'long to short' when crossing the river takes some getting used to, but the townsfolk are generally cheerful about their town's quirk. At least the humans are; even with their large numbers, Halflings get less protection and consideration under the law, and have to fight for any access to trade deals, good employment and cheap goods. Indeed, because the divide is so severe, it's worse than in the big human cities. The Halflings could move back to the Moot, but it's the principle of the thing.

SWAPS AND TRADES

- Some politically minded Halflings have begun talking to Averland's nobles about a 'Great Swap' – Pfunzig goes to the Moot and in return Averland gets Saurapfel! This would be a net gain for Averland because of the huge festival and food trades. Of course, the Pfunziggers don't speak for anyone but themselves, but feel that if Averland presented a fait accompli with sufficient military backing and support from inside the Moot, it would be a bloodless process. Averland is interested.

- In an effort to ensure better treatment, the city recently ruled that nobody may smoke anything but Halfling tobacco 'whilst on the streets of Pfunzig'. This has led to enterprising Human businesses running smoking barges on the river, since the water is not technically the streets. The Halflings are ready to riot over this, threatening to burn the city down. Or at least sink the barges.

EXTERNAL THREATS

'If you see a Halfling running, follow them. They're either running to a feast or from something that'll feast on you…'

– Jon Callengard, Middenheim Bawd

The Moot is a figure of mockery for most of the Empire. But Halflings are far more than they seem, as is the Moot. It sits as a bulwark against two terrible threats, and fights an endless war against them.

The Unquiet Dead

The land of Sylvania — where the dead rise and walk again with frightening frequency — lies north and east of the Mootland. Centuries ago it was ruled by powerful Vampire princes, who nearly crushed the entire Old World beneath their Skeleton armies. Since then, Vampires have been rare and solitary figures. Recent rumours suggest that the Vampire princes have returned to their ancient castles. Certainly the steady rising of undead encounters with each passing year points to something new in that benighted place.

For centuries, Stirland and the Moot have been the first target of any such evil heading westward. It has made the Stirlanders grim, humourless and xenophobic. The Halflings take the threat seriously and never, ever joke about the undead, but it doesn't break their *bonhomie*. It helps that they have the Fieldwardens and a seeming natural resistance to necromancy. That doesn't mean that hungry Zombies and Dire Wolves will not feast on the short folk, of course. More than one Vampire lord has reflected that while Stirland is a good place to seek recruits, the Moot makes a great place to train or let one's hounds run free. There are dark tales of Lord Konrad von Carstein hunting Halflings for sport when he found their blood tasted foul.

There are also some Halflings keen to import the knowledge and power found across the border. Few Halflings have magical gifts and even fewer turn to dark magic, but it's not unknown. Halflings are practical folk, and they live right next door to a land bursting with *Dhar*, ready corpses, and plenty of Warpstone to find. More than a few Halflings have decided it would be foolish to let all of that potential go to waste.

And of course, the wheels of trade turn ever on: the roads and fields don't stop at the border, and Halfling pipeweed is as popular in Sylvania as everywhere. Human merchants may turn back when the skies darken and the bogs groan but Halfling dedication sees through. Sylvanian folk have a special love for Halflings and a warm relationship with their western neighbours — another reason for Stirlanders to mistrust Mootlanders.

TURNIP TITAN

- Glissandra Bigfeast is a precocious young Halfling from Haukern. She will pay a fine price for any and all books or magical artefacts brought back from Sylvania. Glissandra will tell sellers that she intends to 'archive the knowledge of that once-great kingdom lest it be lost forever'. But she's actually planning to raise the corpse of the Giant that she found while digging under her turnips.

- The Fieldwardens have received coded messages from villages in Sylvania begging for help against a Vampire. They also suspect it could be a trap. They are unwilling to send a posse of their best folk into what could be certain doom. That's a job best served by wandering sellswords, at least at first.

The Green Menace

Orc tribes prowl the mountains and the rough southern lands but their smaller brethren, the goblins, easily slip further north. Being natural cowards, there is nothing Goblins like to prey on more than Halflings — Goblins often have advantage both in size and numbers. Their Giant Spider mounts and Squigs can overrun and outnumber even the most dutiful Halfling militia. Halflings earned their famous reputation for courage from their battles with Empire forces against the Greenskins. Halfling fierceness sharpens to a point when facing down this particular foe.

Guerilla tactics work well against Human invaders and the undead can be hidden from, but a great green tide of a Goblin army would easily overrun the Fieldwardens and the small Mootlander guard forces. Vigilance is their only hope. The Fieldwardens patrol the forests, on the lookout for telltale signs of Greenskin presence. If they find small bands of scouts, those can be routed. If there are signs of larger forces on the march, the Halflings try to break down their lines of communication and supply. But Goblins will eat anything, so starving them out is no easy task.

RIVER RATS

The Moot presents a problem for the Skaven. The towns have no sewers and the soil is too soft to dig good tunnels, but the land is a direct route to the large underhive beneath Mordheim. Thus to move swiftly to that location they must come to the surface and slink along the banks of the river Aver, hiding in small burrows during the daylight. Tales of fighting these 'river Beastmen' are another reason why the riverwomen of the Moot are so renowned. Visitors who aren't well versed may make the mistake of sleeping on board their barges or camping by the river side, instead of getting inside a tavern. This is a mistake few live to repeat.

BORDER BLUFFS

- Led by Shaman Spitzikk, the Goblins of Clan Poison Toad are waylaying traffic from the south, particularly Dwarf and Human travellers. Dressed in masks and cloaks, the Goblins are trying to convince local allies that the Halflings cannot be trusted. Already seen as insular and aloof, there's a very good chance that a Goblin invasion of the Moot will be ignored by the Empire's Human population, giving the Greenskins an enormously powerful foothold to begin crushing the rest of the Old World.
- Fieldwardens led by Jasperjohn Maskerline in the southern Greenleafs are working on their own psychological warfare to trick the Goblin scouts. Their ambitious project is designed to make the Halfling army look ten times its size. They could really use the help of more wizards to add to the illusions, but they might just pull it off. Unfortunately, Averland spies are in the area and will see signs of a massed Halfling army as a very real threat. Civil war is a distinct possibility.



• IMPERIAL DWARFS •



Dwarfs have lived with Humanity for an age. For some clans, this coexistence goes back for more than a millennium before the founding of the Empire. Known as 'Imperial Dwarfs,' these clans have been close allies with several Human tribes. They have shared many of the same successes and tragedies with the neighbours they call 'Manlings'. Though Dwarfs are known for their stubborn adherence to long-held traditions and unchanging ways, even the most resolute of people cannot resist the influence of the wider community with whom they break bread. Imperial Dwarfs outwardly look and act very much like their mountain kin, the 'Karak Dwarfs', but in many subtle ways they are quite different. Living over four millennia among Humans has had a profound influence on Imperial Dwarfs.

'You haven't lived until you have seen an Imperial Dwarf and one from the mountains arguing about some subject or other. I had absolutely no idea what they were calling one another, not understanding Dwarfish you understand, but you can tell by the furrowed brows and colour in their faces that their words were not fit for polite company.'

– Sergeant Johann Paul Pfeffer, former soldier returning from the Azgaraz Trading Post

AN ENDURING ALLIANCE

It began as a simple arrangement of trade. During the War of Vengeance, the Dwarfs began low-level trade with the newly-arrived Human tribes in what would become the Empire. This trade became especially important during the Goblin Wars, forcing the Dwarfs to find ways of getting crops grown by Humans into their besieged Dwarf Holds.

In time, increasingly warlike Humans settled the land, continued trade relations with the Dwarfs, and battled the same enemies. A leader arose among the Human tribes: Sigmar Bjornsson of the Unberogens. He rescued Dwarf High King Kurgan Ironbeard from his Orc captors and cemented the friendship and alliance between Dwarfs and Humans of the Empire for millennia.

As Emperor, Sigmar invited Dwarfs from the mountains to settle with his people as he sought their help to build his cities and towns. Many Dwarfs heeded the call, and their descendants remain as loyal Imperial citizens today.



HISTORY

The Dwarfs' history with the Humans dwelling in what would become the Empire goes back a long way. The first Human tribes arrived during the Golden Age before relations between Elves and Dwarfs had deteriorated to war. It was during the War of Vengeance that the Dwarfs recognised the potential of trade with the Human tribes of the Belthani, though they were not yet envisioned as allies.

The Belthani were a fairly peaceful and pastoral people. Their numbers were not large enough to create much conflict among their own. Tribal quarrels usually resulted in a group moving to another land to eke out a living. The Human technology made use of stone weapons, copper tools, and pottery, but their ability to grow crops was what initially made the Belthani valuable to the Dwarfs who needed to muster and fortify their own people for a centuries-long war.

Living with the Belthani

For the most part, the War of Vengeance took place far from the lands of the Belthani tribes. This enabled the Belthani to grow and prosper. The subsequent war pitted the Dwarfs of Karaz Ankor against the Orcs and Goblins and brought the threat to the Humans. When Karak Varn fell to the Greenskin onslaught, a small number of Dwarfs took up residence with the eastern Belthani tribes. They worked to keep trading routes open and supply the provisions the karaks needed to continue the fight.

Around the year –1000 IC, a confederation of warlike Human tribes crossed Black Fire Pass and began conquering the land from the Belthani. These tribes pushed the first people out of the fertile river valleys and open countryside with their bronze weapons and chariots. The Dwarfs living with the Belthani could do nothing but work to minimise the slaughter. Moreover, the new tribes might be potential allies in their fight against the Greenskins. In their previous accord, the Belthani were merely a provider of foodstuffs.

THE WANDERING BARON

The rich and eccentric Baron Bastian von Hargenfels of Nordland has hired the Characters to accompany him on an expedition to the lands along the southern banks of Aver Reach. His research indicates that there may be remains of pre-Empire Belthani settlements in the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains where he hopes to find some lost artefacts for his collection. The journey will be dangerous and exploring the eastern fringes of the Empire more so. The area is also close to the southern edges of Sylvania and not too far from the ruined Karak Varn.

Heeding Sigmar's Call

The number of Dwarfs settling with the Human tribes continued to grow slowly. A number of them taught their hosts how to forge iron weapons and tools and build stone fortifications. By this time, tribes of Greenskins had poured past the fallen Holds into the forests and hills west of the World's Edge Mountains.

In time, having rescued High King Kurgan Ironbeard and led the confederated tribes to victory over the Greenskins at Black Fire Pass, the great war chief and Dwarf-friend (*Dawongr*), Sigmar Heldenhammer was proclaimed Emperor. One of his first acts was to invite hold-less Dwarfs to settle among his people. He bade them to bring their skills and help build the new Empire's towns and cities.

The Dwarfs that took up Sigmar's call found that Dwarf villages already existed outside the larger Human towns and cities. Unlike the mountain Dwarf Holds, these villages were not ruled by Dwarfs of the noble class. Rather the villages were governed by the descendents of those Dwarfs who first settled in the land during the time of the Belthani, or later, when the tribes of the Empire ruled the land.

In time, the Empire's cities and towns would grow large enough to incorporate these Dwarf villages. Eventually, the villages would be ensconced as districts within the defensive walls of each settlement. These Dwarf quarters are legally part of the city, albeit with specific rights and privileges delineated in the lawful reforms decreed by Emperor Magnus two centuries ago.

Imperial Persecutions

For much of the Empire's first millennium, Imperial Dwarfs were considered equals among the Imperial citizens. Having provided powerful support to the Empire's armies and contributed much to its intellectual life, the Dwarfs found a niche teaching the arts of architecture and engineering, or serving as counsellors to powerful nobles. Yet, there was a time conveniently forgotten in Imperial history (but not Dwarf memory) when the Imperial Dwarfs came under sanctioned persecution.

In the reign of Emperor Ludwig I, Dwarf influence and wealth spawned jealousy among the court. Laws were passed placing a heavy tax burden on Dwarfs (money had to be found for Ludwig the Fat's lavish feasts, after all). Many Dwarfs were jailed and their property confiscated for failing to meet Imperial Treasury demands. The Dwarfs also took particular offense when Ludwig elevated an upstart Halfling of the Mootland to Elector.

The persecution continued when Emperor Boris Goldgather ascended the throne. His desire for their wealth ruined many a Dwarf. Yet the Imperial Dwarfs did not riot, for they remembered their ancestors' pledge to support Sigmar's Empire. The reign of persecution came to an end when the Black Plague ended Emperor Boris.

NEVER FORGET, NEVER FORGIVE

The Black Plague not only wiped out nine out of every ten people, it devastated the Imperial nobility. Due to their inherent toughness, the Imperial Dwarfs weathered the deadly plague better than their fellow Imperials.

During the Rat Wars (1115–24 IC), the Imperial Dwarfs fought hard. The Dwarfs knew the Skaven well as generations had been raised with ancestral tales of the foul ratmen, a cruel species that attacked Karak Varn and Karak Eight Peaks from below while the Orcs and Goblins attacked from above. The Imperial Dwarfs would not accept the same fate as their ancestors.

During these wars, the Dwarfs' treatment under Emperors Ludwig and Boris, as well as their respective courts, was not forgotten. A secret covenant of Imperial Dwarf assassins based in Altdorf took time from warring against the Skaven to track down and eliminate any survivors of the courts who profited from the Dwarfs' misery. Further, any heirs and descendants were similarly eradicated, thus extinguishing these noble lines. All those murders would go unresolved even though each victim had been discovered with an empty leather purse crammed in their mouth. Few (including Dwarfs) considered that Dwarfs were behind the killings and Emperor Mandred II had more pressing matters to attend, such as defending the Empire from outside threats. Moreover, the nobility from other provinces had, strangely, little concern about the killings since the removal of certain noble lines created new opportunities.



Broken Empire

The Empire that rose from the ashes of the Black Plague and Rat Wars was fragmented, hollowed out by the powerful and ambitious noble houses. For the next 1,150 years, the Empire would know disunity, war, and invasion.

The powerful interests seeking to benefit from the times were received with wary consideration. Imperial Dwarf settlements within the larger Imperial towns and cities reconstructed their residences and businesses in order to function as another line of defence to protect Dwarfs from enemies, both within and without. One measure was to quietly and gradually brick up the ground floor window openings facing the outside of the district. To the many people walking along the outer perimeter of a Dwarf quarter today, it would seem the Dwarfs prefer their windows above the ground floor. None gave it a second thought.

The Dwarfs knew that their strong defensive works could also become a trap. They also began to construct secret tunnels from their underground chambers to serve as escape routes should the need arise.

Empire Reborn

Having served in provincial and Imperial armies over the millennia, Imperial Dwarfs were well-versed in the infantry techniques of their Imperial peers. Known as steadfast troops, these Dwarfs excelled in the use of spears, pikes, and handguns. When news of the Chaos Invasion became known, many Imperial Dwarfs flocked to the banner of Magnus von Bildhofen, known as 'The Pious'.

Several battalions of Imperial Dwarfs drawn from Nuln, Reikland, and Wissenland were sent ahead to establish a base camp on the Urskoy River. Meanwhile, Magnus ordered Middenheim to gather more troops and Talabheim to enlist the aid of the High Elf mage Teclis. The Imperial Army gathered at the forward base to make their final plans to attack the Chaos army besieging Kislev.

After his victory against Chaos, Magnus von Bildhofen was unanimously elected Emperor. He re-united all the provinces into the Empire and enacted new laws to ensure corruptions of the past would not be repeated in the future. Though Imperial Dwarfs enthusiastically supported Emperor Magnus' new laws, they remained watchful. They knew a future Emperor could corrupt the laws as easily as Ludwig and Boris had done in Sigmar's wake.

IMPERIAL DWARF SOCIETY

In spite of living with Manlings for millennia, Imperial Dwarf society retained aspects of the social structure founded by their mountain kin, the Karak Dwarfs. In the Empire, Dwarfs remain an exceptionally proud people with long memories for acts done on their behalf as well as foul deeds against them. They greatly respect age, wealth, skill, and reputation.

Tradition is highly valued in Imperial Dwarf communities, though not quite so rigidly as in karak society. While the clan remains the foundational unit, Imperial Dwarf clans differ greatly from their karak brethren — these clans are not tied to specific guilds. For example, there is no Imperial Dwarf mining or weaponsmithing clan. Thus, an Imperial Dwarf from the Ironside clan serving as a blacksmith of a village might have two sons, one of whom might be a stonemason in a nearby town while the other may be a pedlar with a route that covers a number of neighbouring villages.

Still, the bonds among clan members are unshakable and their support for one another nearly absolute.

Clan Elder

Each Imperial Dwarf clan has an elder — the oldest living member of the clan — to whom they look for wisdom and decision-making on matters affecting the entire clan. In the rare event that such a person declines the enormous responsibilities of clan elder, then the position passes to the next oldest clan member.

The elder is responsible for maintaining the clan's Book of Grudges (*Dammaz Kron*), removing grudges where settled, and adding new entries whenever a new grudge is forged. The elder also keeps a number of other tomes in their possession. One is the Book of Remembrance (*Zagaz Kron*) which records the deeds and acts of renown by clan ancestors as well as living clan members. Updating the Book of Debt (*Skuld Kron*) which details the debts of the clan and erases those that have been settled also falls to the elder. Lastly, the elder maintains the Book of Ancestors (*Gromthi Kron*) which delineates the ancestral line of the clan to the present generation.

Historians associated with the Cult of Verena would love to get their hands on a Book of Ancestors for genealogical reasons.

ILLICIT RESEARCH

- The Order of Scholars and Historians (Ordo Litteratorum et Historicorum) is one arm of The Seekers of the Truth (Societas Indagatorum Veritatis), secretive subset of the Verenan cult group which concentrates most of its efforts in unravelling ancient mysteries and collecting artefacts. One group within the Order focuses its efforts on tracing Dwarf settlement in the pre-Empire centuries. Hieronymus Mendel has hired the Characters to obtain pages from the Book of Ancestors of the Ironfist clan of Ubersreik (which incidentally owns the Axe and Hammer tavern in Dawihafen). The Characters will have to be incredibly subtle, or incredibly lucky, to get the pages required.

Council of Elders

Whenever more than one clan resides in an Imperial settlement, the Imperial Dwarf community is run by a Council of Elders. The council is made up of the elder for each clan and one among this number is elected to lead the council. The leader of the council is not necessarily the oldest of the elders.

The council could decide to name the most accomplished elder as the leader of the community, like Engineer Grodni Surehammer in Ubersreik, or the elder of the largest clan in town (Kazran Dorinsson from the Stormhelm clan of Schilderheim as an example). Usually, the council retains the collective power for the Imperial Dwarf community and only selects one elder as its nominal head.

In contrast, Karak Dwarf councils only serve as advisors to the Dwarf king. These are led by the grand matriarch (the Dwarf king's mother or, if she has passed, the Queen) and include other members of the noble clans, such as the High Priests of Grungni, Valaya, and (usually) Grimnir. The elders for the leading guilds of the specific Dwarf Hold also sit on the king's Council of Elders.

Imperial Dwarf priests of the Ancestor Gods are rarely descended from the karak noble clans. Moreover, many Imperial Dwarf communities simply do not have an anointed priest living among them. In the larger towns and cities where such priests do exist (mostly those in Grungni's service), Dwarf priests have an advisory role on the Council of Elders, but not a voting one (unless the priest happens to be a clan elder).

The Clan

In urban settings, clan members live in the Dwarf districts with their kin. Rural-living Imperial Dwarf clans tend to spread across a number of villages in reasonable approximation to one another. No matter the distance, Dwarf clans keep in regular contact with one another and often gather on dates special to their clan.

Living in the Empire has opened up many opportunities for Dwarfs that would have remained hidden if they stayed in the Dwarf Holds. The opportunities range from becoming Lawyers to Agitators, Duellists to Bailiffs, Coachmen to Boatmen, and Pit-fighters to Protagonists.

Most Imperial Dwarfs prefer traditional careers generally associated with their people, such as engineer, mason, smith, miner, and warrior. Very few Dwarfs of the Empire take up farming and herding because they are less (financially) rewarding labours than being an engineer, smith, or soldier.

Slayers who are found wandering the Empire in search of an honourable death are rarely from the Empire. Such fanaticism is more the hallmark of disgraced Karak Dwarfs who cannot find the death they seek by idly waiting in a Dwarf Hold. Less-than-honourable Imperial Dwarfs generally find themselves on the wrong side of the law. As a result, they cut ties with their clan rather than bring shame to them and take up such unsavoury careers as fences, smugglers, or thieves.

IMPERIAL RUNESMITHS

Runesmiths are a rarity in the Empire and almost all are descended from the *Dronduraz* (Thunder-stone) clan of Karak Varn. These Dwarfs settled among the Manlings in the western parts of the land, far from the Worlds Edge Mountains, decades after the fall of Karak Varn. They found refuge with other Dwarf clans who had settled with the peaceful Belthani. Like other Dwarf smiths who lived among the primitive Manlings, Dronduraz Runesmiths purposely worked with the prevailing technologies of the region as coppersmiths and stonecutters in order to better camouflage their true skills.

Imperial Runesmiths do not practice their craft openly. To do so would invite unwanted attention and could well put them, and their kin, in danger. Instead, Runesmiths work as highly skilled weaponsmiths, armourers, and jewelsmiths to keep their true craft a secret from others (including Imperial Dwarfs outside their clan). These few Imperial Runesmiths maintain communication with one another via the Rune of Distance engraved on a medallion. This allows them to speak with one another over a distance of 100 miles for ten minutes. Receiving such a call causes the medallion to vibrate. The activation of the rune simply requires the wearer to tap the inscription twice.

Outside the Clan

When it comes to foreigners, Imperial Dwarfs are much like their Manling neighbours: they don't trust outsiders very much. For example, Dwarfs in the Reikland tend to view Bretonnians as being arrogant, untrustworthy fops with an unwarranted sense of superiority and a tendency to vacillate quickly from overzealousness to melancholy. Tileans are considered hot-tempered, arm-waving, blathering cheats and swindlers with a poor work ethic. In contrast, Wastelanders are seen as funny (for Manlings), earnest traders who always seem to get the better of a deal.

Reiklander Dwarfs consider Kislevites from the Empire's borderlands to be hardworking, earthy people accustomed to hardship and misery. The people from that country's heartland are perceived to be more brutish, prone to drink and violence, untrustworthy (more so than Bretonnians), and borderline criminals. Of all the Old Worlders, the folk from the Border Princes are considered the worst and laziest.

Other Imperial Dwarf clans

Most Imperial Dwarf clans can trace their ancestors' settlement among the Manlings during the Time of Woe (between –1500 and –15 IC), including Emperor Sigmar's invitation to build his new Empire. Over the millennia, these Dwarf clans intermarried and spread throughout the land. In contrast, Dwarfs migrating to the Empire from Dwarf Holds in the last two hundred years are more often found to be seeking renown and fortune rather than clans seeking a new start.

Imperial Dwarf clans are very close and supportive of one another, especially those clans they live alongside in Dwarf districts as well as those in neighbouring towns and villages. Grudges between clans are not unheard of, but are not advertised where Manlings are concerned. Having learned the lessons from the corrupt reigns of Emperors Ludwig and Boris, these Dwarfs overlook any grudge or rivalry between one another and close ranks when faced with an external threat.

Some Dwarf clans assimilate to the dominant Manling culture more than others, even to the point, in rare cases, of turning their backs on their own kin. These few clans never quite gained the true friendship of the Manlings, but it is not from want of trying.

Imperial Citizens

Imperial Dwarfs generally get along with their Manling neighbours, being among the first to take up arms for a common cause. The clans are not wholly trusting, though, and keep a wary eye out for corruption among the Empire's officials and demagogues, the latter of whom rage against Dwarf wealth and outsized influence whenever there is economic strife in the Empire. Guilds and the aristocracy also use these bad times to agitate against the clans. The Dwarfs are well-versed in their rights as Imperial citizens and do not take the infringement upon those rights lightly. It is not uncommon for these Imperial officials, citizens, and organisations to have their names entered in a clan's Book of Grudges.

Halflings are met on friendly terms. They are considered excellent bakers and cooks, good brewers (though not as good as Dwarfs, of course), and equally clannish. Dwarfs are not keen on Ogres being employed by the Empire considering the brutes' lack of loyalty and their history of fighting alongside Orcs and Goblins (which they will no doubt do again given an opportunity). Imperial Dwarfs do not make a distinction between High and Wood Elves: both are viewed with great suspicion and loathing, though not to the degree held by Karak Dwarfs.

Karak Dwarfs

The most complicated relationship, however, is that between the Imperial and Karak Dwarfs. Though the two Dwarf populations are alike in many ways, there are significant differences as well.

The view held by Karak Dwarfs can be summed up in their use of the word *Dawi* (Khazalid for 'Dwarfs'). The Karak Dwarfs only use this term to describe themselves. In their view, Karak Dwarfs find their Imperial kin's long association with Manlings has reduced their honour, leaving them a mixture of Dwarf virtue with Manling vices. If pushed to provide examples, Karak Dwarfs point to Imperial Dwarf elders permitting their own clanfolk to undertake disreputable roguish careers.

Due to this perception, many among the karak nobility in Karaz Ankor still use the old term *Ruebatuki* (or 'Ruebs' for short) to describe the Imperial clans. These Karak Dwarfs still believe the Imperials turned their backs on their kin and traditions when things looked grim during the Goblin Wars. Most of the other Karak Dwarf clans refer to the Imperial Dwarfs as 'Manling Dwarfs' (*Umgdawi*) or 'Flatlanders' (*Gazani*).

For their part, the Empire's Dwarfs consider their mountain kin in Karaz Ankor to be rather short-sighted, calling them 'Stay at the Hold Dwarfs' (*Khazukan Dawi*). Though a most mild aspersion among Manlings, it's remarkable given the nearly fanatic Dwarfen adherence to tradition. Relations with the Karak Dwarfs in the Black and Grey Mountains and the Vaults are respectfully cordial.

Still, most Imperial Dwarfs consider Karaz Ankor as their ancestral home and contribute both money and labour to returning the Dwarf Empire to its past glory. Some of the younger generation of Imperial Dwarfs dream of returning to the Karaks and fighting for the glory of Karaz Ankor. While welcoming the additional foot soldiers, Karak Dwarfs remain sceptical of their commitment and consider the Flatlander volunteers as little better than mercenaries.



DWARF SETTLEMENTS

In rural areas of the Empire, Imperial Dwarf clans are spread across Manling villages; visitors are likely to find a solitary Dwarf or single family among the villagers. For example, the Barony of Grautal branch of the Hammersmith clan is based in the small town of Wiedle with members scattered among the surrounding villages of Begeln, Schlarz, Lengdorf, Lierz, and Eilsbeck.

Imperial mining communities, such as Delfgruber and Hugeldal in Reikland, are home to a higher proportion of Dwarf denizens. One quarter to one half of the miners employed at sites like these are Dwarfs. Many of the mine foremen tend to be Dwarfs as do those involved with processing raw ore into ingots for shipping.

In the Empire's early days there were separate Dwarf villages that were eventually enveloped into growing settlements, becoming large towns and cities. The Dwarfs still live in these specific quarters and refer to them by their old Dwarf village names, such as Smoky Town (*Khazid Alamok*) in Dunkelberg and Springwater Village (*Khazid Ungstromez*) in Schilderheim. The largest cities, such as Altdorf and Middenheim, are home to as many as ten clans, while an average town has two or three.

By and large, Imperial Dwarfs adhere to Imperial laws, customs, and traditions. Among clans, elements of Dwarf law remain; crimes against property are arbitrated by the Council of Elders. Guilty parties are fined (*bagtal*) or obligated to perform a service (*singald*), or both. When situations become difficult to resolve, feuds may erupt. These are usually resolved with further negotiation (and casks of ale). Once in a while, blood is shed. Resulting blood-feuds (*bludgald*) can be very destructive and require an Elder Council to bring them to an end. Guilty parties must pay compensation (*okstal*) to any injured parties or their heirs.

Stronghold Within

Other than the wars found early in Sigmar's reign, the first millennium of the Empire was a time of relative peace and prosperity. It came to be known as *Pax Imperialis* — the Imperial Peace. In the turbulent times that followed, the ever-insular Imperial Dwarfs quickly learned that community defence was critical to survival.

Dwarf buildings are made of stone, no more than two stories high, and generally abut one another. The outlying structures have narrow windows facing the areas outside the quarter; there are no doors on the outward-facing sides. Few streets and alleys enter the district and each has large and stoutly-built wooden gates, which are closed whenever the Dwarfs celebrate one of their holidays.

In the event of external threats, these gates are closed and the whole district made into a fortress. Given that the laws of Emperor Magnus recognised the right of Dwarf districts for self-defence and self-policing, local law enforcement has little to say on the issue. If nothing else, many in law enforcement hope the Dwarfs will let them in should their town be threatened by another invasion of Greenskins or Undead.

In many Dwarf quarters, there are other defensive measures. Some have hidden handholds which enable sections of street to raise and expose pits of sharp spikes. Hidden kegs of gunpowder are also strategically placed in the sewers below to slow down or demoralise an enemy.

The Tavern

The centre of Dwarf life in any district is the tavern. Larger Dwarf settlements have up to ten or more taverns, but even the smallest has at least one. The common room of a Dwarf tavern is quite large with low ceilings (just over six feet) and a large fireplace or two. Dwarfs gather at the end of each workday to exchange news, gossip, rumours, and tall tales while eating and quaffing tankards of beer.

A tavern's kitchen is large, as Dwarfs have hearty appetites. While a number of taverns have Halfling cooks, the majority are staffed by Dwarfs who make heavily spiced dishes. Dwarfs are fond of food with sharp tastes to compliment the potency of their brew.

Imperial Dwarfs are fond of gambling. Many have taken up the Manling games of cards and dice, such as Al-Zahr and Scarlet Empress. Beast Among the Tailors, Bowls, Bull Ring, Muhlen, and Stones are other tavern games that Dwarfs have turned into betting events. Others prefer arm wrestling and drinking games for wager. Dwarfs do not particularly like the Manling game of darts, preferring axe throwing. Taverns that permit axe throwing have a side room dedicated for the sport; grudges in the past have resulted from an errant throw knocking over another's tankard of beer.

Brewery

While many a Dwarf tavern brews its own beer, large Dwarf settlements have at least one brewery where they produce local beer to sell to these taverns. Breweries also allow Dwarf brewmasters the opportunity to show off their craft, especially on 33 Brauzeit, the annual brewing festival of Grungni known as 'Second Breech' (also called '*Brodag*'). The potency of Dwarf brew is such that only in rare circumstances are Manlings or Halflings allowed to participate. These two species do not have the constitution to handle Dwarf brew and the brewers do not really want their efforts wasted (with a corresponding entry in the Book of Grudges).

Dwarf brewers also sell weaker beer to Manling taverns and inns in town and the surrounding area. For a Dwarf, 'weak' beer is still a cut above the watery drink produced by Manling 'breweries'.

Smithy

Smithies are important establishments in an Imperial Dwarf quarter. These businesses enable Dwarfs to purchase quality armour, weapons, and metalware, and are a key source of wealth. Dwarf smiths are exempt from guild rules imposed on Manling artisans in the same trade provided Dwarfs sell their products at a substantially higher price. The Dwarfs don't mind since such pricing certainly reflects the higher quality of their effort. In a Dwarf quarter, the number of smithies rivals that of taverns.

Dwarf engineer guilds only exist in the cities and largest towns of the Empire. Imperial Dwarf engineers are less cautious than their Karak Dwarf counterparts. No doubt this is due to the influence of being among Manlings for these centuries. Even so, Imperial Dwarf engineers are still far less reckless than their competitors at the Imperial Engineers' School in Altdorf.

Hidden Ways

Imperial Dwarfs dig tunnels, separate from those used as sewers beneath their settlement. The tunnels serve several needs: storing provisions (foodstuffs, casks of beer, gunpowder, and so forth), permitting unseen movement from one building to another, a secondary line of defence, and a possible escape route should the defences fail. The Dwarfs do not divulge the existence or access points of their secret tunnels to outsiders, including non-resident Imperial Dwarfs.

Newly elevated rulers, including temporary ones like Emmanuelle Nacht in Ubersreik, are rarely pleased to learn of these secret Dwarf tunnels. Yet, none have successfully found a way around the rights and privileges bestowed upon the Imperial Dwarf community by Emperor Magnus. Most rulers eventually find peace with the arrangement, usually after assurances from the elders that illegal activities such as smuggling will be vigorously opposed and perpetrators brought to justice.

Should anyone from outside an Imperial Dwarf community manage to enter the tunnels, they find the passageways well built, brightly lit, clean, and regularly patrolled. Intruders quickly learn that the grim Dwarf guards are humourless towards and efficient in removing trespassers. The resulting interrogations are not for the faint-hearted.

Temple to Grungni and Ancestor Gods

Temples to Grungni are located in one of two places: either a deep cellar below the largest business in the Dwarf quarter, or in an underground chamber reached by a non-descript door in a recess between two buildings. The temple has a large statue of Grungni in its centre with smaller shrines to Valaya and Grimnir in alcoves along the wall. Most temples have a secret door leading to the tunnels.

Typically, deep beneath the temple is a huge vault where the dead are interred. Known as 'Underearth,' it is believed to be the realm of Gazul, Dwarf Ancestor God of the dead and ancestor veneration. A temple of Gazul is located next to the burial vaults, and its sanctity protected by a black-robed priest.

In matters of faith, Imperial Dwarf communities usually have a priest of Grungni to lead in the veneration of the Ancestor Gods and conduct funeral rites. If the community is large enough, like in Altdorf, there is also a cleric of Valaya. Priests of Gazul are a rarity among Imperial Dwarfs and most of these tend to be itinerant clergy. Despite the relative lack of priests, Imperial Dwarfs are as religious as their karak kin, venerating the Ancestor Gods in their own way.

Imperial Dwarfs residing in villages usually place a shrine dedicated to Grungni and the clan's ancestors in a corner of their cellar.







Karstin Largsdottir

A gifted jeweller and native of Marienburg, Karstin came to Altdorf as the representative for her older clansman, Direktor Arkat Fooger, in order to expand his insurance business into the Imperial capital. She has been having a rough go of it as she found the Empire's merchants to possess a less-sophisticated understanding of business needs and market conditions than their Marienburg counterparts. Though more than capable to see her task through, Karstin is a young Dwarf and more than capable spy for the Fooger clan. Curiously, she has been receiving anonymous threats of late.

KARSTIN LARGSDOTTIR – AGENT (GOLD 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	Wp	Fel	W
3	62	31	43	65	56	42	65	53	71	41	21

Traits: Weapon (Axe) +8

Skills: Evaluate 55, Intuition 62, Leadership 52

Talents: Gregarious, Lip Reading, Magic Resistant, Night Vision, Read/Write, Shadow, Strong-Minded, Sturdy

Trappings: Book (Cryptography), Hand Weapon (Axe), Ring of Spies and Informers, Loft of Homing Pigeons, Quill and Ink

Alrik Skagsson

Alrik was the blacksmith in the village of Bellewald when he learned that his older brother, Brogar, a pedlar by trade, had chanced upon and been killed by a necromancer in Drachenwacht. Vowing vengeance, Alrik took up with the Witch Hunter Alfred Neumann the Mad, to learn the skills of the trade to rid the world of necromancers and other foul spellcasters. For over a hundred years, Alrik has been cleansing the Empire of troublesome practitioners of sorcery while he searches for the elusive necromancer, Baldrick the Unpure, and his diabolical henchman, Schwarze Otter. The attrition rate of Alrik's hirelings is high.

ALRIK SKAGSSON – INQUISITOR (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	Wp	Fel	W
3	78	57	36	72	35	28	47	38	79	32	24

Traits: Armour (Mail Shirt) 2, Ranged (Pistol) (20) +9, Weapon (Silvered Sword) +7

Skills: Dodge 36, Endurance 76, Leadership 45

Talents: Fearless (Witches), Magic Resistant, Night Vision, Read/Write, Relentless, Resolute, Strong-Minded, Sturdy

Trappings: Pair of Pistols and 12 Shots, Hat (Henin), Mail Shirt, Quality Clothes, Hand Weapon (Silvered Sword), Subordinate Interrogators



Thyk Hurgarsson

Once a professor of Early Imperial History at the Collegium Historica in Altdorf, after decades of teaching ungrateful, undisciplined, and inattentive scions of the noble houses, a false accusation of plagiarism was the breaking point for Thyk. He decided to take up the exploration of long-abandoned Imperial settlements in Reikwald and the Great Forest as well as Dwarf ruins in the Grey and Black Mountains in a quest for knowledge (and treasure to finance further explorations). Turnover of hirelings, for whatever reason, is quite high.

THYK HURGARSSON – FELLOW (SILVER 5)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	Wp	Fel	W
3	42	31	30	68	51	20	41	72	75	47	22

Traits: Armour (Leather Jack) 1, Weapon (Axe) +7

Skills: Intimidate 44, Intuition 57, Lore (Imperial History) 78

Talents: Linguistics, Magic Resistant, Night Vision, Read/Write, Savant (Imperial History), Speedreader, Strong-Minded, Sturdy

Trappings: Books, Fine Clothing, Hand Weapon (Axe), Leather Jack, Travelling Clothes

SHORT ADVENTURES

These NPCs can be dropped into ongoing adventures, or used as the starting point for new stories. Below are a series of plot hoooks connected to each one.

KARSTIN LARGSDOTTIR

- A couple of insured shipments from Altdorf to Marienburg have failed to reach their destination, costing the House of Fooger considerable money. Karstin is looking to hire guards to protect the next shipment while investigating what happened to the others. Success will be richly rewarded.
- Extending Fooger's financial empire into Altdorf is not without opposition and Karstin has become a target. She is seeking to employ persons of utmost discretion to not only protect her and the Fooger clan's interests, but to also clandestinely gather information to enable Karstin to fight back.

ALRIK SKAGSSON

- Having lost his last crew against a coven of Slaaneshi followers in Apenwald, Alrik is in need of new blood to help him continue his campaign to cleanse the world of sorcerous evil. He has heard a new rumour that his quarry, Baldrick, has taken up residence in a ruined abbey west of Pramdorf.
- Some foul enemy of the Characters' has begun a rumour that a spellcaster among the group (or their associates, if there are no spellcasters within the party) has turned to Dark Magic, and has twisted the truth to make his case. The party tried to counter the charges, but they learned that they have attracted the attention of Alrik before they could gather the necessary proof of the wizard's innocence.

THYK HURGARSSON

- Thyk is outfitting an expedition to the ruined Dwarf Hold of Karak Thulgrol in the Barony of Obertranigtal. Naturally, Thyk does not have the Baron's permission to investigate the ruins. He concludes (without even researching the law) that the Baron has no claim to ancient Dwarf Holds. He also tut-tuts any suggestion that the ruins have probably already been picked clean of treasure, as he knows how Karak Dwarfs can hide their wealth in secret rooms. Of course, the ruined karak may hold surprises that Thyk had not considered.
- In a recent expedition, Thyk found what he believed to be a cursed fetish of unknown origin (likely dedicated to Khaine). The fact that his recent hirelings met unfortunate and odd fatal accidents also suggested the item may be cursed. So, Thyk needs a new crew to undertake the task of delivering the item to an obnoxious former student of his, the Baron of Bohrn.

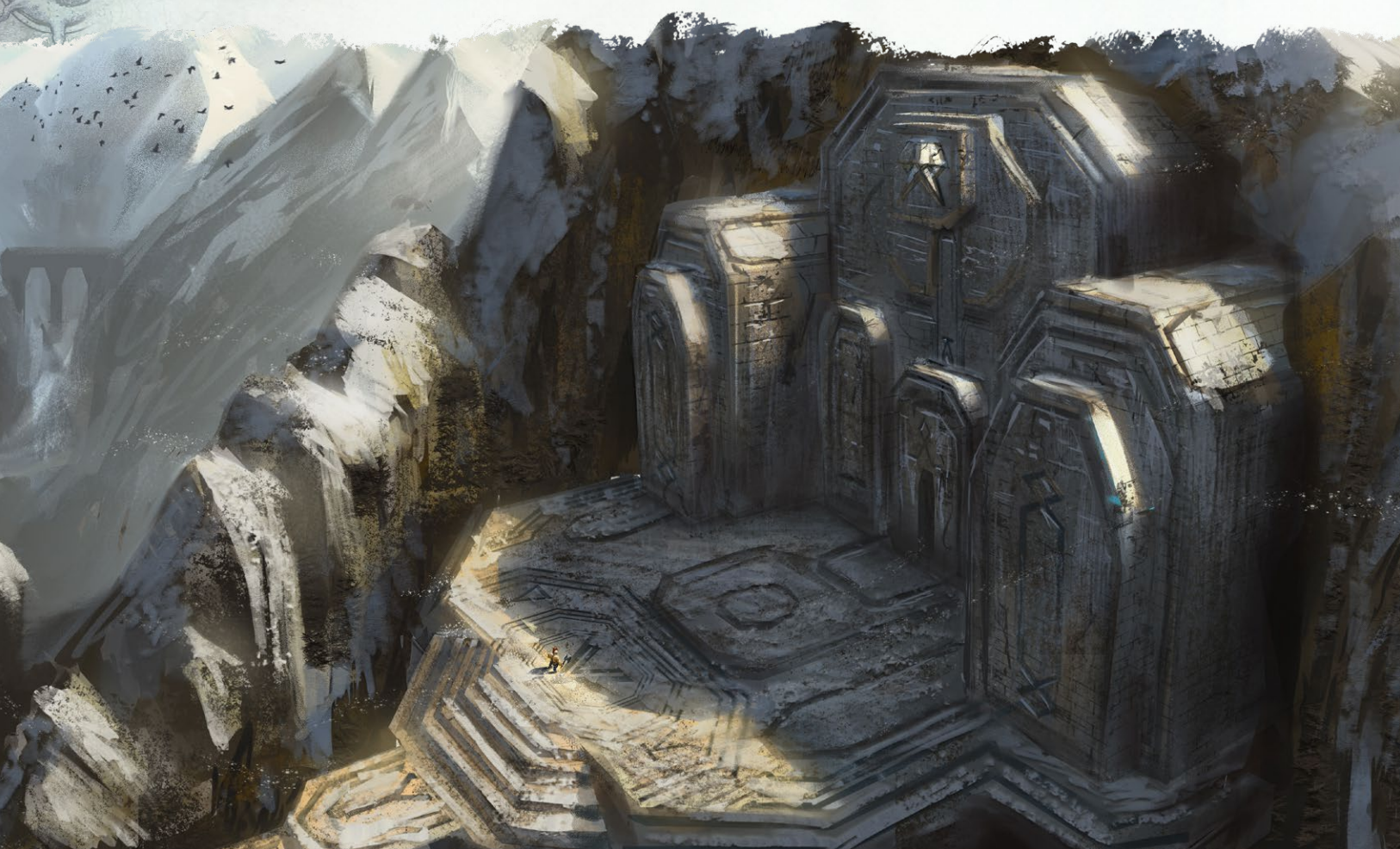
A GUIDE TO KARAK AZGARAZ



Karak Azgaraz? The old Dwarf Hold? Why would you want to go there? It's hard to get past the Trading Post unless you're peddling something the Dwarfs really want. Moreover, the land is crawlin' with Greenskins. It's rumoured that the Dwarfs beat back the greenies, but you know that won't last.'

– Mortiz 'Moe' Schnabel, barkeep and local 'Dwarf expert', Tallerhoff

Older than the Empire, the Dwarf Kingdom of Karak Azgaraz is among the northernmost of the Grey Mountain strongholds still held by the Dwarfs. The Dwarf realm has long been an ally of Ubersreik and the Reikland Grand Princes ruling in Altdorf. Even though there have been trade and military alliances between Karak Azgaraz and the Empire for millenia, knowledge of the Dwarf kingdom is scarce. The Dwarfs are secretive when it comes to their security and are constantly at war against their ancestral enemies. As such, outsiders are rarely granted permission to enter the Dwarfrealm and do so at their own risk. Yet, there are ways for those bold individuals lacking in scruples and common sense to gain entry.



HISTORY

The history of Karak Azgaraz is not as long or glorious as the Dwarf Holds of Karaz Ankor, the Dwarf Empire in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Karak Azgaraz started its existence as a trading post in the Grey Mountains during the Golden Age, after the Dwarfs and Elves defeated the forces of Chaos and forced the remnants back to the Chaos Wastes. The two peoples had traded with one another and peacefully co-existed for over a millennium. The trading post was nestled along the western foothills of the mountains, close to Elf settlements

Little did anyone realise that, though defeated, the insidious and corrupting influence of Chaos could still bring an end to the Golden Age.

War of Vengeance and Fall of Kazad Azgaraz

Raids on Dwarf settlements and merchants led by the Dark Elf Witch King Malekith had sown discord between Dwarfs and Elves. The emissaries of the Dwarf High King Gotrek Starbreaker were poorly treated (and the second dishonoured) by the haughty Phoenix King Caledor II.

Renamed Kazad Azgaraz, the former trading town was undergoing fortification when elven forces sacked the Dwarf fortress, scattered its defenders and killed its king. The Elves repeated this twice more before the Dwarfs were finally driven from the region.

A short time later, the Dwarfs reclaimed Kazad Azgaraz, taking the fight to the Elves. The war continued for hundreds of years before the Dwarfs emerged victorious. The Dwarfs barely had time to celebrate their victory over the Elves, however, when war against the Greenskins erupted in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Kazad Azgaraz was abandoned again.

KHAZALID WORDS

The following are common Khazalid words used in this section.

Ankor	Domain or realm
Az	War-axe, weapon
Azgaraz	Fearless axes
Garaz	Fearless, rebellious, young
Kadrin	Mountain pass
Karak	Mountain stronghold
Karaz	Strong, enduring, old
Kazad	Fortress, city
Khazid	Town, village, settlement
Migdhal	Fortified outpost, keep, blockhouse, gatehouse
Vithang	Merchant, trader

THE WAR OF THE BEARD

The War of Vengeance between the Dwarfs and Elves took place some 2,000 years before the birth of Sigmar Heldenhammer and the foundation of The Empire. Nevertheless, it is still fresh in the minds of many Elves, some of whom lived through it, and every true Dwarf, whose cultural memory for past offences is without compare.

No Dwarf will ever refer to this war as anything so crass or trivial as 'The War of the Beard', while many an Elf will delight in doing so when they know it will cause offence to some uptight Dwarf. Humans and Halflings, broadly unaware of the distinction and vague on the history, often stumble heedlessly into this ancient grudge – much to their detriment.

Rise and Expansion of Karak Azgaraz

When Dwarf Holds in Karaz Ankor fell to the Greenskin onslaught, many displaced clans were unable to reach the safety of the other karaks. The displaced clans eventually made their way to the mountain in the west, where new strongholds were established.

Clans of exiles came to the ruins of Kazad Azgaraz and, within three centuries, built it into a proper karak. Karak Azgaraz prospered and its power grew with the discovery of gold and silver veins. Relations with Karaz Ankor were severely strained as the High King of Karaz-a-Karak had declared the Exiled Clans traitors.

Nearly a century later, under King Mordek Strong-axe, Karak Azgaraz's lands grew to their greatest extent. The realm stretched into the lowlands, reaching the Blitzfelsen Hills and Blitzfelsen Ridge to the east and Tahmetal in the north. Local Belthani tribes came under Mordek's rule and fortified outposts were built on the new borders. This was not an expansion based on conquest, but simply the Dwarfs claiming benevolent dominion over the unorganised Humans.

Retreat and Stabilising Borders

The new borders proved difficult to hold when Orcs and Goblins attacked Karak Azgaraz from an unexpected direction — the far side of the Grey Mountains. The centuries-long war followed the same pattern that befell Karaz Ankor and the Dwarfs were eventually forced to pull back.

The pressure on Karak Azgaraz was soon relieved when the Unberogen tribe moved into the area vacated by the Dwarfs. The warlike Manlings had little love for the Greenskins and made common cause with the Dwarfs. The Unberogens also made war on the Belthani, however, and overran the Dwarfs' allies. Dwarf Law required Azgaraz to respond with force, but the Dwarfs recognised the Manlings were a means to an end. They negotiated an end to the Belthani slaughter with the understanding that the ancient people would seek new homes elsewhere. The new alliance with the Unberogens allowed Karaz Azgaraz to stabilise its frontiers and, finally, push back the Greenskins to the edges of the Dwarf realm.

Rapprochement with Karaz Ankor followed, but the real change in Karak Azgaraz's fortune came in the form of one man, Sigmar Heldenhammer, and the founding of the Empire.



Visitors from Ubersreik

Ubersreik is to the north of Karak Azgaraz, some sixty miles, and can be reached by a decently maintained trading road in about four days. There are no regular coaches travelling this route, so one would have to be chartered to make the run. This would be costly, in the region of 15–20 gold crowns, as the area is known to be dangerous. It may be more practical to wait for a trade caravan heading to the hold and hire on as guard.

The Dwarfs of Karak Azgaraz have a long and diplomatic history with Ubersreik – its walls and great bridge are famously Dwarf-built, and the hold maintains a presence in the city. Many of the town's Dwarfs can trace their lineage to Karak Azgaraz, or indeed continue to count the hold as their true home despite having spent decades living among the manlings in Ubersreik.

This does not mean that every traveller from the town will be greeted with open arms by the Dwarfs of Karak Azgaraz of course. Those with legitimate business at the hold are generally assured of entry, and even those without good reason can be assured that a Karak ranger will at least pause to ask them their business before tossing an axe in their direction.

Untrustworthy Manlings of Parravon

The strife between Ubersreik and its Bretonnian rival, Parravon, was one that the kings of Karak Azgaraz watched with much amusement (when they weren't busy battling Greenskins and Skaven). The five wars between the two Manling cities were not genocidal, like the Dwarfs' wars. Rather, it was a struggle to control the trade route of Grey Lady Pass.

The last four wars on Grey Lady Pass benefited the Dwarfs materially. If trade were to survive between Bretonnia and the Empire, it relied on the pass – though Greenskins were always a threat. Karak Azgaraz could always count on contracts to rebuild Ubersreik should the Parravonians succeed in damaging the town.

All four of the later conflicts were initiated by Parravon, making them particularly untrustworthy in the eyes of the Dwarfs. When the two Manling cities reached an agreement, one of the treaty's terms created the Free Territory of Frugelhorn. The Dwarfs quickly made their move to annex the portion around the shores of Glacier Lake as well as the western slopes of Frugelhorn. King Thuringar would not allow for the possibility of a Parravon-controlled 'neutral' province to cut Karak Azgaraz's trade with the Empire.

TIMELINE OF KARAK AZGARAZ

A summary of Karak Azgaraz's major events (years based on Imperial calendar):

-2200

Khazid Azgaraz established in the Grey Mountains as trading post.

-1990

Fortress at Kazad Azgaraz incomplete as Elves sack it for first of three times (others in -1985 and -1981) during the War of Vengeance. Each time Dwarf rulers (self-styled 'kings') are slain. Fortress abandoned after third sacking.

-1969

Kazad Azgaraz rebuilt as a forward base for the campaign west of the Grey Mountains.

-1500

The War of Vengeance ends as the Time of Woe begins. Elves retreat to Ulthaun while Orcs and Goblins attack karaks in Worlds Edge Mountains. Kazad Azgaraz is abandoned at this time as Dwarfs stream to their ancestral home to fight.

-1362

Some Dwarf clans from fallen karaks of Karaz Ankor begin to settle in the Black and Grey Mountains. Kazad Azgaraz resettled by refugees. Relations with Karaz Ankor fracture.

-1066

Azgaraz proclaims itself a karak and Gorm Mighty-axe proclaimed king.

-925

Under King Mordek Strong-axe, the borders of Karak Azgaraz reach their greatest extent, stretching east to the Blitzfelsen Hills and north to Tahmetal.

-830

Orcs and Goblins from west of the Grey Mountains attack Karak Azgaraz, beginning a centuries-long fight.

-650

Battle of Kol Grimaz ends in Dwarf victory, but demonstrated that the Dwarfs no longer had the numbers to hold all of their lowland possessions.

-500

Humans of the warlike Unberogen tribe settle in the lowland regions vacated by Karak Azgaraz. The Azgaraz Dwarfs reach a treaty with the Manlings, allied in their fight with the Greenskins. The Manling town of Übersreichdorf is founded.

-234

Dwarfs in the Grey Mountain realms reconcile with Karaz Ankor

-1

Karaz Azgaraz sends a contingent to fight at Black Fire Pass with Sigmar Heldenhammer and the unified Manling tribes and Dwarfs from the other karaks.

828

King Skalador Sharp-blade sends an emissary to Ubersreik to establish diplomatic relations as Manling town reaches a population of 10,000.

1115

Karak Azgaraz survives the Black Plague with fewer losses than the Empire.

1221

Karak Azgaraz begins a cycle where they help rebuild Ubersreik after the Grey Dwarfs are unwilling or unable to assist in the defence of the Manling city.

1707

Azgaraz Dwarfs sent to relieve Ubersreik under siege from Greenskins are driven back into the mountains.

2302-2304

King Zaladrin Strife-axe leads contingent from Karak Azgaraz within Magnus the Pious' army to battle the Chaos army in Kislev. Orcs of Grey Mountains use the opportunity to besiege Karak Azgaraz while sacking Ubersreik.

2304

King Zaladrin agrees with Emperor Magnus to rebuild Ubersreik and construct new walls.

2318

King Zaladrin besieges Blood Keep and kills the Blood Knight leading the Undead.

2452

Battle of High Mere ends in the rout of the Bleeding Moon Goblins, but Goblin assassins later kill King Zaladrin and his heir, Prince Gunrig. Thuringar Zaladrinsson Orc-hewer is proclaimed king.

2475

Peace negotiations between Ubersreik and Parravon create the Free Territory of Frugelhorn as a buffer between the two opponents. King Thuringar quickly sends troops to seize the eastern lands of the territory and soon establishes Azgaraz Trading Post to solidify his expansion.



KARAK AZGARAZ TODAY

Although the Kingdom of Karak Azgaraz enjoys a healthy trade relationship with the southern Reikland, it is not a kingdom at peace. The land is surrounded by enemies and the Dwarfs expend many resources keeping the trading routes to the Empire and, to a lesser degree, Bretonnia open. Winter is the hardest season, with thick snow and violent ice storms making it difficult for even the hardiest of Dwarfs to head abroad.

By karak standards, Karak Azgaraz is not a wealthy Dwarf Hold. The veins of gold and silver that powered its economy are dying. Many mining settlements have long been abandoned, whether by pressure from the Greenskins or unproductive mines. Few new mining camps are being established and dangers lurk in the depths of the Underdeep beneath the Dwarf Hold. It is of little wonder that some younger Dwarfs seek renown and fortune in the Empire.

The Dwarf Hold Rulers

Like other Dwarf Holds, Karak Azgaraz is ruled by a monarch who is advised by a Council of Elders. There are other factions, of course, which could have some influence on the monarch. The strength of these other groups is wholly dependent on the nature and experience of the monarch.

King Thuringar Zaladrinsson Orc-hewer

Compared to other Dwarf kings, King Thuringar is young and daring. He was not expected to ascend to the throne, but Thuringar's older brother and then-heir to the throne, Gunrig, was assassinated with his father. Rather than fight a defensive battle, Thuringar has decided to take the battle to the Dwarfs' enemies, launching expeditions against the Skaven and Night Goblins in the Underdeep. He also sent small bands of Dwarf rangers after the leaders of the surrounding Orc and Goblin tribes. Many clan elders disapprove of the king's aggressive moves, fearing they could weaken the Dwarf Hold.

Thuringar is mindful of the elders' influence, and listens to their advice when considering his own inclinations. He knows, however, that it is his boldness which has won him support among the younger warriors.

Tired of the continual rancour, High Priestess of Valaya Brunna Ravenshield has summoned the Characters for a delicate task (even Dwarfs understand the need for tact and discretion): to determine what insult caused the rift between the master engineer and master miner. The task is made trickier as Volund remembers there was an insult, but cannot recall the details (or is ashamed), while Gurniksson doubts such an insult occurred. Perhaps the loremaster or Book of Grudges could reveal the details. The biggest risk is Volund's temper should he find out about the Characters' meddling.

Council of Elders

The Council of Elders, all of whom are older than Thuringar, provide the inexperienced king with advice on a wide range of topics. While generally more cautious than Thuringar, the Council is not unified with their own views.

One council faction usually advises Thuringar toward caution and a defensive posture. The King's treasurer, Siggir Keymaster, who fears the King's military efforts are too expensive, leads this faction. He is supported by Runesmith Grimhold Thunderstone, who believes the king's aggression may doom the Dwarf Hold; Loremaster Rudger Halkinsson, who trusts the stronghold's walls more than over-bold attacks; and Orni Haleheart, the chief victualler, who is concerned that the food stores are being depleted too quickly.

Supporting Thuringar's boldness in dealing with their enemies are Master Miner Gurniksson Hammerback, High Priest of Grungni Hokar Stormbeard, and High Priestess of Valaya Brunna Ravenshield.

There are two elders considered to be wild cards on the council. Master Engineer Volund Silverscar regularly opposes Hammerback due to some feud over a long-ago insult. The other is Thora Hirdsdottir, grand matriarch and the king's mother, whose words are strong enough to restore peace at the council table. She is known to admonish the king when she believes it necessary.

Master Engineer Volund Silverscar

Volund Silverscar has the look of a crazed engineer with his prosthetic left hand and artificial eye, both made of brass. Volund is aggressive and temperamental, yet tradition-bound. He has absolute faith in the Engineers' Guild machineries, which is quite opposite of his views concerning Gurniksson Hammerback's judgment. Volund has long feuded with the master miner over some forgotten insult. The stubborn master engineer always votes against his rival.

VOLUND SLIVERSCAR
CHARTERED ENGINEER (GOLD 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	Wp	Fel	W
3	44	51	34	66	56	22	68	69	86	25	23

Traits: Armour (2), Ranged (Repeater Pistol) (10) +8, Weapon (War Wrench) +7

Skills: Dodge 32, Endurance 70, Leadership 68

Talents: Magic Resistance, Magnum Opus, Master Tradesman (Engineer), Night Vision, Read/Write, Savant (Engineer), Strong-Minded, Sturdy

Trappings: Guild Medallion of Office (Karak Guildmaster), Library (Engineer), Quality Trade Tools (Engineer), Large Workshop (Engineer)

Gurniksson Hammerback

Gurniksson Hammerback is well aware that the mines beneath Eyrie Peak are almost exhausted. Surveys have confirmed that there are likely new veins in the areas controlled by the Greenskin tribes. Due to his concerns, Gurniksson is a strong supporter of King Thuringar's policy of aggression. He would have expected the master engineer to be in the same camp of eradicating the Greenskins, but the fool keeps talking about some insult of which Gurniksson has no memory.

GURNIKSSON HAMMERBACK – MINER FOREMAN (SILVER 4)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	Wp	Fel	W
3	64	31	53	64	54	20	41	39	68	40	23

Traits: Armour (1), Weapon (Two-Handed Pick) +8

Skills: Leadership, Lore (Geology), Stealth (Underground)

Talents: Argumentative, Careful Strike, Magic Resistance, Night Vision, Relentless, Resolute, Sturdy, Tunnel Rat

Trappings: Clan of Miners, Guild Medallion of Office (Karak Guildmaster)

Young Beards

If the Council is split on whether to support the king's aggression, the young warriors collectively known as 'Young Beards' are enthusiastic supporters. Many Young Beards have also 'put their gold where their mouth is' and joined the ranger units. These Dwarfs roam the kingdom, usually high in the mountains, conducting reconnaissance and search-and-destroy missions.

As if their support for the king's policies wasn't concerning enough for the council, some of the Young Beards have recently formed an informal advisory group. Thuringar regularly corresponds with this group, seeking intelligence and recommendations. Ragni Thorisson has emerged as one of the Young Beards' more prominent voices.

Ragni Thorisson

An exceptional ranger captain and gifted strategist, Ragni came to King Thuringer's attention after a series of raids against the Black Fang Orcs and his valourous actions in a large engagement against the Bloodspike Goblins. The king elevated Ragni to lead his personal hammerer unit after its leader died in action against the Black Fang,s despite council objections. Ragni is well aware of other hammerers' resentment, but he knows he serves at the king's pleasure.

RAGNI THORISSON – OFFICER (GOLD 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	Wp	Fel	W
3	73	67	36	58	59	28	47	39	77	34	20

Traits: Armour (2), Weapon (Two-Handed Warhammer) +9

Skills: Heal 48, Leadership 65, Lore (Warfare) 58, Outdoor Survival 50

Talents: Combat Aware, Inspiring, Magic Resistance, Night Vision, Relentless, Resolute, Sturdy, Warleader

Trappings: Badge of Office, Company of Hammerers, Symbol of Rank





CLANS

The clans are the backbone of every Dwarf Hold. Even a king like Thuringar knows that he must appeal to a majority of the clans.

Though the noble clans might appear to be the most influential in a karak, the truth is this honour is afforded to the clans of the inventive Engineers' Guild and the far more numerous, venerated Miner Clans (mining is said to be the first craft taught to the Dwarfs by Grungni). The Miner Clans alone make up over half of the population in a typical Dwarf Hold. The Engineers' Guild's creations allow the Dwarf army to project its deadly power at great range.

Dwarf clans are expected to field and provision troops from within their ranks for the Dwarf Hold's defence in addition to any offensive expeditions launched by the Dwarf king. Some clans are tasked with providing for others based on their craft. For example, the Brewer Clans are responsible for provisioning beer carts while the Armourer and Weaponsmith Clans provide arms and armour.

Runesmiths are by far the smallest of any Dwarf Hold's clans and the same is true of Karak Azgaraz.

Other than the nobles, every clan is organised into guilds. Dwarf guilds are usually run by the three eldest members of the clans that make up a particular guild. In reality, the makeup of the guild hierarchy is rarely important — even Loremasters have a hard time recalling when a guild rule was last amended.

CLANS OF KARAK AZGARAZ

The following are some of the clans living in Karak Azgaraz:

- Anvilfist (*Grongfaut*) – Metalsmiths
- Barleymalt (*Gertunmalz*) – Brewers
- Blackhammer (*Drazhgrund*) – Metalsmiths
- Flintstone (*Zharrduraz*) – Miners
- Goatstaff (*Ziekstik*) – Farmers and Herders
- Greatmallet (*Druegskaggrund*) – Miners
- Hammerback (*Grundzurok*) – Miners
- Ironplough (*Angfluk*) – Farmers and Herders
- Oakbarrel (*Erdinken*) – Brewers
- Oldpick (*Gormhak*) – Miners
- Silverscar (*Agrilnark*) – Engineers
- Silverstones (*Agrilduraz*) – Jewelsmiths
- Strongpick (*Karazhak*) – Miners
- Surehammer (*Zuverlakgrund*) – Engineer

KARAK AZGARAZ: A VISITOR'S GUIDE

Visitors to Karak Azgaraz are infrequent. The Dwarfs strictly control the points of entry on the King's Highway (*Riksdrin in Khazalid*), while regular patrols seek to remove unauthorised individuals and enemies. Individuals who have business with the Dwarf Hold must first secure a writ of passage.

Runescribes at the points of entry (Azgaraz Trading Post and Migdhal Skarrenruf) require the names, place of origin, and business for all outsiders crossing into the kingdom. That information is then etched into a book with thin copper sheets to make a permanent record before the runescribe prepares a writ of passage (in Reikspiel with a few notations in Khazalid runes) for the leader of the expedition.

Approaches

The main route into and out of the Dwarf realm is the King's Highway, which is paved with finished stone and connects the kingdom to both the Empire and Bretonnia. The easiest part of the road is the northern portion, connecting the Dwarf Hold to the Empire. The road from the south is more hazardous as two sky-bridges (Unzaled in the kingdom, Barakdokerinnalad or Dalgrongi depending on the fork used) to reach Karak Azgaraz. Most Bretonnian traders would rather journey through Grey Lady Pass than risk the sky-bridges.

A little-used path connects the Inn of the Silver Cross to the hamlet of Frugelhofen to the north.

TRAVELLING IN THE MOUNTAINS

Travelling in the mountains is always a dangerous venture, especially when making one's way slowly cross-country. If the Orcs, Goblins, Trolls, and other predators aren't dangerous enough, the inclement weather and sudden rockfalls could just as quickly and unexpectedly end an expedition.

Staying on the King's Highway or any other dwarf road is the easiest way to travel. The Dwarfs have even built sizable stone shelters every two miles. These shelters are roughly 12 feet long and 6 feet wide with three 6-foot-tall walls. Travellers are free to use these structures to camp for the night or avoid getting drenched in a sudden downpour. The waystations often attract hungry Trolls, however.

Azgaraz Trading Post and Merchant Pass (*Vithang Kadrin*)

In an effort to limit traffic on the King's Highway as well as solidify King Thuringar's land grab, the Dwarfs built Azgaraz Trading Post within Merchant Pass. The gap's ridges created a natural gateway of several hundred yards. The trading post is a place where Dwarf and Imperial traders can safely conduct their business. The fortified compound houses a garrison of eight and a runescribe. All guests at the compound are expected to assist in its defence should Orcs and Goblins attack.

Owned and run by the Gertunmalz Brewer Clan, the Inn of the Six Pints is located within the trading post. It provides private rooms for up to sixteen people, a dormitory which can sleep up to twelve, and a stable yard for up to six beasts and four wagons. Grum Dorinsson is the current master brewer and Friga, his wife, the innkeeper and chief cook. The inn's main dish is roasted goat covered in a spicy mustard and turnips served with a hearty, reddish-coloured malted beer called 'Dragon Breath'.

A RED LETTER DAY

- Graf von Jungfreud has sent a missive to Dwarf king Thuringar in order to apprise the Karak Dwarfs of the situation in Ubersreik and ask for the king's support (or failing that, neutrality). The graf's opponents seek to stop the correspondence. Needless to say, the Dwarfs would be less than pleased to see a fight over a letter at the trading post.
- Runescribe Fimbur Zamnilsson, the Dwarf who issues writs of passage, is a vindictive bureaucrat who is not beyond administering his own revenge should he feel he has been disrespected. He adds a Khazalid rune to the writ to ensure that Dwarf rangers checking the writ put the offender and their party through a gruelling, thorough, and embarrassing inspection.



ENTERING THE KINGDOM OF KARAK AZGARAZ

The main road from the Azgaraz Trading Post passes between Copper Tarn and Eyrie Peak before continuing deep into the mountains, where it eventually enters Bretonnia. A side road, marked by statues of Dwarf sentries, winds its way up the mountain. Watchtowers made from granite blocks are located so that the road and those travelling it are always in view by one tower or another. The road zigzags until it reaches a huge 50-foot brass gate two - thirds of the way up the western face of the mountain. Two gigantic statues of powerful Dwarfs flank the immense gate: one of Grungni and the other Grimnir. Known as the Ancestors' Gate, the imposing gate is operated by a system of clockwork gears, only opening when the king or other royalty enter or leave the Dwarf Hold. A side-door allows less important folk to enter. This common entrance is protected by murder holes and a crack unit of guards armed with crossbows.

Unzaled Sky-Bridge and Migdhal Skarrenruf

Sky-bridges, built during the Golden Age, are monumental feats of Dwarf engineering. Sky-bridges soar high across the mountaintops, crossing over miles of valley below. Some sky-bridges are wide enough for travellers to cross single file with no parapet to prevent untimely deaths. Others are wide enough for three carts to travel side-by-side with high walls and towers along the length.

Those brave enough to approach Karak Azgaraz from the south must travel a road high in the Grey Mountains, then cross one of two sky-bridges — *Barakdokerinnalad* ('Watchful Eagle Gate') or *Dalgrongi* ('Old Anvils') — before descending down the mountains to the *Unzaled* ('Deep Chasm') Sky-Bridge. The 8-foot-wide Unzaled Sky-Bridge is wide enough for a single cart to comfortably cross the 1,200-yard span over a 1,400-foot-deep gorge; 4-foot-high walls on either side of the sky-bridge provide nominal cover from the blustery winds that rip through the gorge.

The gatehouse of Mighdal Skarrenruf stands at the north end of the sky-bridge. A stout gate, series of portcullis, arrow slits, and murder holes make it easy for the garrison of eight Dwarfs to defend entry into the kingdom. Travellers must provide the necessary information (see above) to the resident runescribe in order to secure a writ of passage before being granted entry.

A ERRANT BREEZE



- The Characters are hired to deliver a sealed diplomatic message from the Comte Francoise d'Macron of Grunere to the king of Karak Azgaraz asking for his support in a lucrative trade venture (actually, the message is meant to incite the Dwarf king against the duc of Parravon and put the party at risk). As it happens, the cart carrying bottles of Bretonnian cognac to sweeten the 'deal' broke a wheel in the middle of crossing Unzaled Sky-Bridge and the wind has kicked up. The Characters must scramble to save the missive from being blown off the bridge as well as secure the cognac if they mean to complete their task.
- As the Characters descend the windy road from Unzaled to Azgaraz, a herd of great-horned goats race down the mountainside stampeding through the party, scaring horses, and knocking over supplies. Eventually, the body of a Dwarf herder comes bouncing down the slope and lands at the Characters' feet. Small rocks cascade down as the Characters hear something approaching.

Inn of the Silver Cross

The fortified Inn of the Silver Cross is located roughly a day's journey from the trading post, positioned at the crossroads of the King's Highway and two other dwarf roads heading to the north and west. The accommodations at the inn are roughly the same as those of the Inn of the Six Pints. The clientele are mostly Dwarf farmers who grow mountain hops and barley for brewing and wheat for making bread along the northern shores of Copper Tarn. Dwarf rangers and herders of the long-haired mountain cattle are also found stopping by the inn.

The taproom is run by Vikram and Karga Svensson of the Gertunmalz Brewer Clan. The Svenssons brew a dark-coloured, filling lager ('Valaya's Cure') and an amber-coloured wheat beer ('Golden Tears'). Beef is generally the meat of choice at the inn, served with a white, fragrant hard cheese and buttered bread. The grain comes from a nearby mill on River Turquoise (*Ruvalk Teikal*).

HALL OF ANCESTORS (*KHAZ GROMTHI*)

Upon entering the Upper Deep of Karaz Azgaraz — usually through the side door rather than the massive Ancestors' Gate (*Barak Gromthi*) — one comes into a towering atrium lit by thousands of quartz crystals inscribed with the Rune of Light. The lighting of each quartz is equal to a lantern, bathing the atrium in a quiet twilight.

WALKING INN DREAMS

- Karga Svensson had a dream in which she was walking about the slopes above the inn to the west. The earth shook and revealed a new cave entrance. As she peered in, she could feel baneful eyes glaring at her. She awoke with a premonition of evil. Vikram hires the Characters to investigate – he's fairly sure it's nothing, but one can never be too careful.
- Word arrives saying that a Dwarf caravan carrying (weak) beer brewed for trade with the Manlings has been slaughtered on the way to the Azgaraz Trading Post and the beer is missing. The Characters are hired to deal with the guilty parties and recover the stolen beer.

THE BAR OF GRUDGES

- Hated rivals arrive at Under the Mountain as the Characters settle in for a quiet drink and meal in the common room. The Characters know that any row with the rivals is not likely to be acceptable to the innkeepers. Yet, the bad-blood cannot be ignored.
- The Characters have come to Karak Azgaraz as mercenaries-for-hire to meet with an employer promising them large sums of gold. The job turns out to the assassination of Gurniksson Hammerback within the Dwarf Hold. If the Characters refuse, their would-be employer would frame them as assassins to the authorities.

A huge granite statue of Valaya stands in the centre of the atrium, surrounded by what looks like a small number of buildings. The distance from the collection of buildings to the walls is quite large, making it difficult for visitors to reach the off-limit passageways.

Dozens of corridors — both ground level and those higher on the walls, reached by stairs — branch from the hall leading to other portions of the Dwarf Hold. Outsiders (including Imperial Dwarfs and those from other Dwarf realms) are not permitted to go beyond this hall except to depart the side gate they entered. Should there be any attempt to pass through other exit from this hall, portcullises drop to block the ground-level corridors, leaving the higher passages for Dwarf marksmen and artillery to eliminate the threat.

Under the Mountain Inn

Protected inside Eyrie Peak (named for the Giant Eagle nest on the mountaintop), Trader Village (*Khazid Vithang*) is made up of scant wood buildings not intended for defensive use. Overseer Skadi Scowlbrow greets visitors and keeps an eye on them lest they wander into forbidden places.

The Under the Mountain Inn was built for outsiders, allowing them to conduct their business in the Dwarf Hold in comfort. The Gertunmalz Brewer Clan owns the inn and rotates younger clan members to serve as innkeeper and brewers. The beer tends to be of mixed quality since the best of the clan's efforts are reserved for Dwarf consumption. A large dormitory and enclosed yard with a stable provide overnight accommodations.

The food served at the inn comes from the terraced farmlands on the mountain and the herders who raise Great-Horned Goats in the highland pastures.

Erdinken Brewery

Owned by the Erdinken Brewer Clan, the brewery is intended to serve Dwarf rangers returning to the Dwarf Hold to file reports and replenish provisions and find some rest. The taproom's beer is heavy and hardy, intended to nourish a weary ranger. The Erdinken beer relieves the stress of any who have to deal extensively with outsiders (like Skadi Scowlbrow). Visiting Imperial Dwarfs are warily accepted into the taproom; they are not welcomed as long-lost kin.

Humans, Halflings, and (recklessly bold) Elves walking into the taproom are viewed suspiciously, but the Erdinken accept their coin for only weak beer — nothing upsets a Dwarf brewer more than watching folk with weak - constitutions wasting Dwarf brew in their vomit.

IN THE COMPANY OF SLAYERS

- The Characters signed a contract to do some adventuring and treasure-hunting for a Dwarf noble. Now, they find themselves in a forgotten tunnel beneath Karak Azgaraz, led by a quartet of Slayers. As the Characters gather their wits, one of the Slayers tells them that there is a legend of an ancient Dragon sleeping on a pile of gold and ancient runic weapons beneath the Dwarf Hold. Their task is to confirm the truth of the matter and recover any runic items for the Dwarf Hold.
- A drinking contest has broken out at the brewery. Dwarfs looking to have a good laugh invite the Characters to partake, knowing that the non-Dwarfs will fail. Wagers are made and some of the losers are not happy. Passed out drunk, the Characters may be robbed or worse. Who downs the first tankard?

Middle Deeps

The Middle Deeps are actually the first two levels of what is collectively called the 'Lower Deeps' located beneath the Hall of Ancestors. The heart and soul of the Dwarf Hold can be found in these two levels.

The upper level contains the merchant halls, clan halls, and barracks of each clan's warriors along with their standards and armouries. Statues of clan heroes of renown stand in many of the alcoves on this level. These halls and barracks are separated from the imposing throne room, council chambers, and king's court by long galleries. The halls are decorated in granite bas-relief sculptures, plated in gold and silver, depicting the karak's history.

The second level's main feature is the Great Hall, which is large enough to accommodate two-thirds of the population of the Dwarf Hold. On this level, one can find the guildhalls and the adjacent feast and drinking halls for each of the craft guilds: farmers and herders, healers, runescribes, metalsmiths, stonecutters and masons, carpenters, ropewrights, candlemakers, and miners. The Dwarf Hold's breweries, beer stores, kitchens, and pantries are centrally located to serve all the halls at this level. The last four locations are protected from vermin by Runes of Verminkill.

Royal Deep

The next two levels of the Lower Deep in Karak Azgaraz are locally referred to as the 'Royal Deep'.

The first of these is dominated by the King's Chamber and royal clan hall. The servants' quarters and counting room are adjacent to these areas. Queen Karelia Amberhair rules this domain as her husband attends to matters of state. The nearby trophy room, guard rooms, hammerers' barracks, and royal armouries are overseen by King Thuringar's heir, Prince Ulther.

This level also houses the guildhalls of the esteemed clans of the runesmiths, jewelsmiths, goldsmiths, brewers, and engineers. Nearby are the chambers for the loremaster, runescribes, and the Great Library, containing thousands of stone shelves stuffed with scrolls and tomes of metal foil. These records are dedicated to the history of Karak Azgaraz: kingly edicts, reports of famous battles, and ledgers of people authorised to enter the kingdom. The most ancient and valuable books are locked and chained to the shelves.

The second level of the Royal Deep is where the Dwarf Hold's armouries, foundries, forges, workshops, and powder stores are located.

Deep of Renown

Below the Royal Deep is the Deep of Renown. The Halls of the Ancestor Gods dominate this level with chambers set aside for the three major gods: Grungni, Valaya, and Grimnir. In Azgaraz tradition, only the temples of Grungni and Valaya have High Priests over the lesser clergy. The position is vacant in the temple of Grimnir out of respect for the deity's disappearance into the Chaos Wastes. The temple of Grungni houses shrines to Smednir and Thungni. Smednir, the Shaper of Ore, taught the younger Thungni, the Ancestor God of Runesmiths, the art of craftsmanship and metalworking. Within the Temple of Grimnir is a shrine dedicated to his son Morgrim, the Ancestor God of Engineers.

The Hall of Remembering, which contains Azgaraz's lengthy Book of Grudges on a central lectern, and the Halls of Deeds are also located on this level. At the start of every new year, King Thuringar recites the old grudges settled in the past year to the assembled Dwarfs in the throne room followed by any new ones requiring a reckoning.

Vaults

As with other karaks, the Vaults consist of three levels. The first houses the king's personal treasury vaults, as well as those of the Dwarf Hold. King Thuringar's ancestor's tombs — each protected by a Rune of Locking — lie within the Chamber of Ancestors.

The second level contains the Temple of Gazul and the preparation room for the dead. This level is the domain of High Priest Radgar Moonbeard and the other priests of Gazul. Karak Azgaraz's clans lay their dead to rest in tombs near the temple.

The third level of the Vaults contains the mines, barracks, clan halls, and drinking halls for those working and guarding the mines. Played out mines are often sealed with a combination of a stout door, metal grate, and Runes of Enemy Detection (one each for Skaven and Night Goblins).

Underdeep

The lowest regions of a Dwarf Hold, the Underdeep contains the deepest and still-active mines; it includes those that have been long ago abandoned. Abandoned mines are sealed off in the same manner as those worked dry. The Underdeep is constantly patrolled as Dwarf warriors keep a wary eye open for Skaven and Night Goblin incursions.

From time to time, Dwarf warriors open a sealed door to conduct guerrilla raids on Night Goblins and Skaven that lurk nearby. Slayers are often permitted to pass through the sealed doors to find challenges greater than skulking Greenskins and treacherous vermin.

DWARF RANGERS

Patrols of Dwarf rangers, numbering from eight to twenty individuals, range the mountains within Karak Azgaraz's borders, searching for intruders. The rangers are highly skilled in mountain combat and survival, sticking to high ground should confrontation arise. The rangers are tasked with checking for writs of passage from outsiders and conducting searches of such groups. The Khazalid runes on the writs quietly inform the rangers of how problematic a group might be.

Rangers carry a variety of arms; some carry handguns while others bear crossbows or braces of pistols. Hand weapons (usually axes), mail coats, and shields round out the ranger's kit. They also carry grappling hooks, ropes, and spikes for traversing some of the more challenging terrain, and skis during the winter. The leader of each patrol carries a clear crystal shaped like a lens, inscribed with a Rune of Farseeing, allowing them to use the lens as a telescope.

THE KINGDOM OF KARAZ AZGARAZ

As with all Dwarf kingdoms, Karaz Azgaraz is a mountainous realm of high peaks, steep ridges, deep gorges, glaciers, lakes, and rivers. The realm borders both the Empire and Bretonnia, with the newly-formed Free Territory of Frugelhorn to its north.

For a time after the spring thaw, the plains of High Mere become a shallow lake connecting the deeper, cooler waters of the Gargrimvarn and Glacier Lake. This shallow lake dries out in the hot months of summer, becoming a grassland full of biting insects. Dwarf herders bring their mountain cattle down from the mountains to graze during the warm months. A north-flowing river runs through the middle of High Mere connecting the two lakes.

The waters of Copper Tarn at the base of Eyrie Peak are a deep turquoise colour, a result of the copper mines at the lake's edge. Fortified farms grow the mountain hops and barley used by the Brewer Clans and supply wheat to make bread in dwarfen kitchens. Turnips, beans, mustard, parsnips, and fire peppers (the latter brought by Elf traders during the Golden Age) are also grown in their fields.

ARKUND

Watchtowers jut from the mountains ringing the kingdom, allowing Dwarf sentries and rangers to scour the land for enemy movements and trespassers. Many of these watchtowers are connected to others via tunnels or covered passages so the Dwarfs are not exposed when moving from one post to another.

One of the greatest watchtowers was Arkund which, along with its shorter twin at the old mining camp of Karkagrung, originally marked the north-eastern extent of the Dwarf realm until 2475. The two towers were severely damaged during the Battle of High Mere. Those watchtowers were not rebuilt — new structures were constructed along the changed border.

The largest watchtower still supporting a garrison is Garkarund, built on the eastern shore of Gargrimvarn.



Gimbringrungaz

There are a multitude of small mining camps throughout the Dwarf realm. Many have been stripped clean and abandoned while others became infested with Skaven or worse. New mining camps spring up, even if enemies in the mountains seek to destroy them — a testament to Dwarf persistence.

Gimbringrungaz (Gimbrin's Mine) is named for its mine chief, Gimbrin Finehelm, who found gold in the tributary of Copper Tarn where the mine is now located. The amount of gold recovered is not yet enough to warrant larger operations by the small group of miners. At this time, the miners have been able to escape the notice of the Goblin tribe lurking in the region.

The mining camp of Kulugrung is located higher in the mountains, reached by the western track leaving the Inn of the Silver Cross.

Mound of Krell

The Frugelhorn was long believed by the ancient Belthani tribes of the eastern Grey Mountains to be a place of particular spirituality — a locus of the power of nature. For a time, the mountain slopes nearest the glacier and the lake became a favoured place to build burial mounds for chiefs and priests.

Krell, who had been a Chaos Champion nearly a millennium and a half before Sigmar's birth, was slain by a Dwarf hero, Grimbul Ironhelm, and buried by his followers in a barrow tomb amid the Belthani dead. Krell was later raised by Nagash to fight in his army against Emperor Sigmar. The Battle of River Reik ended Nagash (for a time), but Sigmar did not corner and destroy Krell until the Battle of Glacier Lake. Krell's undead remains were placed in a reconstructed tomb, magically warded and sealed by priests of Morr and Verena.

The Karak Azgaraz Dwarfs are presently unaware of the presence and true nature of the Mound of Krell.

Surrounded by Enemies

Although it has endured since before the founding of the Empire, Karak Azgaraz is a realm under siege. Its enemies surround it from all sides above ground as well as beneath the Dwarf Hold itself. King Thuringar has decided to take the fight to the enemy rather than let the forces arrayed against him break on the karak's defences. Only time will tell as to whether this strategy saves the Dwarf Hold or dooms it.

Bandits

Karak Azgaraz's successes in the past years has greatly diminished the Greenskin threat. The unintended consequence, however, was opening up opportunities for bandits to find havens just across the border within the Free Territory of Frugelhorn.

Two bandit groups of Bretonnians and Reiklanders have established camps in order to raid traffic through Grey Lady Pass. The Ridgeway Boys have staked out the valley of Vaswasser to the west of the trading post and range along the pass east of Frugelhofen. So far, the bandits have not turned their attention to the King's Highway.

Black Berthold's Gang settled on the ridge on the other side of the Mad Dog Goblins, where they can prey on those travelling west of Frugelhofen to Whispering Crag. These bandits have not yet harassed traffic from Gimbringrungaz to the Inn of the Silver Cross.

In the Company of Slayers

- The Characters have made their way close to the Inn of the Silver Cross by way of Frugelhofen without obtaining a writ of passage when they encounter a patrol of Dwarfs. The rangers accuse them of being spies for the bandit gang located along the Vaswasser. The Characters need to think fast as they are forced to the nearby hanging tree.
- Concerned about the presence and threat of the Ridgeway Boys, Von Urstwhils Institute for the Edification of Sensitive Youth offers a bounty to the Characters to eliminate the bandit threat. The Characters chase the bandits into the Dwarf kingdom, but they need to provide proof of their work to get paid. The Characters' efforts will be in vain if they don't collect those scalps.

Goblin Tribes

Goblin tribes are the bane of Dwarf existence as they are both more numerous and breed faster than their larger cousins, the Orcs. Four tribes are found within or near Karak Azgaraz's borders.

After a recent string of defeats in battle, the Mad Dog Goblins seem to have turned their attention — for the moment — to harassing merchants and other travellers in Grey Lady Pass between Whispering Crag and La Maisontaal.

The Wolfrider tribe of Bloodspike Goblins have also come out on the short end of encounters with Karaz Azgaraz recently. While the tribe are recovering in Blackwood (*Drazhwut*), Dwarf rangers have reported that the new chief has been spotted on the lower north slopes of Frugelhorn.

The Bleeding Moon tribe, the focus of Thuringar's ire since the death of his father and older brother, has taken a real beating. The Goblins remain high on the ridge separating the Dwarf realm from the March of Hupeberg in order to not be outflanked.

The Poisoned Skull tribe continue their effort to penetrate Karak Azgaraz from below, but their aims have been thwarted by the outbreak of war with the Clan Mange Skaven. The war between Night Goblin and Skaven, predators in the deep, is particularly bloody as each serve as a food source to the other.

IN PURSUIT OF GOBLINS

- Having finally lost their pursuit of the Bleeding Moon Goblins after their scouting mission for the margrave of Hupeberg was compromised, the Characters finds themselves in the southern portion of High Mere near Gargrimvarn. The Characters have to find their way out while avoiding the Dwarf rangers.
- Several miners from Gimbringrungaz are in Frugelhofen hoping to hire mercenaries to protect the mining camp. They are concerned that the Mad Dog Goblins might turn their attention to the Dwarf settlement over the ridge.

PURSUED BY ORCS

- A large raiding party of Red Maw Orcs attack the Azgaraz Trading Post just as its gates are opening for merchants from Ubersreik. It doesn't look like there is enough time to allow the merchants entry without putting the trading post at risk. Who might have betrayed the trading post?
- Hired by the baron of Teufeltal, the Characters led a raiding party on a Red Maw Orcs encampment. The raid went horribly wrong, all the troops the Characters led killed or captured (to be added to an Orcish stew later). The Characters are on the run. The Orcs chased them deep into the Dwarf realm. Now the trespassing Characters must find their way around the Red Maws and safely back to the Empire before they find themselves in more trouble.

Orc Tribes

As if battling Goblins was not enough, there are two Orc tribes just beyond the borders of the Dwarf realm.

A series of battles have pushed the Black Fang Orcs out of the area around the southern end of Gargrimvarn and across the border into the March of Hupeberg. Dwarf rangers are keeping an eye on the situation as the Orcs aren't likely to stay out of the Dwarf realm.

The real concern is now the Red Maw Orcs, located on the northern slopes of Frugelhorn in the County of Widow's Vale. Dwarf ranger reports have indicated that a Black Orc by the name of Washnack Gorejaw has come to power in the last few months after he ripped off the head of the previous Orc chieftain (who himself had come to power after the Dwarfs killed his predecessor). Worse, Red Maw emissaries had been reported visiting the Black Fang Orcs, the Bloodspike wolfriders, and the Mad Dogs. A Greenskin alliance could spell trouble for the Azgaraz Dwarfs.



A GUIDE TO THE LAURELORN



'Our forest is dying. We are in a time of crisis. The Eonir must not be complicit in our forest's decay. Appealing to the Human nobles will not change the situation, but if we can raise awareness amongst their hunters and woodsmen, then I think it is worthwhile.'

– Galstra Treeborn, Elf Diplomat

The Laurelorn Forest is an independent Elven kingdom located northwest of the Empire, between Nordland and the Wasteland. Elves of the Laurelorn (called *Eonir*) are proud of their heritage and consider themselves culturally distinct from other Elves. Although most people would call the Eonir 'wood elves', they are quite different from the *Asrai* of Athel Loren. In fact, the kingdom of Laurelorn is older than Athel Loren and retains elements of Asur culture from the original Ulthuan colony. Eonir regard the Asur as hypocrites who abandoned the Old World, and then had the audacity to dispute Laurelorn's independence. On some level, Eonir sympathise with the Druchii of Naggaroth because they were also ostracised by the Asur.

Most citizens of the Empire who live along the border of the Laurelorn respect the Eonir and fear the forest's spirits. However, humans do not consider Eonir 'alien' in the same way that Asrai are perceived as fay spirits in Bretonnia. This inter-species understanding has enabled Laurelorn to establish stronger ties with the Empire than with Ulthuan or Athel Loren. Elven scouts, spies, and diplomats from Laurelorn are frequently encountered in Nordland, Middenland, and the Wasteland. Nordland's nobility have negotiated multiple treaties with the Queen of Laurelorn, and Graf Boris of Middenland employs two Eonir in his court.

ORIGINS OF THE NAMES

The Laurelorn, since its first colonisation by Elves, has been a place of hope, joy, and laughter. The Elves held summer games and celebrations under its boughs, giving the wood its name. The colonists named it *Loren Lauroi* ('the Golden Wood'), after the greater rune *Ladroi*, meaning 'Season of the Sun', or 'apex of joy'. The colonists called themselves Eonir after the greater rune *Daroir*, meaning, remembrance, memory, and strength of stones, Eonir feel their Asur cousins no longer walk the true path of Elves from the past – those who helped the Old Ones create the waystone network.

In Eonir society, all Elves are born into social classes called 'kindreds'. The two primary kindreds of Eonir society (*Toriour* and *Faniour*) are named after the Eltharin words for 'city' (*Tor*) and 'forest' (*Fan*) combined with '*Oriour*', meaning 'birth' or 'blood'. The Younger Kindred was a later addition to Laurelorn, named after the Athel Loren kindred of *Harioth*, meaning 'youth, boundless energy, and jealousy'. Vocational kindreds (for scouts, spellsingers, and so forth) are named after their Asrai counterparts, although Eonir rarely identify with peer groups beyond the local (Kithband) level.

HISTORY

Originally, the Elf colonies of Elthin-Arvan in the Old World were ruled by lords from the kingdoms of Ulthuan, all allied to the Phoenix Crown. The cataclysm known as The Sundering resulted in 600 years of isolation, during which the colonies united and declared themselves the 11th Kingdom of Ulthuan, ruled by a High Council of lords from the largest princedoms. During this period, only a few Elf outposts existed in the Laurelorn.

The Laurelorn's forest spirits appeared less hostile than those of Athel Loren, which had refused to share the woods with Elf settlers. A Handmaiden of the Everqueen launched an expedition to study the forest spirits, leyline network, and lost Old One ruins in the area. Before long, two large settlements grew at Tor Lithanel and Kor Immarmor, and a road network connected the Laurelorn with the other colonies. The Elves of Elthin-Arvan viewed the beautiful forest as a retreat comparable to Avelorn, the spiritual home of Elves in Ulthuan.

When diplomatic contact was eventually restored with Ulthuan, the High Council reluctantly capitulated authority to the Phoenix King. Several Elf lords were expelled from Ulthuan for conducting unsanctioned experiments, and withdrew to the Laurelorn to continue their work. These disgraced 'Grey Lords' built villas and hidden magical laboratories deep in the forest's heart.

War of the Beard

The War of the Beard between Elves and Dwarfs strained the relationship between the court of the Phoenix King and the High Council of Elthin-Arvan. The colonists' strategic priorities were different from those of Ulthuan, meanwhile generals from Ulthuan were given command of the colonial armies. The Phoenix King's final decree to abandon the colonies was taken as a betrayal, for without assistance from the Dragons and legions of Ulthuan, there was little hope to defeat the Dwarfs.

The Laurelorn was amongst the last colonies to hold out when Kor Immarmor was destroyed and Tor Lithanel placed under siege. The Eonir feared that without reinforcements, another Dwarf assault would end with the woodland realm being destroyed. In desperation, they turned to the disgraced Grey Lords, who summoned a spirit army from the forest's depths. The advancing Dwarf throng marched into the forest to meet this new foe and was never seen again.

With the Dwarf threat gone, the Laurelorn provided sanctuary to Elf refugees from other colonies who refused to abandon Elthin-Ervan. Refugees were given assistance and allowed to settle in the woods, but were always regarded as guests in the Golden Wood. The original colonists grew arrogant and considered themselves to walk the true path of elven tradition. It was during this time that a distinct Eonir culture emerged.



New Allies

Centuries of peace followed the War of the Beard, during which the Eonir lived in relative isolation. Dwarfs gradually abandoned their forts in the Silver Hills, allowing the Eonir to settle in the previously contested glades of the Laurelorn. Occasional confrontations with the Teutogen tribe defined the borders between elven and human lands. As the Empire grew, its citizens learned to fear and respect the Elves.

The Eonir became temporary allies with the Empire in 1109 IC, when the neighbouring Drakwald province fell to Beastmen. Fifteen years later, an army led by Emperor Mandred 'Skavenslayer' was permitted to march through the Laurelorn to intercept a Skaven invasion. Over the last 800 years, the counts and barons of Nordland have been able to negotiate limited settlement and logging rights on the Laurelorn's perimeter. To this day, mutual defence treaties are signed whenever a major Beastman migration threatens the region.

Relations with other Elf realms have improved as well. When the beastlord Morghur appeared in the Forest of Shadows in 1337 IC, the Eonir aided their Asrai cousins in tracking the creature. Dialogue with the Phoenix Crown resumed in the 21st century when King Finubar of Ulthuan finally acknowledged Tor Lithanel's independence, millennia after its secession. In recent years, Eonir envoys have sailed to Naggaroth with trade offers in exchange for a cessation of raids on the Laurelorn's coastline.

Ominous Portents

Despite the relative security of the Laurelorn in recent years, dangerous days are ahead. Norsemen raid the coast with increasing frequency, and Dark Elves covet the region's rare herbs. Seers predict a major invasion in the future from Norsca, Naggaroth, or both. The spirits of the Laurelorn grow weaker every year as the forest's magic ebbs away. If Nordland settlements continue encroaching on the Eonir heartland, violent conflicts between the allies will leave both sides vulnerable to Beastman and Greenskin attacks. The Queen of Laurelorn has foreseen a great cataclysm that threatens to tear the entire world asunder, but she has not yet shared her revelation.



I recall Elf dignitaries — they insisted we call them 'Eonir' — visited us in Altdorf, after ages of exchanging carefully worded letters. Father would have preferred to send some envoys of his own, flanked by his knights in polished armour, but they refused to allow us into their forest.

When they finally came, I took my seat next to father but quickly became enraptured with their ways; their poems and songs had a distant melancholy about them that Imperial Elf minstrels seem to hold back. I invited one of their singers into my parlour. She seemed like a young woman, but laughed at the notion and said she had several adult children — they all seem to steal the youth and beauty from around them.

She shared their version of 'dreamwine' with me, which she said came from the River Demst and the honeysuckle and jasmine that grows there. I presume it has nothing to do with that substance that is said to come from a single vinyard in the Grey Mountains. It was sweet like cream but light and airy.

After she left and I retired, my dreams carried me over a great forest — the Laurelorn. I saw many things in those dreams. A pair of Elf men were in a slender boat, fetching a net full of salmon from a river. Somewhere else a woman crushed dark berries into a wooden bowl, skimming the juice from pulp, while a pair of children sat at her feet.

–Isabella

TIMELINE OF THE LAURELORN

c. –4119 IC

Elven colonies are established on the coasts of the Old World and trade flourishes with the Dwarfs. Small outposts are established in the interior, including the Laurelorn.

–2748 IC

The Sundering. Ulthuan breaks out into civil war while the Laurelorn remains sheltered.

–2723 IC

Tsunamis devastate the coastal settlements. Lothlakh and Ildenfane are lost and refugees flee to the interior, settling Tor Lithanel and Kor Immarmor. Forest spirits withdraw deeper into the Laurelorn.

–2174 IC

Ulthuan restores contact with the colonies. Dark Elf agents infiltrate the colonies, spreading propaganda against the Phoenix King.

–1997–47 IC

Dwarfs attack the colonies following Dark Elf raids on their caravans. A contingent of Elves leaves the safety of the Laurelorn to join the War of the Beard, but few return. Brok Stonefist, Lord of the Tunnels, destroys Kor Immarmor and besieges Tor Lithanel.

c. –1589–01 IC

The Phoenix King withdraws High Elf armies from the Old World. Many colonists refuse to leave and seek refuge in the forest. The Laurelorn council declares independence and a High Priestess of Isha is chosen as Queen of the Woods.

c. –50 IC

The rise of Humanity in the Old World. The Eonir attempt to manipulate the warlike Teutogen tribe.

738 IC

The Treaty of the Leaf is signed. An agreement with the baronies that would later become Nordland allows settlement between the rivers Salz and Demst.

1106–1110 IC

Fall of the Drakwald province to Beastmen. Count Vilner's Runefang is sent to Middenheim. The Eonir fight alongside the Empire.

1124 IC

The Eonir aid Count Mandred 'Skavenslayer' of Middenland, guiding his army to a decisive victory against Skaven.

1337 IC

Morghur the Shadowgave arrives in the Forest of Shadows. Queen Ariel and her Spellweavers find him with assistance from Eonir scouts and bring him back to Athel Loren through the Worldroot.

c. 1681 IC

Queen Terrellia's own sister, Archmage Sinestra, conspires with Tormuk the Necromancer to abduct Princess Millandriell in a coup attempt.

c. 1700 IC

The first logging agreements are signed between the Laurelorn and Nordland.

2001–2051 IC

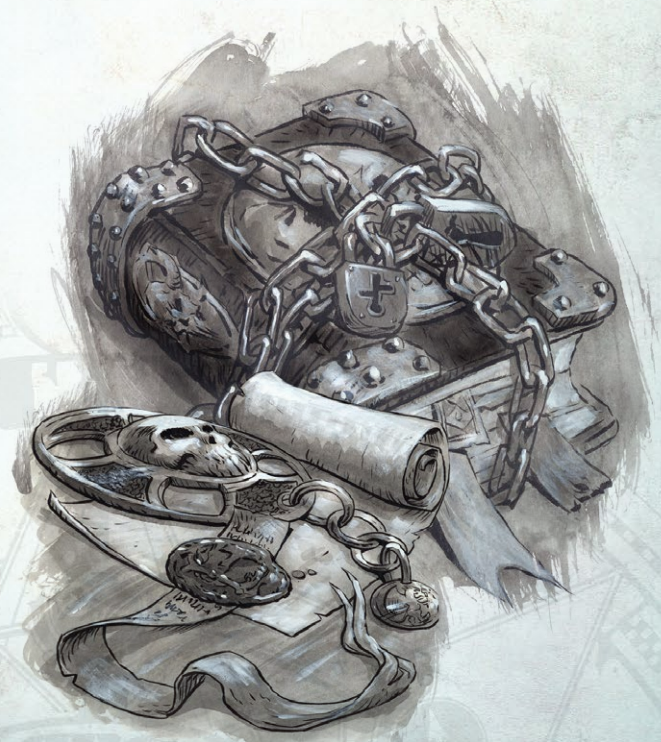
The Laurelorn is acknowledged after Phoenix King Finubar sails to the Old World and makes contact with the Empire, Bretonnia, Asrai, and even the Dwarfs.

2168 IC

Border clashes with Nordland compel the Eonir to march upon Salzenmund. A great host, including ravenous forest spirits, besieges the city until the baron begs forgiveness.

2302 IC

Ghost Striders from the Laurelorn help the Imperial army repel the Incursion of Chaos. Teclis requests the Eonir's aid in watching over the growing Imperial Colleges of Magick.



THE EONIR

Culture

The Eonir inhabiting the Laurelorn are a distinct elven culture that borrows traditions from both the Asrai (Athel Loren) and Asur (Ulthuan). Although humans consider Eonir to be 'Wood Elves', there are several key differences between the Eonir and Asrai. Eonir are not spiritually bound to the forest by ancient spirit-pacts in the same way Asrai are bound to Athel Loren. The Eonir's relationship with forest spirits is weaker, and they're more inclined to venture from their glades to interact with outsiders.

Eonir religion recognises the entire pantheonic mandala, making them spiritually closer to Asur than Asrai. Meditation, divination, and burial practices vary according to birth kindred. Cityborn (Toriour) kin bind deceased souls into gemstones, whereas departed Forestborn (Faniour) souls are surrendered to the Weave and often reincarnate as Tree Kin. Eonir settlements are organised by a longstanding genealogical tradition that distinguishes between settler and refugee families.



Society

Eonir elves are divided into three 'social classes' according to their family's heritage, known as 'birth kindreds'. During the War of the Beard, the original settlers found themselves outnumbered by refugees, so they formed a support network to protect their interests. The refugees in turn became kindred for mutual protection in the hostile new environment. When the war ended, the Eonir had become accustomed to this new paradigm of looking down their noses at each other, so birth kindred divisions remained. Birth kindreds do not denote noble or common blood, in fact several banished nobles are members of the lower class.

EONIR KINDRED

- **Cityborn Kindred (Toriour):** Descendants of the original Tor Lithanel colonists are the upper class in the Laurelorn. Toriour kin have lived for generations in the buildings (or restored ruins) that remain from the original colony. They occupy the highest positions in government due to an ancient decree protecting settlers' rights.
- **Forestborn Kindred (Faniour):** The middle class comprises descendants of refugees who took shelter in the Laurelorn during the War of the Beard. Faniour kin live in the woods surrounding the original settlements, where they enjoy the privacy of their treetop dwellings. The majority of the Eonir are Forestborn.
- **Younger Kindred (Harioth):** Elven families who arrived in the Laurelorn after the War of the Beard are not considered to have a birth kindred. Harioth kin are treated as the lower class in Eonir society. New arrivals live in caves and ruins at the edge of the Laurelorn or wander the forest as vagabonds. Second generation Harioth kin can attain membership in the Faniour Kindred by passing a series of trials. Those who fail often migrate to the Empire.

These birth kindreds are the only universal kindreds in Eonir society. Unlike the Asrai, who form bonds of common interest with Elves from all over Athel Loren, Elves of the Golden Wood limit vocational kinship to the local (Kithband) level. Kithbands are smaller social groupings who come together to pursue a common interest or agenda, engaging in activities as diverse as singing and warfare. For example, an Elf of the Cityborn Kindred might also belong to a local Minstrel Kithband which includes neighbouring Forestborn kin. Despite this shared interest, she would feel little kinship with Forestborn from outside her Kithband, even other minstrels

Government

The Laurelorn has been an independent monarchy since the War of the Beard, when the Phoenix King of Ulthuan ordered the colonies of Elthin-Arvan to be abandoned. Prior to the crowning of the first Queen, the colony had been governed by a High Council and ruled by the Phoenix King. After Tor Lithanel seceded from Ulthuan, a Triumvirate was given authority over the High Council and an advisory Senate was created. The Eonir consider their government to be the most democratic of the Elf realms, because decisions are usually made by council votes instead of royal decrees.



Queen of the Laurelorn

Queen Marrisith is the fourth regent in the Laurelorn's 4,000-year history. Her great-grandmother, Maruviel, was a Handmaiden to Ulthuan's Everqueen when she was chosen by the High Council to become the Laurelorn's first queen during the War of the Beard. Maruviel was the daughter of Aenarion's first son Morelion, making Queen Marrisith a descendant of the first Phoenix King. Despite having ruled the Laurelorn for centuries, Queen Marrisith is still young by the standards of elven royalty, and therefore she delegates a great deal of authority to the High Council.

The monarchy of the Laurelorn is determined by matrilineal succession, a tradition that harkens back to the Everqueens of Ulthuan before the coming of Chaos. By this ancient tradition, a king can only be crowned if there is no female heir. Currently, Queen Marrisith's older brother, Prince Aesryn, covets his sister's crown and considers her unworthy of rulership.

High Council

Tor Lithanel is governed by a council representing each of the major Houses from the Ward of the Sun (the Laurelorn's capital region, see page 80) plus three of the four vicarii from the border wards (one vicarius always serves as a prefect instead). All High Councillors are Toriour (Cityborn) kindred. In addition to governing Tor Lithanel, the High Council receives embassies from the Empire and decides upon treaty conditions.

Triumvirate

The Triumvirate is the high court of Laurelorn. When the High Council reaches an impasse, the Triumvirate's decision is final. The Triumvirate consists of Queen Marrisith and two prefects. One of the prefects is elected yearly from amongst the four ruling vicarii. The other prefect is the Queen's champion ('The Festival Lord') who is chosen by a festival of games that concludes with trials by combat. The winner of these games is deemed to have been granted Asuryan's approval to ascend to the Triumvirate.

The Triumvirate quietly observes High Council proceedings until called upon to vote. The council may assemble without the Triumvirate being present. When the Triumvirate is absent from proceedings, a wizened old arbiter named Yadoh maintains order by slamming a halberd haft on the marble flagstones. Yadoh is at least 4,000 years old, served as the first Queen's champion, and still remembers the War of the Beard.

Senate

Once every season, the Senate assembles in Tor Lithanel to discuss matters of diplomacy involving the Eonir's neighbours, or the Laurelorn's overall defence. Emergency Senate sessions can be called in times of crisis. Senators are respected elders, warriors, and scouts from each of the four wards that make up the greater Laurelorn. Senators propose specific courses of action to the High Council based on their frontline experiences, but they hold no political authority. Elves of the Faniour (Forestborn) kindred rarely attain office higher than senator.

Adventuring in the Laurelorn

The Laurelorn is a location ripe for exploration and adventure, and several plot hooks can be found throughout this chapter. Most of these provide reasons for Imperial characters to visit the Laurelorn as outsiders, braving the dangers of both the forest and its Eonir wardens. It is a society quite apart from that of the Empire, but familiar enough that Human, Halfling, and perhaps even Dwarf Characters will not find themselves completely lost.

Though the Eonir do not generally use metal currency between themselves, they do maintain a supply of gold and silver coinage that is used to trade with the Empire. Most Eonir know and appreciate the value of a coin, with Imperial currency quickly finding its way via trade and barter back to some Elf who has dealings with human merchants. Eonir food, though unusual and exotic to Imperial palettes, is quite edible — most may find it a good deal better than what they are used to.

Of course, you might wish to use the Laurelorn as the setting for entirely new adventures with a party consisting mostly or entirely of Elf Characters. This provides an excellent opportunity to explore Elf culture in the Old World. Tensions exist between the various Elf locations of Laurelorn, Ulthaun, and Athel Loren, with these often resulting in intense diplomatic skirmishes, if not occasional bloodshed. The intrusions of Imperial settlers into Eonir lands is a constant source of irritation, and undoubtedly the humans will have to be taught a lesson soon. Internal social pressures in Eonir society also provide ample opportunity for drama and adventure. It is a virtual certainty that the situation of the Harioth in the Laurelorn cannot continue for long, and there is resentment of Toriour priviliges even amongst the relatively prosperous Faniour.

Eonir Player Characters

The majority of Wood Elf Characters in the Empire are Eonir, and the majority of Eonir belong to the Forestborn (Faniour) Kindred. At the GM's option, Eonir Characters may instead belong to the Cityborn (Toriour) Kindred and follow High Elf careers (see **WFRP** page 30–1 for Career tables). On the Character Sheet, all Eonir Elves are identified as 'Wood Elf (Eonir)', even if they belong to the Cityborn Kindred. Cityborn Eonir Characters should indicate their privileged birth kindred in parentheses on the 'Class' line of the Character Sheet, so their Player doesn't forget to use High Elf Careers during advancement.

Lower-class Eonir of the Younger (Harioth) Kindred seldom become adventurers. However, if a Player wishes to take up the challenge, use the Wood Elf Careers and give the Harioth Character a special Talent:

Youngblood

Max: 1
Tests: Any Social Tests with other Eonir

Your family are considered newcomers to the Laurelorn and are treated with condescension by Eonir of the older birth kindreds. You are always considered of lower Status than other Eonir, unless they also have the *Youngblood* Talent. Second generation Youngbloods can lose this Talent by passing a trial to join the Forestborn Kindred.



THE LAURELORN FOREST: A VISITOR'S GUIDE

The Laurelorn is the homeland of the Eonir. This northern forest is predominantly coniferous and mixed temperate. The Laurelorn is less heavily saturated with magic than Athel Loren, therefore its spirits are fewer in number, and they're often weak or hungry. Although Elf-Human relations are generally good, the Laurelorn heartland is sacred to Eonir. Humans trespass in the Laurelorn at their own peril.

The outer reaches of the Laurelorn consist of three wards (Frost, Rain, and Storm). These wards were princedoms of Tor Lithanel long ago, before the War of the Beard. Today, the outer wards are claimed by Nordland and Middenland. The Eonir don't claim ownership of any forest land, but nor do they consider it property of the Empire. The Eonir are willing to co-inhabit the outer wards, provided logging treaties are respected. Eonir patrol the outer wards against encroachments on the capital region (Ward of the Sun).

Travelling in Laurelorn

Horse and foot traffic through the Laurelorn can follow ancient, overgrown High Elven roads at normal Movement rates. Wagons cannot navigate the roads, however. The northern road to Se-Athil is completely choked with trees and can only be traversed on foot at half Movement.

Current Events

Logging Disputes

For centuries, Nordlanders have been allowed to harvest resources on the northeastern periphery of the Laurelorn, in the Silver Hills. Lately, however, Eonir have been arbitrarily restricting the locations, sizes, and types of trees that can be felled. Baron Werner Nikse of Nordland worries that the Elves will soon cancel their treaties. Nordland's nobles argue that they will have to abandon entire settlements under these conditions, therefore Nikse should adopt a hardline stance in future diplomacy with the Queen of the Laurelorn.

Forestborn Unrest

According to tradition, Forestborn Kindred are not eligible to sit on the High Council at Tor Lithanel, even though they represent the majority of the Eonir. The ruling houses are all led by Cityborn. Forestborn agitators lobby for government reform, but their appeals fall on unlistening ears. The treaties signed by Queen Marrisith are putting Elves who live at the edge of the Laurelorn in conflict with Humans. The Eonir aren't inclined to open rebellion, however several Cityborn councillors fear for their personal safety.

Secrets of the Old Ones

The colony of Tor Lithanel was originally founded for the purpose of studying magical sites created by the Old Ones in aeons past. Under the Laurelorn's boughs are numerous arcane fulcrums, leyline nexus points, and waystones that alter the natural environment. Many of these sites have been compromised by vandalism or the passage of time. Allowing the Old Ones' legacy to crumble could threaten the delicate balance of nature and ultimately bring about the death of the Laurelorn.

THE ROOTS OF THE WORLD



- Travellers can defy time and space by using the Worldroot to cover a hundred miles in a single hour, but the hungry spirits demand sacrifices of magic (or blood) in exchange for safe passage. Characters wishing to use the Worldroot must negotiate with the spirits through Eonir mediators.
- The moss that grows on lornalim trees is called Moonflower by Elves (Humans call it Elven Hair – see WFRP, page 306). Moonflower can be boiled to produce an inhalant capable of curing Black Plague in Elves – in other species it merely acts as an, admittedly powerful, sedative. Desperate Characters who cannot acquire this rare medicine from an apothecary might brave the Laurelorn instead.

SPITES & THE EONIR

Spites are small nature spirits which inhabit the most ancient forests of the Old World. While their natural form is that of a small glowing light, they may appear how they wish, shapeshifting into many different guises. Sometimes they take on small, Elf-life forms riding beetles, and with their own wings with which to flit about. They may also take on the form of small animals, though there will usually be an unusual or unnatural feature to mark the creature as atypical of its kind.

Well treated, Spites are friendly yet mischievous. If mistreated, they remain mischievous, but quickly become deadly. Spites are captive to their own whims, seemingly changing mood as quickly as the wind might shift. Even the Eonir, with whom they do have some affinity, find that they can be unreliable, or even treacherous. It is not without reason that a collection of spites is known as a murder, and every wise Elf knows to treat with the carefully.



WARD OF THE SUN

- **Capital:** Tor Lithanel
- **Rulers:** High Council of Tor Lithanel on behalf of Queen Marrisith of the Laurelorn; also Lady Delynna of House Malforric, Warden of the Sun and Vicarius on the High Council
- **Politics:** Queen Marrisith is the nominal ruler of this ward but delegates daily governance to her High Council. Lady Delynna oversees the ward's defence. Diplomatic contact with Ulthuan is civil but unproductive. Athel Loren's envoys are held in suspicion. The Queen has a treaty with Baron Werner Nikse of Nordland, but relations are strained.
- **Population:** 60% Forestborn Eonir, 30% Highborn Eonir, 10% Younger Eonir

The capital region of the Golden Wood is situated around ancient magical sites at the heart of the forest (called the 'Ward of the Sun' by the Eonir). Nordlanders refer to this independent enclave as the Protectorate of the Laurelorn. The Ward of the Sun comprises roughly one third of the greater forest. Although Eonir also inhabit the Laurelorn east, south, and west of this region, the borderland woods are shared with Imperial citizens. The Ward of the Sun is populated exclusively by Eonir and forest spirits.

The Laurelorn's Dryads and Treemen thrive closest to the magic glades. Queen Marrisith has a strong affinity with forest spirits on account of her Everqueen lineage. She's served by a bodyguard of loyal tree kin that were Elves in a former life. When the Laurelorn is threatened, the Queen musters Dryads and Treemen to its defense. Forestborn Eonir are generally familiar with spirits, owing to their frequent interactions. Non-elven trespassers usually fall afoul of hungry spirits or suspicious Eonir before reaching a sacred site.

Silver Wood and Golden Wood (*Verdan Ithil, Verdan Lauroi*)

At the heart of the Laurelorn are two tracts of majestic, moss-covered conifers called *lornalims* in Eltharin. The lornalims' dense canopy blocks out sunlight, but metallic strands in the trees' bark ensure the forest is never completely dark. At night, moonlight and torchlight reflect off the massive trunks, producing eerie coruscations and phantasms.

The lornalim glades are patrolled by Elf rangers who show little mercy for trespassers. For centuries now, the magic that binds all living things into a greater whole (called 'the Weave' by Elves) has gradually been weakening. Sarriel the Seer once foretold that Laurelorn Forest would die with the last of the lornalims.

Tor Lithanel

The capital of the Laurelorn is a rare surviving example of archaic High Elven architecture. Within the city walls, exotic fruit and nut trees are cultivated with the aid of magic. The huge gems adorning nearly every building contain souls of deceased Elves, held permanently in stasis to preserve them from Chaos. From a distance, these soul-gems catch the light and cause the city to glisten. Humans who have approached close enough to witness Tor Lithanel's splendour have nicknamed it the 'City of Glass'.

The skyline is defined by three marble towers. The heavily guarded Silver Tower, containing the Queen's throne, is the tallest and oldest. The Dragon Tower is the second tallest and is currently empty. In ages past it served as a rookery for Dragons, as evidenced by the scorched interior. Prince Aesryn wishes to restore the Dragon Tower to its former glory. Finally, the Hippocrene Tower also sits abandoned, by decree of the Queen. Long ago it was inhabited by a great seer named Sarriel, who is now revered as a demigod by the Eonir.

The High Council of Tor Lithanel convenes outdoors in the Agora where a single lornalim tree grows. Citizens are encouraged to observe the council's public proceedings. Adjoining the Agora is the Temple of Asuryan, where the sun god's cult maintains an eternal flame. Perhaps the most intriguing building in Tor Lithanel is the Library of Mournings, which contains manuscripts dating back to The Sundering. The library houses the largest known collection of scrolls describing experiments of the legendary Old Ones.

Wishing Woods (*Verdan Lithridrom*)

A dense stand of firs and larches near Tor Lithanel is sacred to worshippers of Sarriel, the God of Dreams. Well-trodden paths end abruptly at waystones marking the wood's edge. Beyond sagging branches draped with curtains of lichen is a heavy, foreboding darkness. Eonir pilgrims are fearful of the spirits within, preferring instead to meditate for dream-visions at the perimeter (see Making a Wish, below).

At the center of the wood is a crumbling, overgrown amphitheatre that predates Elf colonists. The Queen of the Laurelorn knows the forum is actually an Old One portal to distant Avelorn, via an esoteric realm called the the 'Dreaming Wood'. The portal is damaged however, making the Dreaming Wood unstable and preventing transit to Avelorn.

MAKING A WISH

An offering related to the pilgrim's wish is placed by a waystone as a divine focus. The sleeping pilgrim makes a **Pray** Test (+10 for *Second Sight* Talent). For each SL, the pilgrim receives one pertinent detail in a dream vision hinting at how their wish might be fulfilled. Failed rolls result in vivid nightmares, with negative SL indicating their duration in hours. Being awoken from a nightmare-filled slumber causes the soul to be momentarily caught in dimensional flux – Test **Cool** or gain 1 Corruption point as your nightmares overlap with reality.

Trespassers in the Wishing Woods who stop for rest must pass an **Endurance** Test or fall into a nightmare slumber using the failure rules provided above.

SLEEPING GIANTS

- Dormant Tree Kin have planted their roots in the cracked marble of the amphitheatre. Only by awakening these tormented spirits can the portal be restored and the nightmares ended. The Queen is unaware of this solution and will generously reward Characters who discover it.
- Dreaming pilgrims may encounter anguished ghosts of dead Elves. One ghost, Herrath, has been driven mad, trapped between worlds. He begs pilgrims to find and destroy his Tree Kin soul-vessel.

TIMES YET TO COME

- Queen Marrisith has foreseen a great Chaos incursion 10 years in the future, which could threaten the existence of the Laurelorn and possibly the entire world. Trespassers who are captured might be pardoned by the Queen unexpectedly, because she sees an important role for them in her End Times divinations. Released prisoners must be accompanied by a chaperone if they wish to remain in Tor Lithanel as guests.
- A Forestborn agitator named Ellanor Denaris is petitioning citizens to denounce the old tradition excluding her birth kindred from the High Council. Eonir Characters who express sympathy for Ellanor's cause might be shadowed by agents of the Cityborn elite. Freedom of speech provides no protection against being framed for crimes one didn't commit...

Rainbow Falls (*Ystin Vaul Menluith Qhaysh*)

From Tor Lithanel's highest towers, a majestic waterfall of shimmering colours is visible. Great obelisks once stood on either side of the falls, but collapsed in an earthquake and fell across the waterfall's crest. The magically infused waters of the River Demst refract into the eight colours of magic as they cascade over the jumble of broken waystones.

The Eonir use the released magic for rituals. Priests of Vaul, the God of Smiths, gather *Chamon* and weakened *Aqshy* for cold-forging metal. Over time, the thundering waters have deafened the already-blind priests that work tirelessly in the damp tunnels behind the falls. Powerful spirits can be encountered near this sacred site, including Viydagg, the primeval maiden, and Capa, the otter, patron of the naiads.

THE CUP OF DREAMS

- Visitors are sometimes given a cup of magical water believed to provide the secret to self-discovery. For several hours after drinking the water, the imbiber can see and commune with spirits. These spirit encounters often lead to personal quests or undertakings of great ambition.
- Spanning a chasm downriver is the ward's sole bridge over the River Demst. A guardian wizard named Athanoc maintains illusions disguising the bridge as an open void. Athanoc's solitary life makes him curious about events in the outside world. He's concerned about Human encroachments and will send tree kin to attack any logging camps he is made aware of.



The air was brisk as my dream-self flitted through the boughs. I looked down and saw half a dozen Elves dressed in clean white robes slumbering near standing stones; wrapped offerings were at their bases and a necklace of entwined ivy and flowers was cast over one. Just beyond the Elves there was nothing but blackness, like a great unseen wall had been erected there. Something cried out from those shadows and thrashed through the trees. I felt its breath for a moment before I was gone.

I opened my eyes to an explosion of colour as the Winds rose up and twisted together over a great waterfall. An ancient silver bridge stretched across the river at the edge of my vision, wearing a cloak of grey. Otters played in the water beneath my feet. An Elf man with the strong arms and back of a smith but lacking the soot-stained apron carried water along the banks. His eyes were covered, but his feet knew every stone along the shore.

I awoke shivering, my toes ice-cold and head aching.

— Isabella



HERE BE DRAGONS

- Middenlanders share tales of Dragons in the hill overlooking the western Schadensumpf marsh, and the library of Tor Lithanel documents one taking up residence in the Drachenhöhle cavern. Prince Aesryn seeks to assert dominance over the forest by taming the Drake. He'll pay handsomely for scouts to explore the caverns, provided they swear oaths of secrecy and do not awaken any Dragons...
- Dryads and treemen migrate to the Vale of Khaine with increased frequency to feed on ambient Aqshy. High Priestess of Khaine Dahlia Melaka is concerned that spirits subsisting on Aqshy might turn against the Eonir, so she has made blood sacrifices to slake their thirst. The baron of Vorbergwerk is concerned by reports of missing travellers and will hire mercenary rangers to investigate the woods.
- At the source of the River Demst is a deep lake called the Tarn of Tears. The Eonir believe a portal to lands beyond Elthin Arvan, as they call The Old World, exists at the bottom of its magical waters. Where precisely this portal leads to is unclear – some suggest it connects the Lorelorn to the gods, while others whisper that through the portal a tiny sliver of Mirai can be glimpsed. Eonir seers blame the slowly diminishing magic of the tarn's waters for the Laurelorn's gradual decline. Niseag, a powerful forest spirit who wears a draconic form, guards the tarn against trespassers.

WARD OF RAIN

- **Capital:** Pass of Stone
- **Ruler:** Lord Galenstra of House Cloudwalker, Warden of the Rain and Vicarius on the High Council
- **Politics:** House Cloudwalker has ruled this ward since before the War of the Beard. The Great North Road falls outside of Eonir control, but Kithband patrols of the Schadensumpf marsh keep the road open, so rulership has never been contested. Envoys sometimes visit Marienburg to negotiate trade with Sea Elves.
- **Population:** 30% Forestborn Eonir, 25% Middenlanders, 20% Greenskins, 10% Cityborn Eonir, 10% Younger Eonir, 5% Dwarfs.

The southern reaches of the Laurelorn are perpetually damp because of the Misty Hills and adjacent Schadensumpf marsh. Lord Galenstra's Kithbands patrol the Ward of Rain vigilantly, and often venture beyond the Great North Road to fight Greenskins and Beastmen in the Drakwald forest. Eonir warriors are known to emerge like ghosts from the mist and provide protection to weary travelers. Superstitious marsh folk pay tribute to the Eonir, and some even worship them as magical entities.

In the Misty Hills is a ruined Asur fortress that defends the Pass of Stones, from which the ward is governed. The valley beyond is greyed by mist that drifts between rows of standing stones. On the eastern edge of the marsh is Vorbergwerk, capital of the Barony of Barschland. Ideally situated for resource-gathering from the marsh, the settlement has a marketplace for elven craftwork from Eonir traders.

Deeper into the Laurelorn is the Vale of Khaine, a lush, deciduous forest. The climate here is unnaturally warmed by Aqshy, the red wind of magic, which is drawn to an ancient obelisk called the Bleeding Stone. Long ago the vale was consecrated to Khaine, and Eonir warrior-pilgrims still visit the site. In the summer, the Bleeding Stone perspires liquid *Aqshy* that's collected by Elves and used as a potent unction.



WARD OF STORM

- **Capital:** Tower of Se-Athil
- **Warden:** Kaia 'Stormwitch' Fanmaris of House Everglade, Warden of Storms and Vicarius on the High Council
- **Politics:** Kaia is the Laurelorn's only Forestborn warden. She's advised by a small council of Cityborn. Kaia conducts diplomacy with Dark Elf and Norscan traders, preferring to maintain peace if possible. The warden meets raiding parties with force. She advocates integration of the Younger Kindred into Eonir culture.
- **Population:** 30% Forestborn Eonir, 20% Wastelanders, 20% Greenskins, 15% Younger Eonir, 10% Nordlanders, 5% Cityborn Eonir.

At the northwestern edge of the Laurelorn where it meets the sea, the Ward of Storm straddles the border between Nordland and the Wasteland. The warden is a powerful wizard called Kaia Fanmaris (nicknamed 'Stormwitch' by Wastelanders). Eonir inhabiting this dangerous part of the Laurelorn believe the Empire's citizens who share the forest ought to be grateful for their protection. The Ward of Storm cannot easily receive supplies or reinforcements, because the ancient road from Tor Lithanel is completely overgrown.

The Ward of Storm is governed from an ancient watchtower of High Elven construction, called Se-Athil, which sits atop a cliff overlooking the Sea of Claws. Se-Athil's dizzying height enables Kaia to use scrying magic by observing weather patterns as far away as the isle of Albion. She also monitors the Sunken Woods to the south, a refuge for mutant Humans. When Morrslieb waxes, the coastal forest is flooded by high tides, leaving behind brackish swamps and petrified trees that provide suitable habitat for Swamp Daemons.

Inland from Se-Athil is the Chaos-tainted Vale of Despair. For as long as the Eonir can remember, a seemingly bottomless crevasse has swallowed up the Wyrebrook river. Dark magic emanating from the vale has turned the trees grey. When the Chaos moon is full, mindless Chaos Spawn — and occasionally Daemons — crawl forth from the crevasse. Tree Kin encountered near the vale are twisted, pitiable creatures with odd growths and horrific passions. It is whispered that She Who Thirsts has poured a fragment of her corrupt being into them, and some claim that they are all but Daemons now.

STRANGE OFFERINGS

- Kaia's Cityborn advisors have cautioned that Dark Elf merchants at the coastal trade posts are inciting the Younger Kindred to rebellion. Powerful narcotics from Naggaroth are circulating, and the living conditions are poor. Kaia plans to dispatch lowborn spies to gather intelligence.
- On the north coast, at Farinar's Rock, are a series of caves that can only be entered at low tide. The Eonir leave offerings to Mathlann in the caves. Occasionally, Norscan raiders use the caves to stash their booty in bad weather.
- Downstream from the Vale of Despair is the magical Fountain of Lebin, a huge stone basin of unknown origin that purifies the tainted river water. Nordland folklore describes it as a fountain of youth. Eonir legends recall an ancient blade that was enchanted by the water to defeat a forgotten evil.



WARD OF FROST

- **Capital:** House Elwyn is nomadic with no fixed capital
- **Ruler:** Lord Lindialoc of House Elwyn, Warden of Frost and Vicarius on the High Council
- **Politics:** Lord Lindialoc relocates camp every season to monitor the Laurelorn's borders with Human lands. He often makes unilateral decisions that contradict High Council treaties with Nordland, asserting independent authority as warden of the borderlands. He employs diplomatic agents in Salzenmund to advance elven interests.
- **Kindreds:** 40% Forestborn Eonir, 30% Nordlanders, 10% Greenskins, 10% Dwarfs, 5% Cityborn Eonir, 5% Younger Eonir

The Ward of Frost is a border territory, and over the centuries Imperial barons have claimed ownership of the land. Forestborn Eonir in this ward live nomadically to enable stewardship of the shared woodlands. Imperial settlements are restricted to east of the River Demst; Hargenfels is the main gateway to the Laurelorn. Nordlanders have established many settlements, but they are disputed by the Eonir. Despite recent pacts, tensions are rising as Nordlanders push for increased access to resources.

The Silver Hills are sparsely populated and many of its hidden valleys teem with Goblins. One such valley is the forbidden Dell of Desire. Its gentle slopes are blanketed with bluebells during the spring — growing amongst them are alluring white flowers gathered by the Cult of Excess. Cityborn Eonir inhabiting the Silver Hills are descendants of Kor Immarmor, which was destroyed in the War of the Beard.

The Margravinate of Forstmark encompasses most of the forest south of the Silver Hills. The noble Nikse family has asserted ownership over these lands since the Treaty of the Leaf was signed almost 1800 years ago. Their symbolic border strongholds of Forstfast and Skogholm on the east bank of the Demst were built with the aid of Dwarfs. North of Forstfast, the Demst continues to Schlaghügel and then rushes through a gorge crisscrossed by timber walkways and rope bridges, before emptying into the Sea of Claws.

CRAMPED QUARTERS

- On a spur of rock overlooking Solderso Lake is a monolith called the Pillar of the Azure Man which is feared by Beastmen. The guardian of the waystone is the prophet Aesendda Skyweaver, who dresses in blue feathers and communes with birds. Aesendda dislikes technology, shuns those with firearms, and knows the Silver Hills like the back of his hand.
- A sizeable Dwarf community still exists in Skogholm, led by Alrak Okrisson. Alrak is obsessed with the ancient grudges of the War of the Beard. Ever watchful for movement of Eonir camps, he seeks reckoning with Lord Lindialoc and will reward those with information on the Elf's whereabouts.
- The village of Schlaghügel is the only Nordland settlement west of the River Demst. It was founded near a stone circle two generations ago by the baron of Hargenfels to honour the goddess Rhya. Thus far, the Eonir have tolerated this treaty infraction and sometimes even trade with the villagers. Schlaghügel is well-situated for expeditions into the Laurelorn.

Surrounding Locations

Villages, forts, and coaching inns on the border of the Laurelorn provide bases for adventurers planning to brave the forest.

Castle Midfast: The 'Wolf's Lair' is a chapterhouse of the Knights of the White Wolf. Eonir suspect the influence of Khaine or Daemons, as the knights display unusual bloodlust in battle.

Staunch: Eonir employ Human agents to report on traffic along the Great North Road. The locals do not consider themselves traitors as the Elves have often protected them from Beastmen when the Empire's troops were nowhere to be found.

The Broken Wheel: Elven diplomats often use the ferry here when attending negotiations in Salzenmund.

The Hobbled Orc: The Dwarf innkeeper Gudbru retains a small mercenary force to repel monsters from the Drakwald. He keeps an ear open for rumours of lost elven treasures, and wants to lead an expedition into the Laurelorn.


LAURELORN
Mananns Teeth
Wulfhafen
Tower of Sc-Athil
Dunkelkiefer
Farinata Rock
Lehden
Spider Woods
Ward of Storm
Diever
Harskamp
Loenen
Oostwald
The Wasteland
The Old North Road
Silver Wood
Silver Wood
Ward of the Sun
Laurelorn Forest
Tor Lithanel
Fountain of Lebin
The Hidden Range
Wishing Woods
Golden Wood
Ruined Bridge
Rainbow Falls
Tarn of Tears
Pass of Stone
Vale of Khaine
Ward of Rain
Drachenhohle
The Schadensumpf
Vorbergwerk
The Hobbled Orc
Kammendun
Hirgendorf
Schlaghügel
Ueblingen
Beilen
Ward of Frost
Fortifast
The Ruins of Kor Immarmor
NEUES EMSKRANK
DIETERSHAFEN
Highgdorf
SALZENMUND
BEECKERHOVEN
OLDENLITZ
GRAFENRICH
The Silver Hills
Broken Wheel Inn
Kronven
Nordland
Skogholm
Middenheim
SCALE
0 10 20 30 40
Miles

APPENDIX I
CAREERS

The following appending provides four new careers for Dwarfs, Wood Elves and Halflings. They may be chosen at Character Creation, or Characters may enter these careers at a later time, according to the usual rules.

Ghost Strider

A Wood Elf who wishes to become a Ghost Strider at Character Creation may do so. If picking a career randomly, a Wood Elf who rolls the Scout or Soldier carreer (**WFRP** page 31) may choose to become a Ghost Strider instead.

Fieldwarden

Any Mootland Halfling who wishes to become a Fieldwarden at Character Creation may do so. If picking a career randomly, a Hafling who rolls the Scout or Soldier carreer (**WFRP** page 31) may choose to become a Fieldwarden instead.

Karak Ranger

Any Dwarf who wishes to become a Karak Ranger at Character Creation may do so. If picking a career randomly, a Dwarf who rolls the Scout or Soldier carreer (**WFRP** page 31) may choose to become a Karak Ranger instead.

Badger Rider

The ways of the Badger Riders are obscure. Any Mootland Halfling wishing to become a Badger Rider must convice the GM that Badger Riders are, in fact, real. In addition, they must attempt to replicate their Badger's terrifying war cry for the benefit of their fellow players.

If they succeed in this, any Mootland Halfling who wishes to become a Badger Rider at Character Creation may do so. If picking a career randomly, a Hafling who rolls the Soldier carreer (**WFRP** page 31) may choose to become a Badger Rider instead.



GHOST STRIDER

Wood Elf

The forests are ancient and deadly, a haven for bandits and dangerous outcasts. They teem with natural predators such as bears, wolves and giant spiders. If, somehow, these threats weren't enough to hurry a traveller on their way, there is no shortage of wholly unnatural creatures either, such as foul trolls, Beastman herds, or the walking dead. But perhaps the deadliest threat of all is the Ghost Strider. Even the city-born High Elves respect the beauty of nature, and Wood Elves are renowned for the ferocity with which they defend their lands. The Ghost Strider epitomises this defence. Master archers, they hunt all threats to the natural world with a determination and skill that would be terrifying to behold, if not for their almost supernatural speed and silence. Ghost Striders are so attuned to the natural world that nature itself seems to hide their passage from prying eyes. Indeed, so devoted are they to their task that even other Wood Elves consider them intimidating, perhaps skirting closer to obsession than is healthy for an intensely emotional people.

'A herd of Beastmen had been spotted out by Drakenhohle, so we drew the bent horseshoe and had to go looking for them. Picking up their trail was easy, they trampled everything and stank like an Orc latrine besides. Found the whole herd dead in their camp, an arrow in each heart. Now, me and the lads, we've tangled with forest elves a few times. They all make their own kit, and the fletching on their arrows can be like a signature. Every feather was the same, meaning the herd was taken down by one archer. The lads and I, we buried the bodies and scattered some seeds on top, and left VERY carefully."

-Gunther Rosch, state soldier'

To a Ghost Strider the forest is sacred above all else, and no transgression is beneath their punishment, whether beast of Chaos or a peasant cutting branches for firewood. While most commonly seen scouring the forests for their enemies, Ghost Striders are comfortable in any wilderness, and will protect an unspoiled, windswept mountain just as fiercely as a woodland glade (much to the ire of many a Dwarf miner). They tend to be solitary, even preferring the wilderness to the elf kingdoms they protect, but they are pragmatic and not above working with others.

GHOST STRIDER ADVANCE SCHEME

WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel
	+				+	⚒	+		

Career Path

+ Forest Ranger — Brass 3
Skills: Climb, Lore (Beasts), Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, *Ranged (Bow)*, Stealth (Any), Trade (Bowyer)
Talents: Accurate Shot, Fleet Footed, Perception, Strider (Woodlands)
Trappings: Backpack, Hooded Cloak, Personally crafted Elf Bow and 10 arrows, Trade tools (Bowyer)

⚒ Ghost Strider — Silver 5
Skills: Athletics, Charm Animal, Melee (Basic), Secret Signs (Ranger), Set Trap, Swim, Track
Talents: : Animal Affinity, Fast Shot, Orientation, Scale sheer Surface
Trappings: Selection of Traps, Leather Jack

Windwraith — Silver 1
Skills: Cool, Endurance, Dodge, Lip Reading
Talents: Catfall, Combat Aware, Strike Mighty Blow, Sharpshooter
Trappings: Elf Bow and Leather Armour with at least 1 Quality each, 10 Elf Arrows

Forest's Wrath — Silver 3
Skills: Intimidate, Language (Any)
Talents: Deadeye Shot, Hatred (Any), Sniper, Strike to Injure
Trappings: Trophy of a Legendary Enemy, Signature Elf Arrows (For Worthy Prey), Fearsome Reputation



FIELDWARDEN

Halfling

Halflings prefer militias to standing armies, and have little apparent military strength to those unfamiliar with their ways. Visitors to the Moot often wonder at how the countryside and villages remain so peaceful and idyllic despite sharing a border with dread Sylvania where the dead never rest, with no obvious armies to repel them. A large part of the credit for this goes to the Field Wardens. These brave halflings patrol the borders of the Moot, using their intimate knowledge of the terrain and cunning guerrilla tactics to deter unwanted visitors. A Field Warden is first and foremost a Halfling of the people, a friendly face to reassure the public that all is well. They know every family in their area (and which baked treats they are likely to serve a Field Warden who happens to be passing by around tea time). It is a highly respected position, and any Field Warden can expect a busy off-duty calendar as families invite them to Bakeday meals, wedding feasts, funeral remembrance dinners or pie eating competitions.

"Afternoon, Mrs. Bramblewine, how's Alfie? Oh, that's a shame, but I'm sure your amazing raspberry tarts will soon have his leg on the mend! What? Oh no, just doing my rounds, I couldn't possibly… Oh well who am I to argue with the local Jam-making champion four years in a row and counting, eh? You know me, I go weak at the knees when I'm offered a bit o' crumpet…"

– Bundlebrew Skelfsider, Greenleafs Fieldwarden

Those attached to border patrols see much more in the way of action. The Moot is a fertile, bountiful place, and greatly coveted by bandits, greenskins and petty nobles who think themselves above province borders. Such intruders soon find the land is not as defenceless as it looked, and most beat a hasty retreat under a hail of expertly aimed sling stones from concealed Field Wardens. Along the Sylvanian border, Field Wardens are posted no longer than one week per month, to ensure none suffer the stress of the walking dead for too long. Even during times of "peace" with the Vampire Counts of Sylvania, most patrols are guaranteed to encounter at the very least a pack of rotting zombies shambling over the border. Due to this unsavoury but very necessary duty, veteran Field Wardens often surprise other adventurers (Priests and Witch Hunters are often very surprised indeed) with their experience in combating necromancy.

FIELDWARDEN ADVANCE SCHEME

WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel
☠	✢		⛊		✢		⚒	✢	

Career Path

Novice Warden — Brass 4
✢ **Skills:** Gossip, Intuition, Lore (Moot), Navigation, Perception, *Ranged (Sling)*, Trade (Any), Stealth (Rural)
Talents: Careful Strike, Distract, Fast Shot, Stout-hearted
Trappings: Backpack, Tent, Map of local area, Sling with 10 stones, Trade Tools (as Trade)

⚒ **Field Warden — Brass 4**
Skills: Charm, Consume Alcohol, Dodge, Melee (Basic), Outdoor Survival, Secret Signs (Scout)
Talents: Accurate Shot, Drilled, Nose for Trouble, Orientation
Trappings: Leather Jack, Hand Weapon, Lantern with Oil

☠ **Field Warden Sergeant — Brass 4**
Skills: Cool, Endurance, Lore (Necromancy), Set Trap
Talents: Fleet-footed, Hardy, Night Vision, Rover
Trappings: Quality Mail Shirt, Squad of Novice Wardens

⛊ **Field Warden Captain — Brass 4**
Skills: Leadership, Lore (Warfare)
Talents: Fearless, Hatred (Undead), Inspiring, Robust, Savant (Moot terrain)
Trappings: Garrison of Experienced Field Wardens, Respect of the Community



KARAK RANGER

Dwarf

The remote mountain strongholds of the dwarfs are protected by all manner of dangerous terrain both above and below ground. A landslide might render a surface route impassable, and every year more underground territory is lost to the greenskins, or a once-safe bridge is torn down by the relentless gnawing of the Raki. It is the duty of the Karak Ranger to patrol these routes and keep them safe, or establish new paths where an old one has become too dangerous.

A Karak Ranger's survival hinges on preparedness; there is little company or comfort to be found along the ancient dark tunnels or secret mountain passes, and even less chance of help should he encounter danger. One must be prepared to leap large chasms, climb sheer surfaces, or cross large bodies of water (or sewage, or even lava), depending on the route. Every bush, every shadow, may contain dangers, waiting to pounce. A Karak Ranger must be tough and adaptable to survive, by turns able to hunt, scout, and fight, or even repair a bridge mid-expedition.

"A guide? Aye, I suppose you could call us that, if a guide had to run twenty leagues, swim another ten, fight off a hungry ogre and climb to the peak of Karak Norn all before breakfast. Now pay up manling, or by Grimnir our caravan will be delivering its goods posthumously!"
-Snori Brakisson, on establishing a new trade route between Ubersreik and his clan in the Grey Mountains

Karak Rangers often spend many months in the field, far away from civilisation. Where human or halfling rangers are often seen by society as becoming wild like nature itself (most dwarves believe elves were always uncivilised tree-lovers), a Karak Ranger remains true to his people; The mountains are brutal and unforgiving, and to live in "harmony" with them would be to abandon one's traditions and clan, an unthinkable prospect. Karak Rangers seek to tame the wilds, not submit to them. Some Rangers train animal companions such as dogs, birds of prey or even hardy mountain goats, both for company and aid in scouting and hunting.

KARAK RANGER ADVANCE SCHEME

WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel
+	⚒	+	+		☠		⛊		

Career Path

+ Hold Runner — Brass 3
Skills: Climb, Dodge, Endurance, *Trade (Cartographer)*, Melee (Basic), Outdoor Survival, Perception, Row
Talents: Implacable, Orientation, Strider (any), Strong Back
Trappings: Backpack, Hand Weapon, Leather Jack, Trade tools (Cartographer)

⚒ Karak Ranger — Silver 1
Skills: Charm Animal, Intuition, Ranged (Blackpowder), Secret Signs (Scout, Ranger), Track
Talents: Strike Mighty Blow, Scale Sheer Surface, Nose for Trouble, Rover
Trappings: Blackpowder Weapon with Ammunition, Grappling Hook & Rope

☠ Karak Pathkeeper — Silver 2
Skills: Lore (Engineering), Stealth (Underground)
Talents: Accurate Shot, Enclosed Fighter, River Guide OR Gunner, Strong Legs
Trappings: Tools (Masonry)

⛊ Karak Mountain Strider — Silver 4
Skills: Cool, Language (any)
Talents: Tinker, Savant (Dwarf Holds and Routes), Robust, Tenacious
Trappings: 4 Apprentice Hold Runners, Maps, Souvenirs from many Travels.



BADGER RIDER

Badgersome Halflings

The origin of the Badger Rider is puzzled over by the few scholars that have been told of them by trustworthy Halfling sources. Perhaps a Halfling was inspired by the noble knights of Bretonnia on their magnificent war horses. Some argue that it was a counter to savage Orcs riding upon their equally fearsome (and, it is often agreed, equally smelly) war-boars. Others still claim the whole thing began as a drunken bet that got completely out of hand. The truth of the matter may never be known, but those same scholars all agree — their reported effectiveness in battle is quite literally incredible. Badgers are highly social and share underground homes which they keep impeccably tidy, virtues greatly respected by Halflings. Observers might add that when threatened, both species become astonishingly ferocious, capable of taking on much larger opponents.

"The Ogre was mockin' us, calling for a champion to duel, knowin' full well we was just farmers. He'd torch the house and eat us all for sure. Then over the hill comes this wee halfling lad ridin', I swear on Esmerelda's own Hearth, ridin' an armoured badger. He waddled over and challenged the Ogre. When he jus' laughed, the badger ran up 'is trouser leg an' bit 'im in th'unmentionables, an' then while he was screamin' an' dancin' with a badger in his breeches, the halfling bashed his 'ead in with a cooking pot."

-Markus, farmhand.

While there are too few Badger Riders to form cavalry units - indeed, none have ever been seen by anyone outside the Moot - it is agreed that no such units shall ever be formed again after the Pie Week Disaster of 2409. Three halflings died and countless pastries were ruined when the parade commission failed to realise they had placed over a dozen adult male badgers in close proximity at the height of mating season. Nowadays the Badger Rider is reportedly a solitary figure, roaming the Moot like a questing knight, albeit a very short, stubby one. Lack of formal organisation, combined with their many travels and previous professions, means Badger Riders possess a variety of skills not usually found in mounted combat. Halfling ingenuity invariably finds a way to exploit this.

BADGER RIDER ADVANCE SCHEME

WS	BS	S	T	I	Agi	Dex	Int	WP	Fel
⚒	✝	💀			✝		✝		🛡

Career Path

✝ Badger Botherer
Skills: Animal Training (Badgers), Charm Animal, Dodge, Gossip, Perception, Ranged (Sling), *Ride (Badger)*, Trade (Any)
Talents: Fast Shot, Flee!, Marksman, Roughrider
Trappings: Backpack, Leather Jack, Sling, Tamed Badger with Saddle/Tack

⚒ Badger Rider
Skills: Animal Care, Charm, Cool, Endurance, Melee (Basic), Navigation, Ranged (Entangling)
Talents: Accurate Shot, Rover, Seasoned Traveller, Stout-hearted
Trappings: Saddlebags, Boiled Leather Breastplate, Entangling OR Throwing weapon

💀 Badger Sergeant
Skills: Intimidate, Melee (Cavalry), Outdoor Survival, Track
Talents: Distract, Resolute, Trick Riding, Tunnel Rat
Trappings: Badger Barding (2AP on head and torso), Melee Weapon (Basic OR Cavalry)

🛡 Badger Master
Skills: Consume Alcohol, Leadership
Talents: Carouser, Frightening, Inspiring, Strike to Injure
Trappings: Large Tame Badger (Mootland Spotted Pony-Badger), A Squire (Badger Botherer), Plate Armour, Sense of Humour



APPENDIX II
WEAPONS



The following pages present some new weapons typical of Wood Elves, Dwarfs, and Halflings. While these weapons are typically found in the hands of their respective species, there is nothing preventing any properly trained Character from using the weapons below. Note that the Availability for give for these weapons reflects the ease with which they can be found in areas with a strong presence of their respective species. Additionally, some weapons are almost never offered for sale to outsiders and must be obtained in other ways.



EONIR MELEE WEAPONS

Weapon	Price	Enc	Availability	Reach	Damage	Qualities and Flaws
BASIC						
Eonir War Blade	3GC	0	Scarce	Average	+SB+3	Precise
POLEARM						
[2H]Eonir Spear	2GC	1	Common	Long	+SB+4	Penetrating
TWO-HANDED						
[2H]Wildwood Sword	10GC	2	Scarce	Long	+SB+4	Damaging, Fast

DWARF MELEE WEAPONS

Weapon	Price	Enc	Availability	Reach	Damage	Qualities and Flaws
BASIC						
Bearded Axe	1GC	2	Common	Average	+SB+4	Trap Blade
Dwarf Hammer	3 GC	2	Scarce	Average	+SB+4	Pummel
TWO-HANDED						
[2H]Slayers Axe	12GC	4	Scarce	Long	+SB+6	Damaging, Impact

HALFLING MELEE WEAPONS

Weapon	Price	Enc	Availability	Reach	Damage	Qualities and Flaws
BASIC						
Nan's Cleaver	1GC	1	Common	Average	+SB+3	Hack
Iron Skillet	1GC	1	Common	Average	+SB+3	Defensive

DWARF RANGED WEAPONS

Weapon	Price	Enc	Availability	Range	Damage	Qualities and Flaws
BLACKPOWDER*						
(2H) Dwarf Handgun*	9GC	2	Rare	30	+8	Penetrating, Reload 3
Dwarf Pistol*	18GC	1	Rare	30	+8	Penetrating, Pistol, Reload 1
CROSSBOW						
(2H) Dwarf Crossbow	9GC	3	Rare	80	+9	Precise, Damaging, Reload 2
ENGINEERING*						
Drakefire Pistol*	25GC	1	Exotic	10	+8	Dangerous, Pistol, Special***
EXPLOSIVES						
Cinderblast Bomb	3GC	0	Exotic	SB	+14	Blast 3, Dangerous, Impact, Penetrating

* All Blackpowder and Engineering weapons have the Blackpowder and Damaging Qualities.
** Entangling weapons have no range bands, just the listed range.
*** On any critical hit, Drakefire Pistols also inflict an Ablaze condition on the target.

EONIR RANGED WEAPONS

Weapon	Price	Enc	Availability	Range	Damage	Qualities and Flaws
THROWING						
Blackbriar Javelin	2GC	1	Exotic	SB×3	+SB+3	Impale, Special*

* So long as it is allowed to rest in fertile earth each night, a Blackbriar Javelin inflicts 1 Poisoned condition on any target which looses at least 1 Wound from the attack. This may be resisted with a **Challenging (+0) Endurance** Test.

DWARF AMMUNITION

Weapon	Price	Enc	Availability	Range	Damage	Qualities and Flaws
BLACKPOWDER AND ENGINEERING						
Drakefire Shot (12)	4/-	0	Rare	As weapon	–	–
Precision Shot and Powder	3d	0	Common	As weapon	+1	Impale, Penetrating, Precise

EONIR AMMUNITION

Weapon	Price	Enc	Availability	Range	Damage	Qualities and Flaws
Bow						
Starfire Shafts (12)	8/-	0	Exotic	+50	–	Accurate, Impale*
Swiftshiver Shafts (12)	6/-	0	Common	As weapon	+1	Blast 1**, Penetrating

* On any critical hit, Starfire Shafts also inflict an Ablaze condition on the target.
** If you wish to make use of the Blast Quality of a Swiftshiver Shaft, you must expend an additional Swiftshiver arrow for each target that would be struck by the attack. Do this before you make your attack Test.

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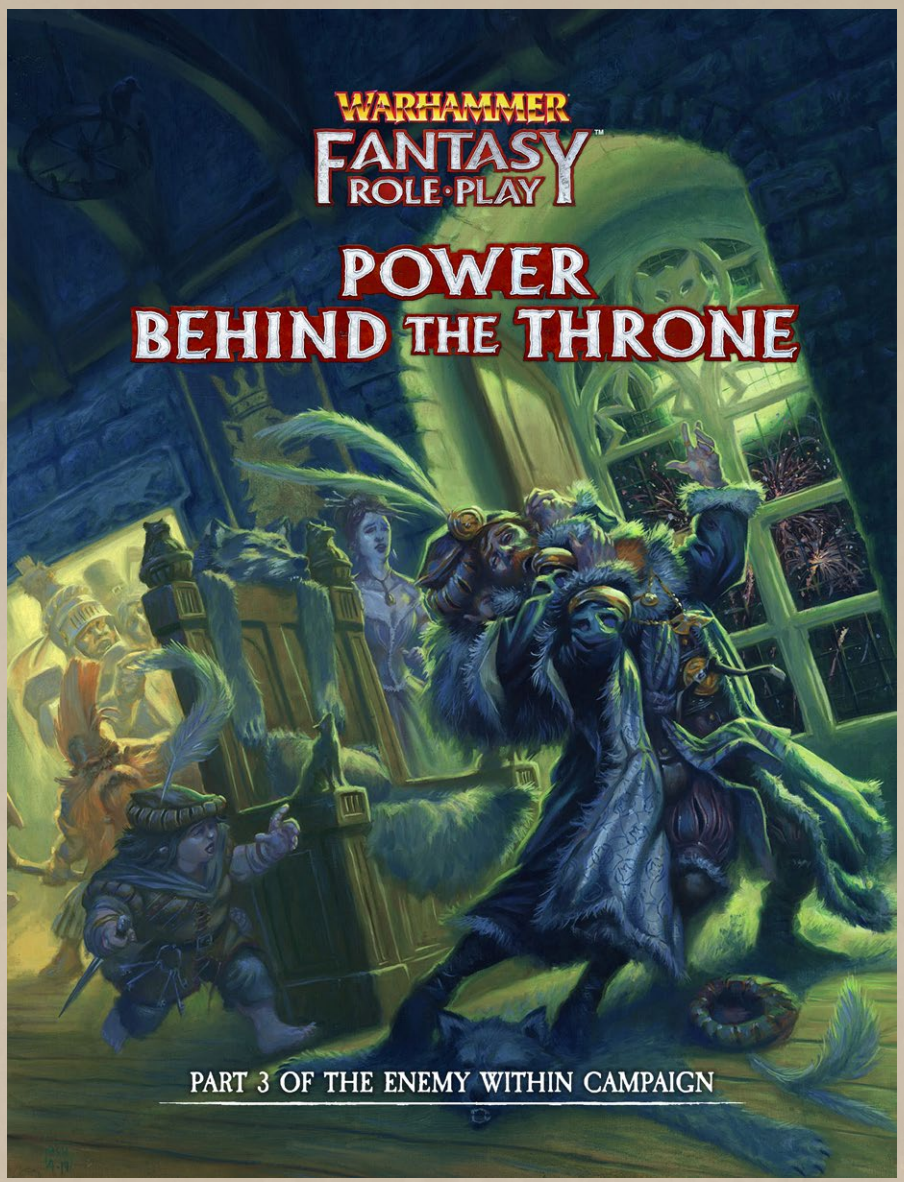
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